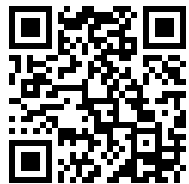

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1849.



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AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

JANUARY, 1849, TO JUNE, 1849.

All About "What's in a Name." By CAROLINE C—,	62	The Young Lawyer's First Case. By J. TOD,	85
A Recollection of Mendelssohn. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	113	The Man in the Moon. By CAROLINE C—,	91
A Voice from the Wayside. By CAROLINE C—,	300	The Wager of Battle. By W. GILMORE SIMMS,	90
Bertha Ullman's Dream. By Mrs. EMMA C. ENSBURY,	43	The Chamber of Life and Death. By PROFESSOR ALDEN,	129
Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem. By JOSEPH E. CHANDLER,	189	The Lost Notes. By Mrs. HUGES,	144
Cousin Fanny. By M. S. G. NICHOLS,	334	The Naval Officer. By W. F. LYNCH, 157, 223, 285	285
Doctor Sian Seng. From the French,	123, 174	The Unfinished Picture. By JANE C. CAMPBELL,	182
Deaf, Dumb and Blind. By AGNES L. GORDON,	347	The Adventures of a Man who could Never Dress Well. By M. TOPHAM EVANS,	199
Editor's Table,	79, 153, 215, 273, 330, 387	The Plantation of General Taylor,	206
Eleonore Eboili. By WINIFRED BARRINGTON,	134	The Poet Li. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER,	217
Fifty Suggestions. By EDGAR A. POE,	317, 363	The Recluse. By PARK BENJAMIN,	232, 298
For and Against. By WALTER HERRIES, Esq.,	377	The Missionary, Sunlight. By CAROLINE C—,	235
Game-Birds of America. No. XII.	68	The Brother's Temptation. By SYBIL SUTHERLAND,	243
Gems from Late Readings,	78, 148, 211	The Gipsy Queen. By JOSEPH R. CHANDLER,	250
History of the Costume of Men. By FAYETTE ROBINSON,	71, 140, 196, 264, 319	The Darsies. By EMMA C. ENSBURY,	252
Honor to Whom Honor is Due. By Mrs. LYDIA JANE PETERSON,	192	Taste. By Miss AGUSTA C. TWIGGS,	310
Jasper Leech. By B.	115	The Man of Mind and the Man of Money. By T. S. ARTHUR,	312
Kate Richmond's Betrothal. By GRACE GREENWOOD,	8	The Picture of Judgment. By W. GILMORE SIMMS,	337
Love, Duty and Hope. By ENNA DUVAL,	56	The Battle of Life. By LEN,	362
Lessons in German. By Miss M. J. BROWNE,	118	The Birth-Place of Benjamin West,	378
Mormon Temple, Nauvoo,	257	The Young Dragon. By C. J. PETERSON,	379
Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones. By ANGEL DE V. HULL,	277	Unequal Marriages. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER,	159
Montgomery's House,	330	Wild-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST,	142
May Lillie. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER,	365	Western Recollections. By FAY ROBINSON,	178
Passages of Life in Europe. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	307	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST,	208
Passages of Life in Europe. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	373	Wild-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST,	267
Reviews,	81, 151, 213, 270, 334, 385	Wild-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST,	322
Rose Winters. By ESTELLE,	259	Wild-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST,	382
Reminiscences. By EMMA C. ENSBURY,	325		
Speak Kindly. By KATE SUTHERLAND,	53	P O E T R Y .	
St. Valentine's Day. By J. R. CHANDLER,	110	A Dirge for O'Connell. By ANNE C. LYNCH,	15
The Belle of the Opera. By J. R. CHANDLER,	1	A Dream of Italy. By CHARLES ALLEN,	25
The Illinois and the Prairies. By JAMES K. PAULDING,	16	A Song. By GIFTIE,	40
The Letter of Introduction. By Mrs. A. M. F. ANSAN,	28	A Song. By RICHARD WILKE,	112
The Fugitive. By the VISCOUNTESS D'AULMAY,	37	A Twilight Lay. By W. HENRY STILLWELL,	128
The Old New House. By H. HASTINGS WELLS,	47	An Hour Among the Dead. By J. B. JONES,	148
The Wounded Guerilla. By MATYNE REID,	50	A Billel-Doux. By FRANCES S. OSGOOD,	177
		A Summer Evening Thought By COUSIN MARY,	265
		A Sonnet. By FAYETTE ROBINSON,	306
		A May Song. By S. D. ANDERSON,	316
		Ariel in the Cloven Pine. By BAYARD TAYLOR,	324
		Cathars. By WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.,	76
		Christine. By E. CURTISS HINE,	90
		Do I Love Thee? By RICHARD COE, JR.,	60
		Dreams of Heaven. By M. E. THROPP,	378

Earth-Life. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	133	The Heart's Confession. By HENRY MORFORD,	168
Extract. By HENRY S. HAGERT,	181	The Precious Rest. By RICHARD COB, JR.,	207
Egeria. By MARY L. LAWSON,	195	The Pine-Tree. By CAROLINE MAY,	210
Florence. By HENRY B. HIRST,	165	To My Little Boy. By Mrs. HENRIETTA L. COLEMAN,	212
Fancies About a Lock of Hair. By S. D. ANDERSON,	207	To Mother. By ANNIE GREY,	231
From Buchanan. By RICHARD PENN SMITH,	257	Thermopylæ. By Mrs. MARY G. HORSFORD,	242
Human Influence. By MARIE ROSEAU,	191	The Unsepalchred Relics. By Mrs. GOODWIN,	249
Jenny Lind. By Miss M. SAWIN,	269	The Brother's Lament. By AMELIA B. WELBY,	251
Lines. By R. T. CONRAD,	52	The Unmasked. By S. ANNA LEWIS,	257
Love. By CHARLES E. TRAIL,	173	The Zepholotes. By FAYETTE ROBINSON,	263
Lost Treasures. By P. D. T.,	242	The Rustic Shrine. By GEO. W. DEWEY,	246
Lines to an Idea that Would n't "Come." By FRANCES S. OSGOOD,	285	The Grass of the Field. By CAROLINE MAY,	309
Luna. An Ode. By H. T. TUCKERMAN,	257	To an Absent Sister. By MARY G. HORSFORD,	309
Marie. By CAROLINE F. ORNE,	35	Thoughts. By MARIE ROSEAU,	346
Marion's Song in the School-Room. By Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD,	61	Turn Not Away. By HENRY MORFORD,	353
Maple Sugar. By ALFRED B. STREET,	73	The Sleep of the Dead. By S. G. HAGERT,	361
My Bird Has Flown. By Mrs. E. W. CASWELL,	117	The New Search After Happiness. By E. FOXTON,	371
My Study. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	377	Visitants from Spirit-Land. By E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.,	70
Night. By Miss AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS,	372	Vincente Filicija's Sonnet to Italy. By FAYETTE ROBINSON,	384
Ode to Shelley. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	61	What is Beautiful? By AUGUSTA,	7
On a Diamond Ring. By CHARLES E. TRAIL,	231		
Parting. By Mrs. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON,	329		
Paraphrase. By RICHARD PENN SMITH,	361		
Requiem. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	109		
Rome. By R. H. STODDARD,	234		
Reminiscences of a Reader. By the late WALTER HERRIES, Esq.,	249		
Raffaële D'Urbino. By W. H. WELSH,	332		
Sunset upon the Stiene-Kill. By KATE DASHWOOD,	46		
Summer's Bacchanal. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	206		
Sonnet to Machiavelli. By FAY. ROBINSON,	251		
Storm-Lines. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	270		
Stanzas. By Mrs. O. M. P. LORD,	346		
Steinhausen's Hero and Landerer. By H. T. TUCKERMAN,	364		
Stanzas for Music. By HARRIET S. HANDY,	376		
The Corsair's Victim. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	44		
The Gentle Step. By HARRIET J. MEER,	42		
To My Love. By HENRY H. PAUL,	73		
The Departed. By Mrs. MARY S. WHITAKER,	76		
The Dead. By "AN AULD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULTERS,"	77		
The Homestead of Beauty. By S. D. ANDERSON,	77		
The World. By R. H. STODDARD,	89		
The Ennuyee. By Mrs. S. A. LEWIS,	90		
The Mirror of Life. By ANNA,	97		
To the Thames, at Norwich, Conn. By Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,	98		
The Song of the Axe. By C. L. WHEELER,	98		
The Past. By Miss CAROLINE E. SUTTON,	112		
The Phantasmagoria. By A. J. REQUIER,	120		
The Beating of the Heart. By RICHARD HAYWARDE,	122		
The Highland Laddie's Farewell. By AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS,	128		
The Old Year and the New. By CLARA,	143		
The Dial-Plate. By A. J. REQUIER,	168		
The Iceberg. By PARR BENJAMIN,	173		

MUSIC.

Safely O'er My Memory Stealing. Words by S. D. Patterson. Music by John A. Junke, Jr.
The Bells of Ostend. Words by W. L. Bowles. Music by J. Hilton Jones.
Oh, Have I Not Been True to Thee? Written and adapted to a beautiful melody by John H. Hewitt.
Adieu, My Native Land. Words by D. W. Belisle. Arranged for the piano by James Piper.
Virtue's Evergreen. Words by Theodore A. Gould. Music by Theodore Von La Hache.
I Can't Make Up My Mind. Words from Hood's Magazine. Arranged for the piano by C. Grobe.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1849.

No. 1.

THE BELLE OF THE OPERA.

AN ESSAY UPON WOMAN'S ACCOMPLISHMENT, HER CHARACTER AND HER MISSION.

BY JOSEPH B. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It is not a small thing to be an engaged writer for a magazine that has admittance into numerous families, and, by the costliness and adaptation of its decorations, and the general proclivity of its contents, is to no small degree the handbook of young females.

A good book, an octavo or quarto, upon sound morals or religious doctrines comes like a wholesome breeze, "stealing and giving odors"—but then, like that breeze, it is only occasional—a current rushing in but rarely, and seldom finding the right object within its healthful influence. But the magazine is the atmosphere in which the inmates dwell; they are constantly within its influence, and their general life, their mental sensitive properties become imbued with its qualities: And this is the more important as the influence is commenced at home, and upon the female portion; so that it becomes constantly, permanently, and extensively operative upon, and through others.

The writers for this magazine seem to have been impressed with this idea of these consequences, and hence the importance of their contributions; or the editor has been exceedingly careful in his winnowing, to allow nothing to pass the sieve that might be productive of evil in the field which he is called to cultivate.

The writer of this article is deeply impressed with the importance of his position, and the danger of an error. A magazine that is devoted to taste, the arts and the fashions, it would seem, from the opinions of some, must be in a great degree light, and in no degree instructive, save in the very subject of taste, fashion and the arts, to which it is ostensibly devoted, and according to the general acception of the words, taste and fashion, and the ordinary uses to which the arts are applied.

"A magazine, then, of polite literature, of the arts and fashions, must be for the day—must treat of

ephemeral subjects—must make the fashions of female dresses a leading and permanent matter of thought—must recommend amusements as matters of life-consideration, and erect the finer arts as an image of universal worship."

We say plainly that we differ from those who make this estimate of periodical literature. We cannot consent to such a degrading standard for the monthly press—we certainly will not submit ourselves or our pen to this shortening process of the Procrustean bed of literature—we will do what we can to keep "Graham's Magazine" from such debasement—we will do it for the long established character of the periodical, and for what we think it capable of—we will do it for our own credit—and, most of all, we will do it for the good of that large portion of society to which this magazine supplies the mental *pabulum*. When we furnish forth the table of those who look to our catering, we will take care that there shall be no poison in the ingredients, no "death in the pot."

But in a regular magazine there *must* be light reading—all, or nearly all, the contents must be of a kind addressed to the fancy as well as the understanding—and consequently of a character to excite the censure, or at least forbid the approach, of the ascetic. Nay, it must greatly differ from the class of periodical literature devoted to, and sustained upon sectarian religious grounds. The task, the labor of the magazine editor is to sustain the high moral tone of his work, and yet have it the vehicle of fashion, taste and the arts—to take the pure, the good, and the beneficial, and give to them attractions for the young and gay—or, to take that which is attractive for the young and the gay, and make it the vehicle of high moral truth—of sober, solid reflection, the means of heart-improvement, and the promoter of home joys—to overlay the book with gold, and with sculptured cherubim, and all the magnificence

of taste and ingenuity—but to be sure that within are the prophet's rod—the shew-bread of the altar—and the written law of truth.

Our sense of the duty of a magazine writer of the present time, is rather hinted at than set forth in the above remarks. The subject is one that might command the pages of a volume, and if properly handled would be made eminently useful to writers and to readers. Our attention was awakened to the subject by an examination of the exquisitely executed picture of "THE BELLE OF THE OPERA," with which that accomplished artist, W. E. Tucker, has enriched the present number of this Magazine. We do not know that he who drew the figure had such a thought in his head as the improvement of magazine literature; and it is probable that Tucker when he exhausted the powers of engraving, or almost all its powers, to produce the figure, was impressed rather with the importance of his contribution to the artistic importance of periodicals, than to the high moral influence which he was aiding to promote. But true genius, wherever exercised, is suggestive—and the beautifully drawn figure is as promotive of useful reflection as the best composed essay. Hence the fine arts and literature are allied—allied in their elevating influence upon the possessors, and their power of meliorating and improving the minds of the uninitiated. Hence they go hand in hand in the path of usefulness—hence they are united in this Magazine.

The Belle of the Opera! Will the reader turn back once more and look at the picture? How full of life—how much of thought—how self-possessed—how desirable for the possession of others—how conscious of charms—and yet how charmed with the tasteful objects represented.

The Belle of the Opera! To be that—to be "the observed of all observers," in a house crowded with objects for observation, to be made preeminent by exceeding beauty is "no small thing." It must be costly—it must demand large contributions from other portions of the possessor of the proud object. If acres went to enrich the dress of the ancient nobility of England, something as desirable and as essential to the possessor, as those acres were to the British nobility, must have been sacrificed to perfect the attractions of the Belle of the Opera. Were they social duties? were they domestic affections? were they the means of womanly usefulness? of healthful and almost holy operation upon the minds of others? were they prospective or present? is present moderate but growing happiness sacrificed, or is the present enjoyment of distinction so great as to balance all of immediate loss, and to make the sacrifice that of future peace, future happiness, future domestic usefulness, future social consequence, all that makes mature womanhood delightful, all that makes age respectable and lovely?

Such reflections and such pregnant queries arise in the mind, when we contemplate the representation of such loveliness, so displayed. (I might say such loveliness displayed, for the representation is loveliness itself.) And the moralist has taken just such a beauty, (if his mind ever "bodied forth" the

forms of things so unknown,) and marked upon all the display "vanity and vexation of spirit"—the very display, and especially the place of the display, warranting the conclusion.

We confess that we have looked at The Belle of the Opera until our mind has arrived at other conclusions. We think it fair to conclude that so lovely a face, and such a majestic form, are at least *prima facie* evidence of an elevated and beautiful mind, and that the enjoyment of opera music, nowhere to be enjoyed but at the opera, is by no means inconsistent with that elevation or that beauty. Music, that constitutes half our worship on earth, and all in heaven, shall that be regarded in itself as a sin or a means of degradation?

"But the display of the person, the vanity of the dress, the folly of the personal exhibition, these are against the character and usefulness of the Belle!"

How so? There is certainly no improper diminution of dress. The most that can be said is, that a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed, is sitting in the front seat of an opera-box, surrounded by hundreds of persons of both sexes, who have come with the same ostensible object, and who sit equally exposed.

But it is the exceeding beauty of the person and the elegance of the dress that make her conspicuous; and it is that conspicuousness which constitutes the ground of censure.

But fortunately The Belle of the Opera did not make herself beautiful. Those elegant proportions, those enticing charms, are the gift of Him who made human beings in his own image; and let it be confessed that half the elegance of the dress is attributable to the elegance of the form which it covers, and the exquisite beauty which it is not intended to conceal.

Beauty is a gift—a gift of God—like all personal or mental endowments, dangerous, it is confessed—but, like all, to be used for personal gratification and the promotion of social advantage.

If it is conceded to be a means of mental melioration to dwell among the beauties of artistic skill and lofty architectural efforts, then surely it must be still more advantageous to be reared within the influence of *living charms*; "to grow familiar day by day" with features and forms that constitute models for the representation of angels, and to pass onward through life with the sense of seeing constantly improved and gratified with objects of exquisite beauty exquisitely clothed. This is viewing The Belle of the Opera with an artist's eye.

"But," the moralist will say, "the high office of woman is vacated by such a sacrifice to display, and such a devotion of time to amusement. That The Belle of the Opera can never be The Bonne of the Nursery, and therefore woman is out of her place when out of such an exercise of her faculties as shall minister directly to domestic advantage."

We take issue with the moralist on this question of the direct application of female faculties; and we do this because we feel that the narrow bigotry of the unenlightened, which leads them to condemn the

elegant enjoyments of life, and to ground their condemnation on the demand which is constant upon human beings, "to do good and to communicate," is founded on a want of a full appreciation of female powers, and a mistake as to what constitutes these, and their means of usefulness.

There will be no space for a discussion of the measure of female duties, though it is intended to enter upon such a discussion hereafter; but we may say that however extensive or however limited they may be, their discharge will be more or less effectual and complete, as she is qualified by the elegance of education, the improvement of her mind, the cultivation and adaptation of her faculties, to impart to others the graces of life, and to fix them by constant example.

Virtue is embraced for its charms—it is not admired for deformity or its negligence of mind; it has its attractions and its means of compensation, as much as has vice—but they are not always as obvious. The young must be made to *trust* in the results of a virtuous course; they must have their faith fixed by the graces of parental, of maternal precept and example—and this good cannot be hoped for if the mother is incapable of attracting, if she has not the means of charming—if, indeed, she cannot show that what constitute the pleasures of life (pleasures which in excess become crimes) are, while properly enjoyed, wholesome and advantageous, and at the same time can show the line of demarcation between their uses and their abuses. She must know what are the true accomplishments of life—she must understand the influence of refinement and cultivation on the mind—and she must bring herself to apply all these. She must know the difference, too, between the uses and the abuses of cultivated talents, and she must learn to discriminate.

She who would deny to the young the cultivation of talents, musical, literary or artistic, is like the being who would pile up the snows of winter, that the accumulated heap might prevent the budding and the blossoming of spring; while she who would force the mind of her child to an unnatural development of merely ornamental faculties, is like one who would concentrate the rays of the sun through a burning-glass, in order to accelerate the growth of a delicate plant.

What we mean to assert is the obvious fact, that the female, the mother, cannot discharge the high responsibilities of her sex, without many of those acquisitions which are condemned as worthless in themselves, and perhaps the condemnation is in some measure correct; that is, the acquisition separately considered may be rather injurious than beneficial.

Music itself, if it be the only or the principal attainment of a woman, must be valuable only as a means of obtaining money or fame. So of dancing—so of painting—so of poetry, that divine gift—each one of these, allowed to become predominant, loses its meliorating influence, and devotes the possessor to a solitary enjoyment, or, at most, assists her in acquiring notoriety and a living.

It is our intention to laud the cultivation of tastes only as parts of the meliorating means of woman's character—the acquisition or rather the improvement of ingredients to fit her for that office of delicate influence for which God evidently designed her. Her personal beauty may be a part of the means of her wholesome domestic influence—her love of, and attainments in, music, her improvement in drawing, her literary gifts and acquisitions all go, when all are mingled, to give to her consequence and usefulness in the nursery, and to make her beloved and beneficially influential in the domestic circle, and to add attraction to her charms in social life. There is no incompatibility between all these acquisitions with great personal beauty, between a sense of that beauty, indeed, and the entire fulfillment of all domestic and social duties, that are likely to be devolved on one thus highly endowed, thus qualified by extensive attainments.

The Belle of the Opera is at a place of refined amusement, where the richest productions of musical science are properly delivered. She is dressed to suit her own means and the place which she occupies. There is as much propriety in the proper presentation of her charms, as in the appropriate delivery of the music. The place itself is one of enlarged social intercourse. Elegant attire is the requisite of the place, and is due from the female (who has it) to him who incurs the expense of the visitation, and receives the honor of her company.

"But she is admired in her display; her dress, her form, the beauty of her face, attract marked attention. She is the object of general observation."

And why not? Is it inconsistent with good taste to admire beauty? Is not the whole opera a place where the taste is to be improved and gratified? Is it music alone that is to be relished? When went forth the decree from morals or religion that beauty—female beauty—should not be adorned? And to be adorned it must be seen.

Let us not hear the platitudes about the worthlessness of beauty; it is not worthless—it is of high price—of exceeding worth—of extensive usefulness; and, appropriately displayed, its influence is humanizing, tranquilizing, and every way beneficial.

To personal charms The Belle of the Opera adds a cultivated taste for music—a taste which she indulges at the fountain-head of such enjoyments. But does she less, on that account, or rather on *these* accounts, (beauty and musical taste, namely,) fulfill her mission at home? Does the lesson of virtue which the accomplished mother gives to her young child, fall less *impressively* on the heart because the infant pupil, in looking upward, gazes into a face replete with all of earthly beauty? Is there not a certain coincidence between the looks of his beloved teacher and the excellence of her delightful instruction? or rather, does not her beauty tend to make these lessons delightful? And if the charm for the child is the morning or evening hymn, does not the sacred simplicity of the text drop with extraordinary unction on the ear, if conveyed in the rich melody of a cultivated voice.

I might thus enumerate all the high attainments, and show how each becomes *useful*; but it is enough to have it understood, that the true, the great value of all these high gifts and extraordinary cultivation is derived from their influence, when combined, to form the character of the possessor. The Belle of the Opera is also The Belle of the Ball-room. The same variety of characteristics, without a necessity for the same attainment, marks each, and both are liable to be set down by a superficial observer, as destitute of any qualities, except those which distinguish them in the places of amusement.

May not the Belle of the Opera, or the Belle of the Ball-room, be the guardian genius of the sick chamber, the faithful, devoted director of the nursery?

I knew The Belle of the Opera, and she was as fond of the dance as of the song, and shared in both in the social circle, and enjoyed them in *others* in more public displays. Her buoyant spirits, her happy gayety of disposition, made her the marked object of admiration in all parties in which she shared—the first to propose that in which all could gracefully and appropriately join, and the last to propound a thought that could cast a gloom over the countenance of a single being around her. She seemed so much the spirit of the joyous assembly, that serious thought, depth of feeling, or firm principles of good, were not suspected by those incapable of looking into the heart. The Belle of the Opera was deemed by such, one set apart for the enjoyment of the opera and the dance, and to be without life when without these means of life's pleasures; to have no sympathy with her kind, excepting through music and display, and to reckon none among her intimates but the light-hearted and the gay.

Men may be thus exclusive, but women are not.

Returning one night from opera or rout, the Belle entered her parlor wearied *with*, but not tired of the pleasure in which she had shared, when suddenly a cry of distress was heard; it was caused by the appearance of a case of small-pox in a neighboring house. At once the Belle changed her dress, and was at the bed of the sufferer.

"But, madam, have you had the small-pox?"

"No; but I have been vaccinated."

"Ah! so was my sister."

"But evidently not well. I will tarry and assist until she be removed, or some change take place."

The change took place after a few days, and the Belle of the Opera carefully wrapped the body of the deceased in its grave-clothes, and having committed it to a coffin, she went to purify herself, give thanks for her preservation, and to enjoy again the fine arts which she so much admired.

The pleasant laugh could at times, and *did*, give place to tears of sorrow or of sympathy; and the appearance of indifference would promptly yield, when thoughtlessly or wickedly some sentiment opposed to strict morality, would drop from the lip of a companion. Never did hours of gayety tend to moments of unkindness, or the full enjoyment of the abundance to which all were happy to contribute, obliterate a sentiment of gratitude toward those

whose earlier kindness might have assisted to prepare for that enjoyment.

Beneath the exterior of frequent devotion to admissible pleasure, there was a depth of feeling and a soundness of principle that sustained themselves in all circumstances, and exhibited themselves wherever their exercise was requisite, that were seen, indeed, influencing even in the midst of gayety, and throwing a charm around that freedom of conversation in which those of well-regulated minds may indulge.

The virtues of The Belle of the Opera are not sudden, fitful, dependent upon excited feelings—they are constant, influencing, ruling. They appear in private conversations, they are manifest in delicate forbearance toward the errors of others, they exhibit themselves in unwavering attachment to known established principles, and a delicate tolerance of the views of friends; and they are set forth for admiration by the charms of those accomplishments which the world admires, and which that world supposes to be her principal attraction.

And that world judges in this case as in most others; it has no interest in the object before it, and it is not concerned to look into the effect of its own judgment upon that object. Ten thousand who saw the late laughter-moving Jefferson upon the stage, supposed that he never moved without laughing himself, and making others laugh. They supposed that he must delight in and be the delight of social life; and as they had nothing to do with his life off the stage, they never cared to correct their judgment—they never know that the most pleasant of all comedians was fond of solitude, loved the quiet silence of angling—and was a prey to melancholy.

The inward man, the man to himself, the household man, the man of the fireside and social circle, is different from the man abroad, the man professionally, the man to others, and this not from hypocrisy, not from a difference of character throughout, but simply because the many who judge see only one phase, and one, indeed, is all that is exhibited, all that is required to fill up the part in which the many know the man. But justly to judge, and fairly to decide, we must see the whole man, we must know how all his relations are sustained; we must see how he discharges the high, solemn duties of his life, and carries the influence of that discharge into minor relations. We must understand how much of himself, his better self, he gives to the amusements and light enjoyments of life, and how much he brings from them to influence his conduct elsewhere; or, if weak, how much of himself he leaves in scenes where artistic taste only is exercised; how much he sacrifices of himself to mere gratification—a burnt-offering never to be recalled.

And here we reach a point toward which we have attempted to steer; we mean the fullness of character, the entire inward person—the meeting—the combination—the fusion, indeed, of all those properties and qualities of the mind, by a well-directed education; the balancing of the various propensities and gifts by the skillful hand of instruction, so that

no appetite, natural or acquired, shall have an undue predominancy, or serve to constitute the distinguishing characteristic of the possessor.

The Belle of the Opera, we have already said, brought to the place of amusements only the charms which God has bestowed and cultivated taste has well set off. She did not elect herself as The Belle of the Opera; she did not inaugurate herself as "the observed of all observers." Such results, though made probable by the charms of her person, and promoted by the opportunities afforded by the indulgence of a high order of talents, was, nevertheless, the work of the admiring many, who felt and acknowledged the charms of person thus displayed, and at once rendered to them the kind of homage which their excellence and position seemed to suggest. They, the multitude, judged in part, judged by what they saw, and what they imagined—and deified the woman with the appellation of "Belle of the Opera;" it was all the attribute they had to bestow; they felt an influence that they did not comprehend; and not knowing of the charms concealed, that made effective what they saw, they gave to the visible and the ostensible, the regard which was only due to the concealed and the influencing, as the shepherds of old saw with admiration and delight the fiery part of the stars of the firmament in all their loveliness, and feeling an influence from the celestial display, adored the hosts of heaven for their beauty and their use, forgetful or ignorant of the power that made them seem beautiful—uninstructed in all the relations of those orbs by which their beauty and their usefulness are secured.

We have taken the reader to one scene, in which The Belle of the Opera showed how little the accomplishment of person, and the cultivation of taste had disturbed the feelings of humanity; and yet we confess, that such an example standing alone, seems to be a contradiction, or a sort of accidental effort, rather the result of impulse, rather dependent upon caprice or individual affection, than to be regarded as illustrative of, or consistent with, the ruling characteristics. We are speaking now of a whole character—and a character cannot be judged of by one strong propensity on one hand, and one great but contradictory act on the other.

Is the character of The Belle of the Opera complete? Is the distance between the lustre and display of the opera-box, and the devotion to the loathsomeness of the small-pox chamber, all occupied with corresponding virtues, and similar graces mingling, shading, combining, perfecting? If the great offices of the woman's life, (we are speaking now of the Belle as a woman, looking at her higher vocation,) if all these offices are well discharged, if as mother, wife, as friend and neighbor, she stand unimpeachable; if she is as notable in all these relations as in the opera-box, still we want to inquire what is the influence exercised upon all these relations, by those qualities which made her The Belle of the Opera. How stand the opera-box and the nursery related? Because in the complete character of a woman are very few isolated qualities; they all bear upon

each other, or exercise mutual influences, and each is less of itself by the qualities which it derives from others. The Belle of the Opera gave to her own fireside the attraction of her personal charms, if less gorgeously accompanied, still the more directly effective. The adventitious aid of ornaments, that was a sacrifice to public taste, was not required; and these charms gathered a circle which the exercise of mental accomplishments retained; and thus all within their influence derived the advantage which association with high gifts and large attainments necessarily impart, and the home was made glad some by those charms which are attractive to their like, and compensating to their admirers.

The attainment of the science of music, and the display of that science at home, meliorated the manners of the inmates, and invited to association those whose taste was elevated, and whose talents were of a kind to sustain and appreciate high cultivation; and beyond the parlor these extended even to the nursery, or rather the nursery, by their exercise, was transferred to the parlor. That is what The Belle of the Opera understood by making *all* her accomplishments subservient to her duties as wife and mother. The mind of the child, by this constant intercourse with the gifted and the improved, became expanded, received character from the atmosphere in which it was placed, derived pleasure from the development which it witnessed, and had its *habits* formed to those graces which, in others, are only extraordinary results of extraordinary means, distinguishing the possessor only by one quality or attainment, making *her* The Belle of the Opera *alone*.

It is this association of the young with the beautiful and the accomplished, which infuses into their character, and fixes there those meliorating influences that constitute the charm of life, ruling, modifying, illustrating their whole character, making it *whole*, harmonious, consistent.

It must be understood that The Belle of the Opera was not a mere pianist, not a mere strummer upon the harp, she understood music as a *science*, and was therefore capable of conversing upon the subject as well as playing upon an instrument. This power of conversation, resting upon a deep knowledge of subjects, is the secret and charm of association; and it is worthy of remark, that gossip, even among the elevated, soon wearies; and what is more remarkable, it is wearisome and disgusting to children compelled to listen, while conversations or discussions upon subjects well understood by the interlocutors, are at once interesting to general listeners, and attractive, gratifying and instructive even to children. We appeal to general experience for this.

Eminently did The Belle of the Opera comprehend that truth, and practice upon it; hence a musical entertainment in her house was not a mere exercise of vocal powers, or a fearful attack upon the piano-keys. Music was *discussed* and then performed; and music, too, was not alone the theme. The well-lined walls denoted a taste for kindred arts; and the degrees of excellence of pictures, the distinguishing attributes of masters, were so lucidly

illustrated, that the junior members of the family grew into connoisseurs without dreaming of study—grew directly and certainly into such characters without forethought, as a blade of corn, in all its greenness, is tending in the warmth of the sun, and the favor of the soil, to produce a golden harvest. But the discipline of mind necessary to acquire the advancement which *The Belle of the Opera* attained, gave to her habits of care with regard to the education of her children; and the superficial study which makes amateurs in any branch, was unknown in her family. Various degrees of perfection were observable, and in different branches of pursuits and studies there was a superiority among them, according to gifts; but compared with other families, these children evinced pre-eminence in almost every thing they undertook.

But it was as a *wife* that *The Belle of the Opera* most distinguished herself; we mean the special, particular duties of a woman to her husband—all the other qualifications to which we have referred, were of a kind to make her desirable as a wife—but in constant affection, manifested in various ways in those delicate arts, appreciable but inimitable by man, with which a beautiful and an accomplished woman makes attractive her home, preserves it at once from the restraints of affected knowledge, which is always *diary* of near display, because fearful of detection, and from that ostentatious exhibition of attainments which wearies and disgusts by obtrusiveness. In all these, and the graces of intimate and reciprocal affection, she made her husband proud of his home, happy in his companion, and gratified at her superiority in those things which belong more especially to her sex and made her beauty beautiful.

There was a cloud thrown suddenly across the brilliant prospects of the husband, a threatening of utter insolvency; the evil seemed inevitable. Who should tell *The Belle of the Opera* that the means of gratifying her highly cultivated taste, and displaying her admirable accomplishments were about to cease?

The husband had all faith in the *afflictions* of his wife; he appreciated the excellence of her character, for he was worthy of her. But it was a terrible blow to pride—to womanly pride—the pride of condition, which had never been straightened; it must be a terrible blow to her who knew how to use and how to give, but had never been called upon to suffer or acquire. He carried to her the fearful news of the anticipated disaster; he did not annoy her by the prelude of weeks of abstraction and painful melancholy, but with the first consciousness of danger he announced to her his fears, and awaited the consequences of the shock.

"And what, my dear husband, will become of us all—of you, of me, and of the children?"

"That is the misery of my situation. It is not only the loss of the property I received with you, and that which I had acquired, but it is the difficulty of pursuing any business without some of the means which I thought so safe. I know not now how to sustain my family even in the humble state which we must assume until I can again make a business.

And you, with all your charms, with all your attainments, and all your power to enjoy, and means of affording pleasure—what a blow—what a fall!"

"And while you enumerate my attainments, do you forget that they are like yours, marketable; have you forgotten what that education cost? Will not others pay *me* as much for instruction as I have paid for my education? And will not the task of imparting be a pleasure rather than a pain, because it will be the exercise of those talents, and the uses of those attainments, whose employment has been the delight of our home, the pride of our social relations, and the solace of my solitary hours. Be assured, my dear husband, that with the exception of *giving*, most of the pleasures of wealth may be had in poverty—and the substitute for the pleasure of giving must be found in that of earning."

The apprehended evil was never realized. The losses, though considerable, did not reach an amount that rendered necessary any diminution of style in the family.

"I think the alarm has not been un instructive," said *The Belle of the Opera*; "either that, or the approach of age," (there was nothing in the lustre of her eye, or the brilliancy of her complexion that denoted the proximity of years—and she knew it when she said so—women seldom speak lightly of such *foes* when they are within hearing distance,) "either that or the approach of age has taught me to relish less many of the amusements which our means have allowed and with which my taste was gratified."

"A natural gratification of so cultivated a taste," said her husband, "could be nothing but correct; and it is only when others *are* acquired, that we need feel regret at indulging such as you have possessed. We, who approach the mid-summer of life, find fewer flowers in our pathway than spring presented, but let us not complain of those who gather the vernal sweets; rather let us rejoice that we take with us the freshness of appetites that delights in whatever the path of duty supplies, and by discipline are made to enjoy those latent sweets that escape the observation of the uncultivated."

We repeat our remarks, that to judge of a woman we must know her whole character. We must not suppose because a lady is at the opera, that she has no pleasure in other positions, or that a cultivated taste for music is inconsistent with the general cultivation of her talents. It is wrong to imagine that a beautiful woman is necessarily vain, or that her beauty is inconsistent with the discharge of all the high and holy duties that belong to her sex; the wife, the daughter, the mother, and the friend.

Excessive amusement, we know, vitiates the mind; and a woman, whose whole pride is to be *The Belle of the Opera*, has evidently no mission for domestic usefulness. But the domestic circle is blessed, and woman's office honored, when an improved taste and generally cultivated talent, the charms of person and elegance of manners are made subservient to, and promotive of, the full discharge of the duties that belong to woman in her exalted sphere.

And, we may add, that religion itself is made more lovely, more operative, when the offices of humanity which it suggests, and the services of devotion by which it is manifested, are discharged by one who brings to the altar talent, beauty, acquirements, with a sense of their unworthiness, and takes thence a spirit of piety and devotion that throws a charm about all the graces that have been so attractive to the world.

We would have our Magazine commend to our fair readers for approval and acquisition, all the gifts and graces which belonged to *The Belle of the Opera*; we would not have them seek that title. *She* did not; as unconscious of the admiration of the audience, as the performers were of her individual presence; she came to enjoy the music, not to ac-

quire fame. We would have those for whom we write bear in mind that the character of woman is incomplete, whatever talents or acquisition she may boast, if she has not the charm that attracts to and delights its domestic circle. And she should know that the basis of all those charms which give permanent beneficial influence, is *religion*; a fixed principle of doing right, from right motives. Upon *that* basis let the lovely fabric be erected; beauty, music, literature, science, social enjoyment, all become and all ornament the structure. And woman's character with these is complete, if she add the discharge of the duties of a friend—a wife—a mother. She who is the charm of social life must be the benignant spirit of home—the source and centre of domestic affection.

* WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?

BY ACOSTA.

Flowers are beautiful—every hue
Colors their petals, and pearly dew,
The nectar the fairies love to sup,
Sparkles brightly in each tiny cup,
While the dark leaves of the ivy shine,
And its clustering tendrils closely twine
Round the old oak, and the sapling young,
And when it has lightly round them clung,
It laughs, and shouts, and it calls aloud,
Have I not now a right to be proud?
I've mastered the lordly forest-tree,
I'm King of the woods, come see, come see.

Night's gems are beauteous, right rare are they,
Gloriously bright is each gentle ray,
Flashing and twinkling up so high,
Like diamonds set in the deep blue sky;
Who is there but loves night's gentle queen,
Gorgeously robed in her silver sheen?
Shedding her pale, pure brightness round,
O'er hill and valley, and tree and ground;
Gliding the waters as on they glide
In their conscious beauty, joy and pride;
Or sending a quiet ray to rove,
And wake the shade of the deep-green grove.

The Sun is beautiful—"God of day,"
He sends o'er the earth a lordly ray,
He shames the sweet pensive Orb of night
By his radiant beams so fiercely bright.

Wind is beautiful—not to the eye—
You cannot see it—but bear it sigh
Lowly and sweet in a gentle breeze,
Rustling the tops of the lofty trees,
Sending the yellow leaves to the ground,
Playfully whirling them round and round,
Fanning the sails with their fill of air,
Then dancing off on some freak more rare;
Scattering the snow and the blinding hail,

Shrieking aloud in the wintry gale,
Rudely driving the pattering rain
'Gainst the lonely cottage's humble pane,
Uprooting the aged forest-tree,
Then whistling loud right merrily;
Owning no king save a *mighty One*!
Following *His* dictates, and *His* alone.

Water is beautiful—sounding clear,
Like distant music upon the ear,
Bubbling light, sparkling bright, bounding still
With a joyous laugh adown the hill,
Clapping its hands with a noisy glee,
Shouting I'm bound for the sea, the sea!
I'll bear my spoils to the Ocean's tide—
Hurrah! hurrah! the earth's my loved bride;
I came through a lovely grassy glade,
And caught the dew-drops from every blade;
I stopped awhile in a shady spring
Hearing the summer-birds sweetly sing,
And I just 'escaped being prisoner caught,
A maiden to fill her pail there sought;
But I laughed aloud with a careless ring,
As off I rolled from the crystal spring.
Small though I seem, I'm part of the tide
That's to dash against a tall ship's side,
Bearing silken goods far o'er the sea,
Bringing back ingots of gold for me—
For me to seize and to bury deep
Where thousands of pearls and diamonds sleep
Scorn me! who dares? I tell thee now,
I'm monarch, and mine is the lordly brow.

Oh! all is beautiful, all is fair—
High Heaven, and earth, and sea, and air,
The sun, the moon, and the stars on high,
The clouds, the waters, and sands that lie
Far away down where the mermaids roam
And the coral insects build their home.

KATE RICHMOND'S BETROTHAL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I MUST warn my readers given to sober-mindedness, that they will probably rise from the perusal of the sketch before them, with that pet exclamation of the serious, when vexed, or wearied with frivolity, "vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" I can, indeed, promise no solid reading nor useful information—no learning nor poetry—no lofty purpose nor impressive moral—no deep-diving nor high-flying of any sort in all that follows. For myself, I but seek to wile away a heavy hour of this dull autumn day, and for my reader, if I may not hope to please, I cannot fear to disappoint him, having led him to expect nothing—at least nothing to speak of.

As a general thing, I have a hearty horror of all manœuvring and match-making, yet must I plead guilty to having once got up a private little conspiracy against the single-blessedness of two very dear friends. There is a wise and truthful French proverb, "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut*," which was not falsified in this case. But I will not anticipate.

My most intimate friend, during my school-days, was a warm-hearted, brave, frank, merry and handsome girl, by name Kate Richmond. In the long years and through the changing scenes which have passed since we first met, my love for this friend has neither wearied nor grown cold; for, aside from her beauty and unfailing cheerfulness, she has about her much that is attractive and endearing—a clear, strong intellect, an admirable taste, and an earnest truthfulness of character, on which I lean with a delicious feeling of confidence and repose.

As I grew to know and love Kate better, and saw what a glorious embodiment of noble womanhood she was, and how she might pour heaven around the path of any man who could win her to himself, I became intensely anxious that her life-love should be one worthy and soul-satisfying. One there was, well known to me, but whom she had never met, who always played hero to her heroine, in my heart's romances; this was a young gentleman already known to some few of my readers, my favorite cousin, Harry Grove.

I am most fortunate to be able to take a hero from real life, and to have him at the same time so handsome a man, though not decidedly a heroic personage. My fair reader shall judge for herself. Harry is not tall, but has a symmetrical and strongly-built figure. His complexion is a clear olive, and his dark chestnut hair has a slight wave, far more beautiful than effeminate ringlets. His mouth is quite small—the full, red lips are most flexible and expressive, and have a peculiar quiver when his heart is agitated by any strong emotion. His eyes are full and black, or rather of the darkest hue of brown, shadowed by

lashes of a superfluous length, for a man. They are arch, yet thoughtful; soft, with all the tenderness of woman, yet giving out sudden gleams of the pride and fire of a strong, manly nature. Altogether, in form and expression, they are indescribably beautiful—eyes which haunt one after they are once seen, and seem to close upon one never.

In character my kinsman is somewhat passionate and self-willed, but generous, warm-hearted, faithful and thoroughly honorable. Yet, though a person of undoubted talent, even genius, I do not think he will ever be a distinguished man; for he sadly lacks ambition and concentration, that fiery energy and plodding patience which alone can insure success in any great undertaking. He has talent for painting, music and poetry, but his devotion to these is most spasmodic and irregular. He has quite a gift for politics, and can be eloquent on occasion, yet would scarcely give a dead partridge for the proudest civic wreath ever twined. As a sportsman, my cousin has long been renowned; he has a wild, insatiable passion for hunting, is the best shot in all the country round, and rare good luck seems to attend him in all his sporting expeditions.

For the rest, he is a graceful dancer, a superb singer, and a finished horseman; so, on the whole, I think he will answer for a hero, though the farthest in the world from a Peilham, a Eugene Aram, a Bruno Mansfield, or an Edward Rochester.

"In the course of human events," it chanced that a year or two since, I received an urgent invitation from my relatives, the Groves, to spend the early autumn months at their home, in the interior of one of our western states. Now for my diplomatic address; I wrote, accepting, with a stipulation that the name of my well-beloved friend, Miss Catharine Richmond, who was then visiting me, should be included in the invitation, which, in the next communication from the other party, was done to my entire satisfaction. Kate gave a joyful consent to my pleasant plan, and all was well.

One fine afternoon, in the last of August, saw the stage-coach which conveyed us girls and our fortunes rolling through the principal street of W——, the county-seat, and a place of considerable importance—to its inhabitants. We found my uncle, the colonel, waiting our arrival at the hotel, with his barouche, in which he soon seated us, and drove rapidly toward his residence, which was about two miles out of town. On the way, he told me I would meet but two of his seven sons at home—Harry, and an elder brother, on whom, for a certain authoritative dignity, we had long before bestowed the sobriquet of "the governor." He also informed us that his "little farm," consisted of

about eight hundred acres, and that the place was called "Elm Creek."

As we drove up the long avenue which led to the fine, large mansion of my friends, I saw that my good aunt and Cousin Alice had *taken steps* to give us an early welcome. I leaped from the barouche into their arms, forgetting Kate, for a moment, in the excitement of this joyful reunion.

But my friend was received with affectionate cordiality, and felt at home almost before she had crossed the three-hold of that most hospitable house. My grave cousin, Edward, met us in the hall—bowed profoundly to Kate, and gave me a greeting more courtly than cousinly; but that was "Ned's way." Harry was out hunting, Alice said, but would probably be home soon.

After tea, we all took a stroll through the grounds. These are very extensive, and the many beautiful trees and the domesticated deer, bounding about, or stretched upon the turf, give the place a park-like and aristocratic appearance. Elm Creek, which runs near the house, is a clear and sparkling stream, which would be pleasantly suggestive of trout on the other side of the Alleghanies.

Suddenly was heard the near report of a gun, and the next moment Harry appeared on the light bridge which spanned the creek, accompanied by his faithful Bruno, a splendid black setter. On recognizing me, he (Harry, I mean, not the dog) sprung forward with a joyous laugh, and met me with a right cousinly greeting. I never had seen him looking so finely—he had taste in his hunting-dress, which became him greatly; and it was with a flush of pride that I turned and presented him to Kate. Harry gave her a cordial hand-shake, and immediately after, his dog, Bruno, gravely offered her his sable paw, to the no small amusement of the company.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing that there was a fine prospect of Kate and my cousin being on the very best terms with each other, as they conversed much together during the evening, and seemed mutually pleased.

The next morning my gallant and still handsome uncle took us out to the stable and invited us to select our horses for riding. He knew me of old for an enthusiastic equestrian, and Kate's attainments in the art of horsemanship were most remarkable. Kate chose a beautiful black mare, Joan, the mate of which, Saladin, a fiery-spirited creature, was Harry's horse, and dear to him as his life. I made choice of a fine-looking but rather coltish gray, which I shall hold in everlasting remembrance, on account of a peculiar trot, which kept one somewhere between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin.

The fortnight succeeding our arrival at Elm Creek, was one of much gaiety and excitement—we were thronged with visitors and deluged with the most cordial invitations. Ah! western people understand the science of hospitality, for their politeness is neither soulless nor conventional, but full of heartiness and truth. Long life to this noble characteristic of the generous west.

Colonel Grove was an admirable host—he exerted himself for our pleasure in a manner highly creditable to an elderly gentleman, somewhat inclined to indolence and corpulency. Every morning, when it was pleasant, he drove us out in his barouche, and by the information which he gave, his fine taste for the picturesque, and the dry humor and genuine good nature of his conversation, contributed much to our enjoyment. In the sunny afternoons, we usually scoured the country on horseback—Harry always rode with Kate and I with "the governor," who proved an interesting, though somewhat reserved companion. My Cousin Alice was unfortunately too much of an invalid for such exercises.

In our evenings we had music and dancing, and occasionally a quiet game of whist. Now and then we were wild and childish enough to amuse ourselves with such things as "Mr. Longfellow looking for his key-hole," "Homeopathic-bleeding," and the old stand-by, "Blind Man's Buff."

One rather chilly afternoon, about three weeks after our arrival, Alice Grove entered the chamber appropriated to Kate and myself, exclaiming, "Come, girls, put on some extra 'fixings' and come down, for you have a call from Miss Louisa Grant, the belle and beauty of W—, the fair lady we rally Harry so much about—you remember."

We found Miss Grant dressed most expensively, but not decidedly *à la mode*, or with much reference to the day or season. She was surprisingly beautiful, however—a blonde, but with no high expression; and then she was sadly destitute of manner. She seemed in as much doubt whether to sit, or rise, nod or courtesy, as the celebrated Toots, on that delicate point of propriety whether to turn his wristbands up, or down; and like that rare young gentleman, compromised the matter.

Miss Louisa talked but little, and that in the merest commonplaces; she had a certain curl of the lip, and toss of the head, meant for queenly hauteur, but which only expressed pert superciliousness; so, undazzled by her dress and beauty, I soon sounded her depth and measured her entire circumference. But Kate, who is a mad worshiper of beauty, sat silent and abstracted, gazing on her face with undisguised admiration.

When the call was over, we accompanied our guest to the door, and while we stood saying a few more last words, Harry came up, having just returned from hunting. At sight of his fowling-piece, Miss Louisa uttered a pretty infantine shriek, and hid her eyes with her small, plump hands. Harry, taking no notice of this charming outbreak of feminine timidity, greeted her with a frank, unembarrassed air, and throwing down his gun and game-bag, begged leave to attend her home. She assented with a blush and a simper, which left me in no doubt as to her sentiments toward my handsome cousin. Ah! how perilously beautiful she seemed to me then, while I watched her proud step as she walked slowly down the avenue, with a bitter feeling, for all the world as though I was jealous on my own account. I was somewhat pacified, however, by

Harry's returning soon, and bringing Kate a bouquet from Louisa's fine garden.

That evening we were honored by another call extraordinary, from a young merchant of the place—the village D'Orsay—by name, La Fayette Fogg, from which honorable appellation the gentleman, by the advice of friends, had lately dropped the "Marquis"—his parents, at his christening, having been disposed to go the whole figure. But he had a title which in our "sobering" republic would more than compensate for any of the mere accidental honors of rank—he had recently been appointed captain of a company of horse, in W—, and had already acquired a military bearing, which could not fail to impress the vulgar. A certain way he had of stepping and wheeling to the right and left, suggestive at once of both a proud steed and a firm rider—a sort of drawing-room centaur. But Captain Fogg was beyond all question strikingly handsome. I never saw so perfect a Grecian head on American shoulders. There was the low, broad forehead, the close, curling hair, the nose and brow in one beautiful, continuous line, the short upper lip, round chin, small ears, and thin nostrils. A classical costume would have made him quite statuesque; but, alas! he was dressed in the dandiacal extreme of modern fashion. His entire suit of superfine material, fitted to an exquisite nicety, and he revealed a consciousness of the fact more Toots-ish than Themistoclesian. He moved his Phidian head with slow dignity, so as not to disturb his pet curls, slumbering in all the softness of genuine Macassar. His whiskers and imperial were alarmingly pale and thin, but seemed making the most of themselves, in return for the captain's untiring devotion and prayerful solicitude.

The expression of this hero's face, *malgré* a Napoleonic frown which he was cultivating, and a Washingtonish compression of the lips, was soft, rather than stern—decidedly soft, I should say,—and there was about him a tender verdancy, an innocent ignorance of the world—all in despite of his best friends, the tailor, the artist in hair, and the artist in boots.

During the first half hour's conversation, I set the gallant captain down as uneducated, vain and supercilious; but I was vexed to see that Kate, dazzled by his beauty, regarded him more complacently. It was evident from the first, that Kate pleased him decidedly, and he "spread himself," to use a westernism, to make an impression on her heart, whose admiration for his *physique* spoke too plainly through her eyes. While he talked, Kate watched the play of his finely chiseled lips, and when he was silent, studied with the eye of an artist, the classic line of his nose. The attentive, upward look of her large, dark eyes, was most dangerous flattery—it loosened the tongue of our guest un marvelously, till he talked quite freely, almost confidentially. Among other things, he informed us that he "was born in the chivalrous south," and had been "a native of W— for only the five years past." I glanced mischievously at Kate, and she, to turn the tide of talk, exclaimed—"Oh, Mr. Fogg, we had a call from

Miss Grant to-day! Exquisitively beautiful—is she not?"

"Why," drawled the captain, stroking his imperial affectionately, "she is rather pretty, but wants cultivation; I can't say I admire her greatly, though she is called the *Adonis* of this country."

Kate colored with suppressed laughter, bit her lip, and rising, opened the piano, saying—"Do you sing, Mr. Fogg?"

Fortunately, Mr. Fogg did sing, and that very well. He declined accompanying Kate in "Lucy Neal," saying that he "never learned them low things;" but on many of Russell's songs he was "some," and acquitted himself with much credit.

During all this time Harry had taken little part in the conversation, and when asked to sing, drily declined. I thought him jealous, and was not sorry to think so. I saw that Kate also perceived his altered mood, yet she showed, I regret to say, no Christian sympathy for his uneasiness, but chatted gayly, sung and played for all the world as though earth held neither aching hearts nor dissatisfied Harrys.

At last my cousin rose hastily and left the room. I said to myself, "He has gone out to cool his burning brow in the night air, and seek peace under the serene influences of the stars." But no, he crossed the hall, and entered the family sitting-room. Soon after I followed, and found him having a regular rough and tumble with Bruno, on the floor. He raised his head as I entered, and said with a yawn,

"Has that bore taken himself off?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, why the deuce do n't he go—who wants his company?"

"I don't know," said I; "Kate, perhaps."

"Very likely," growled Harry, "you intellectual women always prefer a brainless coxcomb to a sensible man."

"Yes, Cousin Harry, in return for the preference you men of genius give to petty simpletons."

The captain's "amitation," as we called it, seemed a real one, and his sudden flame genuine—at least there was some fire, as well as a great deal of smoke. He laid resolute siege to Kate's heart, till his lover-like attentions and the manifestations of his preference were almost overwhelming. In a week or two Kate grew wearied to death of her conquest, and was not backward in showing her contemptuous indifference, when Harry Grove was not by. But, oh, the perverseness of woman! in the presence of my cousin, she was all smiles and condescension to his rival; and he, annoyed more than he would confess, would turn to Miss Louisa Grant with renewed devotion.

Yes, Harry was plainly ill at ease to mark another's attentions pleasantly received by my friend—that was something gained; but such jealousy of a mere tailor-shop-window-man, was unworthy my cousin, as well as a wrong to Kate; and for my part, I would not stoop to combat it.

In the captain's absence, however, all went admirably. Harry seemed to give himself up to the enjoyment of Kate's brilliant society, her cleverness,

her liveliness, her "infinite variety," with joyous abandon. They sung, read, danced, strolled, and rode together, always preserving the utmost harmony and good-will.

For Kate's success in the part I wished her to play, I had never any fear. Aside from her beauty, which is undeniable, though on the brunette order, and her accomplishments, which are many, she has a certain indescribable attractiveness of manner, an earnest, appealing, endearing way—a "*je-ne-sais-quoi-sity*," as a witty friend named it, which would be coquetry, were it not felt by all alike, men, women, and children, who find themselves in her presence. It is without effort, a perfectly unconscious power, I am sure.

Thus, I did not fear for Kate, provided Harry was heart-whole; but this fact I could not settle to my entire satisfaction. My Cousin Alice sometimes joked him about a certain fair maid he had known at New Haven, while in college, evidently wishing it to appear that she knew vastly more than she chose to reveal; and then Miss Grant was certainly a dangerous rival—far more beautiful, according to the common acceptation of the term, than my friend, with the advantage, if it be one, of a prior acquaintance.

One morning, as we were returning home, after having made a call on Miss Louisa, Harry, who once, for a wonder, was walking with me, began questioning me concerning my opinion of her. I evaded his question for awhile, but at length told him frankly that I could not speak freely and critically unless assured that I should give him no pain thereby.

"Oh, if that's all," replied Harry, with a laugh, "go on, and 'free your mind, sister'—I shall be a most impartial auditor."

"Indeed, Harry!—has there, then, been no meaning to your attentions in that quarter?"

"Why, as to that," he replied, "I have always admired the girl's beauty, and have flirted with her too much, perhaps, but there is not enough in her to pin a genuine love to; I have found her utterly characterless; and then, she affects a ridiculous fear of fire-arms, and behaves like a sick baby on horse-back."

"But, cousin," I rejoined, "you do not want a wife to hunt with you, and ride horseback; Miss Grant is a young lady of domestic virtues and refined tastes—is she not?"

"Yes, and no. I believe she is a good house-keeper; she takes pains to let one know that—a perfect walking cookery-book; but for her refinement! Have you never noticed her coarse voice, and how much use she makes of provincialisms? She might sing well, but always makes mistakes in the words. She professes a passion for flowers; but last spring, coz, I helped her make her garden, and heard her say '*pinney*' and '*layloc*'—I never could marry a woman who said '*pinney*' and '*layloc*.' and then she called pansies—pansies, that's for thoughts—those flowers steeped in poetry as in their own dew—'Joany-jump-ups!' Bah! and then, she vulgarizes her own pretty name into *Lo-izy*!"

Need I confess that I was far from displeased with this little speech of my cousin's. I was silent for a few moments, and then, with my head full of Kate and her fortunes, said, while pulling to pieces a wild-flower, which Harry had just gallantly presented to me,

"Well, then, cousin, you don't love any body in particular, just now, do you?"

I raised my eyes when I had said this, to meet Harry's fixed on my face, with a strange, indefinable expression—something of what is called a "killing look," so full of intense meaning was it; but around his mouth lurked a quiet drollery, which betrayed him, even while he replied to my singular question in a tone meant to *tell*,

"Why, my dearest cousin, at *this moment*, I cannot say that I do not."

I broke at once into a laugh of merry mockery, in which he joined at last, though not quite heartily; and we hastened to rejoin Ned, Kate and Alice, who were somewhat in advance.

On reaching our room I told Kate enough of my conversation with Harry to prove that he was really not the lover of Louisa Grant; and with a blush and a smile, she kissed and thanked me. Why should she thank me?

Thus matters went on—Captain Fogg's star declining visibly, and Harry Grove's evidently in the ascendant, until the last week of our stay, when a little incident occurred which had quite a disturbing influence on the pleasant current of my thoughts and Kate's. One afternoon, while Harry was out shooting woodcock, of which Kate was very fond, on going up to my room, I perceived the door of Harry's open, and saw his easel standing before the window, with a picture upon it. I could not resist the temptation of seeing what this might be, and entered the room. The picture was a small female head—the face rather fair, with dark blue eyes. It was probably a portrait, still unfinished. The likeness I did not recognize, though it looked like half a dozen pretty faces I had seen—Kate's and Miss Grant's among the number. To the bottom of the picture was attached a slip of paper, bearing these lines:

"Glow on the canvas, face of my beloved!
Smile out upon me, eyes of heavenly blue!
Oh! be my soul's love by my pencil proved,
And lips of rose, and locks of auburn hue,
Come less obedient to the call of art,
Than to the pleading voice of my adoring heart!"

When I had read this verse, I remained standing before the picture in a thoughtful trance. I was finally startled by a deep sigh, and turning, saw Kate just behind me. She had also seen the portrait of the unknown, and read those passionate lines. She turned immediately and passed into her room.

When I rejoined her, a few moments after, she was reading, apparently deep in "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," but tears were falling on the page before her.

"Martin's return to his grandfather is a very affecting scene," she observed.

I naturally glanced over her shoulder; the book was open at that "*tempest-in-a-teapot*" scene, the

memorable misunderstanding between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig.

Oh, Kate, Kate! thy heart had gone many days' journey into the life and fortunes of quite another than Martin.

In the evening Captain Fogg honored us, and Kate was unusually affable and gay. She sung none but comic songs, and her merry laugh rang out like a peal of bells.

During the evening we played a game of forfeits, and it was once adjudged that the captain should relate a story, to redeem his turquoise breastpin. He told a late dream, which was, that once, on taking a morning walk to hear the birds sing, he found Miss Richmond completely *lost in a fog*, and refused to help her out!

Oh, how he sparkled, as he fairly got off his witticism, and saw that it took!

"Ah, captain," said I, "you must have a gift for punning."

"Something of one, Miss," he replied, with a complacent pull at his imperial. "I was into White's, the other day, buying some music, and White offered me a song called 'Mary's Tears,' which I told him must have a tremendous *run*! White laughed till he cried, and threatened to expose me in our paper! 'Pon honor, he did so!"

The captain informed us that the following would be a great day for the militia, as there was to be on the village-green of W—, a parade and review; and he gallantly begged the honor of our presence. We graciously testified our willingness to patronize the show, provided Harry would drive us into town for the purpose. On leaving, the captain requested the loan of Harry's noble horse, Saladin, which had been trained to the field, for the grand occasion. He would come for him in the morning, he said. Harry consented, with rather a bad grace, I thought. He is a perfect Arab in his loving care for his horse.

The next morning, about ten, the captain called and found us all ready—the barouche waiting at the door. Colonel Grove, who is a gentleman of the *ancien régime*, invited the young officer, who was in complete uniform, to take wine with him. It was really laughable—the captain's affectation of a cool, *bon-vivantish* indifference, as he tossed off glass after glass of the sparkling champagne, showing himself to be far from familiar with that exhilarating and insidious beverage. He grew elevated momentarily; his very words soared majestically above mere common sense, and his eyes winked of strange mysteries, and flashed unutterable things.

At length were we civilians seated in the barouche and driving toward W—, at a brisk rate, the captain causing Saladin to wheel and caracole beside us in a most remarkable manner. Ah, how did the harmless lightning of his wit play around us! how were his compliments showered upon us like *bonbons* in carnival-time! How beautifully was he like the sparkling wine he had so lately quaffed—what was he but a human champagne-bottle, with the cork just drawn!

About half way to the village we saw before us an old Indian woman, well known in all the country round as a doctress, or witch, according to most people. She was bent almost double, and looked very feeble, though she was said to be still marvelously active and vigorous.

Suddenly the captain, who had galloped on a little to display his horsemanship, came dashing back, exclaiming—"Now, young ladies, for some glorious fun! Do you see that old squaw yonder?"

"Yes," said Alice Grove, "that is old Martha—what of her?"

"Why, I mean to have some rare sport. I'll invite her to take a ride behind me. I'll ride up to the fence for her to get on, and then, just as she makes her spring, spur Saladin, and let her land on the ground.

"Oh, don't! don't!" cried we all in chorus; but the captain was off and already speaking to old Martha. She evidently liked his proposition, for she quickly climbed the fence, preparatory to mounting. The captain wheeled his horse to within about two feet of her—she gave a spring—he spurred his steed, which leaped wildly forward—but *too late*! Old Martha was safe on Saladin's back, her long, bony arms clasped closely round the waist of his rider—and, hurrah, they were off at a dashing rate.

Harry whipped up his grays, and we presently overtook the equestrians. Captain Fogg had succeeded in checking Saladin, and was striving to persuade old Martha to dismount, but in vain; she would ride to the village, as he had invited her. He coaxed, threatened, and swore—but all to no purpose; she *would* go on to the village!

At last, in endeavoring forcibly to unclasp her arms, Fogg dropped the rein, and Saladin, worried and frightened, started off at a furious gallop, and tore down the street like mad. Oh, the rich, indescribable ludicrousness of the sight! Such a conspicuous figure was the captain, so splendidly mounted, with "sword and pistols by his side," and all his burnished brass and buckles glistening in the morning sun; and then that ridiculous old woman, in her tattered Indian costume, seated behind him, clinging convulsively to his waist, and bounding up half a foot with every leap of the frantic steed. The ends of the captain's scarlet sash flouted back over her short black petticoat, and the white horse-hair of his military plume mingled ingloriously with her long elf-locks streaming in the wind.

The dirty woollen blanket of old Martha became loose, and flew backward, held only by one corner, exposing her bright blue short-gown, trimmed with wampum, while her red leggings got up quite a little show on their own account.

As thus they dashed on, faster and faster, they spread astonishment and consternation as they went.

A farmer, who with his son was gathering apples from a tree near the road, saw the vision—dropped his basket, and knocked down his first born with an avalanche of pippins. An old lady, who was hanging out clothes in her yard, struck with sudden fright and sore dismay, fell backward into her clothes—

basket, as white as a sheet, and as limp as a wet towel.

Young urebins let go the strings of kites, leaving them to whirl dizzily and dive earthward—left "terrestrial pies" unfinished, and took to their heels! A red-haired damsel who was milking by the road-side, on beholding the dread apparition, turned pale, and ran, and the cow, following her example, also *turned tail* and ran!

But most excruciatingly and transcendently ridiculous was the scene when Saladin, over whom the captain had lost all control, reached the parade-ground, and dashed in among the soldiers and spectators. Hats were tossed into the air, and shouts of laughter and derisive hooras resounded on every side. But fortunately for poor Fogg, Saladin suddenly perceived a part of the cavalry company, who, in the absence of their captain, were going through some informal and supererogatory exercises, and obedient to his military training, wheeled into line, and stood still, with head erect and nostrils distended.

"For Heaven's sake, boys," cried the captain, "haul off this old savage!"

But the worthy Mariba, wisely declining such rough treatment, leaped to the ground like a cat—made a profound courtesy, and with a smile rather too sarcastic for so venerable a person, said,

"Me tank you, cap'en—old Mariba no often have such fine ride, with such pretty man, all in regiments!"

After this rare comedy, the review was a matter of little moment, and we soon returned home, not even waiting for the tragedy of the sham-fight.

On the afternoon of the following day, Harry invited Kate to take a horse-back ride—and the incidents of that ride, as I received them from my friend, I will relate to the best of my ability.

The equestriane took a route which was a favorite with both—up a glen, wild and unfrequented, through which ran a clear, silver stream. It happened that Harry was in one of his lawless, bantering moods, and teased Kate unmercifully on the gallant part played by her lover, the captain, on the preceding day.

Kate, who was not in the most sunny humor, began to rally him about "*Lo-izy*," Grant, and the New Haven bells.

Suddenly Harry became grave, and said, in an earnest tone, "Shall I tell you, Kate, *just* the state of my heart?"

"Don't trouble yourself," she coolly replied, "it is a matter of no moment to me."

"There, now, you are insincere," said Harry, with a saucy smile, leaning forward to strike a fly from Saladin's neck, "it is a matter of some moment to you, for you know that I love you, and that you are not entirely indifferent to my love."

"Sir, you mistake in addressing such language to me—you are presuming," said Kate, with a petrifying hauteur; and giving her horse a smart cut with the whip, galloped on. Surprised, and somewhat angry, Harry checked his own horse, and gazed after her till she was lost in a bend of the winding road. As he stood by the side of the rivulet, Saladin

reached down his head to drink. In his troubled abstraction, Harry let go the rein, which fell over the head of his horse. With a muttered something, which was not a benediction, Harry dismounted to regain it, when Saladin, in one of his mad freaks, gave a quick leap away and galloped up the glen after his mate. Harry was about to follow, but an odd thought coming into his brain, he threw himself on the turf instead, and lay perfectly still, with closed eyes, listening to the gallop of the two steeds, far up the glen. Presently he heard them stop—then turn, and come dashing down again with redoubled speed. Nearer and nearer came Kate. She was at his side—with a cry of alarm she threw herself from her horse and bent above him.

"Harry, dear Harry, were you thrown—are you injured?" she cried, raising the head of the apparently unconscious man, and supporting it on her knee. "Oh, Heaven! he is hurt—he does not hear me!" she murmured, laying back the hair from his forehead and pressing her lips upon it wildly and repeatedly. Harry's eye-lids remained hermetically sealed, but a queer, comical expression began to play around the corners of his mouth, and was about to betray him, when he suddenly opened his eyes, with a look of triumphant impudence, and broke into a peal of joyous laughter.

Kate dropped his head with a movement of indignation and dismay—sprung up—led her horse to the trunk of a fallen tree, just by, from which she leaped into her saddle, and was off almost as soon as Harry had regained his feet. Again the faithless Saladin left his master in the lurch, and followed Kate, who went at a furious rate, never pausing nor looking back; so the somewhat discomfited Harry was obliged to foot it home, a matter of "two mile and a bittock," as they say in Scotland.

That night Kate had a headache, and did not appear at the tea-table, nor join the evening circle, where poor Harry was cross-questioned without mercy on the strange circumstance of having been left behind both by his horse and lady-fair.

"Ah, Kate," said I, as I joined her at the close of the evening, "I have something to tell you. While you were dressing for your ride to-day, Harry called me into his room to show me that picture—and will you believe, it is only a bad portrait of *yourself*! Harry sketched it long ago for Louisa Grant, but has lately been making some important alterations, and now he thinks it strikingly like you. I really wonder we did not see the resemblance; the poetry was meant for you alone."

"Oh, Grace, Grace!" murmured Kate, in a bitter tone, "if you had only told me this before I went to ride!"

At breakfast, the next morning, there was no Harry—two hours before he had whistled his dog and shouldered his gun, and set out on a crusade in turkey-land. But long before noon the young hunter returned, and inquiring for Kate, was directed to the library, where she sat, striving to drive away her sad mood, according to her own cheerful philosophy, by light reading. She had chosen "*Hood's*

Prose and Verse," instead of Miss Landon's Poems, which stood on the same shelf.

Again I must tell the story as it was told to me.

As Harry entered, Kate coloring deeply, started up—stood still a moment, and then sat down again, uttering not a word. Harry, seating himself near her, took off his hunting-cap, ran his fingers nervously through his hair, and in a tolerably steady voice began,

"I could have no peace, Miss Richmond, until I had begged your pardon for my unparalleled impertinence yesterday. I intreat you to believe that I had in my heart no intentional disrespect for you. I pray your forgiveness for my first rash words—what you called my *presumption*. For the other daring act, I am not so deeply repentant, for I would willingly have my head broken in reality, to have it lie for another moment where it laid yesterday; yet for that also I ask pardon. Do you grant it?"

"With all my heart," said Kate, smiling; but Harry continued—

"I have been, indeed, most presuming and conceited, in supposing for a moment that I could be any thing to you; and, perhaps," he continued, with a proud curl of the lip, "we have both been mistaken in according too much meaning to trifling words and acts—we two have flirted desperately, Kate,—have we not?"

Kate bit her lip in vexation, and a shade of disappointment passed over her face. Just then the eyes of the two met, for the first time for some minutes, and the ridiculousness, the utter absurdity of they two endeavoring to deceive one another—to conceal for a moment longer the blessed truth that they *loved one another*, broke upon them at once, and they burst into a long and merry laugh.

"Well," said Harry, at last, dashing the tears of mirth from his flashing eyes, and seating himself

nearer Kate, "it is time I at least was serious, for the deepest and strongest feelings of my heart will make themselves heard. Kate, dear Kate, whether it gives you pleasure to know it, or not, I *must* tell you how truly, how devotedly, and, though you will scarce believe *that*, how *reverentially* I love you! I am a strange, wild fellow, Kate, somewhat rude and over-mirthful; but you, I am sure, can make me what you wish. Will you undertake the task?"

"With all my heart," she again replied, frankly extending her hand.

"Blessings on your sweet soul, Kate!—but—but—"

"But what, Harry?"

"Not much, only will you allow me to pay you back *that small coin* you bestowed on me yesterday, in your Christian charity?"

"Oh, I'll forgive you the debt," said Kate, laughing.

"No, dear, I'll not take advantage of your generosity, but pay you to the uttermost farthing."

"Ah, hold! that is all, now—a thousand times more than I gave you!"

Suddenly the happy lover darted out of the room, and presently returned, saying, "See, Kate! a portrait of you, from memory."

"Ah, indeed!" said Kate. "But, Harry, you have made my dark hair quite an auburn, and it has only the slightest golden hue when the sunlight falls upon it."

"Well," he replied, "to *my* eyes, there was *always* sunlight playing around you."

"Ah, thank you; but again, these eyes are dark blue, and mine are gray, or by complaisance, hazle."

"A very natural mistake, dearest," said Harry, with an arch smile, "I saw heaven in your eyes, and so came to paint them blue."

THE CORSAIR'S VICTIM.

(AN EXTRACT FROM "ZILLAIL.")

BY WM. E. C. ROSSNER.

WHEN Night, upon her stony throne,
Held undisputed sway and lone,
And moonlight to the trembling wave
A soft but spectral radiance gave,
He seized, with iron grasp, his chain,
As if endued with giant strength,
And after many efforts vain,
While glowing madness fired his brain,
From bondage burst at length.
The cunning Corsair heard the sound
Of strong link breaking, with a clang,
And stealing lightly, with one bound,
Upon his frenzied victim sprang:
His right arm, used to felon deed,
The Corsair raised with ready skill—
One thrust of his stiletto freed
The crazed one from his load of ill.
The pleading look and wild appeal

Of Zillah could not stay the steel;
She saw him fall, and from his side
The red stream gush in bubbling tide,
Then fell herself, as if the blade
A sheath of her own breast had made;
While fearfully his spouting gore
The white robe reddened that she wore.
Her ear heard not the gurgling sound
Of hungry waters closing round,
As hastily the ruffian cast
His victim to the ocean vast,
Or marked the grim, exulting smile
That lighted up his face the while:
Extended on the deck she lay,
As if the war of life was over,
As if her soul had fled away
To realms of never-ending day,
To join the spirit of her lover.

She woke at last from her long swoon,
 To hope that Death would triumph soon,
 And the mad pulses of her frame,
 With icy touch, forever tame:
 She woke with features ashy white,
 And wildly gazed upon the plank
 That deeply, freely in the night
 The crimson of his veins had drank:
 Then raising heavenward her eye,
 In still, expecting posture stood,
 As if a troop from realms on high
 Were coming down, with battle-songs,
 To wash out stercorally in the blood
 Of coward-hearts her many wrongs:
 No tear-drop came to her relief
 In that wild, parching hour of grief,
 The tender plant of love she knew
 Would into verdure break no more—
 The spot was arid where it grew
 In green luxuriance before.
 She knew henceforth her lot below
 Would be to quaff the cup of pain—
 On thing of Earth she could not throw
 The sunlight of her smile again:
 The voice was still whose melting tone
 Had vied in sweetness with her own—
 The hiding wave had closed above
 The only object of her love:
 And Rispuh, as strict watch she kept,
 White cold, like forms of Parian stone,
 Her sons on gory couches slept,
 Felt not more desolate and lone.

In many hearts the gloomy sway
 Of sorrow lessens, day by day,
 Until the charms of life at last

Blot out remembrance of the past:
 As winds may kiss the trampled flower,
 And lift again its bruised leaf,
 So time, with his assuaging power,
 May stay the wasting march of grief:
 But hearts in *other* bosoms beat
 Where anguish finds a *lasting seat*—
 That heal not with the lapse of time—
 Too delicately strung for earth,
 Whose chords can never after chime
 With peals of loud, unmeaning mirth.
 Weeks flew: but Zillah in their flight
 strove off, but vainly, to forget
 The horrors of that fatal night,
 When her *beloved star*, whose light
 Made bondage pleasant, set,
 No murmur from the lip outbroke,
 Though suddenly her cheek grew thin—
 No quick, convulsive start bespoke
 The desolating fire within.
 Her dark eye rested on the wave
 By day and in the hush of eve,
 As if, ere long, the wet sea-cave
 Her buried one would leave,
 And, drifting suddenly to view,
 His murderer with dread subdue.
 Ah! I have said the stately mein
 Of Zillah would best a queen,
 That lawless *crimes* could ill withstand
 Her innate bearing of command.
 Alas! regality of soul
 Gives agony supreme control,
 And prompts the wretched one to hide
 Consuming pangs from vulgar gaze—
 To nurse, in uncomplaining pride,
 The scorpion that preys.

A DIRGE FOR O'CONNELL.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Throw open once again
 The portals of the tomb,
 And give among the glorious dead
 Another hero room!

Unclose your shadowy ranks,
 Illustrious shades unclosed!
 The valiant Leader, crowned with years,
 Goes down to his repose.

The champion of Peace
 On many a well-fought field,
 Whose bloodless victories left no stain
 On his untarnished shield;

A king, though on his brow
 No jeweled crown might shine,
 A king, although his patriot blood
 Glowed from no royal line;

A sovereign o'er a realm
 No boundaries can confine.
 Whose throne was in a Nation's heart,
 Who reigned by right divine;

A priest at Freedom's shrine,
 Whose kindling words he spoke,
 Till the dumb millions from their sleep
 To life and hope awoke;

A soldier of the Cross,
 Who bore a stainless brand;
 The Preacher of a new crusade
 To rescue a lost land.

Rome! to thy care is given
 The heart whose throbs are o'er;
 Eternal City! to thy charge
 Take this one relic more!

And Erin, sad and lorn,
 Take thou thy sacred trust,
 And let the soil he loved so well
 Commingle with his dust!

And, Fame, take thou in charge
 The patriot's renown,
 And gather from your amaranth folds
 Another fadeless crown.

THE ILLINOIS AND THE PRAIRIES.

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

THAT gallant officer and enterprising traveler, Major Long, did the Illinois great injustice when he described it as "an extended pool of stagnant water," for it was, when I saw it, one of the prettiest streams to be found in this country of fine rivers. The width is such as to give a full view of objects on both sides in passing; the basin was full without overflowing; and though the current was gentle, its waters were neither muddy nor stagnant. It should, however, be observed, that my journey was in the season when the rivers of the great Mississippi valley, though beginning to subside, were still high, and that those who wish to see them to advantage should visit the South and West before the heats of summer. Else will they be assuredly disappointed, and accuse me of indulging in a favorite amusement of travelers.

The Illinois, until you approach the Rapids, seems made on purpose for steam navigation, which is seldom, if ever, molested either by winds or waves. With the exception of points where the prairies approach the borders, the river is every where skirted by those magnificent forests which constitute one of the most striking and beautiful features of this new world; and completely sheltered from the storm, seems to glide along unconscious of the uproar of the elements around. It flows through a region which, even in this land of milk and honey, is renowned far and near for its almost unequalled fertility, and the ease with which it may be brought to produce the rich rewards of labor. There is, perhaps, no part of the world where the husbandman labors less, and reaps more, than throughout a great portion of this fine state, on which nature has bestowed her most exuberant bounties.

But, strange to say, I found the good-hearted people, almost without exception, complaining of "hard times," not arising, however, from the usual sources of war, famine, or pestilence, but from actual abundance. They had more than they knew what to do with, and it was an apt, though melancholy commentary on the wisdom of man, as well as the providence of human legislation, that while the citizens of Illinois, and, indeed, the entire great western valley, were overburdened with all the necessities of life, a large portion of the laboring poor of England were starving for want of them, simply because their rulers had virtually prohibited one country from relieving the necessities of the other. But for the high duties on flour, grain and provisions, the wants of the poor of England might and would be greatly relieved by the superabundance of the United States, and thus the blessings of Providence bestowed on one country be disseminated among others. But legislators, renowned for their far-reaching sagacity, have decreed otherwise; and the plenty which might be-

come a universal blessing, is made a burthen to one country, while useless to all the rest of the world.

This noble state, as is well known, derives its name from a tribe of Indians, originally called the Illeni, which the French missionaries and explorers, who were the first white men that visited this region, changed into Illinois. They were neither warlike nor brave, and were held in great contempt by the invincible Iroquois and Outagamis, as appears from the following relation of an old traveler. "An Outagami," says Father Charlevoix, "who was burnt by the Illinois, perceiving a Frenchman among the spectators, begged of him that he would help his enemies to torment him; and on being asked why he made this request, replied, 'because I should have the comfort of dying by the hands of men. My greatest grief is, that I never killed a man.' 'But,' said an Illinois, have you not killed such and such persons?' 'True; as for the Illinois, I have killed enough of them, but they are not men.'"

The character of the Indians, and the view of the savage state as found in North America, given by this writer, is so philosophical and just, that I am tempted to transcribe it for the instruction and amusement of the reader. It appears at least to be impartial, which is more than can be said of more recent writers, one class of whom can find nothing to praise, the other nothing to blame in our Indians.

"With a savage appearance, and manners, and customs, which are entirely barbarous, there is observable among them a social kindness, free from almost all the imperfections which so often disturb the peace of society among us. They appear to be without passion; but they do that in cold blood, and sometimes through principle, which the most violent and unbridled passion produces in those who give no ear to reason. They seem to lead the most wretched life in the world; and they were, perhaps, the only happy people on earth, before the knowledge of the objects which so much work upon and seduce us, had excited in them desires which ignorance kept in supineness, and which have not, as yet, made any great ravages among them. We discover in them a mixture of the fiercest and the most gentle manners; the imperfections of wild beasts, united with virtues and qualities of the mind and heart which do the greatest honor to human nature. One would think at first they had no form of government; that they acknowledge neither laws nor subordination; and that living in an entire independence, they suffer themselves to be solely guided by chance, and the wildest caprice. Nevertheless, they enjoy almost all the advantages that a well regulated authority can secure to the best governed nations. Born free and independent, they look with

horror on the very shadow of despotic power; but they seldom depart from certain principles and customs founded on good sense, which are to them instead of laws, and which in some measure supply the place of a lawful authority. They will not bear the least restraint; but reason alone keeps them in a kind of subordination, which, from being voluntary, is not less effectual to obtain the end intended."*

The Illinois has the same peculiarity I observed in all the rivers of the Mississippi valley. With the exception of here and there a solitary plantation, or a little embryo town, few traces of man appear on its borders until you arrive at the great prairie, above the head of steam navigation, which extends all the way to the lakes. At long distances we came upon one of those evidences of the busy body, man, in the shape of a little village, a clearing, or an establishment for putting up pork for exportation, where I was told, notwithstanding the "hard times," they throw the ears, feet, and often heads of the swine into the river, to feed the eels and catfish. Indeed, from what I observed throughout the whole extent of my journey, in this suffering region, there is almost as much wasted there as would serve to feed the starving manufacturers of England.

Most of the towns on the river, below the Rapids, have little worthy of attention, and all their glories are prospective; but there is one it would be unpardonable to pass by without a tribute to its surpassing beauties. I refer to Peoria, whose aspect is as soft and gentle as its name. Father Charlevoix, I think, calls it Pimitavery, and it lies on the left bank of the Illinois, where it expands into a lake from one to three miles wide, and ten in length. Ascending the bank, you come upon a fine prairie, forming a crescent, of some twelve or fifteen miles, judging by the eye, whose arch is bounded by a bluff, as it is here usually called, but which represents a natural terrace of wonderful regularity, clothed with luxuriant grass, and crowned with open woods, affording as beautiful sites for country residences as can be imagined in dreams. It was Sunday, and in the afternoon, when the sun was low, I took a walk from the town to the terrace, about a mile distant, which is reached by a private road, leading among wheat and corn fields of the greatest luxuriance.

Nothing could be more soft, calm, and alluring than the weather and the scene. The smooth glassy lake lay directly before me, bordered on the further side by a vast green meadow receding far away, and fringed in the vague distance by a dark barrier of forest, beyond which was nothing but the skies. Between the lake and the terrace on which I stood, lay the thrifty, gay-looking town; to the left, the crescent gracefully curved till it met the lake, while to the right it made a noble sweep, enclosing a level prairie, whose extent I did not pretend to determine; and which, though it had never been sowed or reaped, looked as smooth as a shaven lawn, as green as the most luxuriant meadow. Neither fence nor inclosure of any kind was seen in that quarter, and the cattle dispersed about in all directions, strayed wherever

* Charlevoix, vol. ii. p. 102, 103.

they pleased. While contemplating the scene, the setting sun gradually retired behind the wooded terrace, and the glowing, golden lustre gave place to those transitions of the summer twilight which are so exquisitely touching and beautiful. There was a silence, a repose and loveliness all around, in the earth, in the heavens above, and on the waters, whose effect, if I could only communicate it to my readers, they would thank me for; and never did the sun set on a more holy Sabbath, or one better calculated to call forth grateful homage to the Creator of such an enchanting world.

This little paradise was until recently possessed by the Peoria Indians, a small tribe, which has since receded; and tradition says there was once a considerable settlement of the French on the spot. I was informed there is an extensive old burial-place, not of Indian origin, somewhere on or near the terrace, and noticed that not a few of the names and physiognomies in this quarter were evidently French. There seems a chasm in the forest history of this region, between the relation of Charlevoix, which refers to no later period than 1720, and the final cession of the French North American possessions to the English. A series of obscure and unrecorded incidents which have escaped the historian, led to results which for this reason appear unaccountable; and there is, I think, every reason to believe all those discoveries of iron and copper implements, and other evidences of mechanical skill, from which some ingenious writers have inferred that the Indians once possessed arts they have now lost, may be traced to this period, and to adventurous white men, long since forgotten.

Some eight or ten miles above Peoria, just at the point where this charming lake again becomes metamorphosed into its parent river, and in the midst of a solitude which requires only the presence and labors of man to make it one of the gayest as well as most fruitful districts in the world, are the ruins, or rather remains of the modern city of Rome, founded, not built, in the palmy days of speculation wild. These remains consist of the skeleton of a single house, which puts the passing traveler in mind of the voice of one crying in the wilderness of rich, waving prairie, blooming with flowers of every hue and odor. If there is not a city here now, there certainly will be in time; and the long-sighted speculator, whoever he was, only anticipated a generation or two in the march of population. This beautiful region only wants inhabitants, which, whatever people may say, are necessary to the prosperity of cities, and I think it by no means improbable that some hundreds, or perhaps thousands of years hence—which, after all, is nothing compared to eternity—when all the past, present and future glories of the ancient mistress of the world are buried in the bottomless pit of oblivion, the founder of this legitimate successor, though not suckled by a wolf, may take rank with Romulus and Remus, and be immortalized as the parent of a new and more illustrious Rome.

Sailing up the river, among the green meadows, and willows kissing the surface of the waters, amid

a silence broken only by the puffing of the steam-pipe, the next object which attracted my attention was a pretty little village pleasantly situated on the right bank, whose name commemorates the residence of old Father Hennepin, who, tradition says, once established a mission here. These early pioneers of the wilderness deserved and attained a great influence over the jealous, independent, impracticable red-man of the new world, and justly claim the respect of those who might never be incited to follow their example. They were unquestionably actuated by the purest, most elevated piety, in thus encountering and overcoming the dangers and privations of the untracked wilderness, and deserve to be respectfully remembered, if not for the success of their endeavors at least for the courage, zeal and perseverance with which they were prosecuted.

Among the earliest and most distinguished of these were Father Louis Hennepin and Joseph Marquette, the former of whom visited Canada somewhere about the year 1676. He remained some time at fort Frontenac, where he constructed a portable chapel, and whence he accompanied the celebrated Louis de La Salle, in a voyage of discovery on the Upper Mississippi, which had been discovered by Father Marquette, six years before. They visited the Falls of Niagara, of which he gives the earliest description on record. It is extremely accurate, as I ascertained by comparison on the spot, and shows what little change the incessant action of these mighty waters has produced in the lapse of almost two centuries. After establishing a post at Niagara, La Salle built the first schooner that ever sailed on the great lakes, and passing through Erie, St. Clair and Huron, entered Michigan, where he erected a fort at the mouth of the river St. Joseph. From thence they proceeded to explore the Mississippi, and it was probably on his return, that Father Hennepin erected his chapel on the spot where now stands the town bearing his name. According to his own account he first descended the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and returning, ascended that river as high as the Falls of St. Anthony, which are indebted to him for their name. He returned to France, published a relation of his discoveries, came back to this country, and I have not chanced to meet with any further account of him. Whether he ever visited France again, or whether he ended his days on the banks of the Illinois, I cannot say. I went on shore and visited the town, which stands on a high gravel bank—a great rarity in this region—and endeavored to ascertain the spot of the good father's residence. But there are no aged persons, no depositories of traditionary lore to be found here; and our people are too much taken up with anticipations of the future, to pay much attention to the past. I found no one who could give any precise information, though all were familiar with his name. Hennepin is the county-seat of Putnam; and as it does not, I believe, aspire to the dignity of a great city, like most of its neighbors, will probably flourish long and happily, a memorial of the good father whose name it bears.

Father Joseph Marquette, whose name is also

intimately associated with the early discoveries in this region, was a kindred spirit. According to Charlevoix, who belonged to the same order of missionary knights errant, "he was a native of Leon, in Picardy, where his family still holds a distinguished rank. He was one of the most illustrious missionaries of new France; he traveled over almost all parts of it, and made many discoveries, the last of which was the Mississippi, which he entered with the Sieur Joliet, in 1673. Two years after this discovery, of which he published an account, as he was going from Chicagou, which is at the bottom of Lake Michigan, to Michilimackinac, he entered the river I am now speaking of, the mouth of which was at the extremity of the low land which, as I have said, we leave to the right in entering. He set up an altar here and said mass. After this he went a little distance to return thanks, and prayed the two men who managed his canoe, to leave him alone for half an hour. This time being expired, they went to seek him, and were greatly surprised to find him dead; but they recollected he said he should finish his journey there. As it was too far from thence to Michilimackinac to carry his body thither, they buried him pretty near the side of the river, which from that time has retired, as if out of respect, to the cape, at the foot of which it now runs, and where it has made a new passage. The year following, one of the men who had performed the last duties to this servant of God, returned to the place where he had buried him, took up his remains, and carried them to Michilimackinac. I could not learn, or else I have forgot, what name this river had before, but at present the savages always call it the river of the Black Gown. The French have given it the name of Father Marquette, and never fail to invoke him when they find themselves in any danger on Lake Michigan."* The little river still bears the name, and the spot where he was buried is designated on the maps as Marquette's grave.

About the head of steam-navigation on the Illinois, and especially near the junction of the canal which will connect the lakes with the Mississippi, cities multiply prodigiously, and are called by the most prodigious names. Most assuredly my countrymen are great at christening places; but still I wish they would consult Tristram Shandy, where they will find a most edifying discussion on the subject. The race of antiquaries who grope their way backward through the obscure labyrinth of time by the clue of names, will assuredly be not a little puzzled, as children are wont to be, to find out who was the father of Zebedee's children. If they should follow the etymology of names, they will probably come to the conclusion that we derived our parentage from all the nations of the earth, ancient and modern, and had more fathers than children.

Nevertheless I have nothing to say against any of the thriving brood of young cities that multiplied so wonderfully in those happy days when swallows built in young men's whiskers, and the little hatchet became a great hammer before the iron grew cold.

* Charlevoix, vol. ii. p. 73.

Those especially that have either houses or inhabitants, I wish all possible prosperity, and hope they will one day rival the great cities after which they are christened. But those which have nothing but a name and a lithographic map to demonstrate their existence, cannot expect to be recognized by any traveler of ordinary pretensions to veracity. The commencement of the canal to which allusion has just been made, was the signal for speculation in its immediate vicinity, and six cities were forthwith founded on the prairie between La Salle and Ottawa, a distance of some fourteen miles. As they may possibly perish in embryo before their birth, and thus dodge the antiquary who will be looking for them some centuries hence, I feel it a duty to do all I can to assist his inquiries, lest he should lose his wits in searching for them, as did the pedagogue in *Le Sage*, in looking for the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb.

The first of these, whose name I don't choose to remember, is very advantageously situated on a barren rock, at the head of the navigation of a stream which can neither be spelt nor pronounced, and which had no water in it when I passed over. But not to wrong the river, or the long-headed, long-sighted founder of the city, I acknowledge I was informed that sometimes during the melting of the snows on the Rocky Mountains, or after a heavy shower of rain, there was an ample sufficiency of water to float a chip—not a ship, gentle reader—of considerable burthen, into the Illinois. It was therefore the opinion of the unknown and illustrious founder, that nothing could prevent this place from becoming in good time a great commercial emporium; and I was told, but will not vouch for the fact, that he had actually organized a whaling company, and seriously talked of opening a direct trade with China. In short, he looked forward with all the faith of a speculator, which exceeds that of a martyr ten times over, to seeing his city, in a few years, smothered by a corporation, blessed with half a dozen broken banks, and loaded with debts and taxes, in humble emulation of its betters.

In the books of English tenures, there are some whimsical conditions of ownership and occupancy; but I recollect none similar to the city I am commemorating, which denounces a forfeiture of property on all those convicted of either drinking or bringing spirituous liquors therein. No one will question the morality of this regulation, though its prudence may not be so obvious, as many people might suppose that any future purchasers of lots, some of which I was told had been originally sold for two or three hundred dollars each, would require some powerful stimulant in addition to the excitement of speculation. It is doubtful whether any sober man would give such a price at this time. I had almost forgot to mention that this city has neither houses nor inhabitants.

The next *breve* city we passed, is just at the foot of the lower rapids of the Illinois, and directly on the margin of the river. It promises rather better than the other, having one house actually built, and an-

other in anticipation. It is really a delightful spot, on a strip of prairie looking like an immense shaven lawn, backed by a high terrace of grassy knobs and precipitous rocks, whose sides and summits are clothed with foliage, along which the gentle river meanders lazily until it comes to the rapids, which, having passed, it pursues its way rejoicing. It might have destroyed the balance of this portion of the new world, had these two great marts been placed on the same side of the river, and accordingly they are prudently located on the opposite shores, in order to preserve the equilibrium. I was told there was a desperate rivalry between them, and great apprehensions are entertained from their competition when they come to be inhabited.

Just above this last-mentioned metropolis, and on the same side of the river, is the Starvation Rock, so called from a tradition, not very ancient, I believe, which tells that a large party of Illinois having sought refuge from the pursuit of a superior force of hostile Indians, were blockaded, and all, save one, perished by famine. This place was visited by Charlevoix, in 1720, who ascended the rock, where he found the remains of old palisades, originally created for defence, and the bodies of two Indians, half consumed by fire. He says nothing, however, of the incident from which the place derives its present name. It is one of the most beautiful rocks I ever saw, exhibiting a succession of ledges, displayed horizontally with wonderful regularity, but of an infinite variety of shades and colors, such as is generally observed in cliffs of limestone. At a little distance, beheld through the soft hozy atmosphere of the prairie, it resembles the ruins of a great castle, towering to the height of perhaps two hundred feet, garnished with trees, shrubs, flowers and clambering vines. The whole of this vast fruitful region, from the delta of the Mississippi to the Niagara Ridge, terminating at Lewistown, is, so far as I observed, based on a limestone formation, and the waters every where impregnated with lime. They are said to be wholesome when one is accustomed to their use; but, unfortunately, I never could get used to them, and finally came to the conclusion, that—to vary the old proverb a little to suit the occasion—though Heaven had created the land, the D— had furnished the water.

The last city I shall commemorate is called after a famous stronghold in Europe, being seated on a ledge of rocks extending from the Illinois into the prairie, and apparently inaccessible on all sides. It is certainly a capital position in a military point of view, and would be invaluable on a frontier. People might live there in great security if they could find any thing to eat. At present the only enemy they would have to fear is famine. Luckily, however, there are no inhabitants, and one need be under no apprehensions on that score. It is a most picturesque spot, the mossy rocks every where interspersed with flowers and verdure, and the summit crowned with an open wood of lofty trees, under which the grass is as green and luxuriant as a lowland meadow. There are several other cities, lying dormant, be-

tween this and the town of Ottawa, and no one can predict their future destinies. When the canal connecting the Mississippi and the lakes comes to be finished, as I hope it soon will be, for it is a great national undertaking, and will form the last link to the most extensive inland navigation in the world, there can be little doubt, I think, that this will become a very busy and populous region. Towns will rise up as a matter of course; and, provided they do not ruin each other by their numbers and their rivalry, will flourish to a considerable extent. Those, therefore, who have the wealth of Cræsus, and the patience of Job, may, if they please, speculate in town-lots in these embryo cities, for the benefit of their posterity.

The gallant adventurer La Salle is worthily commemorated in this quarter, by a town and a county called after his name. Among all the hardy and daring pioneers, of the Mississippi valley and the lakes, he stands foremost, and best merits the remembrance and gratitude of the millions who are now enjoying the fruits of his enterprise and sufferings. He built the first vessel that ever floated on the lakes; he explored the Upper and Lower Mississippi, and perished at last by the hands of his companions, who finally shrunk from the perils and privations which he bore without flinching. Mr. Adams, when Secretary of State, in a correspondence with Don Leviz de Onis, the Spanish minister, on the subject of boundaries, pays a most eloquent, well deserved tribute to the genius, hardihood, courage and enterprise of Louis La Salle, but with this exception he has not met with that attention he so justly merits from my countrymen.

The little town of La Salle lies close to the junction of the canal with the Illinois, and was founded by a colony of the sons of old Erin, who were employed in that undertaking. It is a genuine, unadulterated Irish town; the cabins many of them of turf, and all thatched with straw. The number of pigs is only to be matched by that of children, and both are in a most flourishing condition, to judge from the portly dimensions of one and the rosy cheeks of the other. There is no place in the universe where the jolly, hard-working, warm-hearted Irishman can so gloriously luxuriate in the paradise of potatoes. The reader will please to understand that notwithstanding the number of great cities hereabouts, the entire prairie from Peru to Chicago, with here and there an occasional exception, is in a state of nature, although one of the fairest and richest portions of the earth. They began at the wrong end, or rather, they put the cart before the horse, and laid out towns instead of cultivating land. This is one of the prominent foibles of that sanguine, enterprising, anticipating and gallant race which is daily adventuring into the boundless region of the West. They are not content with land of inexhaustible fertility, but almost every tenth man aspires to be the founder of a city. Instead, therefore, of laying out his farm into fields, he lays it out into a town, which he calls after his own name, with a ville at the end of it; or he dams up the river, builds a mill, and lays the

foundation of a series of bilious complaints, that descend to his posterity to the second or third generation. Hence the number of towns is out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. With very many of them, their generation is a mere spasmodic effort of speculation. They consequently exhibit an appearance of prosperity for a few years; are then suddenly arrested, and either never grow any more, or dwindle away to nothing. A despotic monarch like Peter the Great may create a city where he will, but with all his power he cannot perpetuate its existence beyond his own, unless it possesses natural advantages to attract voluntary settlers. Private persons should beware how they undertake to found cities. They may build houses, but they cannot fill them with people.

The town of La Salle, unlike some of its neighbors, was conceived and brought forth in the natural way, that is, the people preceded the houses. When the honest Irish laborers came to work on the canal, they according to custom built themselves cabins, about the spot where they commenced their labors. As the land was neither cultivated nor enclosed, they employed their leisure hours in digging ditches about a piece of prairie large enough for a potato-patch, and sometimes a small patch of wheat or corn. Here, with little labor, they raised as much as supplied them with bread, or a substitute; and though the canal has for some years been discontinued for lack of means, these people continue to cultivate their little fields, which are wonderfully productive, frequently making new enclosures, and sometimes erecting frame houses. If the land belonged to the United States they were protected by the right of preemption, and if to a private citizen, it was his interest to let them alone, as there was no danger of the soil being exhausted, and he was thus saved the labor of the first ploughing, which is the most expensive of all the process of cultivation here. Thus these honest, laborious people live quite comfortably, waiting the period of recommencing the canal, and some of them perhaps able to purchase the land on which they reside, provided it is not laid out in cities, which is very probable, for you can hardly put down your foot without crushing one of these mushroom.

Ottawa, like La Salle, is a real *bona fide* town, with houses and inhabitants. Its age is some twelve or fifteen years, and the number of its people from twelve to fifteen hundred. I found the situation so peculiarly agreeable, and the hotel so comfortable, that I determined to remain awhile, and amuse myself with making little excursions about the neighborhood, than which nothing can be more beautiful. The town stands at the junction of the Fox River with the Illinois. They are both clear, limpid streams, and though coming from far distant lands, meet and mingle together as quietly as if they had been friends from their birth. The scenery is as gentle as the rivers, and as mild and mellow as one of Claude's pictures, that actually makes a real connoisseur yawn and stretch to look at it. In one direction the eye passes over a long narrow prairie, all one rich ex-

panse of grass and flowers, through which the Illinois sometimes hurries rapidly over a ledge of rocks, at others meanders lazily along. On either side of the river, the prairie is bounded by those remarkable terraces which form one of the more beautiful features of this region. They rise abruptly from the green level a-ward, to the height, I should imagine, of one hundred and fifty feet, in some places presenting a smooth grassy bank, whose ascent is dotted and their summits crowned with trees; in others, walls of perpendicular rocks disposed in regular strata, of varied tints, diversified with all sorts of verdure peeping from out the crevices. These terraces seem created on purpose for houses, from the porches or windows of which the proprietors of the rich fields and meadows beneath, might overlook their beautiful possessions, and thank a bounteous Providence for having cast their lot, not in Araby, but Illinois the best.

Looking toward the north, from my window at the hotel, the great rolling prairie, extending from Ottawa to Chicago, presented itself in a succession of gentle risings and waving lines, all green, yet of such various shades, that there was nothing like sameness or dull insipidity. The Fox River approaches in this direction, and may be seen stealing its way with many windings of coy reluctance, toward that union with the Illinois where it is to lose its name and identity forever. Indeed, in all directions the views are almost unequalled for softness and delicacy, and I hope I may be pardoned for this vain attempt to communicate to my readers a portion of the pleasure I derived from their contemplation. Travelers have a right to such indulgence, since nothing can be more disinterested than for a man to undergo the fatigue of visiting distant places, merely for the gratification of making others as wise as himself.

Ottawa is a fine place for sportsmen, most especially those disciples of Job and St. Anthony who deal with the fishes. The traditional fishing in the Illinois and Fox Rivers is capital, and there is scarcely a man to be met with, who has not at least once in his life been eminently successful. But it is certainly somewhat peculiar to the gentle science of angling, that the best fishing is always the greatest way off. It is never where you happen to be, but always somewhere else. It is never in the present tense, but always in the past or the future. However excellent it be on the spot, it is always better somewhere else: and the farther you go, the farther off, to the end of the chapter. Then, ten to one, it is too late, or too early; the sun shines too bright; the wind blows too hard, or does not blow at all. In short, there is ever some untoward circumstance in the way of success, and I know no school of patience and philosophy superior to the noble apprenticeship to angling.

The fishing is however good, both in the Fox River and the Illinois. There is a large species called trout, rather from its habits than appearance, which frequents the rapids, and is a noble subject for the angler; while the vulgar fisherman, who affects the still water, may now and then luxuriate in a cat-fish

weighing ten or fifteen pounds, and ugly enough to frighten a member of a militia court-martial. There is also the gar-fish, of great size, whose pleasure it is to let you toss him up into the air, without ever catching him, and then see him plump down into the water with the bait, perhaps hook and all, in his jaws. On the whole, however, the sport is extremely agreeable, and the little excursions to the various points renowned for angling, present such a succession of charming scenes, that no one can complain he toiled all day long and caught no fish, who has preserved the happy faculty of enjoying the smiling earth and balmy air.

Add to this, the prairies abound in a species of grouse, affording equal sport to the fowler and the epicure. I am no shot, but my excellent host, who well deserves a passing notice, and who does credit to the Empire state, of which he is a native, was both a capital shot and a first rate angler. Indeed he could do almost any thing, and merited the title of an universal genius as much as any man I have met with. He would every morning rig out his little wagon, drawn by a rough uncivilized Indian pony, which, like old Virginia, "never tires," and followed by a couple of dogs, sally out on the prairie, whence he never returned without a supply of game. The summer climate is here by no means oppressive; the storms never last a whole day; and, in short, I know few places where a man fond of rural scenes, rural sports, and quiet enjoyments, might spend his time more pleasantly than at the comfortable quarters of mine host at Ottawa, whose name is Delano, and whose house is on the margin of Fox River. "May he live a thousand years, and his shadow never be less."

Leaving Ottawa, I embarked on the sea of the prairie, and after proceeding a few miles came to a settlement of Norwegians, consisting of a little straggling village, encompassed by luxuriant fields of wheat and corn, showing forth the rich rewards of industry operating in a fertile soil. The buildings and other appendages indicated not only comfort but competency, and I could not avoid being struck with the singularity of a community from the remote regions of Northern Europe planting itself in this secluded spot in the very bosom of the New World. Yet this is by no means a solitary example. Go where we will in the great region of the West, we perceive new evidence of the proud and happy destiny of our country, in being above all others on the face of the earth, the land toward which the eager and longing eye of hope is cast from every corner of Christendom: the land to which poverty turns for relief from its sufferings, and the oppressed for the enjoyment of the rights bestowed by God and fished away by man; the land which alone yields an adequate reward to labor, and gives to honest enterprise its fair field for exertion; the land where pining wretchedness never descends as an heir-loom from generation to generation, and want is not, like wealth, hereditary; the New World, which a gracious Providence seems to have reserved as a refuge and a home to the swarms of industrious bees driven from the

parent hive for want of room, want of employment, and want of bread.

This, after all, is the crowning chaplet that adorns the brow of our great republic, and long may it be before it withers. The triumphs of arms, art and literature fade in comparison with those of humanity, and that country which affords the greatest plenty of the necessaries and comforts of life to the greatest proportion of human beings, may justly challenge a pre-eminence over those which place their claims to that distinction merely on the ground of arts and refinements, whose influence is confined to a few, and contributes but little to the happiness, and less to the virtues even of those who make it the sole foundation of their assumptions of superiority. While our country continues to be the refuge of the honest, industrious poor of Europe, who cares for their boasts of those paltry refinements, those exquisite effeminacies, which in all past ages, and in every nation of the world, have been the sure precursors of decay and dissolution. When the descendants of those who were driven to the United States by the privations and discouragements they encountered at home, shall begin to leave the land of their refuge, and return to the bosom of the country of their forefathers in search of bread which they cannot procure here, then, and not till then, may the renovated Old World justly boast of that superiority which is now little more than a dream of long past times.

I have lately seen in some of the English papers exaggerated pictures of the condition of the United States, founded, probably, in the policy of encouraging emigration to her own possessions, or derived from the reports of some few disappointed emigrants who have returned home. It was proclaimed that the country was crushed with debts it never could repay without impoverishing the people by taxation; that labor could neither find employment nor receive adequate reward; that an universal blight had come over the land, and every where withered its prosperity; that the states were bankrupt and the people beggars. All this is sheer declamation. There never has been any thing like widely extended, much less general distress in the United States, arising from a deprivation or curtailment of the necessaries or comforts of life. There never was a time when any class, or any considerable proportion of a class, approached within a thousand degrees, that poverty and destitution which is the common lot of so large a portion of the laboring people of the Old World. The country has at all times been blessed with a plenty, a superfluity, an exuberance of every product essential to human existence, and those who could not obtain them, were either unwilling to make the necessary exertions, or unable to do so by sickness or some other untoward circumstance. The distress complained of is not positive, but comparative. We may be restricted in our luxuries, but the land, from one wide extreme to the other, is absolutely flowing with milk and honey, and it is little less than flying in the face of the bounties of Heaven to complain of hard times, which can only be traced to a superabundance of every thing, and slink to the earth under the pres-

sure of a debt, the whole of which could be paid in less time than it was contracted, without incurring one-fourth of the burden sustained by the people of England. But we have been spoiled by prosperity. *Fortuna nisirium quem foret stultum facit.* Fifty years of almost uninterrupted prosperity had turned our heads, and it is to be hoped a few years of wholesome reaction will restore us to reason. The sudden cessation of a favorable gale often saves the vessel from running on the rocks and being dashed to pieces.

The prairies have already been described as well perhaps as they ever will be, because they are a sort of *lusus natura*, and there is nothing with which to compare them. To tell of what ingredients they are composed is easy enough, but to give a just idea of the effects of their combination, requires analogies not to be found in the other productions of nature, nor in the imagery of the mind. Although substantial realities, they present nothing but deceptions, and I believe it is beyond the power of language, almost imagination, to exaggerate the strange and beautiful combination of what is, and what is not, sporting together in perfect harmony on these boundless plains. The eye becomes at length wearied with being thus perpetually the dupe of imaginary forms, and imaginary distances, while the mind involuntarily revolts at the deceptions practiced on the senses. Mr. Bryant in poetry, and Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Catlin in prose, have done all that can be done to convey to those who have never seen them an impression of the effect of these happy eccentricities of nature, and the beautiful phantasmagoria they exhibit forth to the senses and the imagination.

If ever miser were pardoned for coveting his neighbors land, it might be such land as the prairies of Illinois, where man labors almost without the sweat of his brow, and the crops are so abundant that all I heard the good people complain of was having more than they knew what to do with. This is indeed a lamentable estate of things, and it were I think much to be wished that some of our philosophical lecturers would discuss the relative advantages of having too much and too little of a good thing. The case of an individual being overburthened with superfluity, is easily disposed of, as he has only to turn it over to his neighbors who may be in want; but when entire communities, states and confederations of states, labor under this inconvenience, where nobody wants, and all have plenty to bestow; in other words, where all wish to sell and nobody cares to buy, it must be confessed there occurs a crisis of such deplorable difficulty, that I can conceive no effectual remedy except two or three years of famine like those which succeeded the seven years of plenty in Egypt. This would consume the mischievous surplus, and rid them of an evil which as it never before occurred, has never been provided against by the wisdom of legislation, which most people believe can perform impossibilities. But be this as it may, I passed over a vast region where the table of every man groaned under superfluities, and every brood of swine wasted more corn than would supply bread to a family of

English manufacturers. Yet I found all, without exception, in the last stage of hopeless despondency, until one day I entered the log-cabin of an old negro woman, a slave, who was enjoying her pipe at ease, and upon asking the usual commonplace question of "how times went with her," was answered with the most cheerful alacrity—"O bravely, massa. *Hens 'gin to lay finely.*" We hear of nations suffering from famine, but my unfortunate countrymen complain of nothing but plenty. Whence comes this strange paradox? Is it because men have sought to invent artificial means of prosperity which act in direct opposition to the great general laws of Providence, and are thus punished for their presumptuous folly by a new, unheard of infliction?

After riding a distance of some seventy or eighty miles on the prairie, over the best natural roads in the world, I halted at the house of a Dutch farmer from the banks of the Hudson, where I heard that old patriarchal language spoken for the first time in many years. There are several descendants of the ancient Hollanders settled in this quarter, to which they are tempted by the broad rich flats, and the easiness of their cultivation. I have observed that those who partake largely in this blood, though almost uniformly steady and industrious in their habits, don't much like hard, fatiguing work. They prefer labor where there is no violent exertion or straining, no heavy burthens to lift or carry, and no call for extraordinary efforts to achieve what may be accomplished in the ordinary way without them. Hence they are great amateurs in good land, easy to cultivate and yielding liberal returns. In this I think they are perfectly right. Without doubt, it is the destiny of civilized man to labor, that is in moderation. But to labor without the rewards of labor; to be for ever toiling, and panting, and sweating over a piece of rough, stony land, on which the malediction of eternal barrenness has been denounced ever since the creation of the world; to be ever sowing wheat and reaping nothing but tares, is in my opinion, utterly unphilosophical, and unworthy of all men who can go farther and fare better.

A particular occasion had drawn together at this spot a large cavalcade of both sexes, gayly caparisoned and well-mounted, many of the females being equipped in riding-habits, hats with feathers, and all more or less picturesque in their appearance. They chose to accompany the carriage to a little town about six or seven miles distant, over a beautiful expanse of prairie, or as it might be aptly termed, "faerie land," exhibiting a succession of grassy lawns and beds of flowers of hundreds of acres, marshaled under different colors, some were red, some blue, and others entirely yellow. It is difficult to imagine a more gay and beautiful spectacle than that presented on this occasion. The sky was sufficiently obscured to temper the glare of sunshine, which is sometimes here painful to the eye, and the playful cavalcade, consisting of perhaps an hundred, indulged in a thousand careless, graceful evolutions on the level greensward, that seemed without beginning or end, and offered no obstruction in any direction.

Sometimes a pair of riders of both sexes would dash out from the throng, and scamper away until they appeared like shadows against the distant horizon; and at others, the whole mass would separate in different directions, skimming over the plain like Arabs on their winged steeds, their different colored dresses and picturesque costumes rendering the scene indescribably gay and animating. The females all without exception sat and managed their horses with that perfect skill and grace arising from constant habit, and upon the whole, I never witnessed any exhibition that could compare with this ride on the prairie of Illinois in romantic interest and novelty.

Thus, toward evening, I reached the pleasant town which was to be my resting-place for the night. By some strange perversion of ignorance, or freak of vanity, it is nicknamed Juliet, instead of *Joliet*, from the old pioneer of that name, who established his quarters here in olden time on a mount, which, fortunately, has escaped being travestied into Juliet, and still preserves his name. This mount is one of the most remarkable, as well as beautiful objects in nature. It rises directly from the prairie to the height, I should judge, of more than an hundred feet; is clothed with a rich velvet coat of grass on all sides, as well as at the summit; is entirely distinct from any other eminence; comprises an area of six or eight acres, and is as regular and perfect in construction, form, and outline, as any work of art I ever saw. It has been generally taken by travelers for a creation of those mysterious mound-builders, whose name and history have passed into oblivion, and who have left no memorials of their existence but such as render it only more inexplicable. It is, however, as I ascertained, a production of the cunning hand of Nature, who sometimes, it would seem, amuses herself by showing how much she can excel her illegitimate sister, Art, even in her most successful attempts at imitation. The canal connecting the Illinois with the lakes, runs directly at the foot of this mount, which with something like Gothic barbarity has been deeply excavated on one side, in order to form the outward bank. This process has disclosed a succession of different strata of earth, clay, and gravel, all regularly defined, and evidently not the work of man, but of the world of craters, which beyond doubt covered all the surrounding country, long posterior to the subsiding of the great deluge.

The Sieur Joliet, who tradition says, once resided on the top of this mount, which is flat and comprises several acres of rich meadow, was one of the adventurous heroes who first found their way from Canada to the Valley of the West. Little is known of him, except that he preceded or accompanied La Salle in some of his discoveries on the Mississippi, for which, says Charlevoix, "he received a grant of the island of Anticosti, which extends about forty degrees north-west and south-east, and lies at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence. But they made him no great present; it is absolutely good for nothing. It is poorly wooded, its soil is barren, and it has not a single harbor where a ship can lie in safety." I regret to differ with the good father, whose description shows it to be emi-

nently calculated for the site of a great emporium, and am surprised that it has hitherto escaped the notice of our illustrious founders of cities in places where it is all rocks and no water. But be this as it may, the Sieur Joliet is particularly unfortunate in having been rewarded for his services by an island worth nothing, and defrauded by ignorance or vanity of the honor of giving his name to a beautiful and thriving town.

Some fifteen years ago the place occupied by the town of Joliet was the seat of Black Hawk's power. It now contains twelve or fifteen hundred white people, and is a busy, growing place, with reasonable anticipations of becoming considerably larger in good time. The frank, hospitable, spirited, and intelligent people of this noble region of the West, must not, however, calculate too confidently on all their towns becoming great cities because they grow with astonishing rapidity at the first starting. Great cities, like great men, do not spring up in all places and every where. A large portion of these towns, like children, will probably increase in size the first few years, more than in all their lives afterward. Many will stop short in their growth, and many will gradually be swallowed up by some neighboring rival, whose natural advantages, or some fortunate concurrence of circumstances, will enable it to secure the ascendancy, and render all the others tributary to its prosperity. When this ascendancy is permanently acquired, nothing but inferior towns can flourish in its immediate vicinity, and like all great bodies, they will become the centre of attraction.

The canal connecting the Mississippi with the Lakes runs through the town, and is here finished in a most admirable and substantial manner. It is identified with the River Des Plaines, which has been circumscribed by a wall to prevent its overflowing. There are here two locks, and a basin, equal to any I have ever seen, and indeed, all the permanent stonework of this canal appears to have been done in the most substantial and perfect style. A canal completing a line of inland water communication to the extent of from three to four thousand miles, by a cut of scarcely more than a hundred, through a region which is almost an apparent level, and presents perhaps fewer natural obstructions than any other of the same extent to be found elsewhere, is not only a noble, but a feasible undertaking. Its advantages are too obvious to require enumeration; it is in fact, essentially a national work, and stands a monument of rational foresight, among a thousand visionary schemes of sanguine folly, or selfish fraud. It is already more than two-thirds completed, and I conceive that New York is almost as deeply interested in the final issue as Illinois.

Leaving this fair and flourishing town, which still affords me many agreeable recollections of natural beauty and kind hospitality, I visited in my way to Chicago, the village of Lockport, which has grown up in anticipation of the completion of the canal. The descent of the River Des Plaines is here sufficient to afford ample water-power for mills and manufactories, and this, in a country so level that the water

half the time does not know which way to run, is quite enough to excite the sanguine adventurers to this promised land to a degree of delirium, and set them "kalkilating," as Sam Slick has it, a hundred degrees beyond the ratio of geometrical progression. There is little reason to doubt that Lockport will become a considerable manufacturing town in process of time, after the canal is finished; but the far-sighted seekers into futurity would perhaps do well to bear in mind, that there must be people before there are cities; that these latter are the children, not the parents of the country, and that it is not good policy to wait so long for the grass to grow that two or three generations of steeds starve in the meantime. It is well to look a little to the present as well as the future, and not be for ever gazing at the shadowy mountain in the distance, lest we fall into the ditch directly under our noses.

A few hours ride in a delightful morning, partly over rich cultivated prairie lands, brought me to Chicago, at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. It is a fine town, and notwithstanding the blight of speculation which has swept the land from Dan to Beersheba, continues steadily on the increase. This is the best possible proof of innate constitutional vigor, and affords sufficient augury of its future growth and prosperity. To all these sanguine young cities and citizens, might I assume the universal privilege of giving advice, I would recommend the maxim of the wise Emperor Augustus, though I confess it is somewhat anti-republican to cite such an authority—*festina lente*—hasten slowly—be not in too great a hurry to grow big and to get rich, and do not crow before daylight, like ambitious young roosters, who aspire to be before-hand with the sun.

After remaining three or four days at Chicago, and making several agreeable acquaintances, among which was an enterprising old gentleman of four score, who had come there, as he said, "*to seek his fortune*," I bade farewell to the State of Illinois, bearing on my mind the impression that there was not in any country of the known world, a region of the same extent combining within itself a greater portion of the elements of substantial and enduring prosperity. At the same time, I could not help lamenting that blessed as it is in its soil, its climate, its geographical position, and its industrious population, it had been precipitated from the summit of hope to the lowest abyss of debt and depression, by turning its back on the advantages which nature had gratuitously bestowed, to snatch at others that Providence had withheld. Though the immediate source of these pressing difficulties of the state, is without doubt improvident legislation, yet let not the good people of Illinois lay all the blame on their law-makers and rulers. They were chosen by their own free voices, and in many cases, for the express purpose of carrying out those very projects which in their vast accumulation have created these embarrassments. It was the feverish anxiety, the headlong haste, the insatiable passion for growing rich in a hurry, independently of the exertions of labor and the savings of economy, that brought them and other states where they are

now standing shivering on the verge of bankruptcy.

In the United States the people are the sovereign, and all power either for good or evil emanates from them. If they allow their own passions, or the seductions of others, to lead them astray, it is but a weak evasion to cast the blame on those who were only enabled to perpetrate the offence by the power which they themselves delegated. Let them then set about retrieving the consequences of their adherence to mischievous maxims and habits, by returning to those which if firmly adopted and steadily pursued, will be speedily followed by returning prosperity. Let the contest be, not who is to blame for the evil, but who

shall be foremost in proposing an effectual remedy and contributing all in his power to bring it about. In short, let them only save as much in the next, as they wasted in the last twenty years, instead of resorting for relief to the very measure which produced the disease, and place their affairs in the hands of clear-sighted honest men, instead of great financiers, whose only expedient for paying one debt is contracting another, and my life on it, they will redeem themselves in less time than it took to enthrall them. But we who live in glass houses should never throw stones. *Illinois has enough of the sisterhood to keep her in countenance.*

A DREAM OF ITALY.

BY CHARLES ALLEN.

LAND of Poets, Italy,
As the rivers seek the sea,
Floats my dreaming soul to thee;

And I stand upon the soil,
Where with never ceasing toil,
Careless of the midnight oil,

Poets say the noblest lays—
Artists wrought for Heaven's praise—
Marking time by deeds, not days.

And before my dreaming eyes,
Temples, palaces arise,
Lessening, fading in the skies,

'Till upon their lifted spires,
Sit the stars; those spirit fires,
List'ning to thy minstrel lyres.

Hark! their music sweeps along—
Lightly dance the waves of song,
Through the air a happy throng;

Bearing on each foamy crest,
Thoughts that wrap the human breast;
Balding care lie down to rest.

List'ning to each beautiful strain,
Ah! I am a child again,
Full of childish joy and pain;

All unwritten is life's tome,
And my spirit seeks its home,
More beloved than gilded dome,

And around the once loved stream,
Reveals free in Music's dream—
Yet, alas! this does but seem.

Music! 'tis the voice of Love,
Sweetly floating from above,
Winged like Noah's gentle dove;

Seeking, seeking wearily,
O'er life's deeply flooded sea,
To some higher heart, to flee.

'Tis thy voice, thy language too,
Spoken by the Sainted Few,
Who still make thy wonders new.

Love, was exiled Dante's theme;
Love, was Buonarroti's dream—
Raphael took its sunny beam;

'T was the pencil with which he
Wrought for immortality—
Sweet Italia, wrought for thee.

And the chaste Madonna grew,
From that touch so pure and true,
Breathing life, and speaking too.

These are they who speak for thee,
Speak, though toiling silently—
Speak in love, fair Italy.

Thus in visions of the night,
Off my spirit takes its flight,
Soaring to thy land of light;

But, alas! the opening day,
Finds me from thee, far away,
And no more thy minstrel lay,

Floats in sweetness over me;
But the bird sings on the tree,
'Nenth the casement blithe and free.

Yes, 't has vanished into air,
And again comes heavy care—
Would, O, would, that I were there;

So my spirit whispers me,
Longing, mourning but to see,
Land of Poets, only thee;

For I'm lonely, lonely here,
Falls for me no kindly tear—
Love itself has pressed the bier;

And in bitterness of soul,
As the racer to his goal,
Or the magnet to its pole,

So my spirit turns to thee,
Land of sweetest minstrelsy,
Land of Poets—Italy.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

A NEW CHAPTER OF MRS. ALLANBY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"MY DEAR MARY—I know it will be a pleasure to you to become acquainted with my friends who will hand you this—Mrs. Dilberry and her two daughters. They are quite the aristocracy of our town, being very genteel, as you will find, and also independent as to property. They will be entire strangers in your city, and as they have made up their minds to take a trip there, (having the means, they intend to travel a great deal,) it is nothing but proper in me to give them this letter of introduction."

Such was the exordium of a letter signed "CATHERINE CONOLLY," and dated from "Tarry-town," which I found on the centre-table one morning, after having been down the street to attend to a little business—giving a small order to a confectioner. The writer was an old school-mate of mine, whom, indeed, I had not seen since our school-days. She was Kitty Colville then—a fair, fat, freckled, *squashy*-looking girl, who was a sort of common favorite from the good-nature with which she bore being the butt of our tricks, and the scape-goat of our trespasses. She afterward married a young country doctor, and, as I had learned, was settled in some out-of-the-way village of which I had never known the name until I saw it at the head of her letter. I caught myself smiling as I laid down the missive, it was so characteristic of poor Kitty. After telling about her children, four in number, who were called after their grandfathers and grandmothers, John and Jacob, and Ruth and Sophia; and her husband, who had so much practice that he wore out a pair of saddle-bags every two years, she had filled the remainder of her page with apologies for her pen, ink, and bad writing. The neat but constrained chirography, into which she had been drilled at school by a teacher standing over her, had deteriorated into a scrawl, cramped here and straggling there, and the orthography testified that she no longer wrote with a dictionary at her elbow. "To chronicle small-beer," it was very evident, had long been the extent of her literary efforts.

My heart always warms at the memory of my early days, and of those in any way pleasantly connected with them, and I felt glad to have an opportunity to prove to my old companion that I still remembered her with kindness. I took up the three cards which had been left with the letter. They had all been cut out of Bristol-board, and that not by square and rule. The first was inscribed with ink in a large, round hand, "*Mrs. Dilberry, Tarry-town,*" with the addition, in pencil, of "*W— Hotel.*" The second was got up in similar style, the name being "*Miss Esther Ann Dilberry*"—both having the down-strokes dotted and scalloped for ornament. The third was still more ambitious—"Miss Jane Louisa

Dilberry" being encircled with a painted wreath of roses, torches, doves, and quivers, with other etoeteras, the execution of which, on watch papers and other fancy wares, was once indispensable to the perfection of young-lady-craft. They were any thing but *comme-il-faut*, but recollecting that my future acquaintances were from a region where cards were by no means a necessary of life, I thought it unfair to make them the basis of any prejudications. To give my correspondent the due of prompt action upon her letter, I set off without delay for the W— Hotel, though I could not well spare the time for a long walk and a visit, for I had invited a small party to tea, to meet an agreeable Englishman and his accomplished wife, to whom my husband owed the rights of hospitality, and my preparations were yet to be made. The ladies had not returned to the hotel when I reached it, and leaving my card with an invitation to tea penciled upon it, and the hour specified, I hastened home.

The hour for tea had arrived and my company had nearly all assembled, when I heard strange voices on the stairway, and presuming them to be those of the party from the W— Hotel, I stepped out, to go through the ceremony of introduction with them, before presenting them to the rest of my guests. I was right in my conjecture, though their appearance was such as to take me aback considerably. Mrs. Dilberry was a short, coarse, oily-looking woman, with very light, round eyes, a low, slender nose, almost hidden between a pair of puffy, red cheeks, and a plump mouth, turned down at the corners. Though it was a warm summer evening, she was dressed in a heavy reddish brown silk, with a cape of the same. The remainder of her costume was a fine, though out-of-fashion French-work collar, a cap of coarsely-figured net, trimmed with thick cotton lace, intermixed with a quantity of common, deep-pink artificial flowers, of which the green leaves looked like plain glazed paper, and a very coarse pocket-handkerchief, with which she fanned herself incessantly. Her daughters, whose names she pronounced as Easter Ann and Jane Louyza, were quite as little prepossessing. The elder, who must have been thirty, was tall, spare and sour, with a sallow complexion, and a little turned up nose, quite out of proportion with her long upper lip, and the general dimensions of her face. The other, who looked ten years younger, was a youthful likeness of the mother, short, fat, and florid. From her manner it was apparent that she set up for a beauty. They both had on summer dresses—that of Miss Esther Ann having straight, perpendicular stripes, which made her look still taller, while the dumpyness of the sister seemed

to be increased by one of a horizontal or run-round pattern; and they both wore clumsy, high-colored head trimmings, which had been somewhat in vogue the winter of the preceding year.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, wiping her face with her handkerchief, "I am so flustered and fagged out!"

"We had such a time hunting up a cap for maw," rejoined Miss Jane Louisa.

"Not that she did not bring plenty along," corrected Miss Esther Ann, "but we thought that, as it was likely she would go out a great deal, she ought to have one of the newest fashion for evening dress."

But the tea-trays were going into the drawing-room, and I hurried my trio after them. Whilst I was providing them with seats and introducing them to their neighbors, I heard on different sides of me a strange, burring, ticking sound, for which I could not account, and which, I perceived, attracted the attention of others beside myself. During the course of the evening I discovered its cause. Each of the three had at her side a large gold repeater, which, having all been set by the same time, had simultaneously struck eight.

In a movement to make room for my new arrival, Mr. Aylmere, my husband's English friend—(Mr. Allanby, by the by, had that morning been called unexpectedly away for several days, and I was doing the honors alone)—had taken possession of a seat next to that of Miss Esther Ann. I had a misgiving as to the impression he was likely to receive, but did not therefore evade the civility of introducing her. A few minutes afterward I caught the thread of a dialogue between them.

"We intend to stay several weeks," said she, "and we expect to see a great deal of city society. We brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Allanby from one of her most particular friends, a physician's lady, and of course she will think it her duty to make her circle acquainted with us. I dare say this party is intended for that."

"Have you no older acquaintances in the city?" asked Mr. Aylmere.

"None that we shall claim. There are several persons from here that we were introduced to at different times in our own neighborhood, but we always found out afterward that they were not in the first circle, and we would not think it our place to keep up the acquaintance even if we should happen to fall in with them."

I acknowledge myself afflicted, in some degree, with what is called our "national thin-skinnedness" to the opinion of an intelligent and well-bred foreigner of any of my own countrymen or women; even such of them as I may despise myself; I, therefore, heartily wished my curious and quizzical-looking Englishman in the farthest corner of the room. I had not, however, at the moment, the ingenuity to send him there, and, instead, I made an effort to change the conversation. But my attention was called off directly, and I next heard him say—

"Then in your neighborhood you recognize various grades of society?"

"That we do. Our town has three or four classes. Our own set are very exclusive, having none but lawyers and doctors, and the most genteel of the storekeepers, and we are very particular what strangers we pay attention to. We never call on any, of late, unless we find out that they are number one at home."

"And I suppose it is somewhat difficult to ascertain that," rejoined Mr. Aylmere.

"Not at all, sir. We know the names of two or three of the most genteel families in each of the large cities, and if the strangers are city people, some one finds out whether they know any of those. If they do n't, we set them down for nobodies. If they are not from the cities, we find out what they do at home, and if they are professional, or live on their means, we know that they are exclusive; if not we keep clear of them. Tarry-town is considered a very proud place."

"Has your town a large population to select from?"

"Considerable—eight hundred or so. Though it is not a county-town, we have four lawyers, two of them, however, do n't practice, owning farms around the town; my brother is one of the two others. And we have three physicians, Mrs. Allanby's friend being the lady of one of them. The botanic doctor we do n't count."

"Do your rules of admission and rejection apply farther than to native Americans? If a foreigner, like myself for instance, were to go among you, how is it likely he would be received?"

"Of course according to his standing in his own country," replied Miss Esther Ann, with imperturbable self-importance; "we understand very well how people are divided off in foreign countries, for we read a great deal. There's my sister, she positively swallows every novel she can lay her hands on, and it is surprising what a knowledge she has of the world and fashionable life. She says she would know a nobleman at a glance by his *distingué* air, (pronounced *ala Anglaise*;) maw does n't encourage her in it—like most elderly persons, maw has very old-fashioned notions; she tells her it teaches her to look too high."

"And I am to infer that, according to the code of Tarry-town, you would hesitate to admit foreigners, unless they should be noblemen?" persisted Mr. Aylmere.

"Certainly, or *grandees*, or gentry, I believe the English call them. We have it on the best authority that no others are noticed in the large cities—that is, by the first people—and what is not good enough for them is not good enough for us. We think ourselves on a par with any city people, and, when we go to a city, nothing ought to satisfy us but the first. Birds of a feather ought always to flock together, in my opinion, and I'm sure, that after taking the lead in Tarry-town, if ever I went to Europe, I should make myself very choice of my associates. Europeans have the same right when they come here. Those that are aristocracy at home have a right to be aristocracy every where else, and no others, and those

that are not, and push themselves forward, are no better than impostors."

"Then I am afraid I should stand a chance to be tabooed at Tarry-town," said Mr. Aylmere, "for I am an English merchant."

During the progress of this conversation, Mrs. Dilberry, with a loud, though wheezing voice, was panting through a long harangue to Mrs. Aylmere, and two other ladies, in whose midst she had anchored herself.

"I expected a great deal of pleasure in shopping when I came to the city," said she, "but it's precious little I'm likely to have, for shopping without making bargains is but a dry business. We tried it yesterday and this morning, my daughters and me, and plague a thing could we find that was any thing to signify cheaper than in the stores at Tarry-town. I told the girls that I now believed what the man said in the newspapers, that people in the city all live by cheating one another. One would think that as they live at head-quarters, some of them could now and then pick up things for little or nothing and sell them at half-price, but it seems they are all leagued together to get whatever they can. We went from one end of a street to the other, and every place they had pretty much the same goods, and asked the same prices, unless it was here and there where they put up every thing monstrously high, just to come down little by little on being jewed, and then they never got lower than their next door neighbors. I was talking about it to one of the boarders at the hotel, old Mrs. Scrooge, a very sharp, sensible woman—some of you ladies know her, I dare say. She let me into a secret about shopping, that is well worth knowing. She says it is bad policy for people to go shopping with their best bib and tucker on, for if they look as if they are well off in the world, it's a sure way to be taken advantage of, and that when she starts off among the stores, she always puts on a calico gown and a black straw bonnet which she keeps for that and for funerals."

"And does her plan work well?" asked one of the ladies, at length breaking in upon the monologue.

"Just wait, I am coming to it. She says that she had three nieces that came to the city to buy finery. They were very dressy women, and they wished to lay in a good supply. She told them her plan, but they booted the thoughts of going into the street looking common, so they fixed themselves up, and went in their carriage, having made up their minds not to purchase at once, but to go every where first and get samples. Well, Mrs. Scrooge offered to assist them in gathering samples, but not a foot would she set in their carriage, but puts on her old things, and goes out after them, and sometimes into the very places where they were. When they all got back and compared samples, she showed the others that she could get many of the self-same things six or eight per cent. lower than they could. She says that she has crowed over them ever since. I'm sure I'm much obliged to her for giving me the hint, and I don't think any one will catch me shopping again with a silk dress on, and a four-dollar collar, and a gold watch at my

side. I shall wear my old winter bonnet that I traveled in, and my faded mouse-ear de laine dress, and then they'll have to put their goods down to suit my appearance. The girls say if I do I may go alone, for they have no notion to look common, and while they are in the city they mean to put the best foot foremost. Easter Ann says we should always stand upon our dignity—she's very dignified herself. As to June Louyza, she says it looks mean and matter-of-fact to be always counting the cost, and that if I'd let her, she would take every thing without asking the price, particularly when she is waited on by some of the spruce, handsome, fashionable young gentlemen that cut such a dash, showing off the goods to ladies. But they'll learn better when they get older; indeed, Easter Ann is old enough now—she's no chicken, though she don't like me to tell her so, and I should n't wonder if they'd learn to look after the main chance as well as their mother before them. If I had n't been uncommon keen in money matters their poor father would n't have died worth his twenty thousand cash, beside farms and stock, leaving them to sit up like ladies, with their hands in their laps."

Miss Jane Louisa was sitting close by, engaged in what she called a "desperate flirtation" with two astonished-looking young men, the only beaux in the room, whom she seemed determined to monopolize, one of them being my brother-in-law, George Albanby, a youth of eighteen. She discussed love and matrimony with much languishment of manner, and novelty of pronunciation, and criticised her favorite novels after the following fashion:

"Ain't the 'Bride of the Brier-field' beautiful? Don't tell me you have not read it!—dear me!—I was perfectly on thorns till I got it. Araminta is so sweet, I almost cried my eyes out when she died. Of course you've read the 'Pirate of Point Peepan'? Oh, how I do hate him! I declare I never see black whackers on any of the gentlemen in the street that I a'n't ready to scream, they put me so much in mind of Don Hildebrando."

Intent upon conquest as she was, the loud accents of her mother sometimes disturbed the tenor of her softer themes, and she showed her apprehension that the old lady's discourse might not be in unison with the general tone of the company, by occasionally interpolating, "Just listen to maw!—did you ever know any one so old-fashioned?" or, "maw will always talk so, but you city people will get used to her ways after a while;" or, "maw is so independent, she always says whatever comes into her head."

I thought it time to interpose between the loquacity of Mrs. Dilberry and the politeness of her listeners, and placing myself beside her, I made inquiries in a low voice about our friend in common, Mrs. Conolly. But she was one of those people who are always best satisfied with a numerous auditory; and punching the shoulder of Mrs. Aylmere, while she pushed the knee of another lady, she re-commenced in a still higher key.

"I believe I didn't tell you ladies how I happened to be in such good company. I brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Albanby from one of her most

particular friends, and that makes me feel quite at home with her, and almost as if she was a blood relation. You'll really have to come to Tarry-town, Mrs. Allanby, to pay a visit to Mrs. Conolly. I'm sure you'll never repent the expense of the journey, for she is settled very comfortably, and will introduce you to nobody but the very top of the town. Like my young people, she's mighty particular about her associates. She is changed a good deal though, for looks—more, I dare say, than you have, Mrs. Allanby; but considering the wear and tear of married life, and the way she has to expose herself, for help is scarce in our section; not more so, perhaps, than might be expected, particularly when she is fixed up—which, to be sure, might be oftener, for she began to be careless in her dress almost as soon as she was married, and, though she has four children running about—troublesome, dirty little limbs, I can't help saying—some of the wedding finery she brought out with her is quite good yet. She is a good deal more freckled, too, than she used to be, but that is no wonder, for I've seen her, many a time, out in the broiling sun in the garden cutting lettuce, without any thing on her head—she never was proud—except, indeed, a black bobinet cap; they are very much worn with us, as they save washing and are economical. And she has lost her two front teeth; no, I believe it is a front and an eye-tooth, and that, you know, always makes people look older. Her figure, though, looks gentler than ever, for she is not so fat. The doctor says she is getting as poor as Job's turkey. Did you never see the doctor, Mrs. Allanby? he is as thin as a weasel, himself, but a mighty money-making little man. I did a great deal to get him into business, and he now goes along swimmingly. He first bought the house they live in, and last year he put up a new kitchen, and this spring he bought a handsome sofa and marble-topped table for the parlors. I should n't wonder if in a year or two he'd build an office, and have two parlors in his house, with folding-doors between them, as that is getting to be the fashion in Tarry-town. Some of us are pretty stylish."

My friends, at length, began to withdraw, and I was at last left alone with the Dilberrys. The three repeaters struck eleven, and their mistresses exchanged whispers, and said something about getting back to their hotel.

"You rode, I presume?" said I.

"Not we, indeed," returned Mrs. Dilberry; "I had enough of your hack-riding this morning. We did not know how to find the way here, so the landlord told us we had better take one of the hacks near the door. Well, we tried it, and, after we got back, though we had n't once got out, except to look at some balzarines and lawns at two or three stores, the impudent black fellow had the face to charge us a dollar. This evening we knew that we could find the place well enough, and we started as soon as we saw the gas lighted in some of the shops, for we had to stop by the way to buy me a cap—the girls having got a notion into their heads, I suppose from their novels, that things intended for evening dress ought

always to be bought by candle-light. After trouble enough I found a cap—this I have on; and was asked a pretty price, two dollars, only I jewed the woman down to one and three-quarters. When we came to your street we took the omnibus, and were let out down here at the corner. We thought, that as you had invited young ladies, you would of course provide beaux to gallant them home."

"I can't say," observed Miss Esther Ann, waving her neck with much dignity, "that it was exactly treating strangers with politeness, in Miss Duncan and Miss Edwards to walk off with the only two beaux, and leave us without any."

"The young gentlemen escorted them here," said I, "and according to custom were privileged to see them home. If I had known however, ladies, that you were unprovided with an escort, I should have requested my brother-in-law to return for you. But I will see what can be done. I have no carriage to offer you, my husband having taken our little turn-out to the country."

I went out to direct my man-servant to attend them, but was reminded that I had given him permission to go to his family, in which there was sickness, after the refreshments had been served. There was nothing now to be done but to ask my guests to remain over night. I did so, and the invitation was accepted with a hale-fellow-well-met jocularly quite uncalled for.

Dinner, the next day, found me still playing the hostess to my Tarry-town party, whose cool-at-homeness seemed ominous of a still more protracted visit. After we had left the table, George Allanby, unsuspecting of my being so occupied, called in. He was saluted with a bantering familiarity by the old lady, and with the most frigid reserve by her daughters. Miss Jane Louisa walked to the front windows, upon which she drummed perseveringly with her fingers, while her sister slowly paced the floor with measured steps, her head elevated, and her nostrils turned up as if they were snuffing the ceiling. Mrs. Dilberry exchanged glances with them, and then addressed herself to my brother-in-law:

"I suppose, Mr. Allanby," said she, "you are very much taken by surprise to see us still spunging on your sister-in-law, but I must make free to tell you there's nobody to be blamed for it but yourself. I can't say I would give you city young men the choice over our country beaux for good manners, for you took yourselves off last night, and left us three ladies in the lurch, without a single soul to see us safe back to our tavern. I told the girls I'd speak my mind about it. I'm one of that kind that make no bones about speaking what they think, and then it's all over with me."

I hastened to interpose with an explanation to the disturbed-looking youth, who seemed quite unconscious of the nature of his offence, but the old lady interrupted me by continuing—

"Mr. Allanby has done her best to make us comfortable, and, indeed, I think myself in such good quarters, that, for my own part, I do n't feel in any hurry to get away, but the girls have been in the

dumps ever since. Jane Louyza, as you may see, is on a pretty high horse, and Easter Ann is sky-high, as she always is when she thinks she should stand on her dignity," and she nodded and winked toward them.

"I exceedingly regret if I have failed in proper politeness," said George. "I am ready to offer a thousand apologies, or any *amendé* you may suggest."

"Well, now, that's getting out of the scrape handsomely, after all," returned Mrs. Dilberry. "I knew from the way you and Jane Louyza got along last night that you could easily make it up, and would soon be as thick as two pick-pockets. Here, Jane Louyza, Mr. Allanby is ready to shake hands and be friends, and he says he is willing to make any *amendé* you please for being impolite;" and as Miss Jane Louisa approached, simpering and holding out her large, red hand, her mother added: "There, now, you have him in your power. You know you always said you would jump out of your skin to see an opera, and now 's your time. I dare say he would think he was getting off very well to take you there to-night."

"Certainly, ma'am," said poor George, coloring and stammering with the embarrassment common to his years, and turning to the daughters, he blundered on—"I shall be happy if Miss Jane Ann—that is, if both the young ladies will honor me with their company."

"With the greatest of pleasure," curtsied the ecstatic Jane Louisa.

"The favor is to us," rejoined the dignified Esther Ann.

"You are not to trick me that way, you young people," exclaimed Mrs. Dilberry. "I should like to go to the theatre as well as any of you, and if you a'n't civil enough to invite me, I'll go whether or no. Let's all go, Mrs. Allanby, and have a jolly time of it. You and I can beau each other."

I excused myself with rather more energy than was necessary.

"Well, I mean to go, anyhow," resumed the old lady, "though, of course, I'll pay my own way. It would be imposing upon Mr. Allanby to make him go to the expense of paying for so many of us."

"Not at all, ma'am," said George, looking still redder and more frightened, "where shall I call for you?"

There was a pause, but as I had not the grace to break it by answering "here," Miss Esther Ann had to reply—

"We stop at the W—— Hotel," and the conscripted squire of dames made a precipitate retreat.

"We'll have to go back to the hotel, maw, at once," said Miss Jane Louisa, "for you know ladies must always go to the opera in full-dress. I'll have to press out my book-muslin dress, and take the wreath off my bonnet to wear on my head, and Easter Ann must fix something to put on."

"That will be quite unnecessary," said I, anticipating all sorts of mortifications for my inexperienced brother-in-law, "you may have seats where you

will be able to see and hear every thing, without being so conspicuous as to make any material change in your dress necessary. Strangers, who neither know any one nor are known themselves, generally prefer being unobserved, and saving themselves the trouble of much dressing. You will all do very well just as you are."

"What do you say, girls," said Mrs. Dilberry; "that might do well enough for you and me, Mrs. Allanby," giving me a wink, "but I don't know how these two would like to hide their light under a bushel. Girls like to give the beaux a chance to look at them wherever they can, and I must say it's natural enough. As to the trouble of dressing, why we've got nothing else to do here, and people that have the wherewith may as well put it on their backs.

The young ladies did not give their sentiments, but exchanged glances and whispered together, and Miss Esther Ann formally proposed going up for their bonnets. Reiterating their hopes of being able to catch an omnibus, to save them the fatigue of a long, warm walk, they took leave, not forgetting to volunteer abundant assurances that they would call every day and make themselves quite at home with me.

As soon as they were gone I wrote a note to George, instilling a little worldly wisdom by means of advising him to go late to the theatre, when the front seats would be filled, and to place his companions where they would attract as little notice as possible.

The next morning whilst I was at breakfast, the young man came in.

"Well, George, how did the opera come off?" asked I.

"You mean the by-play, in which I was concerned," said he, passing his hand over his face. "Do n't talk to me about chivalry toward all woman-kind again! But I'll let you have it from the beginning. In the first place, I took your advice, and went to the W—— Hotel rather late. I was shown into what, I presume, was the ladies' saloon, for there were a couple of dozens of female faces, of all sorts, turned toward me, as if I were something anxiously expected, and very queer when I had come. I understood it all in a minute, though, for right in the middle of the room, parading between two tall glasses, in which they could see themselves back and front, were the Dilberrys, the objects of all the nodding and tittering I had observed before I came in for my share of attention. The old lady espied me first, and puffing out, loud enough to be heard all over the room, 'here he comes girls—here comes our beau at last,' she ran forward as if she were going to seize hold of me, the other two following with their arms, grace-like, twined about each other. 'La, Mr. Allanby, you have served us a pretty trick—keeping us waiting so long!' exclaimed Miss Esther Ann, 'I should n't wonder if we were not to get seats at all.' 'I'm n't ready to pout at you, I wanted so to see every body come in,' said the other. 'We were almost ready to give you up, and had all these ladies com-

forting us,' said Mrs. Dilberry; 'here we've been, dressed from top to toe, for an hour or more, Jane Louyza walking and standing alone, in broad daylight, with her arms and neck bare, for fear we shouldn't be ready in time, for we thought that as you had made up your mind to lay out your money, you'd like us to get as much for it as possible.' I escorted them to the carriage, assuring them they would be in time enough."

"But what about their dress, George?" said I.

"You know I never can make any thing out of describing a lady's dress. Mrs. Dilberry looked very choked-up, and melting and greasy, and had on that abominable frizzly cap that struck us all so last night; and Miss Esther Ann had on a white frock with old dark kid-gloves, and three brown cockades stuck on top of her head that made her look full six feet high; but Jane Louyza, as they call her, was the beauty! Her dress was one of those stiff, thin ones, that stand out like hog-heads, and are nearly as hard to bend. Such a crushing and pushing as there was to get it into the carriage, and down between the seats! Her neck was—I can't tell you how bare, and her arms and hands ditto, only that on the latter she had little tight mitts, that looked like the skin tanned. She had a wreath of artificial blue and purple roses on her head, and a quantity of ribbon flying in tags from each shoulder and from her back and front. But such arms and neck—so red and beefy!"

"And where did you get seats?"

"In one of the side boxes, three benches back—the very place I could have wished—but, as my luck would have it, a lady in the front row took sick, and her party left the theatre with her. Before I could have thought of such a thing, my fair charges pushed forward into the three vacant places, beckoning me to follow, and calling me by name loudly enough to be heard half over the house. Of course it drew all the eyes in the neighborhood upon them, and I observed that the Hallowells, and the Swards, and the Wilkinsons were in the next box; Joe Nicols was with them, and had the impudence to lean over and ask me, 'Who the mischief have you here, George? country cousins, hey?'—and there they sat chattering and laughing at full voice, evidently greatly flattered by being so much stared at."

"But of course, you had a respite when the opera commenced?"

"Just wait—as the old lady says. The curtain rose in a few minutes, and then each of them had to turn to me for explanations. 'Dear me! is that one of your brag singers, the great Mrs. S——?' said Miss Esther Ann, 'how affected she is! Did you ever see any body roll her eyes so?' 'And what a mouth she has!' said Jane Louisa, 'you could almost jump down her throat! I don't see any sense in such singing—Sarah Tibbets in our choir can go far ahead of that!' 'And how scandalous it is for a married woman to be looking up that way in a young man's face,' put in the old lady, 'she surely must be painted up, such a color never was natural, and what loads of extravagant finery! I wonder what all her spangle cost!'

"At length there was a hiss beneath the box, and I directed their attention to it, informing them that it was meant to command silence, it being contrary to custom to talk during the performance. Mrs. Dilberry rolled up her eyes, and put her tongue into her cheek by way of being humorous, Miss Esther Ann screwed her shoulders and answered me haughtily that she supposed they should know how to behave, and Jane Louisa giggled, and kept her handkerchief to her mouth, every few moments looking back at me, as if it were an excellent joke.

"When the first act was over, a gentleman who sat between them and me, and who must have been exceedingly annoyed by their constantly leaning past him, proposed that I should exchange seats with him, which I could not refuse, though it made matters worse for me. 'Why don't you admire my bouquet, Mr. Allanby?' said Jane Louisa, poking in my face a great clumsy bunch of larkspur, ragged-robins, mallows, and those coarse, yellow lilies that shut up at night, garnished by a foliage of asparagus, 'I was in despair about a bouquet for my evening-dress, when, luckily, I came across this when we walked through the market-house on our way from your sister's. I do doat on bouquets.' 'Now do stop talking about that borquay,' interrupted the old lady, 'after such nonsensical extravagance as throwing away money for it. Why at home we could get a wheelbarrow full of such trash out of any body's garden for nothing. But it seems to me you city people would be for making money out of the very dirt in the gutters.' 'La, maw, they only cost a sixpence, but you are so matter-of-fact, you don't love flowers; we do, though, don't we, Mr. Allanby?' said Miss Jane Louisa.

"If you had told Mr. Allanby you wanted a bouquet,' observed Esther Ann, 'I dare say he would have brought you one, for we've heard that city gentlemen make it a point to give bouquets to ladies they wish to be polite to, and don't mind how much they have to pay for them.'

"When the curtain rose again, the eye of Jane Louisa was caught by one of the understrappers, a tall fellow with a huge false *monstache*. 'Who is that splendid looking young man?' exclaimed she—not one of them having discernment enough to make out a single performer or character from the bill and the play; 'isn't he beautiful! I'm quite in love with him, I declare; why don't they applaud him, Mr. Allanby? he's so elegant!' and greatly to my relief, she was so much taken up in looking at her new hero, and in watching for his appearance, that she withdrew her attention from me.

"At length, toward the finale, when S—— excelled himself in one of his master-pieces, two or three bouquets were thrown upon the stage at his feet. 'What was that for?—why are they throwing their flowers away?' asked Miss Esther Ann. I explained that it was an expression of admiration. 'Dear me!' said Jane Louisa, 'I'd be very sorry to pay such a compliment to such an ugly fellow—he's not fit to hold a candle to my favorite.' The favorite immediately made his appearance in a

chorus, and took his place not far from the box in which we sat. Just as he opened his capacious mouth, Jane Louisa, with the confidence of a boy throwing stones, pitched her bouquet at him. The great clumsy thing came down *stop* against his face, breknig his *moustache* from its moorings, and sweeping it to the floor. The galleries clapped, the pit hissed, one or two of the minor actors laughed, and it was some moments before the singing could go on. I felt, as you ladies say, like sinking through the floor; and I believe I did crouch as low as possible among the people around me. How I got back to the hotel with my tormentors I can't tell, for it appears like a vexatious dream. I remember, however, that, while they were going up the steps, one of them said I should tell you they would call this morning to get you to go the rounds of the dress-makers with them."

This was a duty for which I had no inclination, and I concluded to dispose of myself by spending the day with a friend, knowing, from the specimens I had had of the familiarity of my new acquaintances, that the mere excuse of "very much engaged," delivered by a domestic, would be insufficient to protect me from their society. Accordingly I went out as soon as possible after breakfast, and did not return until evening. As I had anticipated, the "country ladies," as the servants called them, had inquired for me morning and afternoon, and had left a message purporting that they would come again next day.

The following morning I had some business which called me from home several hours. When I returned to dinner, I was surprised to find the entry lumbered full of furniture, evidently from an auction—a dozen of chairs, of the kind "made to sell," very loose-jointed, and with flabby seats of thin hair-cloth; a sofa to match; a centre-table, with its top, as large as a mill-wheel, turned up against the wall, and a piano, which must have had some pretensions fifteen or twenty years back, being much ornamented with tarnished brass or gilding, and supporting five or six disabled pedals.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, to the servant who let me in; "where did all these articles come from?"

"Did n't you send them, ma'am?"

"I!—what in the world should I want with such things?"

"So we thought, ma'am; but they came in two furniture carriages, and the man said the lady told him to bring them here—they had our number on a card."

"It is a stupid mistake—I know nothing about it; and upon my word, they have broken the walls in several places, bringing their lumber in."

"And that's not all, ma'am—they threw over the hat-rack, turning up that monstrous table, and knocked out two of the pins, beside breaking the little looking-glass."

And so they had; but there was nothing else to be done than to wait patiently until the real proprietor appeared.

I had just finished my dinner when I heard a bustle in the hall, and hastened out, presuming that I was to be rid of my unwelcome storage, and desirous to superintend its removal. Who should I find but Mrs. Dilberry and her daughters. Miss Jane Louisa had already the lid of the piano thrown up, while her sister was trying the chairs, and the old lady sitting, or rather bouncing herself up and down on the sofa.

"Oh, Mrs. Allanby, we've had the best luck this morning!" they all cried at once; "do tell us what you think of our bargains!"

"Stop, girls, and let me talk," said Mrs. Dilberry, peremptorily. "Well, to begin at the beginning, Mrs. Allanby, we had laid out to buy two or three pieces of furniture, to set off our parlors—a pyanna, for one—ours, that the girls learnt on, that is Jane Louiza, being rather old-timey—(it was left to me by my Aunt Easter, in her will;) so Mrs. Scrooge, at the tavern—an uncommon sharp, sensible woman—told us we would be fools to pay shop prices for things when we could get them at auction, almost as good, for little or nothing. Well, this morning she hunted up a sale for us, and took us to it, and we've had all these things knocked off to us for—now could you guess what, Mrs. Allanby?—upon my word, for what we had made up our minds to pay for a pyanna! and the best of it is, the chairs and sofa are new, spick and span. The auctioneer said that not a soul had ever sat on them before. They did n't belong to the furniture of the house at all, but to himself, and he had just brought them there to sell, for his own convenience. But the pyanna—just think of it!—I may as well tell you what it cost, Mrs. Allanby, though it would never do to let it be known in Tarry-town;" and she added in a whisper, "only sixty-one dollars!"

"Do try it, Mrs. Allanby," said Jane Louisa; "some of the strings are broken, to be sure, and the pedals don't seem to work, but when it is fixed up, it will be delightful."

I agreed that it must have been a fine affair in its day.

"And the centre-table," rejoined Esther Ann, "think of such a centre-table selling for fifteen dollars—pure mahogany! when it is varnished, and has a new castor, one being broken, it will be beautiful—or even if it were just rubbed up with oil and turpentine; indeed, for my part, I prefer second-hand furniture to new—it looks more respectable, as if we had it some time. Our old furniture at home I'm very proud of—no one that sees it can call us upstarts."

"Yes," added Mrs. Dilberry, "there 's the pyanna, and the book-case, and the pair of card-tables—"

"Do n't say upstarts, sister," said Jane Louisa, hurrying to drown her mother's voice; "I'm sure you know it is the fashion to call them *parvenues*!"

"Upon my word," resumed the old lady, still see-sawing up and down on the sofa, to enjoy its springs, "it will make talk enough in Tarry-town, when we get home with such lots of stylish things; they'll call us prouder than ever; but when people

can be grand for quarter price, they'd be gumpies to let the chance slip through their fingers."

Still the point that most concerned me, why they had been deposited in my charge, had not yet been broached, and I ventured to hint at it.

"Sure enough, we forgot to mention it," said Mrs. Diberry; "we could not take the things to the hotel, you know, so we told the men they might as well bring them here. I suppose they might be removed into the parlors at once."

I remarked that my parlors were already as full of furniture as was desirable, and that their best plan would have been to have had them removed—at once to some cabinet-makers shop to be repaired, and boxed for transportation.

"That was what Mrs. Scrooge thought," returned Mrs. Diberry, "but we went to two or three shops and found they charged such different prices, that I made up my mind to wait, and go round to a dozen at least, till I could find out where the best bargain was to be made. So you may as well put them among your own things and have the credit of them till I can look about a little."

I had no resource now but to send the chairs to the third story, the table to the dining-room, and to leave the sofa and piano where they stood. Whilst her possessions were being moved by the servants, Mrs. Diberry ran about the house giving orders as if quite at home.

"Now I must tell you about our tower among the mantua-makers," said she, at length settling herself in the drawing-room, and mopping her face with her handkerchief, after her exercise; "but, girls, why do n't you follow my example and take your bonnets off? Do n't wait to be coaxed—Mrs. Allanby don't expect you to make strangers of yourselves with her; as we've come to spend the afternoon, we may as well be comfortable first as last. But where was I about the mantua-makers? Oh, I believe I had n't began. Well, a lady at the tavern gave us the names of three of them, written on a card, with directions where they were to be found. So we got into an omnibus, in front of the hotel, and were let out at the corner next to the place that was nearest. We soon found the house—as I'm alive, a large three-story brick, with marble steps, and nothing like a sign about it. But the name was on the door-plate, and we rang the bell. A black boy took us into the parlors, and what should we see but Brussels carpets, and looking-glasses as tall as yours, and spring-seated chairs, and a pyauna, and every thing as fine as you please. 'Mercy on us, maw,' says Jane Louyza, 'there's nothing looks like a mantua-maker's here!' I thought so myself, and told the girls we had better slip out before any body came; but Easter Ann would not hear to it—she said it would look undignified, and, says she, 'If we are mistaken, maw, let me make the apology.'

"In a few minutes a lady steps in, dressed in a hand-some black silk wrapper, with a watch at her side, looking as stiff as a poker. 'We were told that we would find Mrs. N——, the mantua-maker, here, ma'am,' says I.

"I am Mrs. N——," says she, stiffer, if any thing, than before.

"We have three dresses to make, ma'am," says Easter Ann; "perhaps it would n't be convenient for you to undertake them?"

"I am always prepared to do any amount of work," says she.

"What may be your charges, ma'am?" says I.

"That depends upon the material, and the style in which it is to be made," says she.

"One is a silk, and the other two are balzarines," says I.

"And we want them made fashionably," put in Jane Louyza.

"I make every thing fashionably," says she, as high as if she was the president's lady.

"We had our bundles with us, and we opened them, and though our dresses are beautiful, considering how cheap we got them, she looked at them without saying a word, and did n't even deign to take them in her hands. 'I want mine made quite plain,' says I; 'but my daughters will expect to have theirs flounced off to the top of the mode—mine's the silk one. But we'll have to settle first what you'll take to do the job—it's a large one, remember, ma'am—three dresses—and it will be nothing but fair that you should make allowance for that.'

"I never make abatement," says she; "my charge is three dollars for a plain silk dress, and four for such as the others, if full trimmed."

"Eleven dollars for making three dresses—just think of it! the girls looked dumb-founded, and so was I; but being in the scrape, we had to get out of it the best way we could. 'Very well, ma'am,' says I, making up our bundles again, and looking unconcerned, 'we'll call again when we get the trimmings.'

"As you please," says she, more like Queen Victoria than a mantua-maker; and we walked out in double-quick time, my lady never condescending to step to the door. 'She may call us fools if she ever catches us again,' says I to the girls.

"Well, we went on to the next. The house looked pretty fine, too, this time; but under the name on the door was another plate with '*Fashionable Dress-making*' on it, and we thought it did n't look quite so stuck up. A girl let us in, and we didn't find the parlors quite so grand, though they were stylish enough, dear knows. This was Mrs. B——'s. She was down stairs herself, waiting for customers, we supposed, which looked as if she was not above her business, and she had a table beside her covered all over with fashion-plates and magazines, like yours, on the centre-table. She was a little, sharp-eyed, fidgetty-looking woman, with a very pointy nose. She sent away a girl she was fixing a sleeve for, and came forward to meet us, and gave us seats, and seemed very sociable.

"We have some dresses to be made, ma'am," says I; 'here's three in our hands, and it's likely we may have some more if we can make a good bargain about these.' I thought it best to hold out a large inducement to her.

"And I suppose you will want the three without delay?" said she, talking very glib; "dear me, how unfortunate just at this time! I have so much work on hand already. I keep twenty-two hands working night as well as day, and I don't see how I possibly can get through all that I have taken in. But, really, I should like to oblige you three ladies—I always do all in my power to accommodate strangers—you are from the country, I presume?"

"From Tarry-town," says Easter Ann.

"Ah, indeed! I am very glad to have customers from Tarry-town; I have made dresses to be sent there several times.' We could not help looking at each other, for we had known every dress in Tarry-town for years, and not one of them had ever touched her hands. 'I make dresses for ladies in all parts of the country,' she kept on; 'my establishment is very popular with strangers, because it is known that I make it a point to accommodate them even at the risk of making sacrifices among my city customers. Of course, you ought to have your dresses in two or three days, and I'll try what can be done. The silk is for you, ma'am, I perceive,' and she tore open the bundles; 'very appropriate, indeed, for an elderly lady, and the balzarines will make up quite dressy for your daughters. Look at the plates, ladies—this will suit you, ma'am, quite plain, but very genteel; the sleeve is particularly proper for a stout lady; and you, ma'am,' to Easter Ann, 'would look best in this, with flounces pretty high up, as you are tall and not fleshy. You, miss,' to Jane Louyza, 'ought to have front trimming, as you are rather low;' and she actually slipped a tape measure round my waist. I was on thorns, for she had n't given us a word of satisfaction about her prices, and I told her we had n't made up our minds yet how we would have them made, 'and, beside,' says I, 'we must first know what they are to cost.'

"Certainly, ma'am, that's all very reasonable,' says she; 'and I know you won't find fault with my charges—I can perceive at a glance that you are a lady of property; are you certain that you have enough of the material?—ladies of your size require a very full skirt;' and before I could have said 'no,' she had actually gathered up my silk and clipped a nick in it for a breadth of the skirt.

"I do n't think, ma'am, we have time to wait for the dresses to be cut out," says I, "we hav n't, neither, got the linings nor the sewing-silk, nor the other trimmings."

"It will take me but a few minutes," says she, making another nick in the silk, "for I cut by a patent measure; and I always find the trimmings myself—I can then have them to suit me, and, you know, it all amounts to the same thing in the end;" and she snatched up a piece of Holland from the table, and began measuring off a pair of backs. "Stop, if you please, ma'am," says I, "we've made no bargain yet, and it's nothing but what I have a right to expect, to know what you are to charge me."

"It will be difficult to tell," says she, "before the dresses are finished—it is not our custom to settle the prices until we have seen how the work is done."

"But, ma'am," says I, "I insist upon a rough guess."

"Then let me see," says she, "supposing we say something like five or six dollars each, trimmings included, for the young ladies' dresses, and four for yours."

"Why, bless my soul!" says I, "I could get cord, and hooks and eyes, and sewing-silk, and linings enough for all three, for a dollar; and as to paying five or six dollars for making a dress, I'll never do it in the world; it's outrageous—it's an imposition," and I snatched my silk out of her hands in short order.

"It's too late, now," says she, pert enough, "to talk about that, as soon as the scissors are put in the work, it is considered as taken in."

"It's we that are taken in, or we came pretty near it," says I; and I bundled the silk under my arm, and the girls took up their balzarines; but such a tongue-lashing as we got, I never heard the like of it in my life before; and you may be sure I did n't take it all quietly—I'm not very mealy-mouthed; and if it had n't been for Easter Ann telling me loud enough for her to hear, "Come along, maw, it's not dignified to be disputing with a mantua-maker," she'd likely have got the worst of it.

"The girls were so put out that they didn't want to try any more; but I'm not one to be brow-beat; I had got my spirit up, and I made them go on to the next. When we came to the house, there stood two splendid carriages, with black fellows about them that had gold bands on their hats, and velvet on their coats, and what not. "Do n't let's go in," says Jane Louyza; "I dare say the house is full of customers already;" and just then another coach and pair drives up, and two or three girls, dressed to death, jumps out, and orders their niggers to bring in their parcels—a whole carriage load, pretty near—so, thinks I, there's not much encouragement for us to go in there, sure enough. We came away, and there has n't been a stitch put in our dresses yet."

I gave my visitors a very early tea, and having no excuse for billeting themselves on me for another night, they made their departure before dark. They did not, however, forget to invite themselves for the following day.

The next morning, greatly to my relief, proved to be very rainy, and feeling secure from the premeditated inroad, I seated myself cosily at my sewing. But, alas! a vehicle stopping at the door drew me to the front windows. I had some expectation of my husband's return, and instead of his carriage was a hackney-coach, which had already discharged its living cargo, and from which two large hair-trunks were unloading; at the same time the bell-wire cracked to the point of doom, and the Dilberrys rushed in.

"Here we come, bag and baggage, Mrs. Allandy, to make our home with you," cried the old lady, "we have had a grand blow up at the hotel, and I'm determined, as long as I live, to keep exposing your city landlords for taking advantage of unprotected females."

"I hope nothing very unpleasant has happened?" said I, my heart sinking at the prospect before me.

"I wonder if their hasn't! What do you think, Mrs. Allanby, of our being charged twelve dollars a piece for six day's board?"

"That, I believe, is the regular charge," said I.

"Well, they're not coming their regular charges over me again, I can tell them. Last night we were talking our bargains over in bed, and we made up our minds that as we could get things so low at auction, we might as well keep on till we had furniture enough for the spare bed-room, as well as for the parlors—people in Tarry-town expect something a little extra from us. We calculated how far our money would go, and it struck us that we had never found out what we were living up to at the hotel. So the next morning I told the waiter to bring us our bill, and what should it be but thirty-six dollars—two dollars a piece a day, and no allowance for the four meals we had eaten with you, and the night we had slept here. I sent for the landlord, and spoke my mind about the bill pretty plainly, letting him know that charging us for what we had not got was downright imposition; and I told him he seemed to suppose we had no friends to see us righted, but that he was mistaken, for we had brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Allanby, and her husband would soon be at home to speak up for us. He cut me short by telling me that he made no deductions; and that as long as we had n't given up our rooms we must expect to pay as their occupants; and he walked off as cool as a cucumber. So I sent out for a hack, knowing you would be glad to have us with you for company, as Mr. Allanby is not at home, particularly as you have house-room plenty, and servants enough to wait on your friends. Six dollars a-day, indeed! why we did a't cost him one!"

"We are all very small eaters, as you may have observed, Mrs. Allanby," said Jane Louisa.

"And though they gave us two chambers with a door between them, we all slept in one of them," rejoined Esther Ann.

The visitation now began to have a serious aspect, but what was to be done? I could not, with truth, make any excuse to get rid of my obtrusive guests, except that of my want of inclination to entertain them, and to hint at that would have required more philosophy than I could command. My only hope now was in the speedy return of Mr. Allanby, on whose resolution or ingenuity I knew I might rely.

This was Saturday, and the weather remaining inclement, I had to endure for the rest of the day, and the whole of the next, the uninterrupted flow of their loquacity, which was a continuous exposition of ignorance, vulgarity, selfishness and meanness. On Monday morning the old lady, after some whispering and winking with her daughters, assailed me with,

"We told you, Mrs. Allanby, what a pucker we were in about getting our dresses made. Before we left the tavern, we went to Mrs. Scrooge's room—the old lady, you remember, that took us to the auction; and she let us know how we might snap our fingers

at the mantua-makers. She said there were women that go out sewing by the day, and that by hiring one of them, and helping along with the easy parts ourselves, we might have our dresses made for little or nothing. At the hotel we couldn't have done it, for paying board for a seamstress would have been but a poor speculation; but now that we are in a private family visiting, there would be some sense in it. I dare say she could sit in one of our sleeping-rooms, and the little one woman would eat couldn't be of much consequence to you."

"I do not know where such a person could be found," said I.

"Oh, that is all settled already. Mrs. Scrooge is to call for us to go to a second-hand furniture store this morning, and she promised that she would take us to a seamstress that goes out for thirty-one cents a-day."

Again I succumbed to my inability to say "no." Mrs. Scrooge did call—a vinegar-faced old lady, with a voice sharp enough to have given one an ear-ache; and I learned that the seamstress was engaged, though she could not come until the latter end of the week. The next day Mrs. Scrooge came again, and my trio departed to a second auction. The result of this expedition was another load of furniture, driven up to the door in the middle of the day. The first article discharged was a sideboard, capacious enough, almost, to serve as a pantry, with broken locks and an impaired foot, which fell off in the difficult descent of the main body from the wagon; then came a dressing-bureau, of scarcely smaller dimensions, with defective knobs and a low, distorted glass; and, lastly, a wash-stand, with a cracked marble slab. Mrs. Dilberry stood on the front steps, superintending their passage into the house, and giving orders at the top of her voice, when I ran out to protest against their being carried up stairs, which she was directing—the broken wall of the entry serving as a warning to me—and to propose their being stored in the wash-house. Whilst I was endeavoring to make myself heard, my husband, with a wondering countenance, presented himself before me. In my joy I dragged him into the first room, and shut the door.

"My dear Mary," said he, "I was not right certain whether it was proper for me to come into my own house—what is the meaning of this commotion?"

I gave him a hurried narration of my trials, at which he laughed immoderately, as I thought, and at once he opened to me a prospect of relief. "I have made arrangements with one of my friends," said he, "to send you on an excursion of several weeks among the mountains, to matronize his daughters. The young ladies are now, I suppose, on their way to meet you with carriage and servants, and, as soon as possible, you must be off. I shall lose no time to make the announcement to your visitors. As they have attached themselves to you merely for their own convenience, there will be nothing unfair in getting rid of them for ours."

In half an hour my guests were on flatteringly familiar terms with Mr. Allanby, to whom they

confessed that they had dreaded his return, as they were afraid they could not feel so "free and easy" if there was a gentleman in the house. "Now that we have seen you," observed the old lady, "we would rather have you here than not; you appear to suit us exactly, and we will be all the better off for having some one to beau us about."

I own I could not myself have had courage to lower them from such a height of contentment, but my husband was less qualmish, and Mrs. Dilberry soon afforded him a desirable opportunity to approach the unexpected topic, by saying, "I suppose if you had known your wife had found such good company to cheer her up, you'd have been in no hurry to come back."

"At least," returned Mr. Allanby, "I should not have made a positive promise to send her from home as soon as her trunk could be packed." He explained the arrangements he had made, and with all proper courtesy regretted that they should be peremptory.

"And what do you say, Mrs. Allanby, to your husband taking so much upon himself without leave or license from you?" asked the old lady, winking at me.

"That I always consider myself in duty bound to fulfill any engagement he may make for me, whether agreeable or not," replied I, taking courage.

"Indeed!" exclaimed both Mrs. Dilberry and Esther Ann, in a tone of surprise and pique.

"If I did not know how fastidious you ladies are upon such points," resumed Mr. Allanby, "I should beg you to shure my bachelor establishment with me. As it is, I must be content to render myself as useful to you as possible. If you commission me, I shall make exertions to find a boarding-house where you can be accommodated as comfortably as with us."

"You need n't concern yourself," said Mrs. Dilberry, tartly; "if I had wanted to go to a boarding-house, I dare say I could have found one where we

could have lived a great deal cheaper than at any you would be likely to pitch upon. I got enough of living on expense at the tavern, and I've not made up my mind to pay boarding for the little pleasure we're likely to have. We've been to the theatre only once, and never were taken any where else, and there seems to be but precious little pains spent upon having attentions showed us. I'm one of them that always speak their minds; and I must say I can't see where the politeness is in people, when they have company, running off and leaving them in the lurch, particularly when they have n't got their dresses made or any thing. I shall be careful who I take a letter of introduction to again."

The third day after this I was prepared to commence my trip, and my guests having taken passage for their homeward journey, were to leave the house at the same time, it having been decided that their furniture was to be boxed and sent after them. They had comported themselves, in the meantime, as if under a strong sense of injury, Miss Esther Ann being frigid and lofty, her sister sullen, and the old lady snappish and uncivil. The carriage was waiting for my conveyance, when the stage-coach, well-loaded with passengers, drove up to the door for them. I had wished them a safe and pleasant journey, offering them my hand, which they pretended not to observe, and was standing on the door-step to see them off, when Mrs. Dilberry paused, with one foot on the floor of the coach, as my husband was assisting her to climb in, and winking at her daughters, called back to me, "Good by to you, ma'am, and I hope you may have a merrier time of your trip than we have had of ours. I'll not forget to give your love to the doctor's wife, and let her know how you honored her letter of introduction."

A chuckling laugh, which reached me in spite of the grinding of the wheels as they rolled away, was the last I heard of my wind-fall from Tarry-town.

DIRGE,

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.—Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

Thou art gone!

We shall miss thee when the flowers
Come again with vernal hours,
Brightly though thy roses bloom,
They will whisper of the tomb!
And thy voice will linger still
In the gurgle of the rill,
In the murmurs, low and sweet,
Where the silver waters meet,
In the summer even's gale,
Sporting with the violets pale.
Meekly will their blue eyes weep
O'er thy still and solemn sleep;
And the wild-bird's gentle moan
Murmur o'er thy slumbers lone,
Like a visionless spirit's lay,
Asking of the Far Away!

Fare thee well!

Thou art gone!

On thy brow, so pale and fair,
On thy dark and glossy hair,
Wreathed in many a shining braid,
Sad, autumnal flowers were laid,
Slowly to thy tomb they bore thee,
Tender farewells murmured o'er thee,
Veiled thee in its silence deep,
In thy last and dreamless sleep.
Where thou liest, soft and low,
Winter spreads his sheet of snow,
Pure and spotless as thy form.
Thou hearest not the surly storm
Sweeping o'er the dazzling wold;
Stars are gleaming, pale and cold,
On thee from the vault above,
Like the watchful eyes of Love.

Fare thee well!

THE FUGITIVE.

BY THE VISCOUNTESS D'AULNAY.

[Most of our readers are familiar with "Claire d'Albe," the work spoken of in the following pages, either in the original or as translated, and will recollect the pleasure its perusal gave them. Its author is better known in America, however, by one of her subsequent works, which has been translated into almost every written language, admired wherever it has been read, and which has been justly ranked among the first productions in that department of French literature to which it belongs. We refer to that affecting story, over which so many tears have been shed, "Elizabeth, Or The Exiles of Siberia." In translating the following account we have been obliged, from its great length, to condense from the original—leaving out nothing, however, which was essential to the interest of the story. It will be recollected that the incidents of our tale took place in 1793, when France was convulsed by political revolutions.]

"MADAM, this is beautifully written," said an old nurse, looking up with the familiarity of an ancient and privileged servant.

The person thus addressed was a young woman, clothed in black, so small and so frail, that at first sight, without doubt, one would have taken her for a child. She was seated before a table of dark wood, drawn up in front of a good fire, upon which burned two wax candles, shining upon a heap of loose leaves, one of which she had just finished writing, and was then reading. Laughing at the admiration of her nurse, she asked,

"And do you, then, find it so beautiful?"

"Do I find it beautiful?" replied Marianne; "never since the world began have I read any thing so affecting. What an interesting creature that Claire was! and what a pity that she died! Ah, her death grieved me much; one might say that it frightened me; but that would not be astonishing in such a great lonely room as this. I hate these great rooms, I do," added the nurse, looking cautiously around her, and gazing with a look of affright at the window the most distant from where she and her mistress were sitting.

"Oh how the curtain moves! did you not leave the shutters badly closed, madam?"

"It was not I who shut them," tranquilly replied Madam Cottin, for it was of her old Marianne asked the question.

"Not you?" cried Marianne, in a frightened voice.

"Who then could have shut them?"

"You, most probably, Marianne."

"Me! I tell you, madam, I swear to you, as true as I am a good and sincere Christian, I swear to you, upon my soul—"

"Do not swear at all, Marianne; there is no one here but we two; if it were not me, it could have been no one else but you, and it was not me—"

"I am not a fool, out of my senses!" replied the Bourgeoise. "I believe, rather," she added in a solemn tone, "that there is some mystery behind the curtain—"

"We will admit that it was I who closed the shutters," interrupted Madam Cottin, impatiently again taking up the papers, and reading them.

"But was it *really* you?" impertuned the nurse.

"Why do you wish me to tell a lie? Shall I read you another page of my romance?"

"Oh yes, I love to hear you read," replied the old woman. "But what are you going to do with that romance, as you call it?"

"Ah, Marianne, if I dared, if I did not fear the ridicule attached to the name of a female author, I would have it published, and the money that it would bring would ameliorate our condition. I would buy some articles of furniture—a piano, for instance—lonely and sad as I now am, music would charm my retreat."

"Ah yes, Sophie, buy a piano; that will enliven you a little—may I call you Sophie?—for what else should I call you? It always seems as if I saw you as you looked when you were a child. I see now the house at Tonniens—the two steps you had to ascend on entering, then the little green gate, opening upon a lawn; then the garden to the right; upon the ground-floor was the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor; on the first floor, the chamber of your mother, Madame Ristaud, that of your father, and yours, which was also mine. O, yes, I see it all! and your little bed with the figured coverlet! And the day you were born, it seems to me as yesterday! It was the fifteenth of August, 1773—that was twenty years ago. And then the day of your wedding at Bordeaux, (we lived then at Bordeaux;) didn't your marriage make a noise?—you recollect it?—the little Ristaud, who married a rich banker of the capital, Monsieur Cottin. 'Well, what is there astonishing about that?' said I, 'the little Ristaud is worth a banker of the capital two or three times over!' I had only one fear, which I kept to myself, and that was, that when you should once be married and in Paris, you would not want your old nurse any longer. 'Leave my nurse!' you said, when you saw me weeping, and found why, 'leave my nurse! no, no, I couldn't do without her; I should feel lost if I should lose her.' And you were right, my dear little one; your mother died, and your father, and then, in three years and six months after your wedding, your husband died; and now your fortune is gone, no one knows where, and not one is left but your nurse, your old nurse, who would give her blood, her life, every thing, that she might see you more happy. Yes, if you had a piano here, you could sing; you have such a sweet voice, and that would do well for us both. If by selling my cross of gold we might have one—what do you say?"

"It would need twelve hundred francs to purchase a piano, and the cross would not procure them; *these*," she added, striking her hand upon the papers scattered upon the table, "these would give them to me if I had the courage to go and sell them; but I dare not, I would only get a refusal."

"Do you wish me to go, Sophie?" replied the nurse, "only tell me where, and it shall be done quickly—there!—what was that? This chamber is very gloomy, and that curtain is always moving!"

"I will go myself to-morrow," said Madam Cottin, looking at her watch. "It is eleven o'clock—I must work a little longer; leave me, Marianne, and go to your rest."

"Ah! now you are quite sure it was you who closed the shutters and drew down the curtains?" asked Marianne, reluctantly complying with her mistress's command—"you are not afraid?"

"No!" answered Madam Cottin, who, as soon as

she found herself alone, resumed her labor; but, whether it was the solitude and silence of the place, or because Marianne had really frightened her, she paused from her writing every few moments to look around her. By chance her eyes rested on the window-curtain, which, by the position of the lights, was thrown into the shade, and the words of Marianne recurred to her mind, "that, if she had left the window open on going out to walk, who could have shut it?" She thought, all at once, that she saw the cloth falling in numberless folds upon the floor, and moving in a most mysterious way. Fear bound her to the spot where she was standing, and for some moments she was unable to move; but at length, with a desperate effort, she advanced toward the curtain, and raised it up with a stifled cry. A man was standing behind with his back placed against the window-panes.



"Do not cry out, madam," he said, "or I am a dead man."

"What would you have me do?" said Madam Cottin, pale, but determined. "I am poor, and have nothing to tempt the cupidity of any one, nevertheless, if you are in want, here is a little money. But depart instantly, without approaching me; in Heaven's name, go—go instantly!"

To the great astonishment of Madam Cottin, in place of taking the silver which she had offered him, the man threw back his cloak, and in a trembling, broken voice, said to her,

"Pardon me, madam, for having frightened you; can it be that you have forgotten me?"

"I do not know you," replied Madam Cottin, scrutinizing the intruder, an old man, and whose disordered clothes, long, ragged beard, disheveled, gray hair, and the livid palor which overspread his features, prevented her from recognizing him.

"I am Monsieur de Fombelle," said he, "proscribed and pursued—"

"Ah, good heaven!" interrupted Madam Cottin, running to bolt the door, "ah, sir, what can I do to assist you?"

"Alas! nothing, madam," replied Monsieur de Fombelle, "for I have heard your conversation with your nurse, and can ask nothing of you."

"If it is money you want, alas! I have none, sir! but approach the fire, and pardon me for not having recognized you sooner."

Her visitor mechanically complied, while he abruptly addressed her.—

"Denounced by the law—pursued, tracked as a wild beast—finding no where an asylum, not even daring to seek one amongst my best friends, I wander in the streets of Paris—and—and—since yesterday I have not tasted food," speaking with the air of a man with whom hunger stifled the shame of avowing it.

Madam Cottin immediately brought from a cupboard some bread, a pot of preserves, and a bottle of wine, saying as she did so,

"Believe me, this is the best I have."

And she looked, with tears in her eyes, and a sad heart, upon that old man, whom she had known in better times, so polished, so dignified, so amiable, and so well beloved. He spoke not a word while eating, and when he looked up, at the end of his meal, he saw that she wept.

"Is it for me, or for yourself that you weep?" said she.

"For both of us," replied Madam Cottin; "for you, that you suffer so much in your old age, and for me, that I am unable to assist a sincere friend of my husband."

"Do you know no one?" he demanded.

"No one, sir; since my widowhood, I have seen no one."

"Alas!" said Monsieur de Fombelle, lifting his eyes despondingly toward the ceiling, "and when I saw into what company I was cast, I believed I had found some assistance."

"Was it not of your own accord that you came to me?"

"No, madam. A friend, who is actively endeavoring to assist me, but who scarcely has the means, for, like me, he is without money, appointed a place of rendezvous, after night-fall, in the open fields behind *la rue Ceruti*. I was returning from this rendezvous, when suddenly I found myself confronted face to face with my most mortal enemy—the same who had denounced me, and caused the decree against me. I endeavored to elude him, and had been running until almost exhausted, when a window, low and opened, attracted my attention. I obeyed my first impulse, made a spring, and found myself here. There was no one in the room, and, to guard against discovery, I closed the casement and the outer shutters; I lowered the curtains and concealed myself behind them. Scarcely had I done this, when you entered. As soon as you spoke, I recognised you, the wife of my best friend; I should certainly not have hesitated to have presented myself before you, but your good nurse was with you, and I believed it prudent to await her departure. In overhearing your conversation, I learned how your condition, once so happy, had changed since the sad events which have desolated our dear country, and I resolved to escape, if possible, without causing you fear or danger. Hence my immovability while you lifted the curtain; for I supposed that in the obscurity of the place you would not perceive me. But I ought not, madam, longer to interrupt your repose."

"No, do not go," replied Madam Cottin, "until you tell me if I can in any way assist you."

"In three days I am to quit France; all is arranged, and my flight is certain, if I can accomplish what seems to be an impossibility—I must raise twelve hundred francs."

"Twelve hundred francs," said Madam Cottin, thoughtfully.

"Otherwise, since I cannot hope always to elude my enemies, I shall be lost."

"Monsieur de Fombelle," said Madam Cottin, after a moment of silence, "I have but few means, yet I have such a desire to assist you, that perhaps God will aid me. Day after to-morrow, at this same hour, you will find my window open; enter, and perhaps I will then have some good news for you. And now, adieu, sir! be of good cheer;—stop, take under your cloak this bread, and this bottle of wine. Leave me to close the window—the street is deserted, and not a soul is passing. Remember, on the night of day after to-morrow, at eight o'clock, be under my window; strike three times on the glass. If I have succeeded, I will reply to you; if not, I will not have the courage to answer. Go, now, and be assured that I will do all in my power to assist you."

Too much moved to venture a single word in reply, M. de Fombelle pressed her hand, leaped out of the window, and disappeared at the corner of a street yet inhabited by the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

The next morning had scarcely dawned, when Madam Cottin importuned her nurse to get breakfast; as soon as it was over, she gave her no time to arrange the furniture of the room.

"Come with me," she said; "come with me, it is absolutely necessary that I sell *Claire d'Albe* this morning."

"Ah, these young women!" exclaimed the nurse, as she complied; "these young women! when they once take a fancy, they have neither quiet nor reason. If the bookseller is as impatient to buy, as you are to sell, we shall soon have a piano, I see."

From *la rue Chanterlene* to the quay, where, from time immemorial, the booksellers have had their shops, the walk was long, and Marianne harped upon the one idea of getting a piano, until they arrived at the place of their destination. After scrutinizing the long row of shops for a few moments, Madam Cottin selected one which had the most promising exterior.

"I can but fail," said she, as she crossed the threshold. But as soon as she entered, she stopped, and remained, blushing, and with downcast eyes, before the bookseller, who advanced toward her, asking her what work she wished to purchase?"

"It is not to purchase, but to sell, sir," said Marianne, replying for her mistress, who could not overcome her embarrassment. "We have written a romance, and we have come to see if you wish to buy it. It is superb! I assure you, you have nothing in your shop which can compare with it."

"Tut, tut, Marianne!" interrupted Madam Cottin, now sufficiently reassured to continue the negotiation. Do you never buy manuscripts, sir?"

"Yes—no—that is—what is the name of the author?"

"The name of the book, sir, you mean to say?" timidly observed the young woman.

"No, of the author, not having time to read our books ourselves, you understand, it is almost always the name of the author that we buy."

"But, sir, the work is written by me, and my name is not known," said Madam Cottin, almost dis-

couraged; "if you would take the trouble to read it," and she presented, hesitatingly, a little roll of papers.

"I have no doubt," replied the bookseller, blandly, "it is a master-piece; it would be useless for me to read it—I would find it perfect. But business is not profitable just at this time. Some other time, when you shall have become known—"

"If all booksellers were like you, we would never be known," impatiently interrupted Marianne. "Let us go, we have not got the piano yet."

"No," replied Madam Cottin, "but God always places good and bad fortune side by side; we will go in here; and she boldly crossed the threshold of a second shop.

The appearance of this bookseller was more engaging than that of his neighbor. On seeing a lady enter, he advanced courteously toward her.

"What can I do to serve you?" he asked; then offering a seat to Marianne, and one to Sophie, he remained standing before the latter, who said to him,

"I am afraid of a disappointment, sir, after one failure to-day. I have written a little story—"

"Which you wish to have printed?" asked the bookseller.

"If you think it worthy of it, sir."

"It will be necessary to see it, madam—have you the manuscript?"

Sophie's hand trembled as she presented it to him.

"It is very small," said the bookseller, glancing at it; "it will make a very small volume. It is a romance, in letters. Will you allow me to look at it?"

"Certainly. I am ignorant of the value of the work; having written it within the last five days, I have not bestowed upon it either the time or labor of retouching it; but I am in need of twelve hundred francs. I need it by to-morrow evening; see, sir, if you can give them to me."

"Since you request so early a decision, I will ask only time to read three letters—one at the commencement, one in the middle, and one at the end of the book; and I will then be able to give you my opinion of the rest."

With these words the bookseller retired behind a railing, hung with green curtains, and applied himself to reading the manuscript. Meanwhile Madam Cottin remained seated with her old nurse, unable to conceal the anxiety which devoured her.

"You are afraid that you will not get your piano, are you not, madam?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, without knowing what she was saying.

"But why is it necessary for you to have the money to-morrow evening? Is it because the poor countess, who offers to sell you one, demands it immediately? Jean Paul, her porter, told me that she would give long time. You have spoken of it, then, to the countess?"

"Yes, yes, she seems satisfied!" exclaimed Sophie, anxiously scrutinizing the countenance of the bookseller.

At this moment the bookseller rose from his seat. Sophie's heart beat as he approached.

"It is good, madam, very good! the conception is perfect; only one can see that you are not in the habit of writing, and it seems to me impossible to print it without corrections. As to the price, it is rather dear; but as you are in need of money, I will not deny it you. You will repay the difference in some other book which you will write for me, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, sir, yes!" eagerly replied Madam Cottin. "Give me the manuscript, sir; to-morrow, at six o'clock, you shall have it corrected."

"And to-morrow, at six o'clock, your money shall be ready. Shall I bring it to you, that you may avoid going out at that hour? Do you wish this little sum in paper, in gold, or in silver?"

"In gold, sir. Oh! you have saved more than my life!" said Madam Cottin, departing.

"At last we shall have the piano!" said Marianne, running by the side of her mistress, scarcely able to keep even with her rapid pace.

"Jean Paul," said she, when they had arrived opposite to the countess's residence, stopping a moment behind her mistress, "Jean Paul, you may tell the countess we will purchase the piano, and that we will pay her to-morrow evening—do you hear, Jean Paul?"

"What have you been doing this morning, that you have found so much money to-day?" replied the porter, with a sneer; "has your mistress found a treasure?"

"No, sir," replied Marianne, angrily, "it is in her mind that she has a treasure—it is in her head."

"A trifle, citizen Marianne—a trifle! You told me she wrote, did you not? Now look you, I'll put both of my hands into the fire, if your mistress is not a conspirator!"

"What!—a conspirator! Do you know what you are saying, Mr. Jean Paul?"

"Perfectly, citizen Marianne; and since your mistress loves ink, they are going to give her and her nurse some. Listen; I do not meddle—I say nothing, but I see all. This morning I had a little talk with the officer who lives near, and he is of my opinion concerning your mistress. She holds correspondence with the enemy—the English! Otherwise, why should she be writing all day? It is not natural for a woman to write so much. My wife never writes; it is true, she does not know how to write—but that makes no difference. Now I have an idea—I may have an idea, may I not?—well, I have an idea that she wishes to sell France; who knows but that she has already sold it, and that it is with some of the money she is going to buy the piano! O my country—my poor country! into what hands have you fallen!"

"You are either a fool, or you don't love music, which is the same thing; for if I understand a word you say, I hope my head may be cut off!" With this retort, Marianne turned toward Madam Cottin's apartments.

"Madam Cottin did not go to bed that night, but labored without relaxation to have her book ready by the appointed hour, and to receive the twelve hundred francs, by which she was to aid the escape of her husband's friend. Morning and noon passed, the sun began to decline, and as the clock sounded five, she finished the last letter. The same moment the door of her chamber was opened with violence, and Marianne, weeping, rushed in, followed by a motley crowd of soldiers and "citizens," the porter at their head.

"In the name of the law, search every where," said a municipal officer; and in an instant they were ransacking every corner of the apartment. As soon as Madam Cottin could recover her self-possession, which had deserted her at first sight of these intruders, she demanded,

"What do you here—and what do you wish of me, sirs?"

Carrying his hand to his cap with a military air, the officer replied,

"Citizen, you are accused of holding correspondence with the enemies of France, and we are ordered to seize your papers."

"Me, sir, holding correspondence with the enemy!" cried Madam Cottin, in a tone of surprise; "me, a poor widow, without friends and without experience! Who has been so base as to invent this falsehood?"

"If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear," replied the officer, "and the examination of your papers will clear you without doubt."

"Take them, then," said Madam Cottin, assisting them in the search. The officer examined packages of letters from her husband, her mother, her school-mates, some large writing books in which were registered the fruits of her studies, and some loose papers in her port-folio, without finding anything which could excite suspicion.

At length the manuscript of *Claire d'Albe*, lying on the table, attracted his eye, and approaching it, he laid his hand upon it. Madam Cottin could not refrain from a cry of affright.

"Oh, for pity! pity! do not touch that!"

"Ah! we have reached the hiding-place at last!" said the officer, beginning to collect the scattered leaves.

"Sir," said the lady, anxiously, "those papers do not endanger in any way the security of the state, I assure you; nay, I will most solemnly swear it!"

"Why then this fear?" said the officer, still gathering up the leaves.

"Because—because—they are invaluable to me, though they can be of little use to you. Oh! I am telling you the truth! Give them back, I beseech you!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Officer!" interposed Marianne, "that is nothing but a romance, which my mistress sold yesterday for twelve hundred francs, to buy a piano. This is all the mystery, and if I were to die to-day, I have told you the exact truth. But if you do not believe what I have said, here comes the bookseller, and you can ask him yourselves."

As she spoke, this personage entered the apartment. "Speak, sir," cried Marianne, rushing toward the bookseller, "make clear the innocence of my mistress. Say to these gentlemen what these papers are."

The bookseller looking at the packet which the officer held in his hand, replied, "That is a romance which I bought yesterday of madam."

Madam Cottin, seemingly insensible to what was passing around her, followed with her eyes the minute-hand of the clock, which was approaching nearer and nearer to the eighth hour. There was a short interval of silence, when the officer replied,

"I am inclined to believe, sir, that this is, as you say, a romance; but what difference can it make to you or madam, if I carry it to the *Section*? I will return it in the morning."

Madam Cottin grew desperate. The hands on the dial-plate marked seven o'clock and five minutes.

"Let me read you one of the letters, sirs, and if you find in it a line to suspect, I will give the book into your hands."

"I see no objection," replied the officer, and accordingly, Madam Cottin, taking up the first letter, commenced reading. As she proceeded, the attention of her audience became more and more profound; their countenances betrayed emotion; soon tears started from their eyes, and at length one of the auditors, interrupting the fair reader, threw himself upon his knees before her.

"I am a miserable wretch, madam, do what you please with me! It was I who denounced you—I who first suspected your daily habit of writing; no, there is no torture that I do not deserve! Oh! what you have written is beautiful! it is beautiful! I will buy the book when it is printed; I will learn to read—I, and my wife, and my children. Sir," he added, turning toward the bookseller, "I wish the first copy you send out of your shop, and I will pay you any price you ask. I am Jean Paul, porter of house number forty-six, in *la rue Charmeriens*. And now, madam, pardon me—will you say that you pardon me?"

Madam Cottin cast a look at the dial—it wanted but five minutes of eight! She rose hastily.

"Yes, yes, I pardon you. Sir Officer, you leave me my manuscript, do you not?" added she, turning to the officer, who wiped his eyes, while the porter remained sobbing in his place.

"Certainly, madam," replied he; "I leave you all your papers. I see that the republic of France has nothing to fear from you; and in taking my leave, I beg you to excuse our seeming rudeness."

At this moment three blows were struck upon the window. Madam Cottin turned pale as death—

"Not yet—not yet!" said she, recovering herself instantly, and intending the words to have a meaning which should apply to the person without, as well as to those within. As she turned toward her secretary, the bookseller, unobserved by the rest, slipped a small rouleau of gold into her hand—the price of the romance.

"We fear we are abusing your politeness," said the officer, rising to leave. A second blow, stronger

than the first, rattled upon the glass. Sophie turned paler than before.

"I pray you remain," she replied, in a loud voice, adding, in a lower tone, "and you also, Jean Paul. Marianne, bring some of the wine of our country—Bordeaux. Gentlemen, you can not refuse to drink the prosperity of France? And now," added she, "the excitement I have undergone—this fire, which is so warm—you will excuse me, if I step to the window a moment for fresh air."

So saying, she went to the window, and opened the shutters, letting the curtains fall before her.

"Stop!" she said to M. de Fombelle, restraining

him from entering the chamber, which he attempted, and handing him the rouleau of *louis-d'ors*—the price of her first book—"take this, and begone quickly; you are in danger if you remain. Adieu!"

Closing the shutters and the sash, she again appeared, smiling in the midst of the soldiers. Marianne returned the same moment with a salver covered with glasses, and bottles of wine.

"At last we shall have a piano, Sophie," said she, turning toward her mistrees to drink.

"Not yet, my good Marianne," replied Sophie, with a joyful tone, which contradicted her reply.



Such was the *début* of the gifted woman who has written so many charming romances. Late in life she commenced a work on Education; but a cruel malady surprised her in the midst of her labor, and

after three months of suffering, which were, however, alleviated by the tenderness of friends, and the consolations of religion, she died on the 25th of August, 1807, aged thirty-four years.

THE GENTLE STEP.

BY HARRIET J. MEEK.

HEARTS somewhere bear, from which it cannot pass;
Earth has no sunshine left, nor time nor place,
But a new scene slides o'er the magic glass,
And ~~we~~ forget the space.

Light, and still lighter seemed that step to fall;
I scarce could tell you when it ceased, or how;
A breathing spirit walked the earth—'t is all—
That does not walk it now.

I think sometimes upon the sunny floor
I see the shadow of her golden hair;

And turn half-dreaming to the open door,
To look if she is there.

And then I mind. Life's rough and thorny round
Would long ere this have torn the folded wing
Whose downy waving glided over sound,
And left it slumbering.

Death came, when flowers were passing from the earth;
We thought to hear the clanking of his chain,
But the light step one evening left the hearth,
And came not back again.

BARBARA UTTMAN'S DREAM.

BY MRS. EMMA C. KIMBURY.

In the little hamlet of Anneberg, far up among the Erzberges or Copper Mountains of Saxony, there dwelt, once upon a time, a gentle child named Barbara. She was so fair, with such soft blue eyes, such long golden curls, and withal wearing a look of such exceeding sweetness, that the people of the hamlet, who were all miners, or workers in metal, called her by a name that signified the "Lily of the Mines." Barbara was an orphan, a little lone creature, whom no one claimed, but whom every body loved. Her father had been a delver into the depths of the earth, and when she was only a tiny little baby, he had kissed her round cheek, and gone to his daily labor at early dawn; but ere the shadows of the dark trees fell toward the eastern slope of the hills, he was brought home mangled and lifeless. The "fire-damp" had seized him and his companions; or, as the simple peasants believed, the demon of the mine had arisen in his might, and torn to pieces the daring spoilers of his treasure-house. Barbara's mother did not long outlive the dreadful sight. She pined away, with a dull aching at her heart, and one morning a kind neighbor found the child sleeping calmly on the cold bosom of her dead mother.

From that moment the little Barbara became the nursing of the whole hamlet. The good women of the village remembered that she had been born on a Sunday morning, and according to their tender and beautiful faith, the "Sabbath-child" had received a peculiar blessing, which was shared, in some degree, by all who ministered to her wants. So Barbara was the foster-child of many mothers, and found heart-kindred in every cottage. But chiefly did she dwell, after she had grown beyond the swaddling-bands of infancy, in the house of the good Gottlieb, the pastor of this little mountain flock of Christians. Barbara grew up a gentle quiet child, rarely mingling in the noisy sports of the villagers, and loving nothing so well as to steal away to some forest nook, where she would sit for hours looking out upon the rugged face of nature, and weaving dreams, whose web, like that of the wood-spider, was broken by a breath.

Some said—"little Barbara is moping for the lack of kindred." Others said more truly—"Nay, is she not a blessed Sabbath-child? It may be that the spirit of her dead mother is with her in the lonely places where she loves to abide; hinder her not, therefore, lest ye break the unseen bond between the living and the dead." So Barbara was left to the guidance of her own sweet will, and long ere she had grown beyond childhood she was familiar with all the varied aspects of nature in the wild and beautiful country of her birth. It seemed as if some holy charm had indeed been bestowed on the little orphaned Sabbath-child, for every living thing seemed to re-

cognize in her a gentle and loving companion. All the children of the hamlet loved her, and it was wonderful to see the little shy birds hopping about her feet to pick the crumbs which she always scattered for them in her wanderings.

But Barbara was not a merry, light-hearted maiden. Cheerful she was and gentle, but not gay, for a cloud had fallen upon her earliest years, and a shadow from Death's wing had thrown a gloom over her infant life, darkening those days which should have been all sunshine. True, she had found friends to shield her from want, but never did she see a child nestling upon its mother's bosom, without feeling a mournful loneliness of heart. Therefore it was that she loved to steal away to the green foldings of the hills, and hold companionship with the pleasant things of earth, where, in the quietude of her own pure nature, she could commune with herself. She had early learned to think of her mother as an angel in heaven, and, when she looked up to the blue sky, gorgeous in its drapery of gold and purple clouds, or shining with its uncounted multitude of stars, she never forgot that she was gazing upon the outer gates of that glorious home, where dwelt her long lost parents. Yet she was not an idle or listless dreamer in a world where all have their mission to fulfill, and where none are so desolate as to have no duties to perform. She learned all the book-lore that the good pastor chose to impart to the little maidens of the hamlet, and no hand was more skillful than hers with the knitting-needle and distaff. Thus she grew up, delicate and fair, with eyes as blue as summer skies, and long golden locks, hanging almost to her feet, for she was as tiny as a fairy in stature.

There came sometimes to the cottage of Father Gottlieb, a dark-browed man, whose towering form and heavily-built limbs gave him the semblance of some giant of the hills. His voice was loud and as clear as a trumpet-call, and his step was bold and firm, like that of a true-born mountaineer. He was the owner of vast tracts in the mine districts, and stores of untold wealth lay hidden for him in earth's deep caverns. Herr Uttman was stern of visage, and bold—it may be rough—in his bearing, but his heart was as gentle as a woman's. He loved to sit at Gottlieb's board, and, while partaking of his simple fare, to drink in the wisdom which the good pastor had learned in far-off lands. The wonders of Nature—the mystic combinations that are ever going on in her subterranean laboratory—the secret virtues, or the equally secret venom, which is found in her humblest plants—the slow but unfailing process of her developments, by which the small and worthless acorn grows into the towering oak, and the winged seed lifts its broad pinnions in the new form of leafy

branches toward the skies—all these things Herr Uttman loved to learn from the lips of the wise old man. Therefore did he seek the pastor's cottage whenever he had leisure to listen to his teachings.

Uttman's kindly heart had early warmed toward the orphan child of Gottlieb's adoption. He won her infantine love by telling her wild tales of the dark mines, and the fantastic spirits of the nether world. He had tales of the Fire-Demon, and the Water-Dragon, of the Mocking-Imp, who led poor miners to their destruction, by mimicking the voice of a companion, and of the dazzling Cavern-Queen, the flash of whose diamond crown, and the gleam of whose brighter eyes, lured the poor workman to a frightful death. To sit on his knee, twining her small fingers in the black curls which fell unshorn upon his shoulders—to look in his great dark eyes as they gleamed with the enthusiasm of that half-poetic nature which is the inheritance of a high-hearted mountaineer—to feel herself nestling like a dove on his broad breast, and clinging to him half in terror, half in delight, as his strong words brought all those fearful shapes vividly before her eyes—these had been Barbara's pleasures when a little child.

But Barbara could not always remain the petted child, and the time came when the budding maiden sat on a stool at Uttman's feet, and no longer leaned her head upon his bosom while she listened to his wild legends. At first Herr Uttman was troubled at the change in Barbara's manner, then he pondered over its meaning, and at last he seemed to awaken to a new perception of happiness. So he asked Barbara to be his wife, and though his years doubly numbered hers, she knew that she loved no one half so well, and, with the affection which a child might feel for a tender parent, she gave him the truth-pledge of her maiden faith. Nor was Barbara mistaken in her recognition of his real nature. A rough and stern man did he seem to many, but his heart was full of kindness, and his affections, though repressed and silent, yet, like a mountain stream, made for themselves only a deeper channel. He had an abiding love for Nature. He defaced not her fair bosom with the scars of the plough or the pick-axe, but following the course of the dark ravine, and entering into the yawning chasm, he opened his way into earth's treasure-house, leaving the trees to tower from the mountain's brow, the streams to leap down their rocky beds, and the green sward to stretch down the sunny slopes. Barbara was as a dove nestling in the branches of a stately tree. No wonder her husband worshiped her, for his affections were like a full, deep stream rushing through a mine, and she was like the star, which, even at noonday, may be seen reflected in its depths. She was the angel of his life, the bright and beautiful spirit of truth and love within his household.

Years passed on and Barbara had but one ungratified hope within her heart. God had given her no children, and the tenderness of her nature found no vent save in her kindly charities. To the poor, and needy, and sorrowful, she was the friend and benefactress, but her heart sometimes thrilled with a vain

repining, and she felt a thirst for those pure waters which spring up only in a mother's pathway. One night she was oppressed with sadness, and ere she yielded herself up to sleep, she prayed that this vain longing within her heart might be quenched for ever, or find some solace in the duties which lay around her.

Scarcely had she closed her eyes in slumber, when her couch was visited by a wild and wonderful dream. She dreamed she was standing within the porch, when a lady clad in shining raiment, emerged from the foldings of the hills and slowly approached her. The lady's face was hidden beneath a snow-white veil of some transparent fabric, which though it seemed as translucent as water, yet, like water, gave an indistinctness to the object seen through it. But when the strange visitant spoke, her voice thrilled through Barbara's inmost heart, for it was the spirit-voice which she had so often heard in her childhood—the voice of her dead mother. It seemed to Barbara that the lady stood close beside her, and then, without fear Barbara laid her head on the stranger's bosom and clasped her arms around her tall form, while she rather *felt* than heard these words:

"Daughter lift up thine eyes, and behold the children which the Lord hath given unto thee."

Barbara raised her head and beheld a train of young maidens clad in the simple costume of the Saxon peasant, and linked together as it seemed by webs of the same transparent texture as that which veiled the lady's face. Slowly they passed before her wondering eyes, fading into thin air as they became lost in the distance, but still succeeded by others, similarly clad and holding webs of the same delicate fabric, until Barbara's brain grew giddy as the troop swept on and on unceasingly. Weary with gazing she closed her eyes, and when she re-opened them the maidens had vanished; only the strange lady in her shining garments was beside her, and she heard a low, silvery voice saying:

"They who are called to fulfill a mission among nations must find their sons and their daughters beneath the roof-tree of the poor and the oppressed. Childless art thou, Barbara, yet the maidens of Saxony through yet uncounted ages shall call thee mother."

Barbara awoke from her dream, but so strongly was it impressed upon her memory, that she could not banish it from her thoughts for many days. But it had done its work upon her gentle spirit, for from that hour she felt that Heaven had some recompense in store for her, and though utterly unable to interpret her vision, she endeavored by redoubling her charities to find for herself children among the needy and sorrowful.

But year after year fled on, and the Herr Uttman's coal-black locks had become almost silver-white, while Barbara's cheek had lost nothing of its smoothness, and her golden locks, though gathered beneath a matron's cap, were still as glossy and sunny as in her girlhood. (For time seemed to have spared her gentle beauty, as if in reverence for the gentle spirit which it had so long clothed in a fitting

garb) She had long since forgotten her youthful repinings, for from every cottage in the hamlet had blessings gone up to heaven upon her who was the friend of the friendless, and, though her dream was still vivid in her remembrance, she fancied that she had already attained its fulfillment in the gratitude of the poor.

"Come with me, sweet wife, and I will show thee a new wonder in the mines," said the good Herr Utman, one summer's morning.

Barbara looked up with a pleasant smile:

"Have I not threaded with thee all the mazes of the dark mountains, and gathered the glittering spar, the many-tinted stone, and the rough gem? Are there yet more marvels in thy dark domain?"

"Nay, don thy wimple and hood, and thou shalt see."

So Barbara went forth with her husband, and he led her to the yawning mouth of a dark cavern in the mountains. Carefully unfolding her in a thick cloak, to protect her from the jagged points of the rocks, he took her in his arms, (for he had lost none of his gigantic strength,) and bore her like a child, into the cavern. For a time they wended their way in what seemed to her total darkness, and she was only conscious of being carried along winding passages, where she felt the spray of a subterranean torrent, and heard the dash of its waters in some unfathomed chasm. At length her husband, setting her feet upon a broad ledge of rock, lifted the cloak from her face and bade her look upon the scene before her.

Barbara found herself at the entrance of a long gallery in the mine, in the roof of which an aperture had been made up to the outer surface of the mountain, and through which a flood of sunshine was pouring down into what seemed a glittering corridor, hung with festoons of the most exquisitely wrought tapestry. Never had Barbara beheld any thing so fantastically beautiful. The sides of the shaft were covered with a half transparent fabric, entwined with patterns like rich embroidery, through which the gleam of the metal shone like gold, as the sun-beam danced into the cavern depths.

It was a gallery in the mine, which years before had been closed up and forgotten. The workmen, while digging an air-shaft, had struck into the disused chamber. Cut in the solid ore, the pillars which supported its roof were carved into grotesque shapes, as the whim of the old miners had directed the stroke of their tools. During the years that it had been closed, the spiders had taken possession of its walls, and their webs, spun over and over again, for more than half a century, had produced a tapestry richer in design and more airy in fabric than ever came from the looms of Ispahan. It needed but little stretch of imagination to behold the vine with its tiny tendrils and drooping fruit, the rose with its buds and leaves, the fantastic arabesque border, and the quaint devices of ancient emblazoning in that many-tissued yet translucent web. No where else could the same humble material have worn the same magical beauty, for the mingled colors of the ore which formed the walls, and the golden sunshine pouring in through

the roof, tinted the woven tracery with all the hues of the rainbow.

Barbara stood entranced before this strange spectacle, but while she gazed, dim and vague recollections came thronging upon her mind. At length all was clear to her. In the webs which adorned the walls of the mine, she recognized the beautiful drapery which had veiled the face of her dream-visitant, and had linked together the band of dream-children in former years. A cry of wild surprise broke from her lips, and from that moment she felt that there was a mysterious connection between her fate and this haunted chamber of the mine.

Now when Barbara returned to her home, and sat down amid her workwomen, she told of this wondrous fabric woven by the little fairy spinners in the mine. It happened that among the pensioners of her bounty was numbered a certain woman from Brabant who had been driven from her home by the cruelties practiced by the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries. In her own country she had learned to weave a coarse kind of lace, and when she heard her lady describe the delicate texture of the spiders' webs, she drew forth some flaxen threads, and wove them into meshes resembling somewhat the drapery which Barbara had so admired. This was all that was wanting to give purpose and definiteness to Barbara's vague fancies.

They who look with most pleasure on a finished work, are oft-times most easily wearied with tracing the slow footsteps of the patient laborer. The reader would tire of this faithful chronicle if called to watch the gradual progress of Barbara Uttman's schemes of wide-spread good. By unwearied toil she made herself acquainted with the means of perfecting the new manufacture, which offered to her prophetic spirit a means of livelihood to the feeblest portion of the poor. Going on from one improvement to another, she finally invented the cushion, the bobbins, and the pins, by which hand-woven lace is wrought with such perfect symmetry and regularity of fabric and design as make it, even now, the costliest of all the trappings of wealth. Then—when the invention was perfected—by offering premiums to those who would engage in the work, by establishing manufactories in her own domain, by precept and example, and all the varied means of influence which wealth and virtue had placed within her power, she established the weaving of lace as the especial employment of the women of Saxony. Thousands of maidens have found their sole support in this employment, and for nearly three hundred years the name of Barbara Uttman has been revered as the "mother" of many daughters, and the benefactress of the women of more than one nation in Europe.

Gentle reader, I have beguiled you with no fictitious tale. In the church-yard of the little mountain hamlet of Anneberg lie the remains of Barbara Uttman, who was born in 1514, married in 1531 to Christopher Uttman, a rich mine-owner, and died a widow in 1575. A visit to a long-disused shaft in a mine, where the spiders' had woven their webs for fifty

years, gave her the first idea of that beautiful fabric, which, under the various names of Mechlen, Valenciennes, and Brussels lace, makes the choicest of all additions to a lady's toilet. It is said that since her establishment of its manufacture in 1560, upwards of a million of women are supposed to have obtained a comfortable livelihood by this species of employment. Notwithstanding the general introduction of a much inferior kind of lace, which is woven by machinery, at least twenty thousand women in Europe,

annually obtain their support from the manufacture of hand-woven lace. With the far-seeing spirit of true philanthropy a woman thus solved for her country the problem which statesmen yet cavil over, and by affording the poor a means of humble independence, rescued the females of her own land from want and destitution. Yet how few of those who deck themselves with lace, only less costly than diamonds, have ever heard the name of Barbara Uttman!

SUNSET UPON "THE STEINE-KILL.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

[The Steine-Kill is one of the sparkling tributaries of our American Rhine, the Hudson, and signifies "Stony River."]

Our own bright "Steine-Kill!" once more, once more!
Thy wavelets steal the glowing hues of Heaven,
And now with stranger glory than before,
The gold-encrimsoned clouds melts into even.
One soft-veiled rose-cloud floateth slowly on,
Mirrored in thy calm bosom; rainbow-dyes
All radiant, vie with glowing hues like morn;
While far amid the deep'ning west, arise
Strange giant-forms, that seem to guard the skies.

Ay, giant-clouds!—from out the vestibule
Of Heaven's vast, dark'ning dome, what mighty train
Comes forth!—a cavalcade of kings—whose scepter'd rule,
The whole broad realm of Heaven! Lo, again
Their host they marshal—where the God of Day
Sinks, like a wearied conqueror, to his rest,
They have usurped his throne; with proud array
Of gold and purple canopy o'er thy breast—
A gorgeous couch!—rest captive conqueror!
The orient guards thy bright triumphal car.

But, lo, another scene—a battle-plain—
The deep-toned roar of Heaven's artillery!
'Mid iron hail and lightning-flash, again
The shattered hosts rush fiercely to the fray!
'Mid foaming steel, and flashing shield and spear,
And waving oriflame, those warrior-clouds
Surge onward like the sea!—a mighty bier
Yawns to receive them—for the darkness shrouds
Them, as a tomb, and solemn twilight's reign
Broodeth o'er Heaven's enanguined battle-plain.

Thus, change the scenes of thy great drama, Life!
Love, Hate, Pride—the fever-dreams
Of restless energies, warring with the strife
Of bigot Ignorance; while brightly gleams
The radiant light of Hope! Ah! are not all
These passions mirrored from our hearts, in those
We love and influence?—ever may their thrall
Be like the secret fount the lap-wing knows,*
E'er pure, and calm, and holy—as thy breast—
Oh, Steine-Kill! whereon the twilight rests.

* It is known that the "hud-hud," or lap-wing, possesses the instinct to discover subterranean springs.

A SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY GIZEL.

Oh! when the evening sun is low,
Along the billowing sea
Is heard the echoing sound of bells,
Ringing harmoniously.
Ringing the call to vesper prayer,
With muffled tone and low,
From the towers of that old "wonder-town,"
Submerged so long ago.
And as the billows dance and play
Beneath the lingering light,
The sailor sees far in the sea
A strange and fearful sight;
For temple, tower and palace gleam
In the sunset's golden sheen;
And ghostly people walk the streets
Like a crowd of living men.

Oh, human heart! art thou not like
That city lost of old
With all thy glittering towers of pride,
And buried joys untold.

The tides of life rush over thee,
But cannot sweep away
The temples of thine early hopes—
Thine halls of imagery.

And from thy depths there comes a tone—
A music sad and low;
The requiem of thy buried loves,
That perished long ago.

And gloriously thy visions gleam
In the light of memory;
Oh, human heart! art thou not like
That city of the sea.

THE OLD NEW HOUSE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

MANY a kind heart beats under a rough exterior. Such a heart was old Simon Gray's, and in appearance he was rude and uncourtly enough. People said he was crazed, but his madness never was exhibited in any unkindness, or in any injustice. Nor was he at all deficient in his business management, or incoherent in his conversation, when he chose to converse. Simon was a man of few words—to others—though his lips often moved, as if he talked to himself. When he did speak audibly there was good will even in his harshest tone; and the pale blue eyes, which were deep set under his bushy brows, beamed with kindness, when once you had passed their forbidding portals. Strange boys and chance comers were afraid of the old man, as he sat at the door of the *old new house* where he had dwelt for many, many years in bachelorhood; but those who knew him had always a kind word, and he had a cheerful answer. His especial pet was a little fair-haired girl, whom he seemed to love with the affection of a protector as well as parent. He tried to shield her that even the wind might not visit her too roughly; and she on her part looked up to him with a confidence, love, and trust, which would make it seem almost that she knew him to be more than human. Both are dead now, else might we not write this story, for it would have given the old man pain, and made a revelation to the young child of which she died happily ignorant. Nor, so far as we know are there any, who under our altered names of persons and places, and the absence of dates, will recognize the characters. If there are, they will admit that we do old Simon no more than justice; or if they knew him but slightly they will love a memory which has hitherto been to them only that of a bizarre old man.

We have called the house old and new. Old it certainly was, as the blackened boards and other marks of time showed—prematurely old, from neglect. And yet it appeared new too, in that the building was never entirely finished. Paint, plaster, and care have made a new place of it since the time of which we write, for it has passed into strange hands. Why it presented the appearance of which we have been speaking, will appear in our narrative.

Simon Gray's life opened happily. There was nothing which indicated for him a splendid destiny. The path which seemed open before him was obscure, and promised to embrace only the ordinary incidents of ninety-nine lives in a hundred; but it so befell that his experience showed that strange things may happen as well to the humble as to the exalted. The prince has gilded play-things, the peasant boy plain.

Both are toys after all, and both the possessors are children. Both grow up to be men only, and in every man's heart the thoughts are mightier to himself than the marching of an army with banners.

Simon received the usual elements of a practical education in a New England public school. And what was more to his benefit, he was taught by parental admonition and example the way in which he should go; and was founded in true faith in the God whom he should love. And between himself and a young woman, his neighbor, Margaret Goodenow, there grew an attachment which strengthened with their years. Neither could go back and fix the date when the other was not a chosen companion. It was love, pure and unsophisticated; and it was only when they learned by observation that they were not and could not be brother and sister to each other, that the thought came into their heads that they might be something else, still nearer and dearer. Simon continued his attentions naturally, and Margaret as naturally accepted them as matters of course. There were no vows—no protestations—no jealous fits—no frantic passages—no prudery and no affectation of concealment. None of the romantic artillery which gives eclat to the pages of a fashionable novel marked their intercourse. All went quietly and happily, without any particularly definite thought of the future; until, about the same time, Simon's father asked him how he would like to build over against the big elm, (that same house of which we were speaking just now,) and Margaret's mother asked her why she did not put a web for herself in the loom.

That "set them to thinking," as the Yankee phrase is. Meg pined the distaff and shuttle as if at task-work—and a pleasant task too. Simon would not wait that spring, till the frost was out of the ground, before he tried some experimental blows with the pick, at the cellar; and as for the stone for cellar-wall and foundation, that was on the spot before sledding was over. And everybody looked forward to the completion of the house as a probable approximation to the date of the young couple's wedding. Margaret was daily at the building—her mother daily scolding her, good-humoredly, and telling her that Simon would certainly get his part done first; but then Margaret knew that Simon would rather the cloth should not be woven, than that she should not know every inch of the house's progress. So together they consulted, and together they planned all the details; and as the walking became "settled," it was not unfrequently the case that both families were collected there once a day, if not oftener. Every body had

some advice or suggestion, or incident from experience, how cellars should be kept dry, and rats and mice kept out; how room could be saved this way and that—how too many corners catch dirt, and above all, how a house is nothing without “cupboards” and closets. Manifold were the dark places which were economized into “stow-holes,” and long and earnest the conferences between Simon and Margaret. They heard the others, and then did as they pleased—or rather as she pleased. A wise man will let woman have her way in such arrangements, provided that she does not wish to do any thing quite as *outré* as commencing the chimneys at the top, after the mode described in Gulliver's Travels.

Summer sometimes brought idlers and valetudinarians to Hill-side. It was not a regular summering resort; but those who really wish to enjoy country-life occasionally discover that the crowded watering-place is not the true scene of rural pleasures. A young man named Bernard came this summer to the village. Whether his pocket, his taste, or a mere whim brought him there; whether he sought retirement, or traveled for health, or what induced him to pitch upon this spot, nobody knew. Some letters he had, and what was a better introduction, he had a good address. He was young and pale, and of course, interesting. He had frequent letters and parcels at the post-office, and must therefore be a man of some note. He was extremely affable to all whom he met, old and young; and in a very little time every body at Hill-side felt an interest in the handsome stranger; and trusted that he would carry away such a report of the place, its advantages and hospitalities, as would induce other visitors.

The young people voted him an author—perhaps a poet—certainly a student; and Margaret's mother was not at all displeased when the young student applied to her for summer-quarters; for to tell the truth, she had already resolved such a possibility in her mind. He said he wished home comforts, which were not to be found at a country tavern, and delicately conveyed his firm impression that her house would be to him a perfect elysium. She was not prepared to take a stranger into the house, lived in a plain way, and all that. But he protested that these objections were precisely the advantages that he sought in a country visit—the absence of a mercenary calculation—a monthful for each penny paid, and a set price for lodgings. Where one party is determined, and the other opposes only feigned resistance, the point at issue is soon determined, and Bernard was at once domiciliated at Chestnut-Farm.

Never was man so little troubled as he—never were family so much infatuated with a stranger. Margaret and all partook of the fascination. It seemed as if she never would tire of reciting his praises to Simon at their daily meetings. She was very anxious that the two young men should be intimate, and as she said, “like each other very much.” She knew that they would do so if each could only know the good points of the other as well as she knew both.

But neither of them could be inspired with any very warm attachment in the direction she desired. Bernard was civil and courteous to Simon, as he was to every body; but Margaret thought she could detect some appearance of undervaluing her lover on the part of the stranger. And he permitted this impression to be gathered in the most agreeable manner—that is to say, as if he accidentally betrayed his sense of her exceeding worth, and his sorrow that she was to be sacrificed to Simon. In no way did he attempt to derogate from that individual's good points in the abstract, or as plain Simon—but it was as Margaret's accepted that he fell below Bernard's standard. Margaret pleaded with Bernard for her lover, and that was dangerous business, because it was in some sort admitting what Bernard rather implied than alleged. It was reading his hieroglyphics, and that indicated a common understanding between them, and emboldened Bernard, while it threw Margaret in the way of temptation.

And she pleaded with Simon for Bernard. That was dangerous business too. The most unsuspecting heart is not proof against all misgivings—and Simon did not like that she should enter so warmly into advocacy for a man in whose behalf he saw no reason why she should be so deeply interested. The stranger was but a transient guest—never again to visit the vicinity Simon hoped; and he could not perceive that it was a matter of great consequence whether he ever learned to like him particularly or not. He soon ceased to argue the matter at all with her. He forced himself to listen; but it was with evident disrelish, and Margaret, finding the subject an unpalatable one, abandoned it. But this did not mend matters much, since Simon's uneasiness now took a positive character. He had disliked to hear Margaret continually talking of the stranger, but her evident reserve upon all that related to him was worse. And Margaret shared in his discontent; for it seemed to her, though she did not trust herself to say it, or even dare to think of it, that Simon was unkind. And, what was more unfortunate for her peace, she felt that Bernard was not.

The young stranger was by no means an indifferent observer of all this. Nay, it seemed wonderfully to fall in with his plans—perhaps with his expectations—certainly with his wishes. Margaret learned to be very much pleased with him, and fond of his conversation and society; and yet she felt a half-consciousness that she was doing her old friend a wrong. But why? she would ask herself. Is it esteeming Simon less, to do justice where he refuses it? It was too knotty a point in casuistry for her to solve; and things at Chestnut-Farm now began to go on strangely. Simon was spoken of in a tone in which he had never been mentioned before. Bernard was particular in his expressions of good opinion—too particular—patronizing. But there was, without a covert spice of detraction in it—as nearly contrived as Mark Antony's effort “to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.” Bernard affected to praise Simon, not to detract from him; but the effect of all his conversation was precisely the opposite of his ostensible

design. After a time even Margaret could laugh heartily at a joke uttered at the expense of her lover in his absence. At first she was almost offended at any liberty taken with the character or person of Simon, however well it was gilded; but the polished wit of Bernard, and his apparently unassuming superiority, led her more and more to desire that her country lover could resemble her accomplished friend.

It would too much lengthen our sketch to describe the whole process and progress of the estrangement—for an estrangement it became. Bernard's discussions upon architecture quite ruined in the eyes of Margaret the humble dwelling which had once seemed to her a palace. As she suggested this and that and the other impossible change in the original plan, and treated poor Simon's cherished notions with ill-disguised superciliousness, he was grieved to perceive in all this, that he as well as the house, was daily growing less and less in her estimation. And the villagers began now to perceive the growing coolness. It made the judicious sad; the thoughtless sneered, the friends of Simon were angry. And at last he became angry himself; or at least his feelings approached as near to anger as the love he still felt would admit; and he looked anxiously forward to the time when the departure of the dangerous guest would release Margaret from her hallucination.

Summer passed away, and the foliage commenced to wear its autumn hue. Long before this Simon had taken it for granted that his house would have been finished and furnished, and that his wife would have been busy with him, perfecting their winter comforts. But now things began to wear the aspect of a house begun without counting the cost. There was a delay in the few finishing touches which alone remained to perfect the building. A step here, and a pale there were ready for their places, but still stood unadjusted. The gate which had been tacked up, waiting for bolts and hinges, still waited. Dust blew over the door-stone, and all looked like neglect. Simon Gray was no more seen daily at the building; indeed he was scarcely seen abroad at all, and when he did make his appearance, it was with an aspect so wan and woful, that men saw he had a broken heart.

The student had gone from the village. Margaret, who had grieved the good people by a flirtation with him which had grown more and more open and unblushing, was now seldom met. The whole vicinage, so cheerful and pleasant in the spring, appeared to have had a spell cast over it; and the people—for in a village men sympathize with each other—looked as if a heavy secret lay at all their hearts; as if they knew more than they would speak, and feared more than they knew.

Winter came; and the deep snows of New England drifted over the palling of Simon Gray's new house, and filled the yard, where nobody broke a path. Winds blew, and scattered from the bared road side sand and gravel over the white mantle, and still it lay unbroken, and where the eaves dropped it froze.

The threshold was ice, and the roof and windows hung with icicles. Simon passed one day, and paused and looked at the place earnestly. A little boy who watched him, for Simon had now become an object of marvel to the little folk, said that Simon Gray drew his sleeve across his eyes. The lad wondered if it was not because his house was not finished before the snow set in. Poor Simon! He was no poet, but the sullied snow had given him other and more bitter thoughts than that!

Spring opened. The strengthening sun melted down the bank of snow before Simon Gray's new house, and the winter-hid shavings and bits of brick, and scraps of mortar, peeped out—last year's mementoes of the unfinished work, preserved beneath the bank to tell their story over again in the new year. And now a great surprise had taken the village; and the envious wondered how *that* family, meaning Margaret's poor mother, and her father, bowed with more than the weight of years, could have held up their heads as long as they did. The doctor, and the truly worthy and pious minister, vied with each other in the constancy and frequency with which they visited Chestnut Farm-house. Simon went at last also, for the minister took him there. If he went at all disposed to be unforgiving, he came away melted and subdued. His heart was lighter too; for he had performed a duty which all owe who dare to say in their prayers "*forgive us—as we forgive.*"

A long train wound one day, just as the violets were opening, into the village grave-yard. Simon Gray was there, and it was observed, as they passed his new house, for the train were all on foot, that his companion had much labor to bear him up. But he was not a mourner as one without hope; for his arms had supported Margaret when she resigned her soul to Him who forgiveth sin, and heareth those who call upon Him. He never spoke of her after while he lived; and he never would hear when her name was mentioned. Some people felt, and others affected surprise that he was present at all at the funeral—but Simon noticed neither. He was simply following the dictates of an affection too virtuous to have permitted him to sacrifice his self-respect had she lived—too charitable to permit one who was once loved to die unforgiven of man, since the Master received her—or to die unloved of a fellow-mortal, since while we were yet sinners Christ died for us; and greater love can none show than this.

Such is the story of the "Old New House." The child of whom we spoke at the opening was Margaret's grandchild. Her father grew in that house, lived there married and single, and died there. Simon never would suffer it to be finished further than absolute necessity required; and people, as we have already stated, said he was crazed. He was solitary and heart-broken; and if it were a strange fantasy that he should rear Margaret's child, there was a method in such madness, which we all would do well to imitate in behalf of the orphan and the destitute.

THE WOUNDED GUERRILLA.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

BY MAYNE REID.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE city of Puebla lies in the centre of an immense plateau, seven thousand feet above sea level, and bordered by mountains of more than twice this altitude. Malinchi, rendered classic in the history of the first conquest, rises on the north; the Pñal bars up the eastern passes, while the great Cordillera of the Rio Frio forms its western boundary, thus separating the two great valleys of Puebla and Mexico by an almost impassible barrier. In this ridge lie the great snow mountains of Popocatepec and the "White Woman, (*la mujer blanca*,) known poetically as the "Twin Sisters."

These mountains soar far above the regions of eternal snow. Popocatepec is a cone, and the gray fringe that marks the blending of the white glacier and the dark pines of the mountain forest, forms the circumference of a horizontal circle. On the White Woman this snow line is more irregular. On both mountains its altitude is variable, according to the season and the heat of the sun. Thus the melting of the snows in the sultry months of summer throws the gray fringe higher up the sides of Popocatepec and Ixticuiluab, and irrigates the broad plains of Puebla and Tlascalla.

But for these snow-crowned mountains the plateau of Puebla would be a barren desert. As it is, the western segment of this plain may be termed the garden spot of Mexico.

As the traveler emerges from the western gate of Puebla, he beholds one of the loveliest pictures in the world. The delighted eye roams over broad fields of corn and wheat, and "frijoles," bordered by fence rows of the picturesque maguey—here and there the cupolas of rich haciendas—the turrets of a flourishing village, and the spires of a rural church variegate the green landscape, while in the distance rises the dark Cordillera of the Mexican Andes, over whose gloomy forests and frowning chasms the snowy crests of the "Twin Sisters" glisten with a dazzling whiteness.

This is, perhaps, the fairest picture in Mexico. Its beauty, however, did not protect it from the desolating influence of war, and during the occupation of Puebla by the American army, bands of robbers under the name of "guerrilleros," alike hostile to Mexican and American, roamed over the fairest portions of this district, committing every species of outrage upon its peaceful inhabitants.

The American army entered Puebla in the month of May, 1847. The inhabitants, one hundred thousand in number, were struck with astonishment at the boldness of the act. They had been expecting

an army of at least ten thousand men. Instead of this, ninety dragoons rode into the piazza alone, where they halted to await the advance of the army, in all, not numbering four thousand men. Hundreds of Mexicans counted our soldiers as they crossed the bridge of "Noche buena," and the feeling that existed in the breasts of the Poblancos, after our entry into their city, was one of shame, that they had permitted such a handful of men to take the old and warlike town of Puebla without a blow having been struck in its defense.

They might apparently have stoned us to death.

Santa Anna repulsed at Amozoc, had retreated upon San Martin, and now held that fair district with his rabble soldiery.

On finding that it was not in the power of the American commander to advance beyond Puebla for a time, the bright idea struck Santa Anna of rousing the national pride once more in defense of their capital. He consequently crossed the mountains at Rio Frio, and commenced fortifying the ancient city of the Aztecs, leaving however a large guerilla force, who roamed at will over the western plain of Puebla and occupied San Martin, Tlaxcalla, and Atlixco. These at first commenced hostilities by stopping the supplies of the Puebla market, which depends altogether upon the fertile districts of the west. Finding, however, that the American gold received in exchange for the fruits and vegetables of San Martin, served their purposes better than revenge, the guerillas at length permitted the produce to pass, levying a heavy contribution upon each article.

The hated "alcabala," was abolished at the city gates, and the Indians and rancheiros of Chobula, San Pablo, and San Martin, flocked to the grand Piazza of Puebla.

It was a rare sight in the bright mornings of June, this Piazza of Puebla. Hundreds of Indian girls seated in groups under their awnings of "petates," gayly chatting with one another, or laughing with a clear ringing laugh at the bad Spanish of the American soldier. Who says that the Indians of Mexico are a dejected race? No such thing. We have seen more bright happy faces in the markets of Puebla than any where else. The slightest witticism—a mispronunciation of the names of any of their wares by a foreign tongue, will elicit peals of laughter from these merry market-girls, while the almost constant display of their small pearly teeth and sparkling eyes evinces the lightness of their hearts.

The remnants of several nations exist in the plains of Puebla. These may be easily distinguished in the

streets of the city by a singular custom. A few strands of worsted thread, blue, crimson, or purple, are twisted into the plaits of their luxuriant black hair. The difference of color in this worsted marks the tribe or village to which the wearer belongs, so that at a glance you may tell an Indian girl from Tlaxcala or San Pablo from one of the Cholultecas.

The Indians of the last mentioned tribe are perhaps the most interesting to be met with in Mexico. Living at the foot of the great pyramid, on "haunted holy ground," they are constantly reminded of the religion of their fathers, many of whose peculiar customs and habits they still preserve in all their pristine simplicity. The young girls of this tribe are strikingly handsome, and but for their malformation—the effect of early toil and careless rearing—the Cholultecas, with their dark Indian eyes and pearly teeth, would far eclipse with their beauty the daughters of the famed Castilian conquerors.

Of all the Indian maidens who visited the Plaza of Puebla, none attracted more admiration from the officer or soldier who thronged through this market than two sisters from Cholula. These girls were named Remedios and Dolores, after the appellations of two of the most popular saints in Mexico.

The elder, Remedios, was strikingly beautiful, and though admired by all, her dark Indian eye had made a deeper impression upon the heart of a young Ranger.

The occupation of these girls was that of weaving baskets from the fine fibres of the *palma redonda*, which wares, along with the flowers that grew in their little garden at Cholula, they brought once or twice a week to the city.

The young ranger spoken of, was frequently placed upon picket guard at a point on the Cholula road, and had thus become acquainted with the sisters, with whom he seemed to be on terms of friendly intercourse. He was frequently seen to accompany them beyond the confines of the city on their return homeward, and at parting the beautiful Remedios would linger behind her sister, and concealed by the friendly shelter of a maguey plantation, bid him farewell with a kiss. It was evident that the passion between the ranger and the fair Cholulteca was mutual.

Such was the state of affairs in the city. Let us follow the young girls to their native village at the foot of the far-famed pyramid.

Under the shade of a huge pepper-tree, stood a small but neat cottage of adobes. In front of this cottage was a little garden filled with bright flowers, and fenced in by a close wall of the octagonal columns of nopal. Outside of the little garden grew the giant maguey planted closely in rows, and running alongside pathways which led to other cottages similar to the one above mentioned. Such pathways form the lanes and streets of a Mexican-Indian village.

Over the cottage door is a little awning or shade formed by two or three poles and the broad leaves of the royal palm, and under this awning are seated the sisters Remedios and Dolores.

They have been silent for some time, each busily engaged with her work, which consists in weaving the beautiful palm-baskets, that meet with such ready sale in the plaza. Dolores is no doubt thinking upon the profits which her work will yield, and how she will rejoice the heart of her old and helpless father, who has no other support. Dolores is the old man's favorite, and returns his parental fondness with a heart full of filial love.

The thoughts of Remedios are dwelling upon a far different object, and two or three times she has become so absent as to make strange mistakes in her work. Presently the fibre of palm which she has been weaving becomes entangled, and suddenly breaks.

"What are you doing, Remedios?" asks her sister. Then adds with a somewhat malicious laugh. "Thinking of Don Santiago! But come, sister, see better to your work, or we will not have our baskets ready for to-morrow's market, and then how you would be disappointed!"

Remedios blushed, but made no other reply to the pleasantry of her sister.

Dolores looked in her face, and noticing the blush, said in a more serious tone.

"Ah, Remedios! if Pepe only knew."

"Knew what?"

"Of Don Santiago."

"And if he did?" exclaimed the elder sister, while her dark eyes flashed with indignation, "what is Pepe to me. I never loved him, and I never told him I did—he has no right to me more than another?"

At this moment a footstep reached the ears of the sisters, causing them to start and look up.

A young man of rather a forbidding appearance was coming up between the rows of magueys. He was dressed in the costume of an ordinary peasant, but the short carbine which he carried over his shoulder, and the belt and pouch slung across his breast, betokened that he was one of the enrolled guerrillas, whose head-quarters were for the time in the village of Cholula.

The young man entered through the opening of the nopal fence, and striking the butt of his piece to the ground, stopped in front of the cottage, saluting the sisters with the usual exclamation for that hour "*buenas tardes!*" (good evening.)

The salutation was returned by both the sisters; but in such a manner by the elder, as showed that she felt a coldness, or rather a repugnance toward the object of it.

Pepe (the name of the intruder) noticed this, and glared upon her with a scowl which bespoke a strange blending of fierce love with jealous anger. It was evident that he was now before them with some sinister design, and the sisters sat without speaking, but both trembling under the influence of his evil eye.

"So, Remedios, I have found out the reason why you rejected me so scornfully, but I will be revenged."

"What mean you, Pepe?" asked the girl in a conciliatory tone.

"You know what I mean. I have heard and know well, too, of your partings on the road by the garita. I have been told all—but trust me you will take no more of these affectionate farewells, for this night I will have my revenge. We have laid our plans, and this night your Yankee lover will die—and if by to-morrow at noon you have not promised to be mine, you may dread the vengeance of my comrades, for they shall know all.

"Remember, to-morrow I return."

So saying, the guerilla flung his carbine over his shoulder, and with an angry look strode from the cottage.

The young girls watched for a moment in silence his retreating form. When he had passed from their sight Remedios bent toward her sister, and in a half whisper asked.

"What does he mean when he says that he must die to-night? Do you think he has some plot laid to assassinate Don Santiago?"

"No, to-night they are to attack the picket at the garita. You know that this is the day of Don Santiago's guard. I overheard one of the guerillas talk of their plan as I came from the church."

All that night Remedios was unhappy. She slept but little, thinking of the threat which had been uttered by the jealous Pepe, and with painful suspense she awaited the approach of day.

At an early hour the sisters, with their basket filled with the work of yesterday, and a profusion of beautiful flowers, started for Puebla.

Shortly after leaving the village they met an Indian woman coming from the direction of the city, driving an ass. This woman informed the sisters that there had been a severe skirmish near the garita between the guerillas and the guard, in which the former had been defeated and scattered. The guard had got information by some means of the intended attack, and had sent to Puebla for a reinforcement of mounted men, which had arrived just in time and by a circuitous route, and had attacked the guerillas in the rear, so that only a few of them escaped from either death or capture.

The sisters had scarcely bid adieu to the Indian woman, when on reaching a turn in the road they came upon one of the guerillas, seated upon a stone.

A handkerchief was bound around his head—his

face, pale and haggard, was spotted with blood, and there was a look of wild revenge in his eye as he recognized the approach of the two girls.

They were at first alarmed on perceiving whom they had encountered, for it was Pepe who was before them, but when they saw that the guerilla was wounded, and apparently suffering, in the true spirit of womanly compassion both the young girls ran up to him and inquired what they could do to assist him.

This appeared for a moment to soften the bitter spirit of the wounded man, and in a manner of more tenderness than he usually exhibited, he requested one of them to bring him a draught of water, while the other rebound the handkerchief upon his wound.

The elder sister immediately ran to fulfill his request, while Dolores remained alone with the guerilla.

She unbound the handkerchief with tender care, and had commenced readjusting it, when the sudden tramping of horses' hoofs was heard, and before the wounded man had time to escape, half a dozen rangers came galloping up the road.

The guerilla had seized his carbine, and was making for the chapparal, when one of his pursuers called at him to halt and they would spare him. Seeing the impossibility of escape, the man turned suddenly round and doggedly approached the party of rangers, who had halted upon the road.

At this moment Remedios returned, and recognizing one of the rangers, with an exclamation of delight called out—

"Don Santiago!"

"Ha!" cried the guerilla, "it is he!" And throwing up his carbine he fired at the young ranger, who had leaped from his horse, and was approaching the girl.

The ball took effect, passing through the fleshy part of the ranger's arm. The shock, brought him to the ground, and the wild laugh of the guerilla told that he believed his vengeance had been complete.

The quick successive reports of half a dozen rifles for a moment drowned this laugh, and when they ceased it was heard no more. He that had uttered it lay by the road a bleeding corpse.

LINES

TO MRS. G. R. GRAHAM.

BY H. T. CONRAD.

MAY not, in this sweet season, my meek prayer
Rise near thine own? It is a prayer for thee,
Gentle and pure, affectionate and fair,
God guard thee ever! and around thee be
Blessings like rays! Thine is a heart to throw
A noble reflex from a manly mute,
To give his loftiest pulse a loftier glow,

And shed o'er all his path a purer fate.
Gentle as thou art may thy summers be!
Sweet as thy voice and gentle as thy smile!
And hopes that know no winter give to thee
All that is sweetest, purest! all that, while
The clouded earth obscures, has power to light
The soul upon that path that never knows a night

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"GRACIOUS, girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindley, thrown suddenly off of her guard, and turning, with a frown, upon a young lady who had accidentally trodden upon her dress as she was almost forced down the stairs of the Musical Fund Hall, at the breaking up of a crowded concert.

"I am sorry, ma'am," said the young lady, gently; "it was entirely an accident."

"People ought to look where they put their feet!" muttered Mrs. Lindley, frowning another reproof upon the blushing girl; and then, with a dignified toss of the head, resuming her march down the stairs, letting the crowd, that had been momentarily checked in its downward tendency, move on again more freely.

"I should call that a poor specimen of a refined lady," remarked the gentleman upon whose arm the girl so rudely addressed was leaning, as they gained the street. "I hope we shall not find her a representative of Philadelphia good breeding."

"Oh, no! I presume not," was the answer. "New York has plenty just like her; and I would be very sorry if strangers were to estimate all by the standard they afford."

"Very true! How weak and foolish it is," remarked the young man, "for people to lose temper at every trifle. If the person who gave us so fine a specimen of amiability to-night, has any right feelings about her, she was not ten steps from the door of the concert-room before a feeling of shame took the place of anger. But, whether this be so or not, I would much rather have your feelings than hers on the occasion."

"So would I. And yet an incident like this cannot but disturb the feelings. To be spoken to insultingly, in the midst of strangers, is far from being pleasant."

"It is. But no one suffers in the estimation of those who happen to be present when such things occur, but the individual who so far outrages all good breeding as to resent a trifling accident with ill nature."

"True. And yet I feel hurt about the incident which has just transpired. It leaves a weight upon my feelings, that such thoughts as you suggest will not throw off. My self-love is perhaps wounded. In other words, I feel insulted."

"And you have reason to feel so, for you were insulted."

"Still, I must not permit myself to think unkindly of the person who so far lost her self-control as to wound my feelings. She may be a woman of many good qualities, yet hasty in her temper. This may have only been the exhibition of a prominent weakness, and she may now be suffering severe mortification in consequence."

"More probably she is, at this present moment, and unadverting upon the rudeness of people in public assemblies—herself of course not included."

"Do't think so unkindly of any one. Rather look at the brighter side."

"I'm not as charitable as you are. People show us, in unguarded moments, the true features of their character. Judging from the glance we had to-night, I should pronounce the individual who got into such a pet for a trifle, to be no lady, notwithstanding she was well dressed and seemed to be in good company. A true lady is one who thinks of others more than of herself, when she is in society; and—one who does this is never thrown off of her guard—never speaks unkindly to others—never insults those who happen, by accident, to step upon a corner of her dress."

The subject of this conversation was a Mrs. Lindley. The remarks her conduct elicited from the companion of the young lady who had, by stepping upon her dress, caused her to lose her temper, were rather severe. But few of her intimate friends, had they heard them, could possibly have believed that she was meant, for they only knew her as a lady of polished and amiable manners. But Mrs. Lindley had her weaknesses. She was naturally of a hasty temper, though her regard for the good opinion of others caused her to keep it under control while in society, and her reason prompted her to put a check upon it, under all circumstances. Still, occasions would come when she would forget herself.

On the occasion of her attending the concert at the Musical Fund Hall, she wore a new and elegant dress. The fabric was very delicate, as was also the color. In descending the stairs, at the close of the concert, she felt herself suddenly drawn back, and on turning around quickly, saw that a young woman, a stranger, had stepped upon this dress. Her first thought was, that it was both torn and soiled, and the exclamation, "Gracious, girl!" dropped from her lips as an expression of surprise at the carelessness of the strangers. The annoyance she felt prevented her from accepting the apology that was instantly offered, and caused her to reject it in the ungracious manner we have seen. But a few minutes only elapsed before a better state of mind came, and then she was deeply mortified at her unlady-like conduct, and would have given almost anything could she have recalled the hasty words that had fallen from her lips.

"It will be a lesson to me," she said to herself, as she sat brooding over the incident, after her return home that evening. "I am too apt to speak from the impulse of the moment, and too prone to speak unkindly on slight provocation."

On the next day, Mrs. Lindley received a letter

from a very particular friend in New York, in which was mentioned the fact that a highly accomplished young lady, belonging to one of the best families in the city, was then on a visit to Philadelphia.

"Miss Herbert," said the letter, "is a sweet girl, and I number her among my choicest friends. I have frequently spoken to her of you, and she has expressed a wish to make your acquaintance. She will remain at Jones's Hotel for a week. Will you not call upon her, and show her some attentions, for my sake? I know you will like her very much; she is the favorite of every one. Among all my friends here, I know of no one to whom I am more attached. She is so kind, so gentle, so unselfish, so wise for one of her age. Make her acquaintance, by all means."

"For your sake, if for no other, I will do so," said Mrs. Lindley, as she closed the letter. "And as Miss Herbert is only going to spend a few days in Philadelphia, I will call upon her at once."

And so Mrs. Lindley dressed herself that very morning, and called at Jones's, to see her friend's particular friend. She found her quite a young lady, simple in her style of dressing, slightly reserved at first, yet easy in her manners. Five minutes had passed before Mrs. Lindley was entirely at home with her.

"When did you arrive in our city?" inquired Mrs. Lindley, soon after they met.

"I came on day before yesterday," was replied.

"Will your stay be short?"

"I shall leave in a few days, for the South, where I am spending the winter."

"My friend, Mrs. D—— is, I suppose, very well?"

"Oh, yes! I never saw her look better in my life. She speaks of you very often, and promises herself great pleasure from your contemplated visit to New York."

"Not more than I do myself. She is a lovely-minded woman."

"She is, truly, and the favorite of every circle wherein she moves."

"There is something familiar in your face, Miss Herbert," said Mrs. Lindley, during a slight pause in the conversation, looking earnestly at the young lady as she spoke. "It seems as if we must have met before."

"And your face made the same impression upon me," returned Miss Herbert, smiling.

"This is a little singular, is it not?" remarked Mrs. Lindley. "We never met before, and yet both recognize something familiar."

"At first thought it seems so. But it is a fact, that we rarely, if ever, see a new face which has not in it something familiar."

"True. But the likeness belongs to a class, and generally has in itself a peculiarity essentially its own, that marks its individuality. Not such a likeness do I see in your face. It seems to me as if we must have met before."

"And I cannot get away from the same impression, in regard to you," said Miss Herbert.

"It is a little singular," returned Mrs. Lindley, sinking for a few moments into a musing state.

"Have you been out much since you arrived in the city?" she inquired, as she came out of this slight abstraction of mind.

"I have been around a good deal, for the short time I have been here. Last night I attended the concert at your fine Musical Fund Hall. For musical purposes, it is one of the best rooms I have ever been in."

"Were you pleased with the concert?" inquired Mrs. Lindley—her thoughts reverting, as she spoke, to the unpleasant incident we have mentioned, and a vague, yet deeply mortifying suspicion, stealing through her mind. Her eyes, which were upon the face of Miss Herbert, drooped, and a slight flush warmed her cheeks.

"Very much pleased with the concert," replied the young lady, "but not quite so well pleased with some of the people who were there."

"Ah! What displeased you in the people?"

"I should have spoken rather in the singular number," said Miss Herbert, smiling. "At the close of the concert, and while descending the steps, I was so unfortunate as to tread upon the dress of a lady, who became offended thereat, and spoke to me, I thought, with extreme rudeness. I felt hurt at the moment, but soon got over it."

"Mrs. Lindley tried to look calmly at the young lady, while she spoke, and to assume an expression of countenance different from her real feelings. But the effort was not entirely successful. Miss Herbert saw that there was a change, and, for a few moments, wondered at its meaning. Then the truth flashed upon her mind, and she understood why the face of Mrs. Lindley was so familiar. She had met her before, and she remembered where!

To both, this was a painful and an embarrassing discovery. But each felt that self-possession, and a seeming unconsciousness of the mortifying fact was of all things necessary. As quickly as Mrs. Lindley was sure that she could command her voice, she said—

"I am sorry that any one should have so far forgotten what was due from a lady as to utter an unkind word to a stranger, in a public assembly, and on so slight a provocation. But you must try and forgive the indignity."

"That I have already done," said Miss Herbert, making every effort in her power to seem unconcerned. "I know that the very best people may sometimes, in a moment of weakness, be thrown off of their guard, and say or do things entirely at variance with their real character, and for which, afterward, they feel the sincerest regret."

"It is best always," replied Mrs. Lindley, whose feelings no one need envy, "to judge thus kindly of others, even under marked provocation. But I cannot so readily excuse the person who, from so slight a cause, could be led into a gross violation of one of the commonest proprieties of life. Ah, me! How watchful we should all be, for we cannot tell at what moment we may be thrown off of our guard."

and say or do something that will cost us unavailing regret."

This was as much as Mrs. Lindley felt that she dared say upon the subject; and, as Miss Herbert's reply did not lead to its continuance, the theme of conversation took another direction.

During the young lady's stay in Philadelphia, Mrs. Lindley paid her every attention; but never in her presence did she feel at ease, for she had an instinctive assurance that she was known to Miss Herbert, as the person who had offered her, on slight provocation, a most gross indignity.

For all the kindness and attention of Mrs. Lindley to Miss Herbert, during her brief stay in Philadelphia, the latter could not forget the night of the concert. Reason the matter as she would, she could not force from her mind the natural conclusion that, when off their guard, people spoke as they felt. The anger of Mrs. Lindley's voice, her impatient and insulting language, and particularly the expression of her face, were constantly presenting themselves to her mind.

"She may be a woman of many excellent qualities," she said to herself, as she mused upon the unpleasant incident connected with their first meeting; "but I would not choose her as an intimate friend."

On her return from the South, Miss Herbert passed through Philadelphia without calling upon Mrs. Lindley. She thought of doing so, and even debated the matter seriously, but the repugnance she felt prevented a renewal of the acquaintance. Reason with herself as she would, afterward, she found it impossible to think well of Mrs. Lindley, and though she has been in Philadelphia frequently since, has not visited her. Yet, for all this, Mrs. Lindley is a woman of excellent qualities, and much beloved among all her friends. In a moment of weakness she was thrown off of her guard, and betrayed into the utterance of unkind words; and that single phase of her character, presented to the eyes of a stranger, made an unfavorable impression that could not afterward be effaced.

M A R I E .

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

When we bore thee to thy grave, Marie,
The flowers were springing fair,
And violets, like azure gems,
Were scattered every where.
The blossoms of the trees, Marie,
In perfumed showers fell fast,
The incense of their dying breath
Each light breeze floated past.

For the sweet spring-tide had come, Marie,
When we laid thee to thy rest,
With the lily and forget-me-not,
And the rose-bud on thy breast.
These were thy favorite flowers, beloved,
And our tears fell on them, then,
For we thought that nevertmore with thee
Should we gather them again.

Soft clouds were in the sky, Marie,
Soft summer-clouds were they,
They wept a few bright drops for thee,
So early past away.
They floated swiftly by, beloved,
Half sunshine, and half tears,
Like the checkered light and shade of life,
In thine own vanished years.

The ever-wandering winds, Marie,
That went and came at will,
Brought whispered tones of love from thee,
As thou wert with us still.
And I almost saw thy seraph form
Hovering above us there,
And felt thy spirit-wing, beloved,
Fanning the viewless air.

We stood around thy grave, Marie,
Where thy gentle form was laid;
It is a pleasant place of rest
Beneath the greenwood shade;
The wind-flower blooms there earliest,
When the earth wakes from her sleep,
But the spring will come and go, beloved,
Nor break thy slumber deep.

Our tears fall fast for thee, Marie,
Young mother and young wife,
But not thine infant's pleading tones
Could call thee back to life;
The soft smile lingered on thy lip,
Lending its quiet grace,
And the dark fringe of thy snowy lids
Shadowed thy pale, calm face.

We knew 't was but thy form, Marie,
We placed beneath the mould,
We knew thy spirit laid it off
As a garment's cumbersome fold.
But beautiful to us, beloved,
Had thy spirit's dwelling been,
And 't was hard to see the cold, cold grave
So darkly close it in.

Thou art nearer to us now, Marie,
Thy vision is more clear,
Thou speakest with a seraph's voice
In that celestial sphere.
Oh, pray the Lord of Life, beloved,
That unto us be given,
To cheer the darkness of our path,
Some glimpses of thy heaven.

LOVE, DUTY AND HOPE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend—
Seeking a higher object Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind." WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a romance and interest in the simple unadorned recital of any woman's life, no matter how confined may have been her sphere of action. When I look around a circle of elderly ladies, whose countenances, so quiet and calm, tell the victory they have gained over "the weary strife of frail humanity." I think, ye were once young and full of hope, love and enthusiasm, and ye have passed through scenes of romance unconsciously. Each wrinkle, each line on their aged faces seem glorified to me, for they are records of woman's trials—evidences of the earnest struggle of each fond, enduring woman's heart.

Years, many and trying have passed since I was a child. The days of my girlhood I recall with but little pleasure, for the recollection is associated with remembrances of dependence, loneliness, and ill-health. My parents died while I was yet quite young. Of my father I have no recollection—of my mother a faint memory, which may be but fancy after all. A girl always imagines she recollects her mother, and with the fancied memory she blends all that is lovely and beautiful.

My relatives were kind-hearted, but plain matter-of-fact people. They were mostly well to do in the world, but they had families of their own to forward in life, and the poor weakly girl was but a burthen to them. As I grew larger and stronger in health, they all agreed that something must be done to make me independent when I should grow to woman's estate. Very properly they argued "she may never marry, and although a woman, she must have some means of support to free her from the humbling feeling of dependence." My weakly constitution had made me shy and reserved. A mother's watchful, fearful love would have overcome this tendency, but I shrank from the abrupt kindnesses of my plain, homely friends, and in secret, with a sort of "sorrowing luxury" pined for the gentle hand of a mother to smooth the pillow for my constant aching brow, and listen to, and soothe my childish complainings. I loved to be alone, and fortunately I early imbibed a

love for reading. In books I forgot the sensation of loneliness that weighed down my young spirits. The bustling, busy natures of those amongst whom the death of my parents had thrown me, caused them to look upon this very natural tendency of mine as something quite remarkable. They thought I must surely be uncommonly clever, uncommonly intelligent to display, thus early, a love for books; their own memories told a different story—study and reading had been irksome to their restless minds—minds which found food enough in every-day worldly pursuits. My vocation was decided upon—I was fond of study, therefore I would surely make a good teacher, and to fit me for this trying office, they all resolved that I should have an excellent education, cost what it might. As I grew older, I fully appreciated their judicious kindness, and prayed Heaven might bless such single-hearted people—for although I had not received from my homely, matter-of-fact relatives, the gentle caresses, and persuasive, patient endurance of parents, for which I pined in childhood, yet they freely gave of their store to me, and provided me with the resources, which in womanhood fortified my mind, and enabled me to bear with sore trials.

An old established prosperous school was selected, where, under the supervision of a highly accomplished and superior mind, my early days were passed. I improved rapidly. Each session at its conclusion gave a most satisfactory report of my progress; and when I reached the age of fifteen I had obtained such a position as to entitle me to a vacant subordinate teachership in the school, the duties of which were but light, and left me sufficient time to pursue the higher branches of study. My position as half-teacher, half-pupil, caused a slight barrier to be raised between my fellow scholars and myself, but amongst them I had many dear friends, who disregarded this fancied difference, and loved me as one of themselves. My most intimate school-girl friend was Clara Neale. So different were we in every respect, that even as a girl I used to wonder at our in

timacy. She was beautiful, rich, and surrounded by a troop of loving and admiring friends. I poor, not absolutely ugly, yet plain, and almost if not quite alone in the school world. How I worshiped her beauty—I was always strangely affected and influenced by personal appearance. Beauty, particularly in a woman, attracted me—it was a weakness, but still I acknowledge its power. The blue of Clara's eyes was so deep, so dark—I can see their melting, bewitching softness of expression even now, though many, many years have passed away, and those eyes are closed in death.

Her hair was of the purest shade of chestnut brown; and many an hour have I hung over her as if under the influence of a beautiful dream, listening to her sweetly modulated voice reading some impassioned tale; her graceful form thrown carelessly in a lovely attitude, and every movement beaming with beauty. She was my idol, I confess, but the idol also of many. My enthusiastic love pleased her, for I was cold to others, being as in childhood, quiet and reserved, and seldom giving evidence of any emotion. In the school I ranked high as a scholar, and on account of my incessant, ambitious application, received from my principals more credit for superiority of mind, than I fear I really deserved; which, although it caused me to be an object of envy to many, yet by girls possessing the associations and independence of position which Clara did, I was regarded with respect and admiration. Therefore did my romantic love flatter her. She was my first infatuation. I clothed her with every virtue under the sun—I endowed her with every mental gift in my fancy. As I look upon the ideal being created by my girlish fascination, I can scarcely refrain from smiling, though in sadness. Beautiful, she truly was, "as a poet's or a painter's dream"—but she was little else. Clever enough, but not superior. She was romantic, easily influenced, and gentle—but I loved her passionately, and I love her memory now, even though she caused me great suffering.

My vacations were generally spent at the school, for it was situated in a very healthy section of country, and there were always many of the boarding scholars that different circumstances compelled to remain. But the summer of my sixteenth year, my health gave evidences of failing. The preceding winter had been a trying one, both out of doors and in—bleak and stormy had been the weather—the studies had likewise been arduous and severe for me. The class of younger girls, my charges, had been uncommonly large, consequently my duties increased, which caused me to take from my sleeping hours the time necessary for accomplishing my other studies. I felt that my reputation as the leading scholar in the establishment was all I had to depend upon, therefore I could not permit any thing to deprive me of that which I knew was my only capital. But, oh! how wretchedly I felt at the close of the session; all the old pining sadness of my childhood returned to me—I sickened for a tender mother's gentle soothings, a father's looks of anxious pride—but these were not for me, poor lone hearted girl, and "the

future rose only as a wall of darkness before me." No longer did my heart beat with pride when the principal prizes were unanimously awarded to me; and the directors of the school looked compassionately on me, as they marked my thin form, hollow cheeks, and dim eyes. A change of scene was necessary, so all said, and I received from a distant relative an invitation to spend the weeks of my vacation in his family. Passively I accepted the kind offer, for so despondent was I, that all places seemed alike to me; but I little expected the happiness that awaited me. They were relatives I had never met with before; the husband was kind, intelligent, and pleasant—the wife was still handsome, though no longer young—in my eyes a great virtue—had known and loved my mother, and was gentle and affectionate. They had many children, all married, and young grandchildren shouted merrily through the house. It was a beautiful country place where they lived, high mountains surrounded them, and thick forests, such as I had never seen but in pictures and dreams. The glow of health soon bloomed once more upon my cheeks; the dark cloud of the Future was no longer regarded by me, for the bright sunny light of the Present, blinded me to its shadows and I again rejoiced in life.

When my visit was about half over, a ward of my cousin's came to pay them a visit. Does not my reader see already that I am approaching the history of my second infatuation? How my heart beats even now, old as I am, when I recall the image of Walter Grey. He was also beautiful, or my heart would never have been enchained. A miniature of him lies beside me as I write, and I fancy I am a girl again, as I look in those liquid dark eyes and dwell on the lovely lines of the countenance—massive and rich are the dark clusters of the wavy hair; beautiful is the face, and deeply, devotedly, did I love the original.

The last weeks of my sojourn in that blessed region floated as on dream-wings. Walter was my constant companion. We wandered through the forests—by the gushing, dancing, Undine streams, and he imagined, while listening to my girlish rhapsodies, that I was the realization of an intellectual perfection he had created in his fancy. We parted in the fall, promising to meet again. My cousin's family had become much attached to me, and they insisted on parting, that every vacation should be spent with them. Gladly I consented, and with a heart beating as it never before had beat, with feelings of rapture and hope, I returned to school. Clara was my confidante, and yet I had nothing to confide, as she with more worldly wisdom said. She looked disappointed when I told her Walter had made no offer, and my sensitive spirit felt shocked that she should think it a necessary attendant upon our intercourse. He had talked of love, but not particularly of loving me. We had roamed together by the banks of the mountain streamlets, watching the moon-beams glistening on the tiny white-crested wavelets, listening to the chiming of their ringing foam bells, as they sprang aloft to kiss the overhanging branches of the osier

willows that hung as in "love-sick langor" o'er the banks of the fairy waters. Hand clasped in hand, we had talked of nature, of spiritual love and beauty—earthly every day matters were unthought of by us, we were dreamers, and happy in our visions.

A winter vacation came, and again I visited my cousin's beautiful home—again met with Walter. I saw those magnificent forests clothed in snow—a glittering mantle enveloped all nature; but still the dancing streamlet leaped, dashing and sparkling along its mountain path, unbound by the icy chains that held captive other streams; it seemed as an emblem of my own joyous nature. I was so happy. Another summer came, and I revisited the lovely place; but that summer I had indeed much to confide to Clara. Walter and I were betrothed, with the willing, joyful consent of my relatives. We were to be married at some future time, when he should have accomplished his studies. Two or three years might elapse, but then we could meet frequently at my cousin's, and we could write, oh! such eloquent letters to each other. I yielded myself up heart and soul to this infatuation, with an earnestness that surprised me, for I had been so accustomed to control my feelings from childhood, that I was almost ignorant of the depth of feeling I possessed.

Walter was wealthy, and every one congratulated me on my good fortune. Little I cared for his worldly goods, and with all the romance of a young disinterested spirit, I sighed that he was not poor—but he rejoiced over his wealth for my sake, he said, and longed with impatience to release me from what he deemed degrading thralldom. He implored that I should no more return to Penley-Hill—that I should remain with my cousins—they united their entreaties, but I refused; no, until our marriage, I preferred my residence at the school. I represented to him that it was not disagreeable to me, my pursuits were intellectual, and it was better for me to continue my studies. This was the only cause for dispute between us, and I felt more pained than I was willing to confess when I discovered that he rather looked down on my position in life; but his love, freely and fervently expressed, for my own self, soothed my wounded feelings, and we again parted—I for Penley-Hill, he for the gay metropolis, where he was to commence the study of a profession, which would occupy two years—two long years—at the expiration of which we were to be married.

That winter was a long one to me, for Clara had left the school at the close of the preceding session—her education completed, she was to make her debut that season in society. But her letters and Walter's, cheered the hours which would have otherwise hung heavily. I was exceedingly anxious they should meet, and looked forward with delight to Walter's residence in the city where Clara's parent's resided. They did meet—in the same circle of fashionable, wealthy families did they mingle, and I was charmed at the rapturous description my friend and my lover gave me of each other. How could they fail being pleased, one with the other I said, and I

pressed their letters with transport to my bosom. That either should prove false, never entered my mind, and long, long was it before I opened my eyes with fearful certainty to the truth fatal to my happiness. The constrained, short letters I received from both, I attributed to every cause but the right one. Clara was so occupied in a whirl of dissipation I thought, as to be unable to write differently. Walter was hurried in his studies, I said self-consolingly; he was vainly endeavoring to shorten by intense application the tedious two years probation.

The winter's vacation I spent at Penley—for Walter wrote that his studies would detain him in the city. The next vacation was indeed passed at my cousin's mountain-home—but in such wretchedness, that my heart aches as I recall that sad time. The lovely place had lost all beauty in my eyes. Long before the spring flowers had drooped, I became convinced of my friend's perfidy—my lover's infidelity; and I was nearer death than life when my tender relatives bore me from Penley to their home, vainly endeavoring to soothe and comfort my outraged spirits. Long and severe was the illness which held me helpless as an infant to my bed. Those who still loved me watched with painful anxiety, scarcely hoping for my recovery, for they felt that returning health would only restore me to a miserable, forsaken existence. But I did recover, and quietly and calmly resolved to bend to the burden imposed upon me. But a greater trial came. My dangerous illness had awakened feelings of remorse in both Clara and Walter. She wrote wild, self-reproaching letters, begging my forgiveness, and yielding up all claim to Walter; whilst he renewed his protestations of love, imploring me to pardon his wandering; but the same spirit which made me return to Penley the preceding summer, caused me to reject firmly these weak overtures. But I wrote with earnest affection to both, communicating my firm determination. They both sought to see me, but I steadily refused all interviews, and assured them if they really wished my future quiet and rest, they must love each other as I had loved them, but not harass my wounded heart by useless scenes and letters. Some of my friends commended my course, others attributed it to a natural coldness of disposition, and felt a sympathy for the two who had so deeply injured me; but I was alike deaf to commendation or censure. I acted as my heart and spirit impelled me, and felt a cold indifference to the remarks or opinions of any one.

I heard from Walter and Clara no more for years. Before the two years necessary for the completion of his studies had passed around, they were married; but I was far distant at the time, and did not hear of it until some months after. After my health was established my devoted application to my duties was the remark of every one, and I soon rose in the school to one of the head teacherships. I gave myself up heart and spirit to my business, and it was regarded as a wonder that I so young, should display such endurance and strength. They knew not how I suffered in secret—they knew not of the moments when my overtaxed heart could bear up no longer—

when I trembled before the wailings of my inner spirit. I felt that I had

"Poured out my soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness;
'T was but to write with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust."

The habit of self-control which I had early acquired, enabled me, however, to struggle against such feelings of sorrowful, hopeless despondency, and I would rouse myself, seeking constant, unceasing occupation in my daily duties, that I might strengthen my fainting spirit.

Amongst my pupils was one whose situation had always endeared her to me. Lucy Hill was a delicate, weakly orphan girl. She reminded me of myself in my early days; but, unlike me, though dependent, it was on an affectionate, wealthy uncle, who, being unmarried, had no one to care for but her. He watched anxiously every breath, and anticipated every wish of this idolized niece. A fall in her infancy had increased a debility natural to her, and the fear of personal deformity at last became realized. As she passed the age of early childhood, her physicians thought that to place her at Penley Hill would be of benefit to her, bodily as well as mentally; and she had resided there for three or four years, as half pupil, half boarder. She loved me as she would have loved an elder sister; and I taught her, nursed her, and after my great sorrow, tried to forget my own griefs in the interest I felt for her. Symptoms of the disease which had swept off her family displaying themselves in her, a milder climate than her bleak northern home was deemed necessary—and her uncle resolved to take her to the South of Europe. She insisted upon my accompanying her—urged how necessary I was to her health and happiness. Her uncle joined his entreaties, and even the principals of Penley urged me to accept the offer, though at the same time, with kind, flattering words, assured me that on my return they would gladly again receive me in their establishment, from which they said they could ill spare me. But in truth they feared that I, as well as poor Lucy, needed the change of scene and climate. Though quiet and resigned, my health was gradually sinking under the burden pride imposed upon my suffering spirit, and my friends began to tremble for my life.

I accepted the munificent offers Lucy and her uncle made to me. Money was of no consequence to him compared to the gratification of that loved girl; and we set sail for Europe. A year and more passed delightfully to me. Lucy's health seemed, indeed, benefited by the change. We traveled leisurely through the classic scenes of Europe—lingering where we wished, and roaming where fancy led us; and I almost forgot—yes, quite forgot—my sorrow in the intellectual gratification I was enjoying. But a new cause of annoyance sprung up; Mr. Hill became, to my surprise, my lover, and Lucy added her entreaties to his. I shrank from the idea of marrying. No, I had loved once, I never could again—and I would never marry without love. Mr. Hill was

much older than I—many years my senior, but pleasant, intelligent and gentlemanly. He knew of my unfortunate connection with Walter, and was one of those who had looked with respect upon the course I had pursued; this sympathy and respect had deepened into love. I liked him—respected him—had even a warm friendship for him—but marry him! oh, no—that I could never do; and when he found that his offers pained me, he and Lucy, with kind consideration, desisted from their entreaties. But I could see in his countenance and manner that great was the struggle he endured; and I had resolved upon returning home, when an alarming change took place in Lucy, which forbade my leaving her. A few weeks of violent, intense suffering to her ensued, which ended in her death. On her death-bed I yielded to her request—I became the wife of her uncle. She dreaded to leave him alone in life, and her parting breath was calmed with the certainty that I was, indeed, her aunt, by the ceremony which was performed sadly, at her bed-side a few hours previous to her death.

We remained abroad many years, and I was quietly happy. I at last fancied I loved my husband; not as I had loved Walter, it is true; but the many excellent qualities which my husband possessed, won upon me. His kindness, his attention to my unexpressed wishes, could not but be appreciated—and I valued him as he deserved to be valued. We had troubles in our married life, however; our three lovely children were laid, one after another, beside dear Lucy, in the beautiful Neapolitan burial-place; and when, after ten years of quiet, calm happiness, my husband died, he left me a childless widow. We had returned to our native country a year or so before his death, and he had taken great pleasure the last few months of his existence, in beautifying in every possible manner, our country residence, which was my favorite abode. One could scarcely imagine a more lovely spot; nature had been lavish in its bounties, and my husband added every thing that wealth could purchase to adorn its exterior and interior. It reminded me of the beautiful villa belonging to the Italian, Paul Jovius; and I wish for his glowing words, that, like him, I could paint with rapture "the gardens bathed by the waters of the lake—the shade and freshness of the woods—the green slopes, sparkling fountains—the deep silence and calm of solitude."

My husband, in adorning this place, followed out with loving precision, the classic description given of the villa of Jovius, "a statue was raised in the gardens to Nature. In the hall stood a fine statue of Apollo and the Muses around, with their attributes. The library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment, adorned with Doric columns, and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects dedicated to the Graces."

The loss of such a husband could not but be deeply felt by me, and though young, wealthy, and more comely than I had been in youth, I shut myself up from society, long after the period of mourning had

elapsed. I became resigned at last, and in intellectual pursuits was tranquilly happy. Being surrounded by images of beauty—the works of masters glowing on my walls—exquisite and costly pieces of sculpture around me—my library almost a fairy spot—my days passing in luxurious quiet—the recollection of past sorrow became subdued and softened, and I breathed with calm tranquillity the delicious atmosphere of the present.

One summer, some four or five years after my husband's death, I ventured to visit the mountain region where my dear cousins had resided. They were dead—kind creatures—but their youngest child, a married daughter, of whom I was fond, resided there with a lovely family of children. They were such rousing, blessed little ones, I envied her the possession of these darlings. One lovely child, which bore the name of my mother and hers—Mary—I quietly resolved to adopt and coax away from her parents, when she should become sufficiently fond of me. The days passed delightfully to me, although that lovely place was connected with the most bitter recollections of my past life. Again I roamed through the deep forests—along the mountain paths, and traced the course of the stream as it dashed over its rocky bed as I had in girlish days with Walter, and at last found myself recalling his beautiful face to my memory. One day, on my return from my ramblings, I was told that ~~he~~—Walter—the long parted one—had arrived. He was, like myself, alone in life—a childless widower. Clara was dead. How my heart sprung—and then sunk; recollections of bitter agony came with his presence—and I was chilled. We met—and days did we spend together. I knew that the meeting and intercourse had been planned by

my kindly meaning friends; they thought we would renew our love—how little they knew of woman's heart. Again we visited our old haunts; again Walter addressed words of passionate love to me, and for a while I fancied the influence of the old dream hung over me. I returned abruptly to my home, and spent weeks in its quiet, calm seclusion; severely and earnestly questioning my heart, my first conclusion remained; the recollection of past love was mingled too deeply with the remembrance of those bitter moments of heart-breaking agony, when I had dared, in my sufficiency, to question the justice of Providence. Walter's desertion had taught me to still and calm my feelings—to coldly reason on heart-throbbings; now he was the sufferer by the lesson—and again we parted, never more to meet. I was firm—he said, heartless—and it may be I was; if so, his early faithlessness had caused that heartlessness.

Life passed quietly around. I succeeded in persuading the little Mary to love me as she loved her mother—and her merry voice and light footstep cheered my residence. I saw her married to one she loved; and my former quiet, solitary home has rung with the joyous laughter of her children, who troop around me daily. I have known great sorrow, but also much happiness, and have contributed to lighten the griefs of many. I am now old, but I am surrounded with dear, loving friends; and when I would sigh over the past, I look on these happy faces around me, and raise my heart in grateful thoughts to the Power that guided me through a painful childhood—a bitter womanhood—and led me at last to the quiet waters of peaceful prosperity, where I may lay down my spirit to rest.

DO I LOVE THEE?

BY RICHARD COX, JR.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower
If it love the pearly tear
That, at evening's quiet hour,
Falleth soft and clear,
Its gentle form to bless?
If, perchance, it answer "yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
Then I love with earnestness,
Then I love thee dearly!

Do I love thee? Ask the child,
If it love its mother dear?
If it love her accents mild?
Love her fond, sincere,
Tender and warm caress?

If, perchance, it answer "yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
Then I love with earnestness,
Then I love thee dearly!

Do I love thee? Ay! I love thee
Better far than words can tell;
All around and all above me
Lives a charmed spell,
My spirit and to bless!
Then I fondly answer "yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
That I love with earnestness,
That I love thee dearly!

ODE TO SHELLEY.

BY J. HAYARD TAYLOR.

Why art thou dead? Upon the hills once more
The golden mist of waning Autumn lies;
The slow-pulsed billows wash along the shore,
And phantom isles are floating in the skies.
They wait for thee: a spirit in the sand
Hushes, expectant, for thy lingering tread;
The light wind pants to lift thy trembling hair;
Inward, the silent land
Lies with its mournful woods—why art thou dead,
When Earth demands that thou shalt call her fair?

Why art thou dead? O, glorious Child of Song,
Whose brother-spirit ever dwells with mine,
Feeling, twin-doomed, the burning hate of Wrong,
And Beauty's worship, deathless and divine!
Thou art afar—wilt thou not soon return,
To tell me that which thou hast never told?
To grasp my throbbing hand, and by the shore
Or dewy mountain-fern,
Pour out thy heart as to a friend of old,
Tearful with twilight sorrow? Nevermore.

Why art thou dead? My years are full of pain—
The pain sublime of thought that has no word;
And Truth and Beauty sing within my brain
Diviner songs than men have ever heard.
Wert thou but here, thine eye might read the strife—
The solemn burthen of immortal song—
And hear the music, that can find no lyre;
For thou hast known a life,
Lonely, amid the Poets' mountain-throng—
Whose cloudy snows concealed eternal fire!

I could have told thee all the sylvan joy
Of trackless woods; the meadows, far apart,
Within whose fragrant grass, a lonely boy,
I thought of God; the trumpet at my heart,
When on bleak mountains roared the midnight storm
And I was bathed in lightning, broad and grand:—
Oh, more than all, with low and sacred breath
And forehead flushing warm,
I would have led thee through the summer land
Of my young love, and past my dreams of Death!

In thee, immortal Brother! had I found
That voice of Earth for which my spirit pines;
The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral ground,
The dusky hymn of Vallambrosa's pines!
From thee the noise of ocean would have taken
A grand defiance round the moveless shores,
And vocal grown the mountain's silent head.
Couldst thou not still awaken
Beneath the funeral cypress? Earth implores
Thy presence for her son—why art thou dead?

I do but rave—for it is better thus:
Were once thy starry heart revealed to mine,
In the twin-life which would encircle us,
My soul would melt, my voice be lost in thine!
Better to mask the agony of thought
Which through weak human lips would make its way,
'Neath lone endurance, such as men must learn:
The Poet's soul is fraught
With mightiest speech, when loneliest the day;
And fires are brightest, that in midnight burn.

MARION'S SONG IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Away with you, ye rusty tomes!
I'll read no more this morning!
The wildwood rose unfettered grows—
I'm off—your sermons scorning!

I found a problem, yester eve,
In wondering where the brook led,
More pleasant far for me to solve
Than any one in Euclid.

I heard a bird sing, sweet and low,
A truer lay than Tasso—
A lay of love—ah! let me go,
And fly from Learning's lasso!

I saw a golden mistal, too,
'T was writ in ancient ages,
And stars—immortal words of light—
Illumed all its pages!

The hand of God unclasped the book,
And open'd its leaves of glory;
I read, with awed and reverent look,
Creation's wondrous story.

I will not waste these summer hours,
The gift that He has given;
I'll find philosophy in flowers,
Astronomy in heaven!

You morning-glory shuts its leaves,
A worm creeps out from under;

Ye volumes, take the hint she gives,
And let the book-worm wander!

I'll scan no more old Virgil's verse,
I'd rather scan the heavens;
I'll leave the puzzling Rule-of-Three
At sixes and at sevens;

The only sum I'll cipher out
Shall be the "summum bonum;"
My only lines—shall fish for trout,
Till Virgil wouldn't own 'em!

A costly cover has my book,
Rich blue, where light is winding;
How poor, beside its beauty, look
Your calf and cotton binding.

Away! the balmy air—the birds—
Can teach me music better
Than all your hard, high-sounding words,
That still my fancy fetter.

The waves will tell me how to play
That waltz of Weber's rightly;
And I shall learn, from every spray,
To dance, with grace and lightly.

Hush! hark! I heard a far-off bird,
I'll read no more this morning;
The jasmine glows—the woodbine blows!
I'm off—your sermons scorning!

ALL ABOUT "WHAT'S IN A NAME."

BY CAROLINE C.—

'T is folly to think of life's troubles, yet they have the most inconvenient faculty of forcing themselves on the minds of men! *Am. Phi.*

PROPRIETOR of the visual organs now scanning this page, which the publisher, with the still but potent voice of print, proclaimeth henceforth and forever mine, do you love music? rejoice you in the melody of ringing voices? If you reply in the affirmative, then most heartily do I wish that you occupied my place at this present moment; for over the way—oh, most uncomfortable proximity!—there is a "Hall," where regularly meet a number of *vocalists*, whose chief object in life, for all I can discover, seems to be to ascertain to a certainty the exact power of their individual lungs,—perhaps a secondary intent may be to edify this usually calm neighborhood; in case this latter should be at all an influential motive, I hereby proclaim that I, being the neighbor most concerned, am fully satisfied, and far from following the pernicious example of the world-renowned Oliver, I will not cry for "more," on the contrary, I would much rather stoop to compromise; and if they will but cease, I will henceforth and forever maintain a most unbreakable silence on all musical subjects, though in doing so, you can hardly conceive what a *sacrifice* I would be making.

Oh, could you but hear them shout "I will praise the Lord!" perhaps if you are a good Christian you might put up with the nuisance, after having given utterance to only a *partial* sigh; but possessing as I do so small a share of the Christian graces, I can only say in answer, though with all reverence, "if you call *this* praise, beseech you, expedite your glorifyings, and have done."

Perhaps I owe an apology, at least a reason, for opening this chapter in such an exceedingly unamiable style; here it is then. I came into my "sanctum" with the express purpose of thinking of one I would fain tell you all about, but with thoughts so distracted as mine are at present, I fear I shall hardly do justice to any body in giving them interance to night, and yet I feel constrained so to do; remember, in mercy, how I have been outraged by the explosion in yonder "Hall," and so proceed.

My heroine lived and *lives* in this most beautiful of all villages in the Empire State, which, as perhaps you know, is *footed* by the most charming of lakes imaginable, and is, though a "sleeping beauty," (the village I mean,) when taken all together quite perfect in its way.

To avoid being convicted of speaking of *any body* in particular, I shall treat of this lady as though she were one of the hus beens; perhaps afterward I may tell you what she is.

Well, then, in her *young* days she was a maiden very much like other maidens, (American, of course,) pretty, graceful, intelligent, and interesting. No one ever thought her a great beauty, but the expression

of her countenance was decidedly good. She was very fair, indeed, so fair that her face seemed pale, in contrast with the glossy black hair which was not usually arranged with very great regard for effect. Her eyes also were black—not the detestable, twinkling, beady, black orb, nor the very opposite, dull, heavy black; but a soft, spiritual eye, filled with mild, cheerful light, quite pleasing to behold; and yet I have seen them glowing actually with what might be called the *fire of determination*, which was quite astonishing to see in one most every body took to be the most placid, and amiable, and soft-bearded creature in the world.

In a crowd of brilliants, or of ordinary fashionable people even, this little lady would have been in her earlier days hopelessly lost to all observation. It was amid the fire-side circle she was calculated pre-eminently to shine. In her own home, among familiar friends, what an affectionate child she was; the arms of her spirit seemed to be continually outstretched, seeking and asking for love and kindness and sympathy; it was a craving of her nature, a necessity to her happiness, that all should love and esteem her.

A pale-faced, quiet girl, whom, because of her goodness and gentleness, every body liked—there, you have her. You have seen hundreds such, but in all your promiscuous travels, I will guaranty, not many of you have met with one of whom you have such a tale to tell as I am going to unfold.

In order that I may continue this story with any degree of satisfaction to you, patient (?) bearer with my many digressions, or with any comfort or propriety to myself, it is absolutely necessary that I should give this amiable and loveable maiden "a name," as I have already given her a "local habitation." I have not delayed doing this for so long without reason, so far from that, it is with inexpressible reluctance that I proclaim to you the cognomen of *this* friend of mine. I have tried to get up a little interest in her on your part before mentioning her title, the world is so cold-hearted, and possesses so little power of *appreciation*, that I fear me it will imagine no manner of interest could attach itself to the owner of *such* a name.

Poor dear, (do not look at me so earnestly, my tongue falters while I speak,) poor, dear Delleparena Hogg, all honor to thee for bearing the burden of *such* a nomenclature so meekly and so well! Let me tell you all about her, (for really I am coming to the point,) and you will see what other burdens she bore nobly, beside that odious appendage to her identity.

Her childhood passed much in the manner of the childhood of other people. From the time when she was a little wee thing till she was twelve years old,

Delleporetta, or Delle, as we used to call her, went with all the rest of the village children to the village-school; she played with us, and rode, and walked, and went nutting with us, and was in all respects as we, only a great deal better, and more obliging, till, as I have said, she approached *teen hood*. Then "trouble came down upon" the young child.

One day the sun, which had always shone so cheerfully upon her, went behind a dark and hateful cloud, and an evil genius passing by her home, stamped upon the door the cross of poverty. From that day there was a sad change in little Delle; her voice became more hushed than ever in its tone, she rarely came to join us in our merry-makings—and there spread a thoughtful, sad expression over the face of the gentle child, which told she had heard unpleasant changes in the aforesaid harmony of her life.

The father of Delle had started in life with a purse alarmingly full of nothingness, but by slow and patient toil and care, he had worked himself into the possession of a comfortable living. Not content with this, one ever-to-be-lamented day he entered into a wild speculation, which, instead of at once doubling his fortune, left him in a far worse predicament than he was placed in at the beginning of life forty years before, when he had played a bare-footed boy in the streets, with scarcely a home to boast of. Yes, he was a great deal worse off than he was *then*, despite his present respectability, and his fine noble wife, and five children; because *then* he was but a boy, brimful of hope, eager to enter into the contest of life, fearful of no failure, feeling he had "little to lose, and all to win." Now his habits of ease and quiet had been so long fastening upon him, it really required no little strength of mind and purpose to rouse and labor as he had done in the days of his youth; his eagerness and hopefulness of spirit were gone—his ambition was departed; and when he looked on his five helpless little ones, the eldest but twelve years old, he felt as though the weight of a mountain were on his hands.

Temptation comes well armed to such a mind, and not with unheard footsteps, or disregarded smile drew she nigh to him. She held the wine-cup to his lips—his eyes grew red with looking on the burning poison, and he tasted, and was lost! Not a hand lifted he to avert the dread calamity which he alone *could* avert; not an effort did he make to re-establish once more the happiness of that household, when smiles and kind words were all the little group cared to have. About this time Sickness passed on heavy wing by this home of our little friend; she saw the cross her sister Poverty had marked upon the lintel, and she knew where she might rest. The poor have no power to shut out the dark angel, when she pauseth before their open door.

The mother, who, during one of the longest and hardest of winters had exerted herself daily and nightly far beyond her strength to provide for the wants of her children, who had in reality no other support but her, drooped when the "life-inspiring" spring came round again. The health which was so shattered by the struggles and heart-sorrows of the winter,

was not restored again when the sunlight streamed so richly through her cheerless home. With the blossoming trees, and the violets, her hope did not strongly revive. The voices of the returning birds did not bring to her the lightness, and happiness of spirit she had known in other days—for every day the brand of drunkenness was graven deeper and deeper on the forehead of the lover of her youth. Long, long after all her natural strength had failed, the mother's love, and the wife's devotion sustained, supported her. Long after her voice was faltering with weakness, did she supplicate that husband to rouse him to his former manliness, to exert himself once more. Long after her hands were trembling with disease, did she continue to ply the needle, whose labor was to bring them their daily food.

And heavy debts hung over them. Then the creditors, who saw no probability of these being ever satisfied, determined to liquidate them by selling off the little farm and residence of Mr. Hogg. And so they were sold. With the miserable remnant of their household goods which was left them, they removed to a smaller and less comfortable home. Then, as if evil days had not dawned on them already, one morning found the toiling mother laid on the bed of sickness and of death. To leave those helpless children *thus!* oh, it had been hard to part with those little ones, when around each one her heart-strings clung, even had their future been very bright, but to leave them when darkness and dreariness of life was before them, when a path so beset with sorrow and trial was all that she could see in store for them! bitter, bitter it was, indeed! Pass we over the sacredness of that hour, when the dying mother breathing the few faint parting words in the ear of her eldest child, left them to struggle on in their hard road alone. Words fail me to tell her anguish, who, in the last moments of her life, was racked by the thought of *all* that *they* might be called on to endure. No living voice *should* essay to speak of all that was in her heart, when she clasped the youngest, a bright-eyed boy, to her bosom, while his gay voice broke forth in laughter, and he flung his arms about her neck, and hid his face, all radiant with smiles, in her bosom. I am powerless when I attempt to tell you of the girl who stood shuddering with agony beside that bed, while the shadows of the coming night were fast filling the little room, when, after a long, and to her terrible silence, with trembling hands she lifted the boy from his mother's arms, and felt as her fingers loosened the parent's grasp, that the thin hands were icy cold, when she fell almost lifeless to the floor with the little one in her arms, feeling that those children had no mother or protector but her. I cannot tell you as should be told, if told, indeed, at all, of the terrible sorrow that filled her soul, when the little one said to her, "put me back with mamma, she is sleeping!"

From that day Delle went with us no more to the village school, neither joined us in our hours of gayety. While she was so young, the cares and anxieties of a woman had overtaken her, and trials which older heads and hearts find it hard to bear,

were thick in her path, all that delights the young and excitable, did she most cheerfully forego; I never heard a murmur from her lips. The living witnesses of her mother's love and life-devotion surrounded her; they forbade every expression, every feeling of impatience, or envious regard of the happiness of others, no worthier than herself.

It was a heart-cheering sight, the firmness and perseverance of that strong-minded girl, when the first wildness of her sorrow was passed, and she stood amid that family group, a support, and a counsellor, and guide, plying her little hands on the coarse work with which the neighbors had supplied her. All the counsel and advice of the dead mother she kept most religiously. Never for a moment did she falter in her duty, but no one knows how much of sadness there was in her heart.

At the time of his wife's death, the father seemed to pause for a little in his downward course, for he had loved her once, and remembered well that happy time, and perhaps, but no, I cannot dignify the affection with which still, in his sober hours, he thought of her, with the name of *love*. No, he did not *love* her in her better days, because love would have prompted him to deeds commensurate with so ennobling and exalting a faculty. Yet when she died, the husband sorrowed for her, and conscience reproached him, too, when he looked for the last time on the careworn, faded countenance of his departed wife, who had always been his good angel. Still it was not with such sorrow as he should have sorrowed for her, that he followed her to the grave, and then led his little ones back to his home; had it been, he would have sought then, in a better life, to pay a fitting homage to her memory.

For a few weeks he did labor with what little skill was left him, at his old trade; but his was not the will, nor the mind, nor the heart to pursue the good because it was right, and just, and his duty. His recent excesses had shattered his constitution—his hands trembled, and his feet went tottering, and ere long these evil inclinations quite overcame him again. Poor Delle! she had no more hope for him when she saw that the death of her mother was a thing so feebly remembered and cared for by him. How strange it seemed to her that he could ever forget the words of entreaty the dying woman addressed to him. To the mind of the innocent child it was wonderful that he should ever seek to drown those words of pleading and warning that she had spoken to him in the horrible forgetfulness that is bought by intoxication.

But aside from this great sorrow, there was another and a different kind of care that weighed heavily on Delle's mind. Her only sister was ten years old at the time of her mother's death. She had been always a puny, sickly little thing—the object of that mother's unceasing and peculiar care. It is said that the heart of the parent is always filled with a deeper and tenderer sympathy and love for an unfortunate child. Most true was this in the case of Jane. She had never been much at school, and rarely had left her mother's side. A sober little

creature she was, always seeking to make herself useful, and quite unlike in all respects the romping boys who filled the house with their noise. When Mrs. Hogg died, Jane, to use Mrs. Jones' expressive words, "wilted right down, just like a cabbage-leaf;" and the scrofula, which had afflicted her for many years, manifested itself in a fearful form. It seemed to Delle that the cup of bitterness was running over when the village doctor, who was called to the child's aid, told her, for she *would* know the truth, that he could do nothing for her—that her spine would be inevitably curved. It might be, he said, that constant care and watching would in a measure restore her health, and her life *might* be spared for years, but she could never wholly recover.

All the tenderness and affection her mother had borne toward little Jane, seemed to have centered itself in the bosom of Delle. A most patient and untiring nurse was she, doing every thing so cheerfully, sacrificing all her own wants that she might procure comforts for the invalid, and never giving the child reason to suppose for a moment that her, I mean Delle's, constitution was not made of iron. Often and often, after a day of exertion, would she sit for half the night by the side of the little sufferer, who was writhing in agony, watching her and supporting her with the fondest care; and to all poor Jane's anxious fears that she would weary out, the gentle voice of Delle assured her it was not possible to weary in doing for *her*.

Three years from the spring when the weeping children had gathered around their mother's grave, they stood together in the church-yard again, and saw the dust and the sod heaped over the dead body of their father. I would not say that it was not with much sorrowing, with many tears, that Delle had nursed him through his death-sickness; that it was not with love and a martyr's patient endurance she had ministered to his numberless wants; but I should be *far* wrong (and you will not impute it to her sin) were I to say that it was the same great sorrow which had bowed and well-nigh crushed her gentle spirit when her mother died, that brought forth those tears when she stood by her father's death-bed. He was her father; she remembered with affectionate gratitude the days of old, when he was to his children a parent indeed, when he had been the tender and devoted husband of his wife; but even *that* remembrance was not strong enough to obliterate all recollection of the recent past; and I say it was not in her nature, nor, indeed, in human nature at all, to mourn *very* deeply over *such* a man. It was not with such a dreadful sense of bereavement that she followed him to the grave, as had once before swept over her. The "cloud had spent its fury" upon her, the bolt had fallen the day her worshiped mother died.

The children returned to their home, orphaned—four of them dependent on the exertions of that frail young creature on whom only the sun of sixteen years was beaming. There were no friends on whom they might depend, for their mother's relatives lived somewhere in the far South; and had Delle even known *where* they lived, there was far too much

independence and self-reliance in her nature to impose on them the maintenance of five strange children, which she felt could not be a very agreeable accession to any family; and her heart was so filled with almost parental affection for these young beings, that she could not bear to think of subjecting them to the possible hard treatment of unsympathizing relatives.

Delle's next-door neighbor was an old woman, who, though poor as the children themselves, and dependent upon her own feeble exertions for support, had taken the deepest interest in this parentless family. She it was who proposed to Delle that she should go to her father's brother, who lived in a town further to the west, and pray that he would help them in their need. This was the day after Mr. Hogg's funeral, and the old "lady" had dropped in to console the children, bringing with her provisions for them which she could ill spare from her own little store. I was gone from home that year, but many times since I have heard Delle speak with tears of gratitude of the kindness of the good old Mrs. Jones at that crisis of their lives. She came to advise with Delle, as I have said, and even went so far in her Christian charity (by the way, though in the very act of constructing a fit and proper sentence, I must pause to say the ever-to-be-lamented Hood erred when he wrote so musically,

"Alas! for the mercy
Of Christian Charity
Under the sun!"

because there is plenty of charity and sympathy in the world, if people were only so wise as to know where to look for it. Do you think to find fragrance in the dahlia, and the bright-hued tulip-flowers? Vain will be your seeking. Go into the woods and fields, along the banks of the little stream—search in *such* places, you will not return unsuccessful, you will come back with your hands filled with fragrant violets and wild-roses!) as to offer to take charge of the younger member of the family during her necessary absence, and also to endeavor to gather from the neighbors sufficient funds to carry her to those friends. But to all these kind proposals, greatly astonished was the good woman by Delle's firm refusal.

"No," said she, "Mrs. Jones, I remember when our misfortunes overtook us three years ago; father wrote to uncle, and told him of our necessities, begging him to assist us, but uncle made such answer, that I will never repeat those requests; no, Mrs. Jones, though I should starve! But we shall not starve, neither shall my little ones come on the town. You know that after I left school, for some time I taught Charley and Georgy, and Jane, and I have learned them a great deal, beside improving myself, and this is what I'll do. I'll open a small school for children, and the neighbors—will they patronize me for my poor dear mother's sake—oh, I will try, and teach so well!"

Poor Delle's voice was not quite firm as she disclosed these projects to the kind-hearted old woman, but she did not cry; there was not a tear in her soft,

down-cast eyes—but Mrs. Jones did weep outright when she looked on the excited young girl, and saw the flashes of color which betrayed her emotion, deeply tinging her cheek one moment, and the next leaving it colorless. *She* did weep, I say, and for some minutes made no answer to Delle's inquiry; this sympathy which the old woman evinced, emboldened the maiden to speak again, for she felt *she* had no time to weep then—she must act.

"Do you think, dear Mrs. Jones, I shall succeed? Will the people be afraid to send their children to me because I am so young? Oh, if you will but speak to a few, just a few people, and tell them how I will try to do justice to their little ones. And tell them, yes, tell them, Mrs. Jones, that I do it to give bread to *my* children; they have always known me, they need not fear I will neglect theirs."

"Yes, yes," cried the old woman, hurriedly, starting up and wiping her eyes, "I'll go this minute; bless your noble heart! they *shall* send their children to your school. I'll be bound you'll do justice to 'em—when shall I tell 'em you'll open?"

"To-day—to-morrow—any day; let them come here, I shall be ready for them, I have no time to wait or to waste."

And in a moment old Mrs. Jones (blessed be her memory!) was gone on her errand of mercy; and then, yes, as a true historian, I *must* say, Delle's tears did burst forth, resisted no longer. The children left their broken toys and their play, when they saw their sister weeping, and came softly and stood beside her—every little face that had a moment before been covered with smiles, wore a most touching, solemn expression, when they saw how grieved she was; Jane laid her head on Delle's knee and wept too, scarcely knowing why; and little Willy crept into her arms, and while he nestled there so lovingly, he brushed away her tears with his tiny hand, saying, "Dear, dear Delle, don't cry, we all love you so dearly."

But the words and sympathy of the children only brought the tears faster to her eyes, even while they fell like balm on her heart. Was she not *rich* in the love of those children? What a pleasure would it be to labor for them, and to see them guided by her hand, growing up in goodness and knowledge; and again, in that home, before God she vowed she would be unceasingly faithful to her dead mother's charge.

Two years passed away, and Delle's school was continued with the greatest success; indeed, it had become the child's school of our village. You should have seen her in the school-room of her now comfortable home, amid the multitudes of youth who gathered around her, whose "young ideas" she was teaching to "shoot" in the right direction. You should have seen her in the hours when she was alone in her home with her brothers and invalid sister. How unabated was her tender and watchful care of the fragile Jane; how unceasing her efforts to secure the comfort and happiness of the poor girl; how happy she herself was when a smile and visible contentment on the part of the sufferer was returned for all her pains. You should have seen her en-

couraging, or mildly reproving, or joining the three light-hearted boys in their sports, who regarded her with the deference and affection they would have shown toward a parent. You should have seen her on the Sabbaths when she went with the children, whom *her* diligence and perseverance fed and clothed, to the village church, teaching them by her example to "remember their Creator in their youth." You should have watched her when she went with them to the church-yard, to the place where their parents were buried—a little spot which their hands had made beautiful as a garden. You should have seen Delle at such times to have rightly and fully estimated her worth. Those only who saw her and knew her in all these lights, *could* know her truly; for as she grew nigh to womanhood, there was a dignity and reserve in her manners, resulting from the manifold trials to which she had been exposed, which made her not readily understandable to those who had not known her from childhood.

Do you abominate parties? So do I. But follow me this once, 'tis a beautiful moonlight night, to yonder well-lighted mansion. I have trod through it oftentimes, and with me for your guide, there is no possible danger of losing your way. Here we are in the midst of the gay assemblage; what profusion of flowers, what pleasant voices and bright smiles, and happy hearts; and, hark! there are sounds of music and of dancing feet. Let us wander, now, through the rooms, *in spirit*, and amuse ourselves for a moment with "seeing what is to be seen," and hearing what is to be heard; and if there be any malice in our remarks, we can keep our own secret, and not expose those "modern belles" to more ridicule than very naturally they draw forth from common, ordinary observers; nor will we say any thing *aloud* about that nondescript sort of personageyclept a fashionable beau, whose culminated faculties emerge before the public in the shape of unmitigated nonsense.

Ah, what an unexpected relief—the belabored piano is resting now; the incessant battering and twisting of the keys, which, alas! rarely open the real gates of glorious music, is stilled—the harp is twanged no more—the guitar is silenced, yet the music-room is filled, and every sound is hushed, and they await in expectancy a somewhat—there it is! Heard you ever the like. That *is music!* keep silent, it will not do to criticise *such* singing. How melodiously the words gush forth; they are new, but how distinctly they are pronounced! The song is finished. What, not one concluding, prolonged trill of approved flourish? No—for it is finished.

See how they crowd round the pale, sweet-faced girl who has filled the room with such melody, and all, excepting the performers who have so prodigiously exerted themselves on the musical instruments, entreat for *one* more song. And while she stands silently for a moment, see the delighted countenance of the tall, well-formed gentleman who stands near her; listen, he is saying in the lowest possible tone, "pray, lady, sing once more." And the lady heard his words, and as she raises her eyes

to the stranger, a scarcely perceptible flush is on her pale face. Again her eyes are drooping, and the rich voice is doing ample justice to Mrs. Heman's splendid poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Is not the wild, drear scene before you—can you not see it all as she sings, how

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed."

And again they are beseeching for but one more song; but see how mildly, yet so firmly, that they cannot doubt she means to sing no more, does she decline. No one essays to charm the ear now after *such* singing—and already they are beginning to pour out of the music-room, whither *her* voice had drawn them. But, see! there is one who remains standing, as spell-bound, beside the lady. Who is this stranger? A city gent, but to-day arrived from the East, at the residence of his relative, *our* hostess. How refined he is in manner and dress, and apparently not tinged with coxcombry at all, yet this may be the effect of an education conducted solely with the intent to please and catch the world's eye, as well as of good sound common sense. At all events, if he is puffed up with inordinate vanity because Heaven has suffered him to attain the ordinary stature of manhood, in the possession of a fine, intelligent face, he conceals it with consummate skill, does he not? That is one thing in his favor, for a proper appreciation of the rarity of such an instance *vide* the Book of Human Life. They are in the midst of a most agreeable conversation; happily, the gentleman touches on the right topics to interest the maiden; you can tell that by her manifest attention, and pleasure, as well as by the spirit with which she carries on her part of the conversation. Suddenly and abruptly he has left her. Ah! the hostess has entered the room, and he is speaking with her rapidly. Now, leaning on his arm, she approaches the pale little lady standing beside the piano, and makes Mr. Alfred Livingstone, whose most unreserved admiration she had won, acquainted with Miss Delleparetta Hogg! Do but see that sudden lifting of the gentleman's eyebrows, the half frown on his forehead, and the ill-concealed smile of his lips, which even his "good breeding" cannot wholly banish, as he listens to her name; fortunate for Delle is it that her eyes are just now cast down; but never seemed she more fair, graceful and lovable than now, while she stands confessing to that outrageous name!

Despite this little drawback, the city gentleman seems in a fair way of falling desperately in love with Delle. Not for a moment since her first song has he left her side; and now she has gone so early from the gay company, because she thinks of the dear ones at home, waiting to hear all about the party—and he accompanies her. Delle seldom appears in such scenes—but the heart beating beneath those eyes which never shone so brightly before is not weary; she feels no fatigue because of the unwonted excitement. And to-morrow, when she sits in her pleasant school-room again, initiating her pupils in

the mysteries of common-sense, which no teacher ever knew how to teach more successfully, *perhaps* those words which Alfred Livingstone has spoken to her, will not be quite forgotten.

A fortnight passed away, and three weeks, and a month, still young Livingstone tarried in our dull village; and every night his tall figure might be seen wending its way up our beautiful street to the tasteful, cheerful home of Delle. And it grew at last to be not the most wonderful sight in the world to see the poor school-teacher taking the walk she so much needed, after the close confinement of the day, not with her usual companion, her oldest brother, but with the stately youth already named. It was a happy month to Delle, if we might judge from appearance. One could not but see there was a certain lightness in her step, and a general joyousness in her whole appearance, that was alone wanting in former times to make her beautiful. But at the end of the month it became necessary that Livingstone should return to his city home; and the last we to the opposite saw of him, he was emerging from the cottage-home of Delle, as the whistle of the approaching cars was heard—and he was gone; and the children had a holyday!

They who prided themselves on being learned in such matters, said that every week brought with it regularly a letter from ——— to Delle, and that very often the western mail bore a most lady-like (in its outward garb) epistle to the eastern city. Then, when all this was currently reported and believed, some wise head, judging from appearances, added to the story the information, that early in the spring Delle was to discontinue her school altogether.

How near "they" came to the right of the story, let us try and find out, which I think having earnestly set ourselves about it, we shall do suddenly.

Just imagine Alfred Livingstone, two or three months after his return from his country sojourning, seated, alone, in his exquisitely furnished apartment at the Astor, before a table covered with writing materials. The paper over which his pen is hovering is unstained yet by the ink—for he is arrested by voices speaking in the adjoining room, which are neither hushed nor moderate, they are speaking with all the freedom of tone one is wont to indulge in at home. Do but hear them and watch him!

"Where in all the world did you hear that?" asked one.

"What?" responded the other, carelessly.

"That you were speaking about at Howard's, that Fred Livingstone, prince of beaux and gentlemen, is going to marry a dowdy little country Miss?"

"Hear it!" ejaculated the other, "why it's the town talk."

"But who is she—is she rich, or beautiful? Something she must be beyond the common to win him. Who are her relations? What—"

"Stop, stop—how shall I wade through all these questions. What an inquisitor you'd make! but I acknowledge that for once your curiosity is laudable. First, as to *who* she is? She is the daughter of some

miserable low family, remarkable for nothing but their poverty. Second, *what* is she? A country school-teacher, who spends her days in teaching a set of insufferable children their ab-acs. Is she a beauty? Don't know, deponent saith not. She sings well though, and you know music was always Fred's hobby—he says he abominates this fashionable singing."

"Well, but you haven't told me her name."

"Ah, that's the horrible part of the thing. Listen while I try to pronounce it, and then say wonders will never cease. The name of this captivator, this charmer of 'the greatest match in town,' is—Delle-pareta Hogg! Do but think of *his* asking, in his bland voice, *Miss Hogg*, to favor him with a song!"

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed the other, after a moment's silence, for he had seemed struck dumb with amazement; and then the hopeful conversationists burst into such a roar of laughter as quite drowned the noise of the crash with which Alfred Livingstone's hand was brought down on his writing-desk, making in its descending progress the most dreadful marks on his paper, which, in their confusion and blackness, perhaps resembled closely the color and confusion of his thoughts at that present moment.

Now be it known that this unfortunate name of his lady-love had been the sorest of all points with Alfred Livingstone, Esq. Indeed, it had instituted a series of doubts in his mind which were there agitated for a long time, before he arrived at the brave conclusion that he *would* marry her, name and all—that is, supposing he could win her consent. But to be jested with by his city friends, and in *his* circle, on *such* a subject, the very thought was insupportable. He had hoped with all his heart that her name would never elapse till he introduced her, to the envy of all the town, as Mrs. Livingstone.

But now it was all over; his love was not proof against such a trial—such a mortification *he* thought it—for her name was a most indisputable fact, a tangible thing on which his friends and enemies might harp to his continual agony. There was but one remedy—a desperate one it was—but there was *no other* remedy, or way of escape. It took him not long to concoct and despatch that letter which he had *meant* to fill with kind and loving words. Poor Delle, she never quite understood that cruel epistle; but there was one thing about it she could sufficiently comprehend, that all was passed that ever could pass between her and Alfred Livingstone.

The next morning the elegant Mr. Livingstone laid his hand, and *heart*, (?) and fortune, and *name*, at the feet of the most accomplished and brilliant "belle of the season," which, I scarcely need say, when it was held in consideration, that he was "the greatest match in town," was without hesitation accepted.

Delle's school was carried on as usual; there was no cessation or holyday when that letter of renouncement came to her. She had lived through and borne nobly sharper griefs than was hers when she read *his* strange, cold words. With renewed diligence she

turned to her occupation—that was not “gone”—but it was a hope that struggled long in her heart, that the recreant would at least write to explain—that he would tell her *there was no meaning to his words*. Such an explanation never came, however. The school continued, I said, and it continues still; and one would scarcely think, to look on the self-possessed, noble young lady at its head, that she had had *such* an experience in love matters.

There is another report circulating extensively in our neighborhood just now, relative to Delle's movements in the coming spring. I will not vouch for its truth. I have not dared ask *her* if it be true; but people *do* say that a rich bachelor in our neighborhood, is then to relieve her of that odious name which is now so indisputably hers; and that at that happy time she will take up her abode, with the children who are her constant care, in his beautiful mansion. If this be true, it is hardly necessary for me to ask what kind of wife you think she'll make. I *know* your thoughts already on this subject; and if you be a gentleman, I fancy that I hear you “heaving a sigh,” and longing for just such a wife, because *you* are, of course, far too sensible to think *there's any thing in a name!*

Some say this is no love match—that Delle will only marry this bridegroom elect for the purpose of ridding herself of the fatigues of school-teaching, arguing from the fact, I suppose, that he is so *unlike* Alfred Livingstone in all respects; and that he is so much older than she—and his hair is already tinged with gray; beside he is an odd sort of man, as is

usually the case with old bachelors. Be this as it may, whether Delle is so foolish as to marry for love (which generally turns out to be such a delusion) or not, of this thing be convinced, reader, the marriage will be a happy one, for everybody knows he is as “kind as kind can be;” and she—but I've already said enough about her; and after all, if she *derives* but one benefit from the union, it will not be a small one—for will not that name, that horrid name of hers, be merged in partial forgetfulness? Do n't call names *trifles!* By hers she lost him whom she did truly love, and who, perhaps, was not, strange as it may seem that I should say so, wholly unworthy of her love; for in very deed and truth, he had but one weak side, and that was most mortally pierced by the sharp arrow pointed with *her name*.

If there be one whose eyes have followed the jottings of my pen thus far, let me say to such an one another word about *proper nouns in particular*. If with most philosophic indifference you have, after mighty struggles, brought yourself to repeat with the chiefest of bards, on thinking of your own high-sounding misfortune,

“What's in a name?”

please let me advise you “lay your mouth in the dust,” remembering, my word for it, that there is something “considerable, if not more,” in a name—especially in such an one as Miss Delleparetta Hogg—poets and philosophers “to the contrary notwithstanding,” which I hope and pray for your edification and enlightenment I have satisfactorily proved.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. XII.



THE DUNLIN. (*Tringa Variabilis*. TEMMINCK.)

THE Dunlin, or Ox-bird, or Purre, is well entitled to the epithet “*variabilis*,” from the great difference between its summer and winter plumage. It is the Purre in summer and the Dunlin in winter in England, while in the United States it is called most commonly the Red-backed Sandpiper. In winter these birds assemble in small parties, following the tide on the oozy shores and estuaries near the sea.

When undisturbed they run rather swiftly, and utter a sort of murmuring note, but when they are alarmed and forced to take wing, they utter a querulous and wailing scream. In the autumn they are seen around Vera Cruz, and may be bought in the markets of Mexico, while many, in their winter dress, remain throughout the winter within the limits of the Union. At times they frequent the coast of the Carolinas in

great numbers about February, leading a vagabond life, and swayed hither and thither by every change in the temperature.

In the Middle States, the Dumlins arrive on their way to the North in April and May, and in September and October they are again seen pursuing the route to their hybernal retreat in the South. At these times, according to Nuttall, they mingle with the flocks of other strand birds, from which they are distinguishable by the rufous color of their upper plumage. They frequent the muddy flats and shores of the salt marshes, at the recess of the tide, feeding on the worms, insects and minute shell-fish which such places generally afford. They are very nimble on the strand, frequenting the sandy beaches which bound the ocean, running and gleaming up their prey with great activity on the reflux of the waves. When, says Nuttall, in their hybernal dress they are collected in flocks, so as to seem at a distance like a moving cloud, performing their circuitous waving and whirling evolutions along the shores with great rapidity, alternately bringing its dark and white plumage into view, it forms a very grand and imposing spectacle of the sublime instinct and power of Nature. At such times, however, the keen gunner, without losing much time in contemplation, makes prodigious slaughter in the timid ranks of the Purres,

while, as the showers of their companions fall, the whole body often alight, or descend to the surface with them, until the greedy sportsman becomes satiated with destruction.

Length of the Dunlin is eight inches and a half; extent, fifteen inches; bill black, longer than the head, which would seem to rank it with the snipes, slightly bent, grooved on the upper mandible, and wrinkled at the base; crown, back, and scapulars bright reddish rust, spotted with black; wing coverts pale olive; quills darker; the first tipped, the latter crossed with white; front cheeks, hind head, and sides of the neck quite round; also the breast, grayish white, marked with small specks of black; belly white, marked with a small crescent of black; tail pale olive, the two middle feathers centered with black; legs and feet ashy black; toes divided to their origin, and bordered with a slightly scalloped membrane; irides very black.

The males and females are nearly alike in one respect, both differing greatly in color, even at the same season, probably owing to difference of age; some being of a much brighter red than others, and the plumage dotted with white. In the month of September many are found destitute of the black crescent on the belly; these have been conjectured to be young birds.



SEMIPALMATED SNIPE, OR WILLET. (*Scolopax Semipalmata*.)

Willetts breed in great numbers along the shores of New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, and afford the sportsman an easy prey and excellent eating. The experienced gunners always select the young birds, which are recognized by the greyness of their plumage, in preference to the older and darker birds, which are not so tender and well flavored. In the month of October they generally pass on to their winter-quarters in the warmer parts of the continent. Their food consists chiefly of small shell-fish, aquatic insects, their larvae and mollusca, searching for which they may be found on the muddy shores and estuaries at low water. The Willet is peculiarly an American bird, its appearance in the north of Europe being merely accidental, as is also

that of the Ruff in America. The Willets wade more than most of their tribe, and when disabled by a wound they take to the water without hesitation, and swim with apparent ease.

The length of the Willet is about fifteen and a half inches; length of the bill to the rictus two and a half inches, much shorter in the young bird of the season; tarsus two inches eight lines. In the summer plumage, according to Nuttall, the general color above is brownish gray, striped faintly on the neck, more conspicuously on the head and back, with blackish brown; the scapulars, tertiaries and their coverts irregularly barred with the same; tail coverts white, tail even, whitish, thickly mottled with pale ashy brown, that color forming the ground of the central

feathers, which are barred with dusky brown toward their extremities; spurious wing, primary coverts, a great portion of the anterior extremities of the primaries, the axillary feathers, and under-wing coverts black, with a shade of brown; the remaining lower and longer portion of the primaries, and the upper row of under-wing coverts white; the posterior primaries tipped with the same; secondaries and the outer webs of their greater coverts white, marbled with dusky; wings rather longer than the tail, the lower with a spotted liver-brown streak, bounded above by a spotted white one; eyelids, chin, belly and vent

white; the rest of the under plumage brownish white, streaked on the throat and transversely barred, or waved on the breast, shoulders, flanks, and under tail coverts with clove-brown, the bars pointed in the middle. Female colored like male, but an inch longer. Legs and feet dark lead color, the soles inclining to olive, the toes broadly margined with a sort of continuation of the web; iris hazel. Winter dress with fainter spots on the upper plumage, and without the dark waving transverse bars below, only the fore part of the neck and breast of a cinereous tint, marked with small brown streaks.

VISITANTS FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The loved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more. LONGFELLOW.

THEY are ever hovering round us,
A mysterious, shadowy band,
Singing songs, low, soft and plaintive
They have learned in Spirit-Land.
Bright their wings as hues elysian,
Blended on the sunset sky,
By unseen, but angel-artists,
That concealed behind it lie.

Sweet their soft and gentle voices
Mingle with each passing breeze,
And the sorrowing heart rejoices,
As amid the leafy trees
In the green and verdant summer,
Tones long-fushed are heard again,
And the quick ear some new-comer
Catches joining in their strain.

Sceptics say 't is but the breezes
Wandering on their wayward way—
That the souls of the departed
Rest in peace and bliss for aye.
But I know the fond, the loved ones,
Cleansed from every earthly stain,
Who have passed away before us,
Come to visit us again!

True, our eyes may not behold them,
Nor the glittering robes they wear,
True, our arms may not enfold them,
Radiant phantoms formed of air!
But I often hear them round me,
And each gentle voice is known,
When some dreamy spell hath bound me,
As I sit at eve alone!

Playmates of my joyous childhood,
Went to laugh the hours away,
As they romped with me the wildwood,
In life's beautiful break-of-day;
They are spirits now, but hover
On bright pinions round me still,
Tender as some doting lover,
Warning me of every ill.

And among them comes one, brighter,
Fonder far than all beside,
Sunlight of my young existence,
Who in life's green springtime died.
Music from her lips is gushing,
Like the wind-lurps plaintive tune,
When the breeze with soft wing brushes
O'er its strings in flowery June.

O, thou white-browed peerless maiden,
Holdest star that beams for me!
Thou didst little dream how laden
Was this heart with love for thee!
Once fair garlands thou didst weave me,
But to gem EMANUEL'S throne
Thou didst wear away and leave me
In this weary world alone!

But in dreams thou comest often,
Hovering saint-like round my bed,
Telling me in gentle whispers
Of the loved and early dead!
Once, methought, thou didst a letter
Bring from one remembered well,
Who has left this world of sorrow,
In the Spirit-Land to dwell!

Strange the seal, and when 't was broken,
Strange the characters within,
For 't was penned in language spoken
In a world devoid of Sin;
Told, no doubt, of joys that wait them
Who shall enter spotless there,
But before I could translate them
I awoke, and found them air!

Deem not that the soul reposes
In its radiant home for aye,
On the fragrant summer roses
Sunset beams may sadly play;
But they whisper "banish sorrow,
And from bitter thoughts refrain,
On the bright and glorious morrow
We will gild your leaves again!"

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FANNIE ROBINSON.



PEOPLE grieve about the departure of the good old times, and prate of the days of chivalry, which Mr. Burke sixty years ago said were gone. That they are gone the world may well rejoice at, not only because they were times of ignorance and cruelty, but also of discomfort and inconvenience. In the diary of a court-officer of the days of Henry VII. is the note of a charge for cutting rushes, to strew on the floor of the Queen-closets; and another one mentions the number of under-garments belonging to Henri III. of France as considerably less than any one of the better orders in our own time would require. In those days, the downy couch meant a bed of goose-wing feathers; gloves were not; and when a gentleman needed a new doublet or head-piece, he went not to a tailor or the hatter of the day, but to a blacksmith. Let the lovers of romance talk as they please, there was little true poetry, and less feeling, in the minds of the heroes they wish to extol, than of the veriest apostles of commerce of our own age. Rightly enough do we date civilization from the times when men laid aside the rugged manners of old with the bronze and iron armor, and doffing the hammered helmet, assumed the cap of velvet and the hat of plush; when they laid aside the iron gauntlet for the chamois glove, and assumed the Cordovan boot in place of the leg-pieces of steel.

The feelings of chivalry yet lingered as late as the days of the English Charles I. and the French Louis XIII. in the minds of the nobility. A new series of ideas, however, had arisen in the breasts of the people at a date long previous to this. Printing had become general, and the learning previously the property of the priests had become the heirloom of humanity: As a natural consequence, new ideas and new wants were unfolded, and these same ideas had become more general. At this crisis France took the lead, and not only in philosophy but in the minor things of life, French manners and habits were copied. Consequently, in describing costume, Paris will be perpetually referred to, from the fact that from that great city emanated the fashions which controlled the costume of the world.

It is true that other nations had their peculiar costume, handed down and preserved by the tradition of courts, as the Norman dress continues even now the court uniform of the state officials of the British kingdom; Spain had her peculiar doublet, hose and cloak, and Holland her own court apparel. If, however, we look nearer and closer, we shall discover each of these were dresses imported from France at some particular crisis, and retaining position and importance in their new home, when they were forgotten in the land whence they were adopted.

The most highly civilized of all the nations of Europe at the time that this supremacy over the costume of the world was exerted by France, it might have been expected that its selection would have been guided by good taste and propriety. This was

not however the case, for in spite of the progress the world has made, the women of France and our own country, and the men also, are not to be compared to the members of the most savage tribes, either in gracefulness of form or propriety of dress. If the Chinese distort the foot, or the Indians of the North West Coast of America the forehead, the civilized women of to-day compress the waist, and men commit not less enormities.

These matters are, however, incontestible; and though we might regret we cannot prevent them. They simply therefore give us a clue in treating our subject, of which we will avail ourselves. They teach us, that to Paris belongs the incontestible empire of that mysterious power known in France as *la mode*, and in our own land as FASHION. Possibly this may be a remnant, the sole vestige, of that tone of pretension which led France in other days to aspire to universal empire. If so, the pride of other nations which led them elsewhere to resist French assumption here has been silent. Though not the rulers of the world by the power of the sword; though the French idiom be not so universal as the English, even the denizens of "*Albion perfide*" submit to the behests of the controlling powers of the French *mode*. Let the French language be universal or not, is to us now of no importance; that French fleets will drive English and American squadrons from the seas, is doubtful, but it is very certain Englishmen and Americans for all time to come will wear French waistcoats, and Germans both in London and Philadelphia will call themselves French bootmakers. How fond soever a people may be of its national garb, ultimately it must submit to the trammels devised in Paris. Ultimately all men will wear that most inconvenient article called a hat, will insert their extremities into pantaloons, and put their arms into the sleeves of the garment, so short before and so long behind, they are pleased to call a coat. When all nations shall have come to this state of subserviency, the end of the world will certainly be at hand, whether because the *ultima perfectio* has been reached, or because God, who created man after his own likeness, will be angry at the ridiculous figure they have made of his features, better theologians than I must decide. We certainly are not very near this crisis, for hundreds of yellow-skinned gentlemen are yet ignorant of the art and mystery of tying a cravat, and never saw a patent leather boot.

Like great epidemics, the passion for dress often leaps over territorial boundaries, and ships not unfrequently carry with the cholera and *comito* sales of articles destined to spread this infection among lands as yet ignorant of it; so that some day we may live to hear of Oakford sending a case of hats to the Feejees, and of Watson making an uniform for the general-in-chief of the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Possibly this passion for our costumes is to be attributed to the deterioration of the morals of the

savages, and if so, even dress has its historical importance and significance, and is the true reflection of *morale*. It may be that the days of the iron garb were days of iron manners, and also of iron virtue, and that in adopting a silken costume we have put on, and they may be about to adopt a silken laxity of virtue and honor.

We will begin to treat of costume as it was in the days of Louis XIV., the solemn mood and ideas of whom exerted their influence even on dress, and the era which saw all other arts become pompous and labored, also saw costume assume the most complicated character. Costume naturally during this reign was permanent in its character, and when Louis XV. succeeded to the throne he found his courtiers dressed entirely as their fathers had done, and the young king, five years of age, dressed precisely like his great-grandfather, with peruke, cane and breeches. When he had reached the years of discretion, Louis XV. continued to devote himself more to the trifles of the court than to affairs of state.

The following engraving is an illustration taken from a portrait of a celebrated marquis of that day.



This, it will be remembered, was the era when women wore whalebone frame-works to their dresses and caps, or a kind of defensive armor over the chest and body. The fine gentlemen also encased themselves in wires, to distend the hips of their *culottes* or breeches. This was the costume of the fine gentlemen, and in it kings and heroes appeared on the stage almost without interruption until the days of Talma, if we except the brief and unsuccessful attempt at reform, as far as theatres were concerned, by Le Kain and Mademoiselle Clairon.

The foregoing was the prevailing court costume, the next is the military garb of the day, recalling the costume of Charles XII. of Sweden, and not unlike that of our own Putnam or Mad Anthony Wayne. Thus the lowland gentlemen who fought in '45, dressed after this mode, were the opposing parties of the armies at Ramilies. As a whole it is not *mal-a-propos*, and altogether more suitable and proper than the uniforms of our own day. The following is the portrait of a mousquetaire just one century after the time of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, whom Dumas made illustrious.



MAPLE SUGAR.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Oh, the rich, dark maple sugar! how it tells me of the woods,

Of bland south winds and melting snows, and budding solitudes!

Oh, the melting maple sugar! as I taste its luscious sweets,

Remembrance in my raptured ear her witching song repeats;

Once more my heart is young and pure! once more my footsteps stray

Amid the scenes, the lovely scenes, of childhood's opening day.

A frosty night! the searching air made hearth-fires a delight,

Stern Winter seemed as if agate to rully in his might;

But, oh, how pure and beautiful the morning has arisen!

What glorious floods of sunshine! off! the dwelling is a prison!

Off, off! run, leap, and drink the air! off! leave man's roofs behind!

Nature has more of pleasure now than haunts of human kind.

How free the blood is bounding! how soft the sunny glow!

And harken! fairy tones are ringing underneath the snow!

Slump, slump! the gauzy masses glide from hemlock, fence and rock,

And you low, marshy meadow seems as spotted with a flock;

Drip, drip, the icicle sends its tears from its sparkling tip, and still

With tinkle, tinkle, beneath the snow rings many a viewless rill.

We cross the upland pasture, robed with a brown and sodden pall,

The maple ridge heaves up before—a sloping Titan wall!

The maple ridge! how gloriously, in summer it pitches tent:

Beneath, what a mossy floor is spread! above, what a roof is bent!

What lofty pillars of fluted bark! what magical changeful tints

As the leaves turn over and back again to the breeze's flying prints.

Up, up, the beaten path I climb, with bosom of blithe some cheer,

For the song, oft varied with whistle shrill of the woodsman Keene, I hear;

The bold and hardy woodsman, whose rifle is certain death, Whose axe, when it rings in the wilderness, makes its glory depart like breath,

Whose cabin is built in the neighboring dell, whose dress is the skin of the doe,

And who tells long tales of his hunting deeds by the hearth-fire's cheerful glow.

The summit I gain—what soaring trunks—what spreading balloon-like tops!

And see! from the barks of each, the sap, slow welling and limpid, drops;

A thicket I turn—the gleam of a fire strikes sudden upon my view,

And in the midst of the ruddy blaze two kettles of sooty hue,

Whilst bending above, with his sinewy frame, and wielding with ready skill

His ladle amidst the amber depths, proud king of the scene is Will.

The boiling, bubbling liquid! it thickens each moment there, He stirs it to a whirlpool now, now draws thin threads in air;

From kettle to kettle he lasses it to granulate rich and slow, Then fashions the mass in a hundred shapes, congealing them in the snow,

While the blue-bird strikes a sudden joy through the branches gaunt and dumb,

As he seems to ask in his merry strain if the violet yet has come.

The rich, dark maple sugar! thus it brings to me the joy. The dear warm joy of my heart, when I was a careless, happy boy;

When pleasures so scorned in after life, like flowers, thus strewed my way,

And no dark and experience breathed "doomed sufferer be not gay!"

When Life like a sunnier ocean spread before me with golden glow,

And soft with the azure of Hope, but concealing the wrecks that lay below.

TO MY LOVE.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

Daws buds of Paphian myrtle

Strew, ye virgins, as I slug;

Chaplets weave from Love's bright fountain—

O'er my lyre their fragrance fling.

What—what is gay Pieria's rose,

What is Paphos' blushing flower,

Whitst Beauty doth my spirit thrall,

Whitst all my pulses feel thy power?

With Cyprion fire thine eye is sparkling,

Like the morning's tender light;

Through thy silken lashes straying,

Shafts resistless wing their flight:

O! the time I first beheld thee,

Blushing in thy early teens,

Rose nor lily ne'er excelled thee,

Though the garden's rival queens.

SOFTLY O'ER MY MEMORY STEALING.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,"

BY PROFESSOR JOHN A. JANKE, JR.

WORDS BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Moderato.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a common time signature. The music is in a moderate tempo. The first staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present in the second staff.

Second system of musical notation, including lyrics. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics: "Soft - ly o'er my mem - 'ry steal - - - ing, Comes the light of o - ther days, Vi - sions". The bass staff contains the bass line. A dynamic marking of *dolce. p.* is present in the second staff.

Third system of musical notation, including lyrics. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics: "of past joys re - veal - ing, Lit by Hope's en - chanting rays. 'Twas". The bass staff contains the bass line.

ad. No.

In that bliss time I know thee, And thy glance and gen-ile tone, Thrill

with ma-gic in-fluence through me, Wak-ing joys till then un-known.

SECOND VERSE.

Time has sped with ceaseless motion ;
 Chance and change have wrought their will—
 But my heart, with fond devotion,
 Clings to thee, below'd one, still,
 Nor can life yield richer pleasure,
 Or a brighter gift impart,
 Than the pure and priceless treasure,
 Of thy fond and faithful heart.

CATHARA.

BY WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

CATHARA had that pure Ionian face,

Which melts its way in music to the heart;
Each look and line betrayed that breathing grace,
Which Genius has embalmed in classic art,
Or sculptured in the Aphrodite—where glows
Immortal life, in marble's still repose.

Her presence on your love and wonder stole
With such an atmosphere of softened light,
It seemed as some Aurora of the Pole.
Were melting down the starry depths of night;
Or Dian had her glowing form unrolled
From out her floating orb of liquid gold.

Her features were most delicately moulded,
And so transparent shone her dimpled cheek,
That when her large black eyes their rays unfolded,
Its bloom was lighted like some Alpine peak,
When zephyrs roll the circling mists away,
And on its summit breaks the blush of day.

Her raven hair in showering ringlets fell,
That veiled her sylph-like form from human vision;
Her step was light as that of the gazelle,
And yet its airy motions had precision;
The circling air displayed, where'er she went,
A wave of light in rainbow beauty bent.

Her voice was sweet as warble of a bird;
The accent flowed so softly through the tone,
It seemed as 't were the thought itself you heard—

Like music, which the summer's breeze hath thrown
O'er silent waters, from some woodlind lyre,
Or humming stream, or old cathedral quire.

Her beauty broke not on a sudden glance,
But if you watched its soft progressive ray,
Some hidden charm of form, or countenance,
Like silver planets at the close of day—
Would cast its slender veil of shadows by,
And timidly advance upon the eye.

Her heart was that from which her features took
The tender tone their aspect ever wore;
The pensive thoughts which saddened in her look,
Were what you feel upon a lonely shore,
Where not a sound is heard except the surge,
In which some billow hushes its dying dirge.

Her eyes would swim, her bosom heave with grief,
When pale misfortune poured its tragic theme;
As in the quick wind shakes the forest leaf,
An orphan's woe would tremble in her dream;
The tears despair had hardened into stone,
Would melt to dew, when mingled with her own.

You deemed that such an one, if death were nigh,
Might cheer and soothe you, tho' she might not save;
You thought how sweetly on your closing eye
Would fall each glance her tender spirit gave;
While meekness showed where guilt might be forgiven,
And mercy plumed the parting soul for Heaven.

THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITTAKER.

Bid sorrow cease; she rests in peace—
Her task, at last, is done;
And decked with youth, and bright with truth,
Cold lies thy martyred one.
But thine the crime, and through all time,
Remorse shall follow thee,
With phantom form, through calm and storm,
On land and on the sea.

Her shadowy hair, her bosom fair,
So often heaving sighs;
Her smile so bland, her lily hand,
Her mildly mournful eyes—
Which long did weep—in troubled sleep,
How lovely will they come,
All fresh with life, and free from strife,
From out the marble tomb.

Her voice of love, all price above,
Shall speak, as once it spoke,
With gushing flow of tender woe,
The while her heart was broke;

When thy distrust had bowed to dust
Her bosom's modest pride,
Ere like a flower, beneath the shower
Too rude, she meekly died.

'Twill whisper soft, "Beloved, how oft
Thy brow grows dark and storm;
I know not why, yet in thy eye
Strange coldness I discern;
A heavy blight, the spirit's night,
Falls darkly on my soul;
This inward grief, without relief,
Thou only canst control!"

These accents clear, thy waking ear
Shall lose in silence dread;
But from thy heart shall ne'er depart,
The wailing of the dead;
Her wasted bloom, her early doom,
Shall haunt thee evermore!
While she, at rest, with spirits blest,
Lives on the better shore.

THE DEAD.

BY "AN AULD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS."

DEAD! dead! they are dying—dying!

Oh! for the hands that were clasping ours!
Passed like a breeze in its own sad sighing,
Falling like leaves from the wasted flowers,
Dropping away, so still—so still!
Call them again, so cold and chill!

Dead! dead! Oh! how could they die?
Laughed they not, sang they not joyfully?
Were they not with us—and now are they gone?
Why have they left us, and where have they flown?
Spoke they not oft of a deathless tie?
Are they not sleeping? Oh! where do they lie?

Here! not here! 'Tis a fearful place—
Were they not gentle, with steps of grace?
Were they not glad as the birds in June?
With hearts like a fountain of joyful tune?
They were with us at morn, and with us at night,
Their locks were of gold, and their eyes of light!

Yet—yet, ye say they are dead;
Tell us the land where their footsteps tread!
Oh! there is one who hath sought its shore,
Never to smile with us, weep with us more;
Soon, too soon; 'tis a mournful thing
To pass with the bier o'er the flowers of spring!

Lo! list! she is coming now!
Twine ye the wreath for her gladsome brow,
Gather the buds, ay, the buds that keep
Such trembling dreams in their breasts, asleep,
Beatific types of her heart are they;
Cold them from streamlet and glen away!

Here, here, when the sun is low,
We shall sit again, when the shadows throw
Their dusky wings o'er mount and sea,
And speak of the past, and the time to be!

Counting the links that have broken away
From each chain at the fount, where the heart-streams
play!

Hist! hist! did you hear her pass,
The ringing laugh on her lip? Alas!
Say ye again that she slumbers low?
Mourner, why art thou shaken so?
Death is the veil that the spirit takes,
When the light of God on its sorrowing breaks!

Then, then, thou'lt murmur no more!
Pence to the weary who travel before!
Blessed are they He hath chosen and tried,
Blessed are they in His love that have died;
Heart! let thy throbbings be constant to prayer,
So thou wouldst dwell where thy cherished ones are!

Turn! turn, look down through the vale
Stretching before thee, where, suddenest and pale,
Sorrow is beck'ning thee—sorrow and wrong—
Weak though thine arm may be, feeble thy song,
God smileth aye, on the small "precious seed,"
Making the harvest-time golden indeed!

Thou hast been sleeping; wake from thy dreams!
Wo for that waking till God o'er it gleams!
Better the sleeper were locked in his rest,
Better the son had gone down in his west!
Yet if thy path windeth up through thy fears,
Hope's resurrection shall dawn on thy tears!

Hope! Hope! transfigured and bright,
Walking with Faith on the mountains of light!
Bidding thee weep the departed no more,
Angels await at the sepulchre door!
Bidding thee take up thy cross, for the day
Soon from thy vision will vanish away!

THE HOMESTEAD OF BEAUTY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

THERE'S a homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream,
And the sweet tones of children are ringing all day,
While the voice of the mother is blithe and glad,
As the notes of the song-bird that warbles in May.
The Angel of Peace to the hearth-stone has come,
With a message of mercy to brighten each dream,
And as glad to the heart, as 'tis pure to the eye,
Is that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

The woodbine has curtained the threshold with flowers,
And the half-shaded sunbeams fall soft on the floor;
While the waste-sanded streamlet is singing as sweet
As the echoes of music, when music is o'er.
The dew on each snow-drop is gem-like and bright,
And the lily is bathed in morn's earliest beam,
While the zephyrs are whispering their matins of praise,
Round that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

The wings of the evening come loaded with bliss,
When the toil and the trouble of daylight is past,
And the coolness and calm of the star-lighted hours.
O'er the dwellers in hull and in cottage is cast,
The sun-browed cheek of the father is kissed;
With tears the full eye of the parent will gleam
As he presses those loved ones more near to his heart.
In that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

And then from that cottage the hymn and the prayer
Uprose, when the hour of reposing had come;
And each sent an offering of thanksgiving up
To Him who had blessed them with quiet at home.
Oh! who has not wished, when the cold world has chilled
Each flow'ret that blossomed in life's morning dream,
To find out some refuge from sorrow and care,
Like that homestead of beauty by Delaware's stream.

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

We always fail when we judge of the fate of others. Life is double—an internal and an external life; the latter often open to the eyes of all, the former only seen by the eye of God. Nor is it alone those material things which we conceal from the eyes of others, which often make the apparently splendid lot in reality a dark one, or that which seems sad or solitary, cheerful and light within. Our characters, our spirits operate upon all that fate or accident subjects to them. We transform the events of life for our own uses, be those uses bitter or sweet; and as a piece of gold loses its form and solidity when dropped into a certain acid, so the hard things of life are resolved by the operations of our own minds into things the least resembling themselves. True, a life of study and of thought may seem to most men a calm and tranquil state of existence. Such pursuits gently excite, and exercise softly and peacefully the highest faculties of the intellectual soul; but age brings with it indifference even to these enjoyments—nay, it does more, it teaches us the vanity and emptiness of all man's knowledge. We reach the bounds and barriers which God has placed across our path in every branch of science, and we find, with bitter disappointment, at life's extreme close, that when we know all, we know nothing. This I have learned, and it is all that I have learned in eighty years, that the only knowledge really worth pursuing is the knowledge of God in his word and his works—the only practical application of that high science, to do good to all God's creatures.

The operation of man's mind and of his heart are as yet mysteries. We talk of *eager love*; we speak of the warm blood of the South; we name certain classes of our fellow beings excitable, and others phlegmatic; but we ourselves little understand what we mean when we apply such terms, and never try to dive into the sources of the qualities or the emotions we indicate. We ask not how much is due to education, how much to nature; and never think of the immense sum of co-operating causes which go to form that which is really education. Is man or woman merely educated by the lessons of a master, or the instructions and exhortations of a parent? Are not the acts we witness, the words we hear, the scenes with which we are familiar, parts of our education? Is not the Swiss, or the Highlander, of every land, educated in part by his mountains, his valleys, his lakes, his torrents? Is not the inhabitant of cities subjected to certain permanent impressions, by the constant presence of crowds, and the everlastingly pressure of his fellow men? Does not the burning sun, the arid desert, the hot blast, teach lessons never forgotten, and which become part of nature to one class of men; and frozen plains, and lengthened winters, and long nights, other lessons to the natives of a different region? Give man what instruction you will, by spoken words or written signs, there is another education going on forever, not only for individuals but for nations, in the works of God around them, and in the circumstances with which his will has encompassed their destiny.

BY J. G. WHITIER.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band—
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth;
And chant their awful hymns about
The winking bills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine—
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sun-shine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As in a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

The sky it is a temple's arch—
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-match
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar-fires of Heaven!

BY MISS PARDOE.

There is always something sad, if not revolting, in the visit of those unsympathizing servitors of dissolution who first break upon the stillness of the house of death. The very nature of their errand is fearful—they come to claim all that is left of what was once life, and will, and action—to tread heavily over the floor where others have previously moved with a noiseless step—to talk in hoarse, although suppressed voices, where the dull echoes have latterly been hushed—and coldly to pursue their avocation in the very presence of eternity. Perhaps it is well that there is no possibility of delaying this fatal trial, for where the ties of love have been rent asunder, who would have courage to sanction so unhalloved an intrusion? Who could summon to the bedside, so lately the scene of agony and prayer, the unsympathizing eyes and hands of mercenary strangers? Human nature is ever prone to resist where resistance is possible, and suffering certain; happy is it, therefore, that it is taught, in so solemn a moment, to feel its own impotence, and to submit.

The tiger gives no warning before he springs—it is for the traveler to be wary. The serpent utters no threatening before he stings—the intended victim must defend himself against the venomous tongue. And thus, in like manner, the woman who sees only the gorgeous skin or the gleaming scales of vice, and willfully closes her eyes against the poison to which they lend a mocking and a worthless charm, finds little pity, and excites no sympathy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.—Holding continual intercourse through the press with so many thousands scattered over this country, and other countries, we feel an enlarged sympathy with our fellow beings, and use suitable occasions to give utterance to hopes and wishes in another form than that of the essays, stories and poetry of the stated columns of this Magazine. We set forth our humble "table," and while we invite all to a seat, we bid all welcome to the viands; nay, we make the little festival with a particular and special view—to express to our readers our hearty wishes for "a happy New-Year." May they all be happy, all enjoy the year upon which we now enter, all be freed from care and troublesome anxiety, and all have enough for their own enjoyment and the gratification of liberal feelings.

Now we are as sensible as any can be that the above wish is extended to the readers of *Graham*—"And so we are selfish, sordid, can only wish well to those who do well to us." That is the charge which will be made by some good-natured body that has not had her feelings refined by a constant perusal of this Magazine. She curls her thin lip in scorn at our narrow feeling, and quotes scripture and poetry against the contracted philanthropy which does good in such a limited circle. We shall not quote scripture back to her, but content ourselves with a simple remark that we adhere to our form of expression, and shall prove it to be sufficiently inclusive for all the New-Year wishes which we are bound to entertain and utter.

In the first place, we wish the readers of *Graham* a happy New-Year—health, peace, comforts—rational enjoyment and pleasures that will please on reflection.

Can peace, comfort and enjoyment be had by the readers of this Magazine, when those who are related with them are deprived of such gratifications? Should we not offend by gross injustice if we should imagine the readers of *Graham* capable of high enjoyments when others were in distress? How numerous and extensive are the ramifications of social life! Not a blow is struck on the remote verge of society but some sympathetic nerve carries it to the heart—friend—relative—associate—give interest to events; and such links in the chain of social existence bind man to man, and make of human society one common body. We wish you happy! then wealth, health, peace and quiet to all with whom you stand related. Can you be happy and your brother, your friend, your relative miserable? It is not possible. And when we wish a happy New Year to the thirty or forty thousand who take, and the four hundred thousand who read *Graham*, we wish a general happiness.

We enter upon a new year with the fullness of hopes that are only enlarged by the fruition of former hopes. Our hopes are not hopeless. Our desires to be rewarded have kept pace with our desires and efforts to please. We believe the latter desires have contributed to the gratification of the former; and it is therefore in a spirit of hopeful gratitude that we wish our friends and their friends a happy New-Year.

To the old we wish the ease which belongs to the dignity of years, and that degree of health which makes the twilight of life delightful.

To the middle-aged we wish the maturity of intellect which secures wisdom to plans, and success to efforts.

To youth a consciousness that very many of the pro-

misses of life are so deceptive, that they must learn to rely more upon their own exertions than upon those promises. We wish to them well regulated minds, well controlled passions—we do not expect, we do not wish for the stately dignity of age in the lively and stimulated feelings of youth: enjoyment—and enjoyment of something of which age calls the vanity of life—is permitted to youth. So that in all their rejoicings, in all the cheerfulness of their hearts, in all the wonderings which they make by the light of their eyes, (alas! how much has the lustre of even one pair of woman's eyes led us astray,) and in the understanding of their hearts, (and how much do we all suffer by overrating that understanding!) all these things may be endured—may be encouraged indeed—if indulged in with that kind of reflection which keeps in view accountability for it all.

Some have desired that at the foot of Janus, who guards the closing portal of the past and the opening door of the coming year, there might flow a rill from the river of Lethe, that we might drink in oblivion to the past. How narrow, how contracted must be the mould of such wishes. Let us take with us into the new year a full remembrance of the past. Let the events which have cast a gloom over a portion of our experience be recollected, that we may feel for others, that we may have in view that great fact, that we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

The heartiness of our wishes for the good of the readers of this Magazine will be found in our efforts to make its pages interesting and instructive. We have adopted measures, and shall carry them out, to maintain the pre-eminence of position which our Magazine has acquired. And while we look to the increased patronage of the public, we shall continue to hold at a proper elevation the standard of Literature, Morals and Truth.

A NUT TO CRACK FOR '49.—With, we think, a very just estimate of the position of *Graham's Magazine*, in the eye of the American public, we do flatter ourselves that the January number, will in no degree be equaled by any cotemporary, or that we will in the least lesson our own dignity, if we boast a little about it. There has been so much talking on the part of our would-be rivals about their books, and an effort so manifestly strained to catch our tone and look, that we shall let out a link or two—or, as the horsemen say, "shake out a step faster, if the mettle is in the other nag."

The truth is, that there is a very great mistake made in efforts to assimilate to *Graham's Magazine*—for, in the first place, all competition must be distanced by our superior facilities, derived from circulation; and in the next, the effort ends in playing second fiddle, to the great loss of reputation and time. There is—there ought to be at least—some unexplored field in which these rivals of ours may try their undegged wing, where our own magnificent flight may not be seen in humiliating contrast, by these gentlemen and their friends.

Suppose now, for instance—having tried a magazine after *Graham*—they confess the "distance," and give us a touch at a magazine made up exclusively of translations from the French, with such copies of the illustrations as may be picked up in Paris, or can be done here. We really think something could be done with this kind profitably, but this blundering and dodging along after another magazine, which crowds every avenue, and presents

itself for contrast at every turn, must be most humiliating and vexatious, and cannot but be a losing concern in shoe-leather and temper. The stereotype promises of our friends, which appear with the "snow-birds" every January, have lost their value, and as a standing joke might be relished well enough, but it strikes us that it is a sort of eccentricity in amusement, harmless only because nobody is deluded.

It is unfortunate that one half the world takes its notions of business, as it does its opinions, from the other half, and vainly supposes that the high road to success is a beaten track. Nothing can be more absurd; and the history of the leading penny commercial and weekly papers in large cities attests this. In magazines the world does not take unflinching genius and untried promises at par. The magazine world—by which we mean that part of the world that reads magazines—has grown cautious, cute, shrewd, or whatever may happen to be the choicest phrase to designate a careful squint into the "bag" before "buying the pig." It will not do, therefore, to attempt to gull the good folks, with a supposed rivalry between your buzzard and our hawk—they know the difference, and although "*Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,*" may charm the cat as Graham for January flutters its golden wings before the bright eyes of all the cherry-checked damsels, in all the post-towns, when on his annual visit—his New-Year's call—to his fifty thousand friends—the tatterdemalion who, under cover, attempts to follow, will assuredly be greeted with the "Rogue's March," and achieve disgrace if not the whipping-post. It will not do, this sort of living by wit—this throwing out a magnificent prospectus like Graham's, and then following it up with a specimen number in the way of "*indulgent*," as if the world were one vast fish-pool, and people—who are not gudgeons—were to be jerked out, dollars and all, with an adroit fling of the fly, (going a flyer with a prospectus.) The game has been played to every variety of tune—we think—and the gamut—we had like to have said *gammon*—is exhausted, and with it the public patience.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

My dear Jeremy,—The coming of the year 1840 must present reflections of a mixed character to "*THE TRIO.*" Our memories do not stretch back to "thirty years since," but fifteen years ago at "*BAMFORD'S,*" how vividly fresh in memory, to "*YOU AND JOE AND I!*" Those years of fun, frolic, literature in the bud, (poetic,) and extravagant expenditure of sixpences. Which of us troubled our brains about *current rates*, while we passed "*current*" at "*BAMFORD'S!*" What cared we about the opinion of the world? Our "*mood of praise*" was in bottles. "*Imperial!*" did you say? You are right there. "Three bottles of it?" Did we ever reach that sublime of extravagant dissipation in those *imperial days*? I think not. It would have been a sort of royal expenditure, that must have drained the treasury, and rendered us unfit for the grave studies of the afternoon.

Ah! there was a foam, a sparkle, a sort of frost-work fizzing upon those mead-glases, which we shall never see again, Jeremy!—NEVER! Champaigne, bubble it ever so brightly, pale in its intellectual rivalry with the memory of the mazy effervescence, which crowned the goblet at "*BAMFORD'S!*" With the freshness of life's morning, has "*BAMFORD*" and his "*imperial*" melted away! and the place which knew them and us is known no more. The old blue frame, with an attic in its first story, and its windows all awry, is gone!—as if to join those bright

dreams which have floated into the unattainable. The very dew of the heart of each of us has been exhaled, and with those laughing hours has gone, upward we trust, to enjoy sunshine and smiles with the angels.

Do you know that I cannot look upon the staring brick edifice which covers that hallowed ground, without thinking it a desecration? and feeling a sort of unbidden wish for a circumscribed earthquake! Is it not enough that the heart shrivels and grows cold in its calloused casing, under the blighting influences of the god of this world—that Mammon must bridge over and entomb the small spot that memory has consecrated to truth; so that the seared conscience shall be watered no more at the fountain at which in youth the heart's secrets of each of us were mirrored. Must even the green places which we remember in the past be obliterated forever!—the points from which, with imprisoned impulses and high hopes, we started into that untried and beckoning world, which, as a prism to the young eye, varied its fanciful and attractive colors as we advanced, forever changing, forever deceptive, until the heart, jaded and wearied with the cheat, started from its dreams of bliss, to dream—to hope—no more.

It is enough that the heart changes—that all that we looked forward to in youth, hopefully and trustfully, fades as we advance. That the path which before us was verdant and full of flowers, is sterile and strewn with ashes, as we tread it now; and instead of the songs of birds, which filled the grove and made the air vocal, and the heart happy, we have but the melancholy dirge—the funeral wail of autumn—sweeping with mourning sound through the unleafed trees—a sad sky above our heads—and withered leaves beneath our feet!

Ah! how sadly have we changed!—"WE THREE!" What bitter heart experiences have we treasured up! How many of "the world's" dark lessons do we know! Would not either of us give all that we have learned for one hour of the unshadowed happiness of those young days? Could we but go back again to taste it—did you ever muse on this!—would we change as we have, or remain as we were, think you? With but a slice of a year's experience—as years roll by us *noise*—to start with as a capital, would we be as worldly-wise—in any way as worldly—as we are? I think not. We should quaff its knowledge more sparingly, believe me, in a Bamford-remembrance, vividly intermingled with that slight appreciation of men as we know them! We should treasure those heart bubbles, which the world has blown into air! Should we not, Jeremy?

G. K. G.

INDUSTRY AND PERSISTENCE.—The power of these two qualities to overcome almost every difficulty is well exemplified in the case of Bulwer, the novelist. When he first commenced writing, he found it to be very hard work. Bently says he worked his way to eminence through failure and ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master his stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only writes about three hours a day—from ten in the morning till one—reldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging 20 pages a day of novel print.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lays and Ballads. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton. 12mo. pp. 140.

We confess that we have little sympathy with the mass of cream and tea-colored books which have invaded our land, with the apparent intention of benefitting none but printers. It is therefore with heartfelt satisfaction that we now and then glean from amid this host of versified rubbers a volume like the one before us.

To the numerous admirers of Mr. Read's former collection the present volume will afford peculiar pleasure, fulfilling as it does the predicted progressive spirit which was everywhere manifest in his earlier production, which is evident here, and which still points to something better to come. We know of no surer test of true poetical greatness than this evidence of a power of development, which has always shown itself in the earlier verses of true possessing the highest order of genius.

The volume before us, as the title imports, is chiefly composed of lyrical poems; but there are also two or three stanzas in blank verse, whose exceeding merit awaken a desire to see a further exertion of the author's talents in this unfettered mode of versification. The power which he evinces in "the Alchemist's Daughter" and "A Vision of Death," prove the existence of resources for which the friends of his former volume scarcely gave him credit. We own ourselves astonished at the versatility of Mr. Read's genius, at the ease with which he passes from lyrical to the highest order of poetry, with the scope of thought which is shown in his unveilings of man's inner nature, and with the dramatic variety and intensity of his diction. We scarcely recognize the same hand in the lyrical and dramatic poems; both are beautiful, but of widely different orders of beauty. The former are characterized by a purity of thought and sentiment, a delicate refinement and nicety in the choice of phrases, a brilliant and constant play of fancy in figures the most apt and glowing, a striking spirit of individuality, and a versification the most varied and harmonious. The transition from the lyrical to the dramatic pieces is at the same time both delightful and startling. The style changes at once, the author vanishes from sight, and is lost in our sympathy for the imaginary creatures of his mind. In the dramatic compositions the language is vigorous, passionate and condensed, dealing rather in the bold metaphor than in the more ornate but less difficult simile, and seeking effect rather by force and earnestness than by beauty and delicacy of expression. This is as it should be, and proves our author the possessor of powers which must eventually place him in the very first rank of poets. But we must leave general criticism, and proceed to substantiate our high opinion by the text before us.

The volume opens with a poem replete with the most picturesque and striking imagery. There is a beautiful contrast between the debilitate, frozen appearance of nature—

"When old Winter, through his fingers numb,
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam;
And when the mill-wheel, spiked with ice, is dumb
Within the neighboring stream;"

and the ferrent feeling which appears to have dictated this friendly tribute to one whose presence can at all seasons make

"A summer in the heart."

Passing some half dozen poems, every way worthy of special notice, but omitted on account of our confined space, we come to "The Beggar of Naples." This is one of the longest and most striking poems in the book; in a versification the most irregular but the most harmonious, indulging in the wildest flights of fancy, but never soaring beyond the common ken. The story is simple, and turns on the power with which a virtuous love may shape the destiny of the meanest. The picture of the beggars hanging round the sunny corners of the streets, tells with a few skillful touches more than a whole library of statistics.

"Avoiding every wintry shade,
The lazzaroni crawled to sunny spots;
At every corner miserably knelt
Pursued their miserable trade,
And held the sunshine in their asking palms,
Which gave unshaken to their glowing aims,
Throwing the blood until it ran
As wine within a vintage runs."

The italicized lines are eminently suggestive; and in the contemplative mood, awaken a long strain of the most solemn thoughts—thoughts of Heaven's indiscriminate bounty, and man's unthankful forgetfulness, of the beggar's hands overflowing with the gifts of nature, but all empty of the gifts of charitab human charity. The listlessness of the beggar's life, the vacant sense and brain of the purposeless idler, is admirably portrayed in the following lines:—

"Upon the beggar's heart the matin hymn
Fell faint and dim;
As when upon some margin of the sea
The fisher breathes the briny air,
And hears the far waves symphony,
But hears it unaware.
The music from the lofty aisle,
And all the splendor of the sacred pile—
The pictures hung at intervals
Like windows, gazing from the walls
Clear glimpses of the days gone."

All were unheeded,
And came but as his breath;
Or if there came a thought, that thought unheeded
Even in its birth met death."

The awakening from this lethargy, at the first touch of love, is untraced:—

"At once upstarting from his knees,
He watched her as she went;
The blood awakened from its slothful ease,
Through all his frame a flaming flood was sent;
He stood as with a statue's fixed surprise,
Great wonder making marks in his eyes!"

What can surpass the simple grandeur of the concluding lines of this passage? The new light which at once bursts on his aroused senses is thus happily described:—

"All things at once became a glorious show;
Now could he see the sainted pictures glow;
And instantly unto his lips
Rolled fragments of old song—
Fragments which had been thrown
Into his heart unknown." &c.

His shame at his lettered appearance, at his companions, and at his base mode of life, are singularly beautiful and truthful strokes. That a soul so aroused should struggle for and reach the first ranks of fame is nothing strange, and that he should wed his deliverer is strict poetical justice. From "The Deserted Road" we clip the following felicitous local touches:—

"Here I stroll along the village,
As in youth's departed morn,

But I miss the crowded coaches,
And the driver's bugle-horn;

"Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters,
Falling buckets at the wheels,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells."

"The Alchemist's Daughter," amid a host of stirring lines, contains the following beautiful passages. Lorenzo, speaking of the marriage of his young mistress—

"Her mother died long years ago, and took
One half the blessed sunshine from our house,
The other half was married off last night."

This is genuine poetry, and we recognize it at once. Again, describing the rising moon,—

"Mark how the moon, as by some unseen arm,
Is thrust toward heaven like a bloody shield."

The following noble burst should go far to cheer those whose labors appear to produce no immediate results:—

"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 a crowd applaud their names—
Who lived and labored, died, and were forgot;
And after them the world came out and reapt
The field, and never questioned who had sown."

From this garden of dainty devices let us, before leaving, cull a few choice flowers. From "The New Village" we would fain extract the whole stanza, describing the forest-life of the Indian maids, which concludes thus—

"The daisies kiss their feet-falls in the grass,
And little streams stand still to paint them in their glass."

In "A Vision of Death," the flowers over the grave of a beautiful maiden, are thus invoked:—

"Bloom, bloom,
Ye little blossoms! and if beauty can,
Like other parent essences, exhale
And penetrate the mould, your flowers shall be
Of rarest hue and perfume."

From "The Realm of Dreams," we extract this exquisite couplet:

"And where the spring-time sun had longest shone
And violet looked up, and found itself alone."

The above has a positive fragrance, that unexplainable odor which at once distinguishes genuine poetry, however disguised, from all imitations, however ingenious. No one but a true poet could have written this passage, which, for its suggestive delicacy, is scarcely rivaled in our language. From the same poem we extract this simile, describing the untroubled quiet of a small mountain lake:—

"Through underwood of laurel, and across
A little lawn, *sho-sleep* with sweetest moss,
I passed, and found the lake, which, like a shield
Some giant long had ceased to wield,
Lay with its edges sunk in sand and stone,
With ancient roots and grasses overgrown."

The descent of the mystic spirit of the lake is thus pictured:

"Then noiselessly as moonshine falls
Adown the ocean's crystal walls,
And with no stir or wave attended,
Slowly through the lake descended;
Till from her hidden form before
The waters took a golden glow,
As if the star which made her forehead bright
Had burst and filled the lake with light."

Observe the beautiful melancholy, and the slow, swaying versification of the following description of a deserted quay:—

"The old, old sea, no one in tears,
Comes murmuring with his foamy lips,
And knocking at the vacant pier,
Calls for his long-lost multitude of ships."

We would gladly extend this imperfect notice to twice its prescribed length; for we are aware that in our limited bounds we can do but partial justice to merits so conspicuous; and, perhaps, in our bungling haste to pluck that which caught our fancy, we have passed by beauties which would have arrested the eyes of others. We are conscious of having bestowed on this volume the most unmixt praise; and the censorious may ask us, what has become of our critical gall? The province of criticism is two-fold—to cheer with praise, or to correct with censure; and we belong to that good-intented portion who exercise the former calling. What is deliberately done can be followed by no apology. Whatever we have said, has been supported with solid material from the work before us; and our readers may judge by the extracts, whether we have done our author that worst of all injustice which arises from over commendation.

Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. A New Edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the appearance of a new and revised edition of Dr. Holmes's poems, printed in a style of simplicity and elegance creditable to the publishers and appropriate to him. It contains a large number of pieces which have never before appeared in any collection of his poems, and also a number which are now printed for the first time. A volume which is so emphatically "a nest of spicery," which sparkles on every page with wit, fancy, and imagination, and which contains some of the most perfect specimens of versification and true poetical expression ever produced in the country, will be sure of a rapid and a large circulation. The author has been literally mobbed for many years to prepare an edition of his poems, and we now have one which fairly reflects his character and powers.

In criticising a poet, the too common method pursued by the craft is to fix upon him some time-honored and time-worn phrases and epithets, which apply to him only as they apply to all poets, and to avoid that task of analysis which would bring out the peculiarities of his genius. Holmes has especially suffered from this mode of criticism; and thus one of the most singular and individual of our poets, a man who, whatever may be thought of the scope and domain of his genius, is still a strictly original writer, is described in terms which are as applicable to Longfellow and Bryant as to him.

The great mental peculiarity of Holmes is *suavitas* of intellect—subtlety in the perception of resemblances, subtilty in the perception of differences, and subtilty in the conception of remote and filmy shades of thought. He has a most acute and inevitable perception of the ludicrous, but it is ever passed through his intellect before it is expressed; and, accordingly, his wit and humor have the certainty of demonstration, and never miss their mark. He has a no less acute perception of the pathetic, the beautiful, and the grand, but he never hazards their expression from the simple impulse of enthusiasm, but passes them also through his intelligence, scrutinizes them as they lie mirrored on his imagination, and gives them utterance only when he is satisfied intellectually and consciously of their validity and excellence. Such a man would naturally be accused of lacking sensibility, sensitiveness to impressions; but no careful reader of his writings, who considers their singular wealth and variety of *serena* imagery, of *niceties* and felicities of description, can fail to discern the intense sensibility to external objects they continually imply, however much he may be puzzled to account for the form in which it is expressed. The truth is, we should judge, that Holmes's extreme

sensitiveness made him skeptical, or fearful of the quality, and that he arraigned his impressions, his spontaneous combinations and strange freaks of juxtaposition, his teeming throng of fanciful images, his impatient, voluble, and affluent verbal extravagances, before the tribunal of his intellect, to see if they would bear the tests by which the bizarre is discriminated from the picturesque, levity from wit, drollery from humor, sentimentality from pathos, lightness from ideality. Were it not for his detecting, exacting, sure and fine intellect, there would be no rein on his wild colt of a fancy, and the result would be more portentous freaks of devilry and mischievousness, and perhaps more direct expression of impatient passion and tender feeling, but the whole would be but splendid disorder and aimless brilliancy. It is thus from the very fullness and fierce pressure of his sensitive nature for expression, that Holmes has become so eminently an intellectual poet, and that all his writings indicate an intense working of faculties rather than a heedless expression of affluence. Take up any one of his poems, witty or serious, subject it to the chemical processes of criticism, and it is surprising what seemingly unattainable elements of thought and emotion are revealed. This mastery of his impulses, as seen in the intellectual form of their expression, is the peculiarity of Holmes, and gives to his poems that character of certainty, decision, and restrained exuberance, which constitutes so much of their charm. Such a man must have rejected more brilliancies and grotesque strokes of fanciful wit, than most men have ever conceived. Nothing which his fancy or his wit, his Ariel of his Puck, pitches into his mind, can pass muster, unless it can bear the sharp, close, microscopic glance of his sure and subtle intellect.

In respect to the intellectuality of his processes, Holmes bears some resemblance to Tennyson, with the exception that Tennyson's mind pierces patiently into a different and more mysterious domain of spiritual phenomena, and bears the marks of a slower reduction of form to form. The mind of Holmes acts with the rapidity of lightning. It examines and dissects as instantaneously as it feels and conceives. There is no patient contemplation of the object of his thought, but a quick, brisk, almost nervous seizure of it. His mind works with such intensity, all its faculties are so perfectly under his control, that what it grasps it grasps at once with the celerity of intuition. Nothing comes to him by degrees and slow steps. He does not wait for the Muse to turn her countenance gradually upon him, unfolding feature after feature, but he impatiently seizes her by the shoulders, twirls her round, and looks her right in the face. He is not abashed by her reproof, and disregards all her airs and assumptions of dignity. He seems plainly to tell her that he will stand none of her nonsense—that he knows her secret—that she cannot impose upon him—that if she do not choose to smile he can sail along very well without her assistance. Such spiteful treatment from any body else, would draw down her wrath; but Holmes seems a favorite, and has his mischievous ways indulged.

There is observable in Holmes's long poems one defect which springs from the refinement of his perceptions. Though his writings evince no lack of vivid and palpable imagery, the curious subtlety of his mind leads him often to a remoteness of allusion whose pertinence and beauty we are not apprehended by the ordinary reader. The leading idea of some of his poems, though obvious enough if sharply scrutinized, is still not prominent enough to enforce attention of itself. The result is that "Poetry" and "Urania," appear at first like aggregates of brilliant parts rather than as vital wholes. The unity of each is perceived only on an after examination. This is an artistic

defect which mars their excellence and effectiveness.

The present edition of Holmes, while it contains a complete collection of his published pieces, is enriched with some after dinner poems, which were not intended for the public eye. These seem to have been thrown off extempore, but they team with brilliancies of wit and fancy, and are full of fine audacities of expression. Of these the best are "Terpsichore," "A Modest Request," and "Nux Postmatricum," which contain enough spirit and poetry to make a reputation, and which almost add to that which Holmes has already made. The drinking song, slyly called "A Song of Other Days," is almost unmatched for the grandeur and splendor of its imagery, and the heartiness of its tone. The "Sentiment" which follows this right royal Anacreontic, is as glorious a tribute to water as the other is to wine—thus satisfactorily proving that Holmes is indebted to neither for inspiration. One of the most beautiful and brilliant of the poems added in this edition, is that on the Ancient Punch Bowl, and the mode in which sentiment and wit are made to shake hands, and dwell cozily together, is grandly humorous. "Urania," we suppose, must be considered on the whole, the best production in the volume. It has touches of sentiment and pathos, so graceful, so pure, and so elusive—not to speak of its satirical and witty portions—that it would be in vain to place any other poem of the author before it.

We have only space to refer to one more admirable peculiarity of Holmes, a natural consequence of the vigor, affluence and fineness of his intellect, and that is the *readableness* of his productions. There is a perpetual stimulant in them which we cannot drain dry. On a fourth or fifth perusal some refinement of allusion or analogy, some delicacy of thought or expression, some demure stroke of humor, which did not at first fix the attention, repays the diligent reader. Indeed to read one of his poems for the purpose of taking in its whole meaning at once, would require the mind to be as thoroughly awake and active as if it were engaged on Hume or Butler. The very gladness and briskness with which his verse moves, the flood of radiance poured out upon it, the distinctness of much of the imagery, interfere, on the first perusal, with the perception of his minor felicities and remote combinations of fancy and wit. Holmes, indeed, is a poet to have constantly on the parlor-table, not one to be consigned to a shelf in the library; for there is hardly a page not brightened by those fine fancies which age does not dim, and which "sparkle like salt in fire."

United States Fiscal Department.

In a republican government entire simplicity in all that relates to public affairs, is not only convenient to the officers, but is a duty to the public, every man of whom is a party in the business. We are reminded of the value of simplicity and order by two quarto volumes now before us, which point out the order, and show how simplicity is to be attained in whatever relates to the fiscal department of the government of the United States.

The title of these volumes is expressive of their valuable contents. "A Synopsis of the Commercial and Revenue System of the United States, as Developed by Instructions and Decisions of the Treasury Department, for the Administration of the Revenue Laws: Accompanied with a Supplement of Historical and Tabular Illustrations of the Origin, Organization and Practical Operations of the Treasury Department and its various Bureaus, in Fulfillment of that System: In Eight Chapters, with an Appendix. By Robert Mayo, M. D. 2 vols. 4to."

We have not space to enter into details of this truly

great work. All that is set forth in the promises of the title page is amply sustained by the body of the work, and an amount of information is given, truly astonishing to those who have not had experience in the numerous ramifications of the overgrown department. While there is scarcely a relation which any citizen could occupy with regard to the treasury department, in all its forms, and while the duty of every officer connected with that branch of government, whatever may be his grade, is amply set forth, it seems as a matter of course that at least one in every hundred of the citizens of this country should have a copy of this instructive work, for the benefit of himself and of the others to whom he is the censor. And while these various kinds of information are given, the work incidentally contains a history of the department.

Loan holders, applicants for remuneration, and all who have any connection or business with the treasury department, are instructed by these volumes how to proceed—how they ought to proceed—and how others have proceeded. Dr. Mayo has done a public service by preparing these volumes. We hope the public will remember him and his work.

The Women of the Bible; Delineated in a series of Sketches of Prominent Females mentioned in Scripture. By Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by eighteen characteristic engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. Phila: Geo. S. Appleton, 104 Chestnut street.

This book is as remarkable for the felicity of its design as for the beauty of its execution. The plates which adorn it are eighteen in number, and they are among the best and most exquisite specimens of the engraver's art that it has ever been our good fortune to examine. The articles have been written by clergymen of the United States, distinguished for their talents, and eminent for their piety; and they have truly rendered a meet offering for those to whom it is appropriately dedicated, "thoughtful readers, men as well as women, the one being interested equally with the other, in what constitutes the character of mother, wife, daughter, sister." As the inside of the book is rich and attractive, so the skill and taste of the binder have made its exterior truly magnificent. The style is new in this country, being a rich, massive arabesque, and its execution reflects the highest credit upon Mr. J. T. ALTRUS, of this city, under whose supervisory direction the work was accomplished.

The Republic of the United States of America; Its Duties to Itself, and its Responsible Relations to other Countries. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume the author enters upon an elaborate defense of the democratic party of the union, the administration of President Polk, and the Mexican War. As a partisan production it may be considered able and moderate. The writer, however, in his remarks on war in general, and the Mexican war in particular, falls into some offensive cant of his own, in attempting to upset some popular cant of another kind.

Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.

Carey & Hart have published, in one beautiful volume, uniform with their editions of Longfellow, Bryant and Will's, the Poems of Lydia H. Sigourney, a lady who has been long before the public as a writer, and whose fine powers have ever been devoted to good objects. She richly deserves the compliment of such an edition, and we have no doubt that its success will be triumphant. The volume contains many poems which have never before

been included in a collection of her works, and many which are now published for the first time. The illustrations by Darley are the best, both in respect to design and execution, which have appeared in Carey & Hart's editions of the American poets. They all exhibit Darley's singular power of making the countenance physiognomical of the mind, even of the most elusive qualities of thought and emotion, and of bringing out character distinctly and decisively.

Notes of a Military Reconnaissance of the Route to California with the advanced Guard of the Army of the West, Commanded by General S. W. Kearney. By W. H. Emory, U. S. A.

This public document, printed by order of Congress, and vastly different from the usual verbose *farraago*, in printing which public money is expended, is a most valuable work. Mr. Emory has traveled with the eye of a scholar as well as a soldier, and while he has amassed a valuable collection of military *data*, he has added scarcely less to our stock of Ethnological and antiquarian information. Well written, truthful, because it is an official report, recording many incidents of peril by flood and field, it should find a place in every library, as a memorial of the toil and sufferings of that gallant little band which, under the guidance of the late General Kearney, won that beautiful country for the United States. The battle of San Pasqual and the subsequent operations on the San Francisco, (where the gallant Captain Moore, Johnson, Lieut. Hammond, and so large a portion of the command were killed,) are graphically told, and add to the interest of the book, which is richly illustrated by engravings of ruined buildings, plants, scenery, etc.

The Opal.—Our amiable and highly gifted friend, Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, has presented to the public, in "The Opal" just published, one of the best and most beautiful Annuals we have ever seen. Her superior taste as an Editress, has enabled her to collect a number of articles of unquestionable merit, which, together, form a most delightful volume. We do not wonder at "The Opal's" popularity, especially since the care of its preparation has devolved upon Mrs. Hale, who is so eminently fitted for the performance of that duty. Its pages are pure and bright, and the gems which adorn them, from the rich treasures of the minds of Grace Greenwood, N. P. Willis, and other equally popular authors, serve to render it in truth, a neat and appropriate offering for all seasons.

Thirty Years Since, or the Ruined Family.—The indefatigable G. P. R. JAMES, has written another novel, which bears this title. It is remarkable with what facility works of fiction emanate from his pen, and it is not the less astonishing that they should be so generally readable. "Thirty Years Since" is fully equal to any of its author's recent productions, and will doubtless find many readers and admirers.

The Rival Beauties.—This is the title of a new novel written by Miss PARBOR, author of "The City of the Sultan," &c. Gertrude and Sybil, the Rival Beauties, are as dissimilar in their natures as light is the opposite of darkness, and the character of each has been portrayed in an admirable manner by the writer. Miss Parbor's works are usually interesting—the one before us will, we think, compare advantageously with any that have preceded it.

Hand-Book of the Toilette and Hand-Book of Conversation and Table Talk, are the titles of two *bijou* volumes published by G. S. Appleton. They are beautifully gotten up, and contain many valuable suggestions.





1. The first part of the text discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the text focuses on the role of technology in modern accounting and finance. It highlights how digital tools and software have revolutionized the way businesses manage their financial data and operations.



With love and gentle care,
 The lute and harp are played,
 And the sweet music flows
 From the hearts of the young
 To the hearts of the old.

Then when all hearts are true,
 And all are in love,
 The world is a garden,
 And the hearts are flowers,
 And the love is the sun.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Figure 6.27 (continued)

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Figure 6.28 (continued)

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1849.

No. 2.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

BY JOHN TODD.

Is one of those long, low, one-story, unpainted houses which succeeded the log-houses in Vermont as the second generation of human habitations, lay a sick woman. She knew, and all her friends knew, that her days were numbered, and that when she left that room it would be in her winding-sheet for the grave. Yet her face and her spirit were calm, and the tones of her voice, like those of the dying swan, were sweeter than those of life. She had taken an affectionate leave of all her children, in faith and hope, save one—her eldest son—a mother's boy and a mother's pride. By great economy and unwearied industry this son had been sent to college. He was a mild, inoffensive, pale-faced one; but the bright eye did not belie the spirit that dwelt in a casket so frail. He had been sent for, but did not reach home till the day before his mother's death. As soon as she knew of his coming, she immediately had him called to her room, and left alone with her. Long and tearful was their conversation. Sweet and tender was this last interview between a mother and son who had never lacked any degree of confidence on either side.

"You know, my son, that it has always been my most earnest wish and prayer that you should be a preacher of the gospel, and thus a benefactor to the souls of men. In choosing the law, you are aware, you have greatly disappointed these hopes."

"I know it, dear mother; and I have done it, not because I like the law so much, but because I dare not undertake a work so sacred as the ministry, conscious as I am that I am not qualified in mind, or body, or spirit, for the work. If I dared do it, for *your* sake, if for no other reason, I would do it."

"In God's time, my dear son, in God's time, I trust you will. I neither urge it, nor blame you. But promise me now, that you will never undertake any cause which you think is unjust, and that you will never aid in screening wrong from coming to light and punishment."

The son said something about every man's having the right to have his case presented in the best light he could.

"I know what you mean," said she; "but I know that if a man has violated the laws of God and man, he has no *moral* right to be shielded from punishment. If he has confessions and explanations to offer, it is well. But for you to take his side, and for money, to shield him from the laws, seems to me no better than if, for money, you concealed him from the officers of justice, under the plea that every man had a right to get clear of the law if he could. But I am weak and cannot talk, my son; and yet if you will give me the solemn promise, it seems as if I should die easier. But you must do as you think best."

The young man bent over his dying mother, and with much emotion, gave her the solemn promise which she desired. Tender was the last kiss she gave him, warm the thanks which she expressed, and sweet the smile which she wore, and which was left on her countenance after her spirit had gone up to meet the smiles of the Redeemer.

Some months after the death of his mother, the young man left the shadows of the Green Mountains, and toward a more sunny region, in a large and thrifty village, he opened his office; the sign gave his name, and under it, the words, "Attorney at Law." There he was found early and late, his office clean and neat, and his few books studied over and over again, but no business. The first fee which he took was for writing a short letter for his black wood-sawyer, and for that he conscientiously charged only a single sixpence! People spoke well of him, and admired the young man, but still no business came. After waiting till "hope deferred made the heart sick," one bright morning a coarse-looking, knock-down sort of a young man was seen making toward the office. How the heart of the young lawyer bounded at the sight of his first client!

What success, and cases, and fees danced in the vision in a moment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir, that's my business. What can I do for you?"

"Why, something of a job, I reckon. The fact is I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help." And he took out a five dollar bill, and laid it on the table. The young lawyer made no motion toward taking it.

"Why don't you take it?" said he. "I don't call it pay, but to begin with—a kind of wedge—what do you call it?"

"Retention-fee, I presume you mean."

"Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer. So take it."

"Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case, and then I will tell you whether or not I take the retention-fee."

The coarse fellow stared.

"Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last spring I was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Maj. Farnsworth. I was to have them for one hundred dollars."

"Very well—what became of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

"By you?"

"Yes."

"Well, where 's the trouble?"

"Why, they say, that as I only gave my note for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get clear of it."

"How do you expect me to do it?"

"Plain as day, man; just say, gentlemen of the jury, this young man was not of age when he gave Maj. Farnsworth the note, and therefore, *in law*, the note is good for nothing—that 's all!"

"And was it really so?"

"Exactly."

"How came Maj. Farnsworth to let you have the oxen?"

"Oh, the godly old man never suspected that I was under age."

"What did you get for the oxen in selling them out?"

"Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars—they were noble fellows!"

"And so you want me to help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen, simply because the law, this human imperfection, gives you the opportunity to do it! No, sir; put up your retention-fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first. And as for you—if I wanted to help you to go to the state's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing. And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you, will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your oxen honestly and live and act on the principle, that let what will come, you will be an honest man."

The coarse young man snatched up his bill, and muttering something about seeing Squire Snappall, left the office.

So he lost his first fee and his first case. He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone in the office; but he felt that he had done right. His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "Right, my son, right." The next day he was in old Maj. Farnsworth's, and saw a pile of bills lying upon the table. The good old man said he had just received them for a debt which he expected to lose, but a kind Providence had interposed in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing, but his mother's voice seemed to come again, "Right, my son, right."

Some days after this a man called in the evening, and asked the young man to defend him in a trial just coming on.

"What is your case?"

"They accuse me of stealing a bee-hive."

"A bee-hive!—surely that could not be worth much!"

"No, but the bees and the honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?"

"Squire are you alone here—nobody to hear?"

"I am all alone."

"Are you bound by oath to keep the secrets of your clients?"

"Certainaly I am."

"Well, then, 'twixt you and me, I did have a dab at that honey. There was more than seventy pounds! But you can clear me."

"How can I?"

"Why, Ned Hazeo has agreed to swear that I was with him fishing at Squamcook Pond that night."

"So, by perjury, you hope to escape punishment. What can you afford to pay a lawyer who will do his best?"

The man took out twenty dollars. It was a great temptation. The young lawyer staggered for a moment—but only for a moment.

"No, sir, I will not undertake your case. I will not try to shield a man whom I know to be a villain from the punishment which he deserves. I will starve first."

The man with an oath bolted out of the office, and made his way to Snappall's office. The poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have cried. But a few dollars were left to him in the world, and what to do when they were gone, he knew not. In a few moments the flush and burning of the face was gone, as if he had been fanned by the wings of angels, and again he heard his own mother's voice, "Right, my son, right."

Days and even weeks passed away, and no new client made his appearance. The story of his having refused to take fees and defend his clients got abroad, and many were the gibes concerning his folly. Lawyer Snappall declared that such weakness would ruin any man. The multitude went against the young advocate. But a few noted and remembered it in his favor.

On entering his office one afternoon, the young man found a note lying on his table. It read thus,

"Mrs. Henshaw's compliments to Mr. Loudon,

and requests, if it be not too much trouble, that he would call on her at his earliest convenience, as she wishes to consult him professionally, and with as much privacy as may be.

Rose Cottage, June 25th.

How his hand trembled while he read the note. It might lead to business—it might be the first fruits of an honorable life. But who is Mrs. Henshaw? He only knew that a friend by that name, a widow lady, had lately arrived on a visit to the family who resided in that cottage. "At his earliest convenience." If he should go at once, would it not look as if he were at perfect leisure? If he delayed, would it not be a dishonesty which he had vowed never to practice? He whistled a moment, took up his hat, and went toward "Rose Cottage." On reaching the house, he was received by a young lady of modest, yet easy manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw, and the young lady said,

"My mother is not well, but I will call her. Shall I carry your name, sir?"

"Loudon; if you please."

The young lady cast a searching, surprised look at him, and left the room. In a few moments the mother, a graceful, well-bred lady of about forty, entered the room. She had a mild, sweet face, and a look that brought his own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears almost started in his eyes. For some reason, Mrs. Henshaw appeared embarrassed.

"It is Mr. Loudon, the lawyer, I suppose," said she.

"At your service, madam."

"Is there any other gentleman at the Bar of your name, sir?"

"None that I know of. In what way can you command my services, madam?"

The lady colored. "I am afraid, sir, there is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a difficult case, a man of principle, whom I can trust. You were mentioned to me—but—I expected to see an older man."

"If you will admit me," said Loudon, who began to grow nervous in his turn, "so far into your confidence as to state the case, I think I can promise not to do any hurt, even if I do no good. And if on the whole, you think it best to commit it to older and slier hands, I will charge you nothing and engage not to be offended."

The mother looked at the daughter, and saw on her face the look of confidence and hope.

The whole afternoon was spent in going over the case, examining papers, and the like. As they went along, Loudon took notes and memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do," thought Mrs. Henshaw. "He takes every thing for granted and unquestioned; and though I don't design to mislead him, yet it seems to me, as if he would take the moon to be green cheese, were I to tell him so. He will never do;" and she felt that she had wasted her time and strength. How great then was her surprise when Loudon pushed aside the bundles of papers, and looking at his notes, again went over the whole ground, sifting

and scanning every point, weighing every circumstance, pointing out the weak places, tearing and throwing off the rubbish, discarding what was irrelevant, and placing the whole affair in a light more luminous and clear than even she had ever seen it before. Her color came and went as her hopes rose and fell. After he had laid it open to her, he added, with unconscious dignity,

"Mrs. Henshaw, I think yours is a cause of right and justice. Even if there should be a failure to convince a jury so that law would decide in your favor, there are so many circumstantial proofs, that I have no doubt that justice will be with you. If you please to entrust it to me, I will do the best I can, and am quite sure I shall work harder than if I were on the opposite side."

"What do you say, Mary?" said the mother to the daughter. "You are as much interested as I. Shall we commit it to Mr. Loudon?"

"You are the best judge, but it seems to me that he understands the case better than any one you have ever talked with."

Loudon thanked Mary with his eyes, but for some reason or other, hers were cast down upon the figures of the carpet, and she did not see him.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, we will commit the whole affair to you. If you succeed we shall be able to reward you; and if you do not, we shall be no poorer than we have been."

For weeks and months Loudon studied his case. He was often at Rose Cottage to ask questions on some point not quite so clear. He found they were very agreeable—the mother and the daughter—aside from the law-suit, and I am not sure that he did not find occasion to ask questions oftener than he would have done, had it been otherwise.

The case, briefly was this. Mr. Henshaw had been an active, intelligent and high-minded man of business. He had dealt in iron, had large furnaces at different places, and did business on an average with three hundred different people a day. Among others, he had dealings with a man by the name of Brown—a plausible, keen, and as many thought, an unprincipled man. But Henshaw, without guile himself, put all confidence in him. In a reverse of times—such as occur once in about ten years, let who will be President—their affairs became embarrassed and terribly perplexed. In order to extricate his business, it was necessary for Henshaw to go to a distant part of the land, in company with Brown. There he died—leaving a young widow, and an only child, Mary, then about ten years old, and his business in a condition as bad as need be. By the kindness of the creditors their beautiful home called Elm Glen, was left to Mrs. Henshaw and her little girl, while the rest of the property went to pay the debts. The widow and her orphan kept the place of their joys and hopes in perfect order, and everybody said "it did n't look like a widow's house." But within four years of the death of Mr. Henshaw, Brown returned. He had been detained by broken limbs and business, he said. What was the amazement of the widow to have him set up a claim for Elm Glen, as his pro-

party! He had loaned Mr. Henshaw money, he said—he had been with him in sickness and in death; and the high-minded Henshaw had made his will on his death-bed, and bequeathed Elm Glen to Brown, as a payment for debts. The will was duly drawn, signed with Mr. Henshaw's own signature, and also by two competent witnesses. Every one was astonished at the claim—at the will—at every thing pertaining to it. It was contested in court, but the evidence was clear, and the will was set up and established. Poor Mrs. Henshaw was stripped of every thing. With a sad heart she packed up her simple wardrobe, and taking her child, left the village and went to a distant State to teach school. For six years she had been absent, and for six years had Brown enjoyed Elm Glen. No, not enjoyed it, for he enjoyed nothing. He lived in it; but the laggard look—the frequent appeal to the bottle—the jealous feelings which were ever uppermost—and his coarse, profane conversation, showed that he was wretched. People talked, too, of his lonely hours, his starting up in his sleep, his clenching his fist in his dreams, and defying "all hell" to prove it, and the like.

Suddenly and privately, Mrs. Henshaw returned to her once loved village. She had obtained some information by which she hoped to bring truth to light, for she had never believed that her husband ever made such a will in favor of Brown. To prove that this will was a forgery was what Loudon was now to attempt. An action was commenced, and Brown soon had notice of the warfare now to be carried on against him. He raved and swore, but he also laid aside his cups, and went to work to meet the storm like a man in the full consciousness of the justice of his cause. There was writing and riding, posting and sending writs—for both sides had much at stake. It was the last hope for the widow. It was the first case for young Loudon. It was victory or state's prison for Brown. The community, one and all took sides with Mrs. Henshaw. If a bias could reach a jury, it must have been in her favor. Mr. Snapall was engaged for Brown, and was delighted to find that he had only that "white-faced boy" to contend with; and the good public felt sorry that the widow had not selected a man of some age and experience; but then they said, "women will have their own way."

The day of trial came on. Great was the excitement to hear the great "will case," and every horse in the region was hitched somewhere near the courthouse.

In rising to open the case, young Loudon was embarrassed; but modesty always meets with encouragement. The court gave him patient attention, and soon felt that it was deserved. In a clear, concise, and masterly manner, he laid open the case just as it stood in his own mind, and proceeded with the evidence to prove the will to be a forgery. It was easy to show the character of Brown to be one of great iniquity, and that for him to do this was only in keeping with that general character. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of its witnesses on his death-bed had confessed

that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness, taken in full before James Johnson, Esq. Justice of the Peace, and acknowledged by him. So far all was clear, and when the testimony closed it seemed clear that the case was won. But when it came Mr. Snapall's turn, he demolished all these hopes by proving that though James Johnson, Esq. had signed himself Justice of the Peace, yet he was no magistrate, inasmuch as his commission had expired the very day before he signed the paper, and although he had been re-appointed, yet he had not been legally qualified to act as a magistrate—that he might or might not have supposed himself to be qualified to take an affidavit; and that the law, for very wise reasons, demanded that an affidavit should be taken only by a sworn magistrate. He was most happy, he said, to acknowledge the cool assurance of his young brother in the law; and the only difficulty was that he had proved nothing, except that his tender conscience permitted him to offer as an affidavit a paper that was in law not worth a straw, if any better than a forgery itself.

There was much sympathy felt for poor Loudon, but he took it very coolly and seemed no way cast down. Mr. Snapall then brought forward his other surviving witness—a galloway-looking fellow, but his testimony was clear, decided and consistent. If he was committing perjury, it was plain that he had been well-drilled by Snapall. Loudon kept his eye upon him with the keenness of the lynx. And while Snapall was commenting upon the case with great power, and while Mrs. Henshaw and Mary gave up all for lost, it was plain that Loudon, as he turned over the will, and looked at it again and again, was thinking of something else besides what Snapall was saying. He acted something as a dog does when he feels sure he is near the right track of the game, though he dare not yet bark.

When Snapall was through, Loudon requested that the witness might again be called to the stand. But he was so mild, and kind, and timid, that it seemed as if he was the one about to commit perjury.

"You take your oath that this instrument, purporting to be the will of Henry Henshaw, was signed by him in your presence?"

"I do."

"And you signed it with your own hand as witness at the time?"

"I did."

"What is the date of the will?"

"June 18, 1830."

"When did Henshaw die?"

"June 22, 1830."

"Were you living in the village where he died at the time?"

"I was."

"How long had you lived there?"

"About four years, I believe, or somewhere thereabouts."

Here Loudon handed the judge a paper, which the judge unfolded and laid before him on the bench.

"Was that village a large or a small one?"

"Not very large—perhaps fifty houses."

"You knew all these houses well, I presume?"

"I did."

"Was the house in which Mr. Henshaw died, one story or two?"

"Two, I believe."

"But you *know*, don't you? Was he in the lower story or in the chamber when you went to witness the deed?"

Here the witness tried to catch the eye of Snapall, but Loudon very civilly held him to the point. At length he said, "In the chamber."

"Will you inform the court what was the color of the house?"

"I think, feel sure, it was n't painted, but didn't take particular notice."

"But you saw it every day for four years, and don't you know?"

"It was not painted."

"Which side of the street did it stand?"

"I can't remember."

"Can you remember which way the street ran?"

"It ran east and west."

"The street ran east and west—the house two story, and unpainted, and Mr. Henshaw was in the chamber when you witnessed the will. Well, I have but two things more which I will request you to do. The first is to take that pen and write your name on that piece of paper on the table."

The witness demurred, and so did Snapall. But Loudon insisted upon it.

"I can't, my hand trembles so," said the witness.

"Indeed! but you wrote a bold, powerful hand when you signed that will. Come, you *must* try, just to oblige us."

After much haggling and some bravado, it came out that he couldn't write, and never learned, and that he had requested Mr. Brown to sign the paper for him!

"Oh, ho!" said Loudon. "I thought you swore that you signed it yourself. Now one thing more, and I have done with you. Just let me take the pocket-book in your pocket. I will open it here before the court, and neither steal nor lose a paper."

Again the witness refused, and appealed to Snapall; but that worthy man was grinding his teeth and muttering something about the witness going to the devil!

The pocket-book came out, and in it was a regular discharge of the bearer, John Ordin, from four years

imprisonment in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, and dated June 15, 1831, and signed by Mr. Wood, the worthy warden.

The young advocate now took the paper which he had handed to the judge, and showed the jury, that the house in which Mr. Henshaw died was situated in a street running north and south—that it was a one-story house—that it was *red*, the only red house in the village, and moreover, that he died in a front room of the lower story.

There was a moment's silence, and then a stifled murmur of joy all over the room. Brown's eyes looked blood-hot; the witness looked sullen and dogged, and Mr. Snapall tried to look very indifferent. He made no defence. The work was done. A very brief, decided charge was given by the judge, and, without leaving their seats, the jury convicted Brown of forgery!

"That young dog is keen, any how!" said Snapall.

"When his conscience tells him he is on the side of justice," said Loudon, overhearing the remark.

It was rather late in the evening before Loudon called on his clients to congratulate them on the termination of their suit, and the recovery of Elm Glen. He was met by Mary, who frankly gave him her hand, and with tears thanked and praised him, and felt sure they could never sufficiently reward him. Loudon colored, and seemed more troubled than when in the court. At length he said abruptly, "Miss Henshaw, you and your mother can *now* aid me. There is a friend of yours—a young lady, whose hand I wish to obtain. I am alone in the world, poor, and unknown. This is my first law-case, and when I may have another is more than I know."

Mary turned pale, and faintly promised that she and her mother would aid him to the extent of their power. Then there was a pause, and she felt as if she, the only one who was supposed to be unagitated and cool, must speak.

"Who is the fortunate friend of mine?"

"Don't you suspect?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Well, here is her portrait," handing her a miniature case. She touched a spring and it flew open, and in a little mirror, *she saw her own face!* Now the crimson came over her beautiful face, and the tears came thick and fast, and she trembled; but I believe she survived the shock; for the last time I was that way, I saw the conscientious young lawyer and his charming wife living at Elm Glen; and I heard them speak of *his first law-suit!*

THE WORLD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

What wiser is the world in this bright age—

What better than in the darkened days of old?

Survey the Past, its blotted scroll unfold;

Compare it with the Present's golden page—

It is no worse; the world was cruel then,

And hearts were trampled on, and spirits bleed,

And tears and blood like summer rain were shed,

99

And men were what they always will be—Men!

Experience teaches naught, man will not heed

And profit by the lessons. Fools can read;

The task is said by rote; we do not learn,

But live in ancient ignorance and crime.

There is no hope—the Future will but turn

The old sands in the fating glass of Time!

CHRISTINE.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

Bright dreams were mine in life's young day,
Too bright, too fair to last,
Fresh flow'rets sprung beside my way,
And fragrance round it cast;
And hopes as radiant as the dyes
That angel-artists spread,
Upon the western sunset skies,
To my young heart were wed.

Bright days, sweet days, forever gone!
Ye can return no more,
I'm doomed to tread the sands alone
That skirt life's desert shore!
Afar, upon the ocean wide,
My bark of hope went down,
I saw the angel leave my side,
And all things on me frown.

But there are paintings hanging yet
In memory's ghostly halls,
And bright young faces looking down
Upon me from the walls.
The gentle smile that thrilled my soul,
In life's young break-of-day,
The small white hands once clasped in mine,
Are pictured there for aye.

There is a form, I see it now,
More radiant far than all,
The full, dark eye, the snowy brow
That held my heart in thrall.
But, O, that voice, so low and sweet!
I ne'er shall hear it more;
The fond, warm heart hath ceased to beat—
My dream of bliss is o'er.

And still another picture there—
A being young and bright;
The captive muskams in her hair,
A form of love and light;
The deep blue tints that stain the sky,
When summer bids it gleam,
Are mirrored in her laughing eye,
Like violets in the stream.

I deemed those forms forever fled
From time's bleak desert shore,
And that the light upon me shed,
Could visit me no more.
But late I saw a vision bright,
And fair as those of old,
That taught to me this lesson trite—
The heart can ne'er grow cold!

O, charming, charming young Christine!
Long years may pass away,
But cannot seize the love I ween,
Of young life's joyous day!
O, would some gem like thee were mine,
Upon my breast to wear,
Through Sorrow's dreary hour to shine,
And light the night of Care;

My glance upon mankind should fall
Contented, happy, free,
And I should richer feel than all,
My only treasure thee!
But, O, my lot is wild and drear,
And sad the night-winds moan;
Upon life's tree the leaves are sear,
And I am all alone.

THE ENNUYEE.

BY MRS. S. A. LEWIS.

It hath been said, "for all who die,
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh,
O'er every bier;"
But in that hour of pain and dread,
Who will draw near,
Around my humble couch, and shed
One farewell tear?
Who watch life's last dim parting ray,
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way,
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come,
In weeds of wo,
And follow me to my long home,
Soloman and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep?
And by the moon imprint the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay slumbered beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'T would mitigate the pangs of death,
And light the tomb.

Yes! in that hour, if I could feel,
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence, one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon;
Oh! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
A deeper wo;
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
Drawn round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A TRUE STORY.

(DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND MARTHA W. B.—.)

BY CAROLINE C.—.

Away with weary cares and themes!
Luring wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!

I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all that makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy! J. G. WHITTIER.

I FANCY, my good reader, that you are about as familiar with the physical appearance of this exalted personage, the far-famed Man in the Moon, as is your most obedient. That you have gazed upon him with love-kindled eyes many and many a witching summer night, I have not the shadow of a doubt—that you have often lamented the provoking imperfection of your vision, which presents such insurmountable difficulties and obstructions in the way to your beholding clearly what manner of man he truly is, I cannot have much hesitation in believing; reasoning as I do, from my extensive knowledge of what passes in the minds of other people, and from the thoughts and feelings I have had myself in regard to the peculiar personalities of this mysterious gentleman.

Until recently I never indulged in the hope of being counted among the benefactors of my race, but, my fair countrywomen, I hope I do not presume too much, when I say that I shall hereafter merit this honor at your hands, for am I not going to speak to you of events which, wonderful as they are, have hitherto never come to the knowledge of our present generation? I cannot conscientiously make known to you the mysterious means by which I became cognizant of the following events, yet do I hold myself clear of any breach of confidence when I lay before you these wondrous facts, upon the truth of which you may rely, on my veracity as a story-teller!

Long, long ago there lived in a far country, among the mountains, which towered to heaven much in the manner of mountains now, a young maiden, who must certainly have been one of the progenitors of "The Sinless Child;" for in personal beauty, and in excellence and purity of mind, this girl was unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled in her day. A "rare and radiant maiden" was she, albeit unaccomplished and unlearned.

Kind, generous and affectionate was Rose May, having withal such a reasonable amount of spirited independence in her nature, as a child born and bred among the mountain wilds would be like to have.

It was a glorious dwelling-place, that of my heroine! Grant May, her father, was a shepherd, a rugged man of middle age, whose furrowed face bore

testimony to the fact, that he had encountered and weathered many a hard storm in the course of his life. A true son of the mountains was he; for three or four generations back his fathers had lived, shepherds, in these same wild heights, and I doubt much if *this* son of his father could ever have breathed the warmer and gentler air of a less elevated home. Occasionally, but at long intervals, he had wandered away to the world below him, but, like the eagle, his eye and his affections were fixed amid the towering heights, the rugged scenes and bracing air of the mountains—there was the home for which Nature and a forty years' residence had fitted him.

The shepherd's house was built in what, to an eye unaccustomed to such scenes, would seem a most dangerous situation. But it was just to the contrary. Erected on the side of a deep ravine at the bend of the stream, it was sheltered on three sides from the rough, wild winds of winter; and in summer it seemed half buried in the vegetation, which was nowhere on the mountains so abundant as about this place. Above, beneath, and around the cottage there were hardy bushes and flowering shrubs, and towering high above them the pine-trees and the strong-limbed off-spring of that rugged clime; and higher still above the flowers, and bushes, and pines, spread the bright deep blue sky, which seemed to rest its mighty arches on the peaks and crags of those great heights.

Yes, it was a glorious home, a noble dwelling-place, that of young Rose May! The voice of the southern wind, when it crept so softly up the mountain, and through the branches of the pines, to kiss her brow, and tell her of the wild beauty of the land from which it wandered, that voice was sweet and welcome music to her ear; but no less loved and welcome was the trumpet-blast of the storm, when it came rushing like a fend's voice past her home, or like the challenge of a giant fresh from the strong fortress where the soldiery of Winter were garrisoned. Rose loved the flowers, the gay bright blossoms which in midsummer bloomed about her home, but more keen was her delight in the grandeur which made her heart to thrill, and her blood to leap wildly through its veins, when on awakening some dreary

mornings of winter, she saw the pine-trees loaded with the wealth of glittering icicles, which glowed and blazed with a splendor greater than if the treasures of all the kings and princes of earth had been melted and poured over those same stately acorns of the soil.

Nature in all her phases was beautiful, and welcome to Rose May; but there was something in the heart of the girl which made her sympathize with, and rejoice more keenly in the grand and terrible shapes the great Queen chose during more than eight months of the year to appear in. Therefore Rose May was most truly a daughter, a bright, strong-hearted, noble daughter of the mountains.

They had aptly named this maiden after the queen of the flowers. For though there were many sons in Grant May's household, Rose was the only daughter, and she was like a rose indeed, the fairest as well as tenderest bud opening beneath the family roof-tree. The bloom of health was on the maiden's cheek—the glow of health was in her veins and in the calm beating of her heart, which told so steadily "all's well."

While Grant May and his sons were absent from their home all day, tending to their many flocks, Rose remained with her mother at home, assisting her with willing hand in the domestic toils; and a steady and invaluable helpmate was she, spinning yarn from the sheep her father called her own, and then knitting the proceeds into stout socks and mittens for them who labored out of doors; and ingeniously contriving numerous garments, whereby to keep the ears, necks and feet of her wild, light-hearted brothers warm in the dreadful winter weather. Rose was, in fact, quite a pattern maid; never complaining, or caring to rest herself even when she was weary, while there was any work left for her mother to do—and the last thing she ever would have thought to boast of was ignorance of any part of the book of domestic economy—which volume, if you, my dear reader, have had any occasion to thumb, you know very well is not printed with the most readable or understandable type.

Rose May had not many companions. There were, it is true, other families, and numbers of them, scattered among the mountains, but these lived at long distances from each other, and were so circumstanced as to preclude the possibility of frequent visitings. But when these far-off neighbors *did* meet, it was with the warm and earnest good feeling which people so situated would be likely to entertain for each other. Perhaps their mutual interest was even more sincere and honest, their friendship more generous and truthful, than if they had been able to hold more frequent and familiar communication with each other, partaking, as necessarily they did, each and all, of the mundane nature, for they had scarcely time to discover one another's particular failings and short-comings.

There were two families, however, whose members maintained a more familiar intimacy with the household of Grant May than the other mountaineers. And for this reason. In both these families there was

a son—each, only sons, too, who regarded Rose May with fonder eyes than mere friendly interest would warrant; they both loved her with all the devotion their wild, earnest spirits were capable of—both acknowledged her the queen of the mountain flowers, and the object of their supreme regard.

One of these youths was named Joseph Rancy; his father was the wealthiest of the shepherds—the son would be the old man's sole heir. This fact alone was one calculated to greatly enhance the merits of the young man—to make him a favored guest—a much sought for friend—and an acceptable suitor, especially in the eyes of parents who had a double eye to their daughter's happiness and good fortune.

Joseph was a tall, robust, free-spoken youth, with a heart whose honesty forbade his lips ever speaking a word which could not safely be echoed in its recesses. But his very bluntness, though it arose from his honesty of purpose, was not perhaps calculated to make him a great favorite with that class of people *said* to be lovers of soft words and honied-*speeches*. Joseph was a great favorite with Grant May and with the young brethren of Rose. They liked him for his generosity and daring, and for many noble traits of character he evinced, which I will not now stop to enumerate. The young man knew he stood well in their eyes—but about her whose favor he cared for more than all the rest, he was as yet in a state of doubt and perplexity.

The other youth who visited so frequently Grant May's cottage was Rob Horn. To say Rob was handsome as a picture would be rather a doubtful compliment; but handsome he was, tall and straight as an Indian, with a bright, smiling face—which (but for a treacherous expression sometimes seen lurking about the mouth) seemed to hail every man a brother and friend; then his hair was black as a raven's wing, eyes ditto—a becoming bloom on his brown cheeks, graceful, light-hearted, cheerful and companionable—here, you have Rob Horn—is he one you would suppose Rose May might love?

Rob also was an only son—but the great difference between him and Joseph Rancy was, that his father was far from wealthy, having only managed to keep partially "above board," during all the long years of his earthly pilgrimage.

More than once Rob had roved away from his mountain home to the low-land villages, for his was a restless spirit, and his were roving eyes, that grew weary at times of looking always on the same grand scenes; but still he seemed to retain an unextinguishable affection for his native home, for after a short absence he always returned to his father's humble cot, with his head full of the scenes he had looked upon in the busy world, but with his curiosity satisfied, and his heart all right toward home. The reason, however, of his invariable return was, that up in the old eagle's eyry (that is in Grant May's cottage) there was the little bird whose wild, free-gushing songs was the attractive power which always called him back.

And among the fairer faced damsels who lived in

cities, were there none whom Rob thought comparable with the unfettered-by-fashion Rose May? Was there none whose smile made his heart thrill with rapture. Was there not one whose voice was sweeter than an angel's to his ear, whose words were dearly remembered, and treasured long after they were uttered? Let us see.

Sitting by the blazing fire in Grant May's kitchen during the long, pleasant winter evenings, and telling to the gathered family the strange fashions and habits of the people with whom he had occasionally mingled—describing to the wondering children modes of life which they in their simplicity had never dreamed of, and to the father the changes which had occurred in public affairs, and to the mother, of the women whose acquaintance he had made, and of the friends she had known in her girlhood whom he had chanced to meet, it is not to be supposed that he neglected all this while, and thought not at all of the fair young listener, to please whom he would have talked on forever, had that been necessary—no, indeed, she was not forgotten, for during many years Rob had been incessantly at work, forming a telegraph route between his heart and her own; he was even then, during those winter evenings, busy in that great work of his life, and ere long he was determined to prove if the work was perfect—but he delayed sending the first real dispatch—he feared lest it should be uncomprehended and unanswered.

To Rose, Rob had always seemed kind, and noble, and honest—in short, all that man ought to be—all that Joseph Rancy was. And a keener insight than she possessed, or many mortals on earth possess, would have been requisite in this case to detect the true gold from the glittering dross. Even when the maiden's father discovered how all the inclination and affection of his child chose Rob instead of Joseph, he did not see any insurmountable objection lying in the way to the child's union with the former—and it was only with a sigh for the fortune which might have been his daughter's, that he gave up all idea of her ever wedding Joseph Rancy.

These two boys had always been the most intimate and best of friends. In earlier days the visits which they planned together to make their young friend, Rose, were unmarred by jealous thoughts, they were marked as the best of their weekly holydays. No matter how deep the snow might lie on their path toward Grant May's cot, these appointments, which they made between themselves, were ever regularly kept; for the thought of the bright faces which always gave them such a hearty welcome, and made for them a place by the warm fire with such ready zeal, was a sufficient inducement for them to brave the coldest weather, and the stormiest day.

But as the two grew older, and learned to distinguish between friendliness and love, they did, sorry as I to tell, grow jealous of one another, and at last, before they had concluded it were better to make these visits to Rose alone, each by himself, when Rose had unwittingly spoken in a tone more kindly to one of them, and evinced in any way an innocent

and thoughtless preference, the other walked homeward with closed lips and aching heart, and in most unsocial mood.

Joseph Rancy had never dared to speak openly to Rose May of love. It was strange that one so stout-hearted as he, with all the advantages of wealth, beside possessing much personal beauty, should falter as he tried to tell a simple mountain maid he loved her! But so it was. The words refused to obey his bidding when he tried to utter them. He had not lived even in those busy places where men and women congregate, yet he *did* know that "faint heart never won fair lady," and the very knowledge of that truth but increased his fears. Poor fellow! he doubted his own powers to please, and he knew that Rob Horn was a powerful and much to be feared rival. But Joseph was one who could not easily give up a thought he had cherished for so long. It was a hope it would have been hard for him to relinquish; he could never forget that he had loved Rose May, even though she turned a relentlessly deaf ear to his suit; his heart would never be satisfied with the affection of another woman. And I say but the truth, when I tell you he was worthy of her love—more worthy, if a less dashing lover than Rob Horn. There was less glitter in him, far more real worth, less of admiration, and passion, than deep and earnest love in his thoughts of Rose.

He had placed his hopes upon her returning affection; and it is not agreeable with the natural order of things, to suppose that he would for ever continue irresolute in a case momentous as this; and so, once again, with the express desire to hear his fate decided by her lips, he set out on a summer morning, determined that his resolution *should* hold out till he had heard his doom from her own voice.

The day was favorable; oh! if the event might only prove so, too! The time also seemed propitious, for before Joseph had half way reached her father's house, he met Rose May. She was gathering wild-flowers, and when she saw him coming toward her, she gayly bade him assist her in the pleasant work. I know not if those simple people ever studied the "language of flowers;" perhaps, however, the *science* is a natural one, but this I know, that there was a great preponderance of mountain-roses, buds, and half-opened blossoms, in the flowers Joseph gathered for the little lady. Ah, what a lucky wight! the beautiful summer morning—the silent wood—the naturalness of the offer of his heart with the flowers he gave her! Surely Fate, for once, was propitious! But notwithstanding the chances were with him, and the hour was one of a thousand, Joseph still hesitated and delayed; and it was not till all the flowers were gathered, and Rose had actually set out on her homeward path, that Joseph nerved himself to the pitch requisite.

And, indeed, it was quite a point in his destiny he had reached; the next step you plainly see was an important, an all important one to him. It had been the hope of years that he might win, and one day wed, Rose May; he had lived in that hope; its working out had been one of the most blessed of his thoughts; and

now, in five short minutes (perhaps less) he would know if this dear dream were to have fruition, or was it to pass away like the morning dew, leaving him no possibility of ever indulging in it again, that is, with reason—and Joseph was a reasonable youth.

As I have stated, he was an uneducated youth, that is, uneducated in the schools, and ignorant and innocent of polite learning, therefore he knew but one way of discovering a fact, and that was by asking a question point-blank. When Rose was about emerging from the wood, from whence a little path led down the ravine to her father's house, he paused in the walk, and said quite distinctly,

"Wait a moment, Rose May. I came to ask you a question I have thought to ask you this long time—will you love me—will you be my wife?"

"Yours, Joseph," replied Rose, as honestly and unreservedly as the question had been put; "Yours—how can you think of such a thing?"

"I have thought of it for years, Rose. You have so many brothers and friends, like enough you have considered me as one of them; but I, I have no sister, Rose, no friend I hold half so dear as you. It does not strike me as such a very strange thing to ask you; if you will only think of it, I do not ask you to answer me to-day. Perhaps when you think it all over, the matter will not seem so strange; and I would not have you answer me in haste, dear Rose."

"Never, Joseph Rancy," answered Rose, speaking rapidly, but kindly, though so firm. "I have always thought of you as a dear friend, that is true, but I can never be any more than that."

"Will you not say any thing more, Rose? Think again; you call me your dear friend, oh, be my wife, my best and dearest friend. Your home is so happy, think of mine, lonely and dreary as it is now; what a paradise it *might* be were you there! Rose, dear Rose May, I pray you only to think again."

"I have thought, Joseph; do not speak to me so any more, it pains me; there are many others who might make your home as happy, far happier than I; forget that you have had such thoughts about me, my friend."

"How can I forget," said Joseph, sadly, while for a moment longer he retained her to hear his words, for she was hastening away. "Tell me, Rose," he said, falteringly, "is there any other—do you love any body better than me?"

"Yes, my father and mother."

"Not them—I don't mean them; the love I ask is not the kind you give to them—but is there another?"

"It is not right in you to ask me such questions, you know it is not. Don't make me think the less of you as a friend by going too far now."

"Forgive me dear, dear Rose—I'm going. Don't let what I've said trouble you; I'd let my tongue be burned with hot iron before speaking what I have to you to-day, if I thought 't would make you less happy."

"Good-by, Joseph, now you are what you always have been, generous and good; and if I don't love you as you could wish, I honor you from my heart—good-by."

There was a lingering sadness in the maiden's voice as she spoke, that convinced Joseph she was honest in her words, and that she did sincerely grieve to have been the cause of disappointment to him; yet that knowledge did not soothe nor allay the heart-wound she had given him; and he went back to his home, feeling, as I suppose many a poor mortal has felt before, disconsolate and unhappy. Still Joseph was a young man of sound mind, and he loved Rose May even better than ever he had before; her very firmness made him respect her for it, though that firmness was all directed against his suit.

Often as he thought over the unmeasurable distance there must forever be, even in thought, between them, so often came the soothing remembrance that it was not lack of worth on his part that made her reject him. Had she not said she honored him? And was not such respect and kindly feeling, indeed, the highest and the purest kind of love? Might he not some day convince her that it was also the best love, and the one most conducive to happiness in wedded life? But, alas! close upon this thought came the death-blow to all hope, for Joseph was convinced that she would wed another.

Yes, and there *was* one she had promised to wed—one for whom she had more than respect—one whom she more than honored—and he none other than Rob Horn! He was the fortunate youth whose telegraph-dispatch was successful in receiving a speedy and satisfactory reply. Fortune favored him; does she favor only the good, and the deserving, and true?

The home of one of the most powerful of the spirits was in these mountains—a spirit loving justice and equity, who watched the scales wherein the good and evil were weighed with jealous eye. This being of power took much interest in the affairs of the shepherds; sometimes she had even deigned to speak with them in her quiet, unostentatious way; and when she taught them, it was generally on some subject of domestic good or household economy. Almost all her instructions had been of this nature, for they were a quiet, religious people among whom she lived, giving away very rarely to the temptations of vice; but once or twice the spirit had spoken in rather strong and understandable language, to an offender who rarely in his sinful life had any "compunctious visitings." No one had ever seen her bodily, and yet there was but one person who dared to disbelieve in the spirit's existence, but one who would not recognize her power; and who should this reckless one be but the wild youth, Rob Horn? He dared to say, and say openly, too, that there was never any such being in existence, and that from the very nature of things there never could be. Some people will never believe in any thing out of the ordinary range of facts, more especially if they be in a state of partial ignorance—and of this very class of persons was Rob; the spirit had never manifested herself in any shape to him, and he, poor mortal! fancied she never could.

It was the only point in her lover's nature that Rose May feared—this skepticism; for Rose was a

firm believer in all spiritual existences; and often, but unavailingly, she had besought Rob to at least speak in a manner more respectful of the powerful agent, who would, she knew, work him wo if he continued obdurate in his unbelief. But there was nothing in the natural world the young man feared, there was no danger he dared not brave—why then tremble at the unseen, unknown, unheard? Why give heed to the superstitious fears of old women and maidens? Instead of being able in this case to convince her lover, Rose, after all, was herself almost persuaded by his jests and ridicule to doubt the existence of the power, which she also had never seen or heard. She began to give place in her mind to Rob's words, that it was the idlest thing in the world to believe in such romantic impossible existences. But as yet Rose had kept her growing infidelity to herself; she would not have dared to breathe to her mother even, who was firm in the faith, her strengthening doubts; perhaps it was well for her she did not dare.

It was night—the night previous to his bridal day—and at a late hour Rob left the home of Rose, and bent his steps through the rough path that led to his own dwelling-place. The happy fellow, if we may judge from facts, was in a most delightful state of mind, well-pleased with himself and his bride-to-be, and with all the world beside. "To-morrow" was his wedding-day, and ever thereafter Rose May, the brightest flower of the mountains, was his own! And well might he rejoice.

Grant May had yielded to the youth's solicitations with a good grace when he found his child's hope and love were directed toward Rob; and it was no difficult thing to win the consent of the mother, for he had always been in high favor with her, since he brought her from his wanderings in the valley, the inestimable gift of a few bright pieces of useful furniture, which occupied the most honorable places and positions in her household.

In a few days after the festivities following the great occasion were over, Rob, with his bride, were to make the journey to the nearest large town, which plan was of itself half enough to make young Rose wild with joy, for the greatest multitude she had ever seen gathered, was on the Sabbath days, when twenty or thirty of the mountain people met in the little church to worship.

It was a bright moonlit night, the soft light streamed over the path he was to tread, as Rob returned home. The parting kiss of Rose was warm on his forehead; he fancied she was beside him, walking in the same path, and nearly all the way he talked soft words of love as though she were by to hear. When the young man had nearly reached his home, he encountered Joseph Rancy. These two had been far from cordial in their greetings of late, and with good reason, for Rob's manner to Joseph had been that of triumph, and Joseph's that of a man heart-sore and jealous of the success of his rival.

This night, however, Joseph Rancy had come out with the express purpose of meeting his friend of other days, and to speak with him in the manner of by-gone time, as kindly and as generously. When

he had come up directly in front of Rob, he was still unobserved; he paused then, and holding out his hand, said.

"I came out on purpose to meet you, Rob."

Horn took the proffered hand in his own, and said, "I am glad to see you, truly, Rancy; we have not met of late."

"No; we have n't been the friends we once were, Rob. I have shunned you because—because you seemed to triumph over me, my old friend. You who have been so successful where I failed so bitterly."

"Was it my fault that I succeeded in winning Rose May, tell me that," replied Horn, sharply. "Where 's the blame, then, if I did rejoice?"

"No blame, none, none," said Joseph, mildly, "you have been fortunate indeed, I wish you and yours much joy Rob, now and ever."

"Hold," cried Rob as Joseph turned away, "you will come to the church to-morrow, will you not. You will wish to see Rose married?"

"Rob?" exclaimed Joseph, in a tone of deep reproach, "no—I can bear to know you are going to marry her—I can hope for you, and pray for you both—but to see her married to another! You will not need me there."

When he finished speaking Joseph went off quickly on his way, and Rob Horn pursued his path home; the only answer he returned to Joseph's grief was a smothered laugh, which stifled as it was in the stillness of the night, the disappointed seeker of peace heard distinctly.

All that night Joseph Rancy sat on the opposite bank of the ravine where he might look on the dwelling-place of Rose May, and all that night he prayed for her happiness, and strove hard to banish all unfriendly thoughts toward Rob Horn from his mind. But when the morning came, long before the sun rose he wandered away among the mountains, that he might be far off from the place where she would be given to another.

Rob went on to his home—the cot was still as sleep, for his father and mother had hours before retired to their rest. He went to his chamber, and soon upon the easy couch he slept. And then Rob dreamed; of course there was but one he could dream of all that night, his young and beautiful bride, the girl he would be so proud to hear the old priest pronounce his wife. But though he could only dream of her, it does not follow that his night visions were pleasant—far enough from pleasant was the truth in this case.

He fancied that the spirit of the mountain, (the same in whose existence he had doubted for so long,) came to him with an angry frown on her spirit countenance. He trembled, yes he, the strong iron-willed youth trembled when he looked on her; he had never feared or quailed before. When she had come quite close to his bedside, and rested her hand upon his shoulder, where it lay like lead, and gazed so sternly upon him, Rob said to her:

"Why dost thou come here to disturb me, and trouble my dreams, thou terrible shape?"

And the spirit answered:

"Tell me instead, what is it thou art about to do?"

"That is quickly told," said Horn, "to-morrow I shall marry Rose May, the loveliest maid the sun ever shone upon."

"Ah, Rob Horn, Rob Horn," said the spirit sternly, interrupting him, "bethink thee what it is thou wilt do! bethink thee what has become of thy betrothed in the distant village? does she wear thy ring? does she remember thy kiss, and thy love vows? what of her Rob Horn?"

When the spirit spoke thus Rob was amazed, and he could not hide his amazement; his face became suddenly very red—was it the confusion of guilt? and for a moment he was completely abashed. But soon he rallied again, and said,

"I cannot marry two wives. I have loved Rose May all my life—I *must* marry her; the maiden in the village can find another bridegroom."

"Thou art not worthy to wed one like Rose May, but there is one worthy of her whom thou hast triumphed over many a time, and even this very night, because thou hast been more successful than he—beware, thou may'st go too far."

"Too far! She will be mine to-morrow—what power in heaven or earth can separate us? She is mine—mine—mine!"

"Thou may'st deceive thyself. I ask thee, wilt thou not give up Rose May and betake thee to the pale and sorrowing maid who has awaited thy coming so long?"

"Give her up? My Rose! never! Thou fool to ask it of me!"

"And yet I do ask thee again, wilt thou not be just? Do that which thine honor and truth require of thee—the girl thou hast deserted will die."

"Be death her bridegroom then? Who art thou to take my Rose from me? She is mine, I will wed no other?"

"Why so sure? Did ever such wickedness as is in thee prosper? Thou hast a bad heart Rob Horn, and a thousand things may come between thee and her, even after the priest proclaims her thine. There is nothing sure or stable for one like thee! give her up now, or beware—a fate more terrible than thou canst think may be in store for thee."

"Begone thou prating fool! rather will I give my life up than my Rose, my bride, my beautiful!"

So firmly was this third repetition of his determination spoken that Rob awoke, and as might be supposed he found himself alone, and the sunlight streaming brightly through his little window. Heartily congratulating himself that it was all a dream, the young man arose, and ere long had tastefully adorned himself with the new raiment prepared for the momentous occasion.

The morning was verging toward noon, when in the simple church the wedding party gathered before the altar.

There was beautiful Rose May and her handsome bridegroom, and after the manner of things, of necessity, the twain never in their lives looked so charmingly as then. And there were the parents of the bridegroom and the bride, happy as parents might be,

who believed they were about to witness the consummation of their children's joy. And there also were all the young brothers of Rose, bright and smiling, as such little folks on such occasions invariably are. These were all gathered about the altar; the body of the church was nearly filled with the young friends of the to-be-married ones, and the sturdy old mountaineers with their wives.

It would not be strictly cleaving to truth to say that Rob Horn was wholly at ease that morning—far otherwise, for that strange dream of his tormented him. It was foremost in his mind, claiming even in that holy hour more of his thought than the gentle, excited girl who leaned in trusting fondness on his arm. Why should a merely ugly dream annoy him so? Was the young skeptic's disbelief in spirits shaken? Had he in reality a promised bride awaiting him in the far-off village? Have patience with me, by the *déroument* you will know it all.

They were kneeling before the altar. The consecrated hands of the old priest were raised in blessing above them, he was about pronouncing the uniting words, and Rob, the bridegroom, was thinking even then if there were in reality spirits he had overpowered his visitant, at least, by his boldness and firmness, when suddenly there came a shape of light floating through the open door of the church. It moved on noiselessly through the holy edifice above the heads of the astonished and alarmed congregation, until it came to the altar, and there it paused. And then a voice soft and thrilling as the voice of the summer breeze, yet distinctly audible to every soul gathered there, said—

"Rise, Robert Horn, thou *shalt* not speak the marriage vows!"

And pale as death, Rob, unable to resist these words, lifted up himself.

Then distinctly as before, the voice said—

"Did I not tell thee to beware? Did I not forbid thee to wed this maid, thou, who hast another pledged to thee, one who waits and watches for thee, wondering at thy long delay? Did I not bid beware—didst thou not laugh at my words? Answer me, Robert Horn?"

The bridegroom lifted up his eyes to the shape before him and said, but with a voice that trembled—

"Thou didst bid me beware, but I am here notwithstanding—here to take this woman for my wife, and Rose is here, she is mine, and thou, whatsoever thou art, canst not and shalt not part us."

"Thou hast sealed thy fate," answered the Spirit of the Mountain, "for thy wickedness, thy falseness, and thy unbelief, thou shalt be banished away from the earth for ever! And it shall be a part of the misery of thy banishment, that once in every month from thy prison-house thou shalt look down upon this lower world. Thou shalt see, and know, and feel, all the pangs, and the bliss, and the glory of love, and yet hereafter never share it with any mortal! The water-brooks, the oceans, and the seas, shall reflect thy image, and thou shalt know the bitterness of seeing even these unconscious and useless things unknowing thee, uncaring for thee. Thou shalt live on for

years till they are counted by centuries, long after she thou hast so shamefully deserted sleeps the quiet, blessed sleep of death; thou shalt live to mourn and to lament over a fate thou canst not change. Thy doom is more dreadful than thou canst yet conceive of! Come, wait not even for *her* last embrace, come—come—come!!

Swiftly away they passed, the spirit and the wifeless bridegroom, without one parting look, or kiss, or word with the trembling girl forever separated from the forever exiled youth. In an instant the little church was vacant, and without its walls might be seen gathered a group of terrified people, and foremost among them the widowed Rose, gazing on the far upper sight of poor Rob Horn.

The new moon that night came up in all her glorious beauty, and sailed on calmly as she was wont to do over the broad blue upper sea; and night after night she glided over the vast expanse, unfurling gradually wider and wider her sails, till in full and perfect splendor she at last appeared. And then, yes then Rose May beheld her lover once more; but oh that shadowy glimpse she caught of him was worse to her than had she looked on utter vacancy. She *knows* that he was gazing on her home, that he looked in despair on her, but, alas! she saw no more the tender light that filled once his beautiful, dark eyes; she heard no words from his silenced lips, and it was like a torturing dream to her to look upon him thus, and fancy all the horrors of his banishment.

And what of Rob? He dwells in moon-land yet! among the elevated "mountains of the moon," instead of those dear, wild heights his dwelling place on earth. Who ever could have dreamed that the wretched Wandering Jew had an unknown companion in yon bright sphere, whose lot was yet more miserable than his own? Who ever thought a "breach of promise" might be visited on unfaithful man, in quite another and more effectual way, than by laying strong hold on his most precious possessions?"

Oh, ye soft-hearted maidens, I pray you henceforth bear in mind *who* is the captive knight to whom so oft your fond eyes are directed, "oft in the still night," when he doth stand on the brink of the "moon mountains" and gazeth down so sadly on the world, remember ye this story I have told, and turn away and leave him quite alone. Sing not in pensive strains the praise he loves to hear, laud not the beauty of the exile's home, for oh his strained ear is strong to catch your words, his eye is quick to note your admiration. Let him not gladden in one word from thee.

And ye, gay-hearted knights, so strong to promise, and so slow to do; ye who do count it pastime to

win woman's love, and then fling it away as ye would cast aside the flower of lost fragrance, but be ye warned in time, for spirits *are*, and moon-land yet may find room in its borders for thy feet!

And now what more remains for me to tell. You have guessed, I know, how the warm-hearted spirit taught Rose May that Joseph Rancy possessed all the good and attractive qualities of the lost lover, with none of his sins and follies! You have guessed that one gay morning the old church doors were opened for another bridal party—that young Rose stood again in marriage garments before the altar, and Joseph by her side. You have guessed how the Spirit once more glided through the "place of prayer," to add her blessing to that which the priest pronounced over the bridegroom and the bride.

Whyspeak of the happy home where Joseph Rancy dwelt with his beautiful lady-love? Why tell of all that wedded bliss which people for the most part in our world have heard of already, or else desire in an especial manner to hear of, and to know. And why say that all the teachings and advice which the Spirit deigned to administer to these two blest mortals, was ever received and heeded by them with the utmost care and gratitude?

Do you believe in dreams? No! Why not? Have you, indeed, yet to learn, that through them the good spirits whisper to us advice, and peace, and warning, and consolation! Are you so cold and dull as to believe there are no ministering spirits, no guiding guardian angels? Do you, *can* you scornfully repel the idea that the forests and mountains, the oceans and the plains, have their myriad viewless *intellectual* inhabitants? Ah, foolishly unwise, may these powerful agents have mercy on you, and charitably bear with your shameful, willful blindness!

What then—must I set you down as more ignorant and unlearned than even simple Joseph Rancy? Fling all your book-learning aside and be a very child in all knowledge, I beseech you, if that will give you faith in these surrounding millions, to believe in them, and a keen mental eyesight to behold them. And do not, above all things, dare to brave the possible malignance of Rob Horn, that is, if you regard the preservation of your worldly wealth. Gather not in your harvests, and your winter stores, while he is gazing full upon you, rather follow honest Joseph's example, shear all shearable sheep, reap in the wealth of your apple-trees, and massacre your swine while Rob is sleeping in the shade of the mountains, just before he awakens from his slumber to gaze openly upon your doings. And if you manifest your faith in my story in no other way than in doing this, I shall be satisfied, and feel, whether you admit it or not, that I have for once "well done."

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

SWEET child, whose gentle eyes upon
The mirror's polished surface rest,
Thy heart no grief has ever known,
No anxious care disturbs thy breast.

O, may the coming time, to thee
Cult as the present ever prove;
And she who guards thy infancy
Live years of rapture in thy love.

ANNA.

TO THE THAMES, AT NORWICH, CONN.

BY MRS. LYDIA E. SIGOURNEY.

HAIL, Father Thames! 'Tis joy to me
Once more thy fere and haunts to see;
For lingering verdure, soft and rare,
Makes thine autumnal carpet fair;
And 'mid thy bordering heights is seen
The strong and patient evergreen,
While checkering sunbeams gild thy way,
And lightly with thy ripples play.

Spare not to give me smile of cheer,
And kindly bid me welcome here;
For some, who erst my hand would take,
And love me for affection's sake,
Sleep the cold sleep that nuy not break;
And though to fill their vacant place
Are blooming brows and forms of grace,
Who still a favoring glance extend,
And greet their parent's cherished friend,
Yet mingling with that welcome dear,
Are voices that they may not hear;
For visioned forms around me glide,
And tender memories throng my side,
Till tears, like pearl-drops, all apart,
Swell in the silence of the heart.

Methinks thou speak'st of change. 'Tis true;
What hand may hold the morning dew
All unexhaled through lengthened day,
To sparkle 'neath the westerling ray?
Who dreams his flowing curls to keep,
While years roll on, in eddies deep?
The elastic feet, that spring untired,
Where cliffs o'er towering cliffs inspired;
The heart, untought a pang to bear,
The cheek that ne'er had paled with care,
The eye, unhummed by sorrow's rain—
How could I bring these back again?
Change hath a part in every hour
And gift that youth doth call its own,
Nor grants old Earth a bond or claim,
Without the endorsement of his name;
So, that 's the tenure, father dear,
By which we hold possession here,
And he not strict to mark with shame,
Unless himself wert free from blame,

For, in thy presence he it told,
That even thou art changed and old.

Methinks, with wild resentment's flush,
I hear thy rising currents dash—
But still my charge I'll deftly prove;
Where are the healthful flowers that wave
Fresh garlands here, in copse and grove?
The golden-rod, of sunny hue,
Heart's-ease and violets deeply blue,
The lustrous laurel, richly dressed,
That through the sober alders prest;
These blossomed when I saw thee last,
Yet now, dismantled branches cast
Keen challenge to the mocking blast,
And fallen leaves, in eddies dank,
Reproachful strew thy mottled bank.

Thy shrouded dolls, where lovers stole,
Or poets mused with raptur'd soul—
Where are they now? I ask in vain;
Strange iron steeds that scorn the rein,
With shriek, and tramp, and nostrils bright,
The herds amid thy pastures fright;
And clashing wheel, and spindle's force,
Oh! drain thy faithful allies' source,
Shetucket, with his toughened breast,
And Yantie, that I love the best;
While granite walls, and roofs of grace,
Usurp the moping owl's place.
Yes, thou art changed, the world hath made
High instead on thy hermit shade.

But, say'st thou, that with spirit true
Thou keep'st a glorious goal in view;
Heaven speed thee on, with feet of glee,
And bless thy bridal with the sea;
Dear River! that doth lingering stay,
Laying the sandbars, on thy way,
Of the fair city of my birth,
Perchance, the loveliest spot on earth.
Be thou our guide. Thy steadfast eye
Might teach us our own goal to spy;
For to that goal, through smile and tear,
Each winged moment brings us near;
Oh! may it be that blissful shore,
Where chance and change are known no more.

THE SONG OF THE AXE.

BY C. L. WHEELER.

LET the poet-*lord* bepraise the sword
That gloms on Conquest's track;
Be't none to prolong a humbler song—
The song of the woodman's axe!
'Tis meet to sing of th' lowliest thing
That graces the reign of Peace,
And add our praise, in hearty lays,
Or prayers for bright increase.

In the ruddy flood of battle's blood
Its splendor ne'er was dimmed,
For a gentler fame o'writes its paine
Than e'er the soldier hymned.
Like a pioneer, with voice of cheer,
It breaks the forest's gloom,
And maketh the earth give joyous birth,
And like a garden bloom!

And the palace dome, or peasant's home,
It rears with brave command;
For no towering oak its lusty stroke
Could ever yet withstand.
Ho! the axe is king of the wildwood ring,
And of the lordly trees,
For before his blow they bow them low
That laugh at the mountain breeze.

And his trophies bright are truth and light,
And Plenty's golden store;
For no drop of trea e'er dims the sheen
That flashed in days of yore!
Then praise to the king of the wildwood ring,
The woodman's shining axe,
For a gentler fame awaits its name
Than the sword or Conquest's tracks.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

A TALE OF THE FEUDAL AGES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD MURDIS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE analysis of the dreaming faculty has never yet been made. The nearest approach to it is in our own time, and by the doctors of Phrenology. The suggestion of a plurality of mental attributes, and of their independence, one of the other, affords a key to some of the difficulties of the subject, without altogether enabling us to penetrate the sanctuary. Many difficulties remain to be overcome, if we rely upon the ordinary modes of thinking. My own notion is, simply, that the condition of sleep is one which by no means affects the mental nature. I think it probable that the mind, accustomed to exercise, thinks on, however deep may be the sleep of the physical man; that the highest exercise of the thinking faculty—that which involves the imagination—is, perhaps, never more acutely free to work out its problems, than when unembarrassed by the cares and anxieties of the temperament and form; and that dreaming is neither more nor less than habitual thought, apart from the ordinary restraints of humanity, of which the memory, at waking, retains a more or less distinct consciousness. This thought may or may not have been engendered by the topics which have impressed or interested us during the day; but this is not necessary, nor is it inevitable. We dream precisely as we think, with suggestions arising to the mind in sleep, spontaneously, as they do continually when awake, without any special provocation; and our dreams, in all probability, did not our memory fail us at awaking, would possess that coherence, proportion and mutual relation of parts, which the ordinary use of the ratiocinative faculties requires. I have no sort of doubt that the sleep of the physical man may be perfect, even while the mind is at work, in a high state of activity, and even excitement in its mighty store-house. The eye may be shut, the ear closed, the tongue sealed, the taste inappreciative, and the nerves of touch locked up in the fast embrace of unconsciousness, while thought, fancy, imagination, comparison and causality, are all busy in the most keen inquiries, and in the most wonderful creations. But my purpose is not now to insist upon these phenomena, and my speculations are only meant properly to introduce a vision of my own; one of those wild, strange, foreign fancies which sometimes so unexpectedly people and employ our slumbers—coherent, seemingly, in all its parts, yet as utterly remote as can well be imagined from the topics of daily experience and customary reflection.

I had probably been asleep a couple of hours, when I was awakened with some oppressive mental sen-

sation. I was conscious that I had been dreaming, and that I had seen a crowd of persons, either in long procession, or engaged in some great state ceremonial. But of the particulars—the place, the parties, the purpose, or the period, I had not the most distant recollection. I was conscious, however, of an excited pulse, and of a feeling so restless, as made me, for a moment, fancy that I had fever. Such, however, was not the case. I rose, threw on my *robe de chambre*, and went to the window. The moon was in her meridian; the whole landscape was flickering with the light silvery haze with which she carpeted her pathway. From the glossy surface of the orange leaves immediately beneath the window, glistened a thousand diamond-like points of inexpressible brightness; while over all the fields was spread a fleecy softness, that was doubly pure and delicate in contact with the sombre foliage of the great forest, to the very foot of which it stretched. There was nothing in the scene before me that was not at once gentle and beautiful; nothing which, by the most remote connection, could possibly suggest an idea of darkness or of terror. I gazed upon the scene only for a few moments. The night was cold, and a sudden shivering chillness which it sent through all my frame, counseled me to get back to bed with all possible expedition. I did so, but was not successful in wooing the return of those slumbers which had been so unusually banished from mine eyes. For more than an hour I lay tossing and dissatisfied, with my thoughts flitting from subject to subject with all the caprice of an April butterfly. When I again slept, however, I was again conscious of a crowd. A multitude of objects passed in prolonged bodies before my sight. Troops of glittering forms then occupied the canvas, one succeeding to the other regularly, but without any individuality of object or distinct feature. But I could catch at intervals a bright flash, as of a plume or jewel, of particular size and splendor, leading me to the conviction that what I beheld was the progress of some great state ceremonial, or the triumphal march of some well-appointed army. But whether the procession moved under the eagles of the Roman, the horse-tails of the Ottoman, or the lion banner of England, it was impossible to ascertain. I could distinguish none of the ensigns of battle. The movements were all slow and regular. There was nothing of stride or hurry—none of the clamor of invasion or exultation of victory. The spectacle passed on with a measured pomp, as if it belonged to some sad and gloomy rite, where the splendor rather increased the solemnity to which it was simply tributary.

CHAPTER II.

The scene changed even as I gazed. The crowd had disappeared. The vast multitude was gone from sight, and mine eye, which had strained after the last of their retreating shadows, now dropped its lids on vacancy. Soon, however, instead of the great waste of space and sky, which left me without place of rest for sight, I beheld the interior of a vast and magnificent hall, most like the interior of some lofty cathedral. The style of the building was arabesque, at once richly and elaborately wrought, and sombre. The pointed arches, reached by half-moon involutions, with the complex carvings and decorations of cornice, column and ceiling, at once carried me back to those wondrous specimens which the art of the Saracen has left rather for our admiration than rivalry. The apartment was surrounded by a double row of columns; slender shafts, which seemed rather the antennæ of graceful plants than bulks and bodies of stone and marble, rising for near thirty feet in height, then gradually spreading in numerous caryatides, resembling twisted and unfolding serpents, to the support of the vast roof. All appearance of bulk, of cumbrousness, even of strength, seemed lost in the elaborate delicacy with which these antennæ stretched themselves from side to side, uniting the several arches in spans of the most airy lightness and beauty. The great dome for which they furnished the adequate support, rose too high in the but partial light which filled the hall, to enable me to gather more than an imperfect idea of its character and workmanship. But of its great height the very incapacity to define its character afforded me a sufficient notion. Where the light yielded the desired opportunity, I found the flowery beauty of the architecture, on every hand, to be alike inimitable. To describe it would be impossible. A thousand exquisite points of light, the slenderest beams, seemed to depend, like so many icicles, from arch and elevation—to fringe the several entrances and windows—to hang from every beam and rafter; and over all, to cast an appearance so perfectly aerial, as to make me doubtful, at moments, whether the immense interior which I saw them span, with the massive but dusky ceiling which they were intended to sustain, were not, in fact, a little world of wood, with the blue sky dimly overhead, a realm of vines and flowers, with polished woodland shafts, lavishly and artfully accumulated in the open air, so as to produce, in an imperfect light, a delusive appearance of architectural weight, magnificence and majesty. An immense avenue, formed of columns thus embraced and bound together by the most elaborate and fantastic carvings, linked vines, boughs, flowers and serpents, opened before me, conducting the eye through fur vistas of the same description, thus confirming the impression of cathedral avenues of forest. The eye, beguiled along these passages, wandered into others quite as interminable, with frequent glimpses into lateral ranges quite as wonderful and ample, until the dim perspective was shut, not because of the termination of the passage, but because of the painful inability in the sight any further

to pursue it. Each of these avenues had its decorations, similarly elaborate and ornate with the rest of the interior. Vines and flowers, stars and wreaths, crosses and circles—with such variety of form and color as the kaleidoscope only might produce in emulation of the fancy—were all present, but symmetrically duplicated, so as to produce an equal correspondence on each side, figure answering to figure. But these decorations were made tributary to other objects. Numerous niches opened to the sight, as you penetrated the mighty avenue, in which stood noble and commanding forms;—statues of knights in armor; of princes; great men who had awayed nations; heroes, who had encountered dragons for the safety of the race; and saintly persons, who had called down blessings from heaven upon the nation in the hour of its danger and its fear. The greater number of these stood erect as when in life; but some sat, some reclined, and others knelt; but all, save for the hue of the marble in which they were wrought—so exquisite was the art which they had employed—would have seemed to be living even then. Around the apartment which I have been describing, were double aisles, or rather avenues, formed by sister columns, corresponding in workmanship and style, if not in size, with those which sustained the dome. These were deep and sepulchral in shadow, but withal very attractive and lovely places; retreats of shade, and silence, and solemn beauty; autumnal walks, where the heart which had been wounded by the shafts and sorrows of the world, might fly, and be secure; and where the form, wandering lonely among the long shadows of grove and pillar, and in the presence of noble and holy images of past worth and virtue, might still maintain the erect stature which belongs to elevated fancies, to purest purposes, and great designs forever working in the soul.

But it would be idle to attempt to convey, unless by generalities, any definite idea of the vast and magnificent theatre, or of that singular and sombre beauty with which I now found myself surrounded. Enough, that, while I was absorbed, with my whole imagination deeply excited by the architectural grandeur which I surveyed, I had grown heedless of the progress of events among certain human actors—if I may be thus permitted to designate the creatures of a vision—which had meanwhile taken their places in little groups in a portion of the ample area. While mine eyes had been uplifted in the contemplation of things inanimate, it appears that a human action was in progress on a portion of the scene below. I was suddenly aroused by a stir and bustle, followed by a faint murmur, as of applauding voices, which at length reached my ears, and diverted my gaze from the remote and lofty, to the rich tessellated pavement of the apartment. If the mere splendor of the structure had so fastened upon my imagination, what can I say of the scene which now commanded my attention! There was the pomp of courts, the pride of majesty, the glory of armor, the grace and charm of aristocratic beauty, in all her plumage, to make me forgetful of all other display. I now beheld

groups of noble persons, clad in courtly dresses, in knightly armor, sable and purple, with a profusion of gold and jewels, rich scarfs, and plumes of surpassing splendor. Other groups presented me with a most imposing vision of that gorgeous church, whose mitred prelates could place their feet upon the necks of mightiest princes, and sway, for good or evil, the destinies of conflicting nations. There were priests clad in flowing garments, courtiers in silks, and noblest dames, who had awayed in courts from immemorial time. Their long and rustling trains were upborne by damsels and pages, lovely enough, and richly enough arrayed, to be apt ministers in the very courts of Love himself. A chair of state, massive, and richly draped in purple and gold, with golden insignia, over which hung the jeweled tiara of sovereignty, was raised upon a *dois* some five feet above the level of the crowd. This was filled by a tall and slender person, to whom all made obeisance as to an imperial master. He was habited in sable, a single jewel upon his brow, bearing up a massive shock of feathers as black and glossy as if wrought out of sparkling coal. The air of majesty in his action, the habitual command upon his brow, left me in no doubt of his sovereign state, even had the obeisance of the multitude been wanting. But he looked not as if long destined to hold sway in mortal provinces. His person was meagre, as if wasted by disease. His cheeks were pale and hollow; while a peculiar brightness of the eyes shone in painful contrast with the pale and ghastly color of his face. Behind his chair stood one who evidently held the position of a favorite and trusted counselor. He was magnificently habited, with a profusion of jewels, which nevertheless added but little to the noble air and exquisite symmetry of his person. At intervals he could be seen to bend over to the ear of the prince, as if whispering him in secret. This show of intimacy, if pleasing to his superior, was yet evidently of different effect upon many others in the assembly. The costume of the place was that of the Norman sway in England, before the Saxons had quite succeeded,—through the jealousy entertained by the kings, of their nobles,—in obtaining a share of those indulgences which finally paved the way to their recognition by the conquerors. Yet, even in this respect of costume, I was conscious of some discrepancies. Some of the habits worn were decidedly Spanish; but as these were mingled with others which bore conclusive proof of the presence of the wearers in the wars of the Crusades, it was not improbable that they had been adopted as things of fancy, from a free communion of the parties with knights of Spain whom they had encountered in the Holy Land.

But I was not long permitted to bestow my regards on a subject so subordinate as dress. The scene was evidently no mere spectacle. Important and adverse interests were depending—wild passions were at work, and the action of a very vivid drama was about to open upon me. A sudden blast of a trumpet penetrated the hall. I say *blast*, though the sounds were faint as if subdued by distance. But the note itself, and the instrument could not have been mis-

taken. A stir ensued among the spectators. The crowd divided before an outer door, and those more distant bent forward, looking in this direction with an eager anxiety which none seemed disposed to conceal. They were not long kept in suspense. A sudden unfolding of the great valves of the entrance followed, when a rush was made from without. The tread of heavy footsteps, the waving of tall plumes, and a murmur from the multitude, announced the presence of other parties for whom the action of the drama was kept in abeyance. The crowd opened from right to left, and one of the company stood alone, with every eye of the vast assemblage fixed curiously upon his person.

CHAPTER III.

And well, apart from every consideration yet to be developed, might they gaze upon the princely form that now stood erect, and with something approaching to defiance in his air and manner, in the centre of the vast assemblage. He was habited in chain armor, the admirable work, in all probability, of the shops of Milan. This, though painted or stained thoroughly black, yet threw out a glossy lustre of incredible brightness. Upon his breast, as if the love token of some noble damsel, a broad scarf of the most delicate blue was seen to float. A cap of velvet, with a double loop in front, bearing a very large brilliant, from which rose a bunch of sable plumes, was discarded from his brows the moment that he stood within the royal presence. He stood for a brief space, seeming to survey the scene, then advanced with a bold and somewhat rapid step, as if a natural spirit of fearlessness had been stimulated into engerness by a consciousness of wrong and a just feeling of indignation. His face was scarcely less noble than his form and manner, but it was marked by angry passions—was red and swollen—and as he passed onward to the foot of the throne, he glanced fiercely on either hand, as if seeking for an enemy. In spite of the fearlessness of his progress, I could now perceive that he was under constraint and in duress. A strong body of halberdiers closed upon his course, and evidently stood prepared and watchful of his every movement. As he approached the throne, the several groups gave way before him, and he stood, with unobstructed vision, in the immediate presence of the monarch. For an instant he remained erect, with a mien unsoftened and almost haughty, while a low murmur—as I fancied, of indignation—rose in various portions of the hall. The face of the king himself seemed suddenly flushed, and a lively play of the muscles of his countenance led me to believe that he was about to give utterance to his anger; but, at this moment, the stranger sunk gracefully but proudly upon his knee, and, bending his forehead, with a studied humility in his prostration, disarmed, if it had been felt, the indignation of his sovereign. This done, he rose to his feet with a manly ease, and stood silent, in an attitude of expectation, but with a calm, martial erectness, as rigid as if cut from the inflexible rock.

The king spoke, but the words were inaudible to

my ears. There was a murmur from various parts of the assembly. Several voices followed that of the monarch, but of these I could not comprehend the purport. I could only judge of the character of what was said by its startling effect upon the stranger. If excited before, he seemed to be almost maddened now. His eyes first followed the murmuring voices from side to side of the assembly, with a fearful flashing energy, which made them dilate, as if endangering the limits of their reddened sockets. A like feverish and impatient fury threw his form into spasmodic action. His figure seemed to rise and swell, towering above the rest. His arms were stretched in the direction of the assailing voices. His clenched fist first seemed to threaten the speakers with instant violence. Unintimidated by the presence in which he stood, his appearance was that of a subject, not only too strong for his superior, but too confident and presumptuous for his own self-subjection, even in the moment of greatest peril to himself.

He resumed his composure at last, and the murmur ceased around him. There was deep silence, and the eyes of the stranger were fixed rigidly upon those of his prince. The latter was evidently moved. His hand was extended—something he spoke which I again lost; but, strange to say, the reply of the stranger came sharply and distinctly to my ear.

"Swear! Why should I swear? Should I call upon the Holy Evangel as my witness, when I see not my accuser? Let him appear. Let him look me in the face, if there be lord or knight in this assembly so bold, and tell me that I am guilty of this treason. Sir! I challenge my accuser. I have no other answer to the charge!"

CHAPTER IV.

The lips of the King moved. The nobleman who stood behind his throne, and whom I conceived to be his favorite, bent down and received his orders; then disappeared behind one of the columns whose richly decorated, but slender shafts, rose up directly behind him, like some graceful stems of the forest, over which the wildering vine, and the gaudy parasite clammers with an embrace that kills. But a few moments elapsed when the favorite re-appeared. He was accompanied by a person, whose peculiar form and aspect will deserve especial description.

In that hall, in the presence of princes, surrounded by knights and nobles of the proudest in the land, the person newly come—though seemingly neither knight nor noble, was one of the most lofty in his carriage, and most imposing and impressive in his look and manner. He was not only taller than the race of men in general, but he was obviously taller than any in that select circle by which he was surrounded. Nor did his features misbecome his person. These were singularly noble, and of Italian cast and character. His face was large, and of the most perfect oval. Though that of a man who had probably seen and suffered under sixty winters, it still bore the proofs of a beauty once remarkable. It still retained a youthful freshness, which spoke for a

conscience free from remorse and self-reproach. His eyes were of a mild, but boldly expressive blue; and, beneath their rather thin white brows, were declarative of more than human benevolence. His forehead was very large and lofty, of great breadth and composure, in the regions of ideality and sublimity, as well as causality; while his hair, thick still, and depending from behind his head in numerous waving curls, was, like his beard, of the most silvery whiteness. This was spread, massively, upon his breast, which it covered almost to the waist. His complexion was very pale, but of a clear whiteness, and harmonized sweetly with the antique beauty and power of his head. His costume differed in style, texture and stuff, entirely from that which prevailed in the assembly. A loose white robe, which extended from his shoulders to the ground, was bound about his body by a belt of plain Spanish leather, and worn with a grace and nobleness perfectly majestic. His feet were clothed in Jewish sandals. But there was nothing proud or haughty in his majesty. On the contrary, it was in contrast with the evident humility in his eye and gesture, that his dignity of bearing betrayed itself. This seemed to be as much the fruit of pure and elevated thoughts, calm and resigned, as of that superior physical organization which made this aged man tower as greatly above the rest, in person, as he certainly did in air and manner.

He advanced, as he appeared, to the foot of the throne, gracefully sunk before it, then rising, stood in quiet, as awaiting the royal command to speak. His appearance seemed to fill the assembly with eager curiosity. A sudden hush prevailed as he approached, the natural result of that awe which great superiority usually inspires in the breast of ignorance. There was but one face among the spectators that seemed to betray no curiosity as he came in sight. This was that of the accused. With the first coming of the ancient man, I had instinctively fixed my gaze upon the countenance of the nobleman. I could easily discern that his lips were compressed as if by sudden effort, while his usually florid features were covered with a momentary paleness. This emotion, with the utter absence of that air of curiosity which marked every other visage, struck me, at once, as somewhat significant of guilt.

"Behold thy accuser!" exclaimed the sovereign.

"He! the bookworm!—the dreamer!—the madman!—sorcerer to the vulgar, but less than dotard to the wise! Does your majesty look to a star-gazer for such evidence as will degrade with shame the nobles of your realm? Sir!—if no sorcerer, this old man is verily distraught! He is lunatic or vile—a madman, or a bought servitor of Sutan!"

The venerable man thus scornfully denounced, stood, meanwhile, looking sorrowful and subdued, but calm and unruffled, at the foot of the *daïs*. His eye rested a moment upon the speaker, then turned, as if to listen to that speech, with which the favorite, behind the throne of the monarch, appeared to reply to the language of the accused. This I did not hear, nor yet that which the sovereign addressed to the

same person. But the import might be divined by the answer of the accused.

"And I say, your majesty, that what he hath alleged is false—all a false and bitter falsehood, devised by cunning and malice to work out the purposes of hate. My word against his—my gauntlet against the world. I defy him to the proof! I defy all my accusers!"

"And he shall have the truth, your majesty;" was the firm, clear answer with which the venerable man responded to this defiance. His tones rang through the assembly like those of a sweet bell in the wilderness.—"My life, Sire, is sworn to the truth! I can speak no other language! That I have said nothing falsely of this lord, I invoke the attestation of the Lord of all. I have had his sacred volume brought into this presence. You shall know, Sire, what I believe, by what I swear!"

He made a sign, even while he spoke, to a little girl whom I had not before seen, but who had evidently followed him into the assembly. She now approached, bearing in her hands one of those finely illuminated manuscripts of an early day of Christian history in Europe, which are now worth their weight in gold. I could just perceive, as he opened the massive volume, by its heavy metallic clasps, that the characters were strange, and readily conjectured them to be Hebrew. The work, from what he said, and the use to which he applied it, I assumed to be the Holy Scriptures. He received it reverently from the child, placed it deliberately upon one of the steps of the *duis*, then knelt before it, his venerable head for a moment, being bowed to the very floor. Then raising his eyes, but without rising from his position, he placed one hand upon this volume, raised the other to heaven, and, with a deep and solemn voice, called upon God and the Holy Evangelists, to witness that what he had spoken, and was about to speak, was "the truth, and the truth only—spoken with no malice—no wicked or evil intent—and rather to defeat and prevent the evil designs of the person he accused." In this posture, and thus affirming, he proceeded to declare that "the accused had applied to him for a potent poison which should have the power of usurping life slowly, and without producing any of those striking effects upon the outward man, as would induce suspicion of criminal practice." He added, with other particulars, that "the accused had invited him, under certain temptations, which had been succeeded by threats, to become one of a party to his designs, the victim of which was to be his majesty then sitting upon the throne."

CHAPTER V.

Such was the tenor of the asseverations which he made, fortified by numerous details, all tending strongly to confirm the truth of his accusations, his own testimony once being relied on. There was something so noble in this man's action, so delicate, so impressive, so simple, yet so grand; and the particulars which he gave were all so probably arrayed, so well put together, and so seemingly in confirmation of other circumstances drawn from the testimony

of other parties, that all around appeared fully impressed with the most perfect conviction that his accusation was justly made. A short but painful silence followed his narration, which seemed, for an instant, to confound the guilty noble. The sad countenance of the monarch deepened to severity, while a smile of triumph and exultation rose to that of the favorite behind his throne. At this sight the accused person recovered all his audacity. With half-choking utterance, and features kindling with fury rather than faltering with fear, he demanded,

"Am I to be heard, your majesty?"

A wave of the monarch's hand gave him the desired permission, and his reply burst forth like a torrent. He gave the lie to his accuser, whom he denounced as an impostor, as one who was the creature of his and the king's enemies, and tampering, himself, with the sovereign's life while pretending to minister to his ailments. He ridiculed, with bitterness and scorn, the notion that any faith should be given to the statements, though even offered on oath, of one whom he affirmed to be an unbeliever and a Jew; and, as if to crown his defense with a seal no less impressive than that of his accuser, he advanced to the foot of the throne, grasped the sacred volume from the hands by which it was upheld, and kneeling, with his lips pressed upon the opened pages, he imprecated upon himself, if his denial were not the truth, all the treasured wrath and thunder in the stores of Heaven!

The accuser heard, with uplifted hands and looks of holy horror, the wild and terrible invocation. Almost unconsciously his lips parted with the comment,

"God have mercy upon your soul, my lord, for you have spoken a most awful perjury!"

The king looked bewildered, the favorite behind him dissatisfied, and the whole audience apparently stunned by equal incertitude and excitement. The eyes of all parties fluctuated between the accused and the accuser. They stood but a few paces asunder. The former looked like a man who only with a great struggle succeeded in controlling his fury. The latter stood sorrowful, but calm. The little girl who had brought in the holy volume stood before him, with one of his hands resting upon her head. Her features greatly resembled his own. She looked terrified; her eyes fastened ever upon the face of her father's enemy with a countenance of equal curiosity and suspicion. Some conversation, the sense of which did not reach me, now ensued between the king and two of his counselors, to which his favorite was a party. The former again addressed the accuser.

"Have you any other testimony but that which you yourself offer of the truth of your accusation."

"None, your majesty. I have no witness of my truth but God, and it is not for vain man to prescribe to him at what seasons his testimony should be given. In bringing this accusation, my purpose was not the destruction of the criminal, but the safety of my sovereign; and I am the more happy that no conviction can now follow from my charge, as from the dreadful oath which he has just taken, he places

it out of the power of human tribunal to resolve between us. For the same reason, sire, he is in no condition to suffer death! Let him live! It is enough for me that your majesty is safe from the present, and has been warned against all future danger at his hands."

"But not enough for me!" cried the accused, breaking in impetuously. "I have been charged with a foul crime; I must free my scutcheon from the shame. I will not rest beneath it. If this Jewish sorcerer hath no better proof than his own false tongue, I demand from your majesty the wager of battle! I, too, invoke God and the blessed Jesu, in testimony of my innocence. This enemy hath slandered me; I will wash out the slander with his blood! I demand the trial, sire, his arm against mine, according to the laws and custom of this realm."

"It cannot be denied!" was the cry from many voices. The favorite looked grave and troubled. The eyes of the king were fixed sadly upon the venerable accuser. The latter seemed to understand the expression.

"I am not a man of blood, your majesty. Strife hath long been banished from this bosom; carnal weapons have long been discarded from these hands."

"Let him find a champion!" was the fierce answer of the accused.

"And of what avail to me," returned the accuser, "the brute valor of the hireling who sells for wages the strength of his manhood, and perils for gain the safety of his life. Little should I hope from the skill of such as he, opposed in combat to one of the greatest warriors of the realm."

"Ah, sorcerer! thou fearest!" was the exalting cry of the accused; "but, if thy cause be that of truth, as thou hast challenged the Most High to witness, what hast thou to fear? The stars which thou searchest nightly, will they not do battle in thy behalf?"

"Methinks," said the favorite, who now advanced from behind the throne, "methinks, old man, thou hast but too little reliance on the will and power of God to assist thee in this matter. It is for him to strengthen the feeblest, where he is innocent, and in the ranks of war to do successful battle with the best and bravest. Is it not written, 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the triumph to the strong?'"

"Ah! do I not know this, my lord. Do not think that I question the power of the Lord to do marvels, wherever it becomes his will to do so; but who is it, believing in God's might and mercy, flings himself idly from the steep, with the hope that an angel's wings shall be sent to bear him up. I have been taught by the faith which I profess, to honor the Lord our God, and not to tempt him; and I do not readily believe that we may command the extraordinary manifestations of his power by any such vain and uncertain issue as that which you would now institute. I believe not the truth is inevitably sure to follow the wager and trial of battle, nor will I lean on the success of any hireling weapon to avouch for mine."

"It need be no hireling sword, old man. The brave and the noble love adventure, for its own sake,

in the paths of danger; and it may be that thou shalt find some one, even in this assembly, noble as him thou accusest, and not less valiant with his weapon, who, believing in thy truth, shall be willing to do battle in thy behalf."

"Thyself, perchance!" cried the accused, impetuously, and turning a fiery glance upon the speaker. In this glance it seemed to me that I could discover a far greater degree of bitterness and hate than in any which he had shown to his accuser. "It is thyself that would do this battle? Ha! thou art he, then, equally noble and not less valiant art thou? Do it so? It will rejoice me shouldst thou venture thy body in this quarrel. But I know thee—thou lovest it too well—thou durst not."

"Choose me for thy champion, old man," was the further speech of the favorite, with a difficult effort to be calm. "I will do battle for thee, and with God's mercy, sustain the right in thy behalf."

"Thou shalt not!" exclaimed the king, vehemently, but feebly, half rising as he spoke, and turning to the favorite. "Thou shalt not! I command thee mix not in this matter."

More was said, but in such a feeble tone that they failed to reach my senses. When the king grew silent, the favorite bowed with submissive deference, and sunk again behind the throne. A scornful smile passed over the lips of the accused, who looked, with a bitter intelligence of gaze, upon a little group, seemingly his friends and supporters, who had partly grouped themselves around him. Following his glance, a moment after, toward the royal person, I was attracted by a movement, though for a single instant only, of the uplifted hand of the favorite. It was a sign to the accused, the former withdrawing the glove from his right hand, a moment after, and flinging it, with a significant action, to the floor behind him. The accused whispered a page in waiting, who immediately stole away and disappeared from sight. But a little while elapsed when I beheld him approach the spot where the glove had fallen, recover it adroitly, and convey it, unperceived, into his bosom. All this by-play, though no doubt apparent to many in the assembly, was evidently unseen and unsuspected by the king. I inferred the rank luxuriance of the practice of chivalry in this region, from the nicety with which the affair was conducted, and the forbearance of all those by whom it had been witnessed, to make any report of what they had beheld. The discussion was resumed by the accuser.

"I am aware, your majesty, that by the laws and practice of your realm, the wager of battle is one that may be freely challenged by any one accused of treason, or other crime against the state, against whom there shall be no witness but the accuser. It is not the fear of danger which makes me unwilling to seek this conflict; it is the fear of doing wrong. Though the issues of battle are in the hands of the Lord, yet who shall persuade me that he has decreed the combat to take place. Now I do confess that I regard it as unholy, any invocation of the God of Peace, to be a witness in a strife which his better

lessons teach us to abhor—a strife grossly at variance with his most settled and divine ordinances.”

“I am grieved, old man, to hear you speak this language,” was the grave censure of one who, from his garments, seemed to be very high in authority, and the church. “What thou sayest is in direct reproach of holy church, which has frequently called in the assistance of mortal force and human weapons to put down the infidel, to crush the wrong-doer, and to restore that peace which can only owe her continued existence to the presence ever of a just readiness for war. Methinks thou hast scarcely shown thyself enough reverent in this, thy bold opinion.”

“Holy father, I mean not offence! I do not doubt that war, with short-sightedness of human wisdom, has appeared to secure the advantages of peace. I believe that God has endowed us with a strength for the struggle, and with a wisdom that will enable us to pursue it with success. These we are to employ when necessary for the protection of the innocent, and the rescue and safety of those who are themselves unwilling to do harm. But I am unwilling to believe that immortal principles—the truth of man, and the value of his assurances—are to depend upon the weight of his own blows, or the address with which he can ward off the assaults of another. Were this the case, then would the strong-limbed and brutal soldier be always the sole arbiter of truth, and wisdom, and all moral government.”

We need not pursue the argument. It has long since been settled, though with partial results only to humanity, as well by the Pagan as the Christian philosopher. But, however ingenious, true, or eloquent, was the venerable speaker, on this occasion, his arguments were entirely lost upon that assembly. He himself soon perceived that the effect was unfavorable to his cause, and exposed his veracity to question. With a proper wisdom, therefore, he yielded promptly to the current. But first he asked:—

“And what, may it please your majesty, if I decline this ordeal?”

“Death!” was the reply of more than one stern voice in the assembly. “Death by fire, by the burning pincers, by the tortures of the screw and rack.”

The venerable man replied calmly.

“Life is a duty! Life is precious!” he spoke musingly, looking down as he spoke, upon the little girl who stood before him, while the big tears gathered in his eyes as he gazed.

“Do you demand a champion?” was the inquiry of the king.

“No, Sire! If, in behalf of my truth, this battle must be fought, its dangers must be mine only.”

“Thine!” exclaimed the favorite.

“Ay, my lord, mine. None other than myself must encounter this peril.”

A murmur of ridicule passed through the assembly. The accused laughed outright, as the exulting warrior laughs, with his captive naked beneath his weapon. A brief pause followed, and a visible anxiety prevailed among the audience. Their ridicule afforded to the accuser sufficient occasion for reply:

“This murmur of surprise and ridicule that I hear on every hand, is, of itself, a sufficient commentary upon this trial of truth by the wager of battle. It seems to all little less than madness, that a feeble old man, like myself, even though in the cause of right, should oppose himself to the most valiant warrior in the kingdom. Yet, if it be true that God will make himself manifest in the issue, what matters it whether I be old or young, strong or weak, well-skilled or ignorant in arms? If there be a just wisdom in this mode of trial, the feeblest rush, in maintenance of the truth, were mighty against the steel-clad bosom of the bravest. I take the peril. I will meet this bold criminal, nothing fearing, and will, in my own person, engage in the battle which is thus forced upon me. But I know not the use of lance, or sword, or battle-axe. These weapons are foreign to my hands. Is it permitted me to use such implements of defense as my own skill and understanding may invent, and I may think proper to employ?”

“Thou shalt use no evil arts, old man,” exclaimed the Churchman who had before spoken, anticipating the answer of the monarch. “No sorcery, no charms, no spells,—no accursed devices of Satan. I warn thee, if thou art found guilty of arts like these thou shalt surely perish by fire.”

“None of these, Holy Father, shall I employ. My arts shall be those only, the principles of which I shall proclaim to thyself, or to any noble gentleman of the king’s household. My weapons shall be those only which a human intelligence may prepare. They belong to the studies which I pursue—to the same studies which have enabled me to arrive at truths, some of which thou thyself hast been pleased to acknowledge, and which, until I had discovered them, had been hidden from the experience of men. It cannot be held unreasonable and unrighteous that I employ the weapons the virtues of which I know, when my enemy uses those for which he is renowned?”

Some discussion followed, the demand of the accuser being strenuously resisted by the friends of the accused.

“The weapons for knightly encounter,” said they, “have long since been acknowledged. These are sword, and battle-axe, and spear.”

“But I am no knight,” was the reply: “and as it is permitted to the citizen to do battle with staff and cudgel, which are his wonted weapons, so may it be permitted to me to make use of those which are agreeable to my strength, experience, and the genius of my profession.”

Some demur followed from the churchman.

“Holy father,” replied the accuser, “the sacred volume should be your guide as it is mine. My claim is such as seems already in one famous instance, to have met the most decisive sanction of God himself.”

Here he unfolded the pages of the Holy Scriptures.

“Goliath,” said he, “was a Philistine knight, who came into battle with the panoply of his order. David appeared with staff, and sling, and stone, as was proper to the shepherd. He rejected the armor

with which Saul would have arrayed him for the combat. The reproach of the Philistine knight comprises the objection which is offered here—"Am I a dog," said Goliath, "that thou comest to me with staves?" The answer of David, O king! shall be mine: "And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."—Such were his words—they are mine. God will deliver me from the rage of mine enemy. I will smite him through all his panoply, and in spite of shield and spear."

He spoke with a momentary kindling of his eyes, which was soon succeeded by an expression of sadness.

"And yet, O king! I would be spared this trial. My heart loves not strife. My soul shrinks in horror from the shedding of human blood. Require not this last proof at my hands. Suffer me to keep my conscience white, and clear of this sacrifice. Let this unhappy man live; for as surely as we strive together, so surely must he perish."

"Now this passeth all belief, as it passeth all human endurance!" exclaimed the accused with irrepressible indignation. "I claim the combat, O king, on any condition. Let him come as he will, with what weapons he may, though forged in the very armory of Satan. My talisman is in the holy cross, and the good sword buckled at my thigh by the holiest prince in Christendom, will not fail me against the devil and all his works. I demand the combat!"

"Be ye both ready within three days!" said the king.

"I submit," replied the aged man. "I trust in the mercy of God to sustain me against this trial, and to acquit me of its awful consequences."

"Ready, ay, ready!" was the answer of the accused, as with his hand he clutched fiercely the handle of his sword, until the steel rang again in the iron scabbard.

CHAPTER VII.

The scene underwent a sudden change, and I now found myself in a small and dimly-lighted apartment, which seemed designed equally for a studio and a laboratory of art. The walls were surrounded by enormous cases, on the shelves of which were massive scrolls of vellum, huge parchment manuscripts, and volumes fastened with clasps of brass and silver. Some of these lay open. Charts hung wide marked with strange characters. Frames of ebony were thus suspended also bearing the signs of the zodiac. Other furniture, of quaint and strange fashion, seemed to show conclusively that the possessor pursued the reductive science of astrology. He had other pursuits—a small furnace, the coals of which were ignited, occupied one corner of the chamber, near which stood a table covered with retorts and receivers, cylinders and gauging glasses, and all the other paraphernalia which usually belong to the analytic worker in chemistry. The old man, and the young girl described in the previous scene, were, at first, the only occupants of the apartment. But a few moments

elapsed, however, when an inner door was thrown open, and a third party appeared, closely enveloped in a cloak of sable. This he threw aside, and I discovered him to be the same person who had been the chief counselor of the king, and whom I supposed to be his favorite. At his entrance the damsel disappeared. The stranger then, somewhat abruptly, began in the following manner:

"Why, O why did you not choose me for your champion?"

"And why, my lord, expose you to a conflict with one of the bravest warriors in all the realm?"

"He is brave, but I fear him not; besides, he who fights against guilt hath a strength of arm which supplies all deficiencies. But it is not too late. I may still supply your place."

"Forgive me, dear lord, but I have made my election."

"Alas! old man, why are you thus obstinate? He will slay you at the first encounter."

"And if he does, what matter! I have but a brief space to live, according to the common allotment. He hath many, which were well employed devoted to repentance. It were terrible, indeed, that he should be hurried before the awful tribunal of Heaven with all the blackness in his soul, with all his sins unpurged, upon his conscience."

"Why, this is veriest madness. Think you what will follow your submission and defeat? He will pursue his conspiracy. Others will do what you have refused. He will drag other and bitter spirits into his scheme. He will bring murder into our palaces, and desolation into our cities. Know you not the man as I know him? Shall he be suffered to escape, when the hand of God has clearly shown you that his purposes are to be overthrown, and his crime to be punished through your agency?"

"And it shall be so, my dear lord. It is not my purpose to submit. The traitor shall be met in battle."

"But by thyself. Why not a champion? I am ready."

"Greatly, indeed, do I thank and honor thee, my lord; but it cannot be!"

"Methinks there is some touch of insanity about thee, old man, in spite of all thy wisdom. Thou canst not hope to contend, in sooth, against this powerful warrior. He will hurl thee to the earth with the first thrust of his heavy lance; or smite thee down to death with a single blow of battle-axe or dagger."

"Hear me, my lord, and have no fear. Thou knowest not the terrible powers which I possess, nor should any know, but that this necessity compels me to employ them. I will slay my enemy and thine. He cannot harm me. He will perish helplessly ere his weapon shall be twice lifted to affront me."

"Thou meanest not to employ sorcery?"

"Be assured, my lord, I shall use a carnal agent only. The instrument which I shall take with me to battle, though of terrible and destructive power, shall be as fully blessed of Heaven, as any in your mortal armory."

"Be it so! I glad that thou art so confident; and yet, let me entreat thee to trust thy battle to my hands."

"No, my dear lord, no! To thee there would be danger—to me, none. I thank thee for thy goodness, and will name thee in my prayers to Heaven."

We need not pursue their dialogue, which was greatly prolonged, and included much other matter which did not concern the event before us. When the nobleman took his departure, the damsel reappeared. The old man took her in his embrace, and while the tears glistened upon his snowy beard, he thus addressed her:

"But for thee—for thee, chiefly—daughter of the beloved and sainted child in Heaven, I had spared myself this trial. This wretched man should live wert thou not present, making it needful that I should still prolong to the last possible moment, the remnant of my days. Were I to perish, where wert thou? What would be the safety of the sweet one and the desolate. The insect would descend upon the bud, and it would lose scent and freshness. The worm would fasten upon the flower, and a poison worse than death would prey upon its core. No! my poor Locilia, I must live for thee, though I live not for myself. I must shed the blood of mine enemy, and spare mine own, that thou mayest not be desolate."

CHAPTER VIII.

While the tears of the two were yet mingling, the scene underwent a change corresponding with my anxiety for the *dénouement*. A vast area opened before me, surrounded by the seats and scaffolding as for a tourney, and the space was filling fast with spectators. I will not attempt to describe the splendor of the scene. Lords and ladies, in their most gorgeous attire, occupied the high places; princes were conspicuous; the people were assembled in thousands. At the sound of trumpets the king made his appearance. A grand burst of music announced that he was on his throne. Among the knights and nobles by whom he was attended, I readily distinguished "the Favorite." He was in armor, but it was of an exceedingly simple pattern, and seemed designed for service rather than display. He looked grave and apprehensive, and his eyes were frequently turned upon the barriers, as if in anxious waiting for the champions.

The accused was the first to appear. He was soon followed, however, by the accuser, and both made their way through the crowd to the foot of the throne. As the old man approached, the favorite drew nigh, and addressed him in subdued, but earnest accents.

"It is not yet too late! Call upon me as thy champion. The king dare not refuse thee, and as I live, I will avenge mine own and thy wrongs together."

"It cannot be, my lord," was the reply, with a sad shake of the head. "Besides," he continued, "I have no wrongs to avenge. I seek for safety only. It is only as my life is pledged equally to the living and the dead, that I care to struggle for it, and to save."

The face of the favorite was clouded with chagrin. He led the way in silence to the foot of the throne, followed by the venerable man. There, the latter made obeisance, and encountered the hostile and fierce glance of his enemy, whom he regarded only with looks of sorrow and commiseration. A breathless silence pervaded the vast assembly as they beheld the white locks, the simple majesty of his face and air, and the costume—singular for such an occasion—which he wore. This did not in any degree differ from that in which he had always appeared habited before. It consisted of a loose, flowing robe of the purest white, most like, but more copious than the priestly cassock. His opponent, in complete steel, shining like the sun, with helmeted head and gauntleted hand, afforded to the spectators a most astonishing difference between the combatants. The wonder increased with their speculations. The surprise extended itself to the king, who proffered, as Saul had done to David, the proper armor of a warrior to the defenseless man. But this he steadily refused. The king, himself, condescended to remonstrate.

"This is sheer madness, old man. Would'st thou run upon thy death with uncovered head and bosom?"

"Oh! Sire, I fear not death, and feel that I am not now to die. Yet would I still implore that I may be spared this trial. Once more, I lay myself at the foot of the throne, to supplicate its mercy."

"For thyself!" cried his enemy, with a scornful taunt.

"For myself and for thee!"—was the firm reply—"that I may be spared the pang of sending thee before the Eternal Judge, with all thy unatoned crimes upon thy head."

The voice and words of the venerable speaker, deep and solemn, thrilled, with a sensible effect, throughout the assembly. Whence should he derive this confidence? From heaven or from hell. The conclusion to which they came, more than ever confirmed their belief in his reputed sorceries; and his words inspired a deep and silent terror among the crowd. But the accused, strong in his skill, courage and panoply of steel, if not in the justice of his cause, mocked scornfully, and defied the doom which was threatened. Some of his friends, however, shared strongly in the apprehensions of the vulgar.

"Hæ hath no visible armor," was their cry; "with what would he defend himself? How know we that he hath not magic arts, and devices of hell, with which he secretly arms himself?"

"Thou hast weapons—visible weapons, as I hear"—remarked the King.

"They are at hand, Sire;—they are here."

"Thou hast dealt in no forbidden practice?"

"None, Sire, as I stand uncovered in the sight of heaven. The reverend father in God, to whom thou did'st give in charge this inquiry, is here, and will answer to your majesty. He hath heard and seen the secret of my strength—that strength which I know and declare is powerful to destroy my foe. He knows it to be a secret of mortal wisdom only, as patiently wrought out by human art and labor, as were the sword and axe of him who now seeks my

destruction. I have warned him already of the fearful power which they impart. I would still have him live, unharmed by me."

"Peace, insolent!" cried the accused; "I am here, your majesty, to fight, not to prate!—to chastise, not to hearken to the speeches of this pagan sorcerer. Let his power be what he esteems it: I trust to my good sword, and to the favor of the Mother of God,—and I doubt not of this good steel, which hath been crowned with a three-fold conquest, on the plains of Saracem. I entreat that your majesty will give command for the combat,"

CHAPTER IX.

The eye of the venerable accuser, regarded the face of the speaker with a sad and touching solemnity; but at this moment, the little girl who had before accompanied him, was conducted into the foreground by the Archbishop. She bore in her hand a sarbacane,—seemingly of brass, long and narrow like a wand, and crowned, at the extremity, by a small globe or bulb of the same material. The length of this instrument was fully six feet or more. The old man took it into his hands, and having unscrewed a part of the bulb—which seemed a mere sheathing of brass, he discovered beneath it another globe, similar, in shape and size, to that which had been removed; but the inner bulb was manufactured of glass, of a whiteness equally chrysallic and beautiful. He then took from beneath his robes a little box of ebony, which he unlocked, and from which he produced a head-piece, the face of which, instead of being hard steel or iron, was of glass also, very thin, and quite transparent, through which every muscle and motion of the features might be seen with the greatest distinctness. To the thoughtless vulgar, such a shield seemed only a mockery of that more solid furniture of metal, which, in those days, thoroughly encased the warrior for battle. The inference, accordingly, was very general, that if by any possibility, the accuser succeeded in the combat, he would be indebted solely to supernatural agency for his good fortune. His wand of brass, with its chrysal bulb—his glassy vizor and helmet,—were only regarded as designed to divert the scrutiny from the more secret agency which he employed.

"I am ready," said the accuser.

"Hast thou prayed?" demanded his enemy in a mocking fashion. "If thou hast not, get thee to thy knees quickly, and renounce the devil whom thou servest. Verily, but little time is left thee."

"I have prayed and confessed to the Holy Father. Do thou likewise, and make thyself humble and contrite. Repent thee,—for, of a truth, my lord, if the King forbid not this combat, thou art doomed this day, to go to judgment."

The heart of the accused was hardened within him. He replied with a hiss of defiance and contempt to this last appeal; at the same moment he declared himself in readiness also. They were then withdrawn from the presence for a brief space, and were severally approached by their friends and attendants. The Archbishop, and the King's favorite went aside

with the accuser, and when the latter returned to the arena, in order to the combat, the Archbishop led away with him the little girl, upon whom, at parting, the old man bestowed many caresses, accompanied by many tears. The spectators were all very much moved by this tenderness, and now began to regard him as one set apart for sacrifice—doomed to be separated forever, and by a violent death, from the object of his affections. And when the opponents stood, at length, confronting each other—with none to go between—awaiting only the word for the combat *à l'outrance*.—when they regarded the strong soldier-like frame, and the warlike bearing of the accused—beheld the ease with which he strode the lists, and displayed his weapon;—and contrasted this image of dire necessity and war, with the feeble, though erect form of his venerable accuser,—habited in vestments like a priest or woman—with the simple unmeaning wand within his grasp, and the frail mask of brittle chrysal upon his face—a loud murmur of regret and commiseration prevailed among the multitude. But this murmur was soon quieted by the cry of the master of the tourney—

"Laissez aller!"

Then followed a painful silence.

"Now, sorcerer," cried the knight, raising his glittering sword, and advancing as deliberately and with the confident manner of the executioner. The aged accuser simply presented the bulbous extremity of his wand, and before the accused could smite, the frail glass was shattered against the bars of his enemy's mouth-piece. At this moment the knight was seen slightly to recoil; but it was for a moment only, in the next instant he darted forward, and with a fierce cry, seemed about to strike. The old man, in the meantime, had suffered his wand to fall upon the ground. He made no further effort—offered no show of fear or fly, but with arms folded, seemed in resignation to await the death-stroke of his enemy. But while the weapon of the man of war was in air, and seemingly about to descend, he was seen to pause, while his form suddenly became rigid. A quick and awful shudder seemed to pass through his whole frame. Thus, for a second, he stood paralyzed, and then a thin, mie-like vapor, which might be called smoke, was seen to creep out from various parts of his frame, followed by a thin but oily liquor, that now appeared oozing through all the crevices of his armor. His arm dropped nervelessly by his side; the sword fell from the incapable grasp of his gauntleted hands, and in an inconceivable fraction of time, he himself, with all his bulk, sunk down upon the earth—falling, not at length, prostrate, either backward or forward, but in a heap, even upon the spot which he had occupied when standing; and as if every bone had suddenly been withdrawn which had sustained them, the several parts of his armor became detached, and rolled away—his helmet, his gorget, his cuirass, his greaves, his gloves—disclosing beneath a dark, discolored mass—a more jellied substance, in which bones and muscles were already decomposed and resolved into something less than flesh. Above this heap might be seen a

still bright and shining eye, which, for a single second, seemed to retain consciousness and life, as if the soul of the immortal being had lingered in this beautiful and perfect orb, reluctant to the last. But in a moment it, too, had disappeared—all the brightness swallowed up and stifled in the little cloud of vapor which now trembled, heaving up from the mass which but a moment before had been a breathing, a burning, an exulting spirit. A cold horror overspread the field, followed by a husky and convulsive cry, as from a drowning multitude. The people gazed upon each other and upon the awful heap in unspeakable terror. It was annihilation which had taken place before them. Awful was the silence that prevailed for several minutes; a vacant consternation freezing up the very souls of the spectators. But the reaction was tremendous.

"Seize upon the sorcerer! Tear him in pieces!" was the cry from a thousand voices. This was followed by a wild rush, like that of an incoming sea struggling to overwhelm the headlands. The barriers were broken down, the cries swelled into a very tempest, and the mammoth multitude rolled onward, with souls on fire, eyes glaring with tiger fury, and hands outstretched, clutching spasmodically at their victim. Their course had but one centre, where the old man calmly stood. There he kept his immovable

station, calm, firm, subdued, but stately. How will he avert his fate—how stay this ocean of souls, resolute to overwhelm him. I trembled—I gasped with doubt and apprehension. But I was spared the further contemplation of horrors which I could no longer bear to witness, by the very intensity of the interest which my imagination had conceived in the subject. There is a point beyond which the mortal nature cannot endure. I had reached that point, and was relieved. I awakened, and started into living consciousness. my face covered with clammy dew, my hair upright and wet, my whole frame agitated with the terrors which were due wholly to the imagination.

It would be easy, perhaps, to account for such a dream, assuming, as we did at the outset, that the mental faculties never know abeyance—that the thought never sleeps. Any speculation in regard to the transition periods in English history, would give the requisite material. From a survey of the powers of physical manhood to those rival and superior powers which follow from the birth of art and science, the step is natural enough, and the imagination might well delight itself by putting them in contrast and opposition. But we have no space left for further discussion.

REQUIEM.

BY WILLIAM K. C. HOSKES.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts who may take revenge for it;
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom
And with ghostly whisper tell
That joy, once lost, is pain. SHELLEY.

When the warring voice of storm is heard
Across the sea goes the summer bird,
But back again the wanderer flies
When April's azure drapes the skies,
With carol sweet
The morn to greet,
But the radiant girl whom we deplore
To the bower of Home will return no more.

Decay, a loathsome bridegroom, now
Kisses with mildewed lip her brow;
Her heart is colder than the rill
When winter bids its tongue be still;
Yet Spring will come,
With song and bloom,
And unchain the silvery feet of waves,
But break no bonds in voiceless graves.

Wasting away with a sad decline,
Far from these northern hills of pine,
She would wander back to them in dreams,
To hear the roar of their rushing streams;
And often spoke
Of a favorite oak
On the door-sill flinging pleasant shade,
And under which, a child, she played.

When bent no more her snow-white breast,
Strange hands the lovely ruin-drest,
Smoothing, upon the forehead fair,
Loose, glittering flakes of golden hair;
And strangers gave
To our dead a grave,
Sprinkling above the fruit remains
Mould, moistened by autumnal rains.

Ah! since she died a wilder wail
Is uttered by the midnight gale,
And voices, mourning something gone,
Rise from the dead leaves on the lawn;
And sadness broods
Above the woods
Mourning as if endowed with soul,
For through their depths she loved to stroll.

The lute that answered when she sung
Old airs, at twilight, is unstrung—
She wakes where the sainted dwell alone
An instrument of richer tone;
And angel's smile
On her the while,
And to garland her sinless brow of snow
The rarest blossoms of Heaven bestow.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

HAPPINESS, it appears to us, is a cause, as well as the effect of virtue. When the heart is warmed with rational enjoyment, it is naturally grateful to those that promote the pleasure. When it is excited to the indulgence of generous feelings by the operation of kindness in others, it pours out those feelings upon all within its influence. It does not confine the reflection of pleasure to those from whom the pleasure springs; but seeks to dispense it upon all within its influence, as the planets, receiving their light from the sun, dispense that light to all the stars in the system. And the effort to promote the enjoyment of others—the true rational enjoyment of others—is a virtue. Those, therefore, who create an occasion for such social intercourse as produces rational pleasure, are promoting, in some degree, the cause of virtue.

It has been a common remark that there were not enough holydays in this country—general holydays—those that are *holy* or sacred to *all*. We have indeed the CHRISTMAS, but that day, though it would seem to be commended to the observance of all Christians, yet is not, for reasons well understood by most of our readers, a general observance; not from any want of respect to the event which the day is intended to celebrate, but partly for a disagreement as to the mode or the time of the celebration—and what is worse, perhaps, while one part of our countrymen have grown up in a sort of doctrinal disrelish of any celebration of the day, another part has extended its celebration through many days, in a way which deprived the whole of all ideas of sanctity, and gave to the rejoicings an appearance of those orgies which paganism devoted to the honor of some impure divinity and the gratification of some unclean appetite.

Christmas, it may be remarked, however, is gradually coming into a more appropriate appreciation; and, throughout the length and breadth of the land there is a growing disposition to honor to the day, and to make it a season of renewed thankfulness to God, and of the exercise of good-will to, and among, men. So much the better, it is one day redeemed and set apart for the exercise of high and holy feelings, and the indulgence of domestic intercourse, enlarged by the temporary union of various branches of the family-tree with the fruits thereof.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY was once more generally celebrated than it is now; and even now when a celebration is had on that day, so sacred to the dearest recollections of patriotism, and the sons of freedom assemble together, Satan comes also among them to embitter the occasion with the gall of party feeling, infused into every toast which is offered, and squeezed into every glass that is emptied. So that

Washington's birth-day has ceased to be a general holyday, or rather to be celebrated with that community of feeling which makes a true holyday.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, one would suppose, should be set apart for universal celebration wherever an American can be found, or wherever national freedom can be appreciated. But the day, even when celebrated without reference to party politics is not inclusive. Patriotism has in it a dignified reserve which asks for a *solemnity* on the national birth-day; and so instead of a general rejoicing, there is a special and limited celebration—and when the celebration falls into party hands, then the day is neither *holy* nor sanctified. At best the Fourth of July must be celebrated with pomp, show, military display, bonfires, and eating and drinking. Appropriate as all these may be, they are not the ingredients for a real general holyday in which the fancy, the feelings, and the affections find play, and gravity is dismissed to the next sun rise.

We are not referring of course to SUNDAY, and other days set apart for religious services; they are, as they should be, made specially referable to our connection with, our dependence upon, and our duty and obligations to, our God. May they be kept sacred from all wordly intrusion, and by their holy character lend a sanctifying influence unto all the other days of the week, so that whether we eat or drink, whether we laugh or cry, whether mourn or rejoice, (for there is a time for each of these,) we shall do all with a solemn deference to the duties which we owe our Maker.

There is a movement, or rather there has been a movement toward the restoration of a *holyday*, in which childhood and youth have a direct interest, and manhood and age may find, if not a direct, at least, a reflected pleasure; and we shall think better of the age in which we live for the restoration to homage and joyful devotion of good old St. Valentine of blessed memory. Who, whether he was a bachelor or a widower, gave encouragement to the good work of courtship, and became canonized, if not for the miracles he wrought upon the bodies of his devotees, at least for his wonderful work upon the hearts of those who knelt at his shrine. It has always been a matter of regret that the proceedings of the sacred conclave in which Valentine obtained canonization were not made public. We are sure that the cardinal who took the part of Devil's advocate in the trial of the saint's claim to the honors, must have labored hard if he meant to obtain future fees; for, of all the antagonism to real sanctity nothing is equal to hatred, and of all the principles which the Evil Spirit would oppose nothing can equal affection.

No one could get Satan's permission to promote loving feelings.

We are glad, on more accounts than one, that St. Dominic was not selected, and even St. Augustine. They had their respective merits and deserve special consideration, but dear old St. Valentine is commended to the gentler affections of all, by the loveliness and beauty which his own purity and grace threw around the affections of the human heart, and the loveliness which his own goodness gave to the character of earthly love, assimilating that passion with our affections for things divine, and showing the intimate connection between the two—the difference being only in degree consequent upon the objects.

Valentine was one of the early Christians; whether he was a bishop or only a presbyter, it is now difficult to ascertain; and, truth to say, it does not make a button's difference, for he would not be the better for his mitre nor the worse for his stole in the good work of love to which he devoted himself, and for which he is now distinguished and remembered. He was a good man and full of affection, and so Claudius caused him to be put to death, and for good reason too, we think, at least on principles of consistency—what could the murderer find to admire in the mild and lovely character of Valentine, and what but exposure to the husband of Messalina must be the chaste and affectionate teaching of the apostle of pure affection.

We shall be told, we suppose, one day in February was set apart by the pagan Romans for the celebration of their Lupercalia, when young men drew from a box the name of some female favorite for the year. Well, what then? Shall we not thank the returning sense of the people that installs a Christian saint in the niche into which the pagans had thrust their god Pan, who, by his ugly face and hideous howls, could drive away wolves? Do we not all owe a tribute of thanks to those who instituted the delightful festival of St. Valentine to supply the beastly orgies of the Luperci? There is indeed some similarity in the merriment. The Roman youth ran through the street with thongs, and the Christian youth hasten with more agreeable presents; but in both ancient and modern times it seems that the females were anxious, for various reasons, to be the objects of the merriment.

Before we issue another number of *Graham*, the high and the augmenting festival of St. Valentine will be celebrated. Celebrated this year, we venture to assert, with a pomp and circumstance very far beyond that of any other February since the *officio* of Juno gave a name to the month. Celebrated in a way to demonstrate the growing estimation in which the kindly feelings are held.

This will be as it should be. A day has been found in which all may have an occasion for present pleasure; some (and most) to be active in the circulation of those delicate compositions or handy-works which express regard and sometimes promote affection; others will look back upon the years past, and remember with a silent tear how the beautiful and beloved ones, that made them happy by the transmission

or the acceptance of the tokens, are now mouldering in the earth, insensible to all those affections which once made them happy, unconscious even of the regret which their departure created and their absence keeps alive. Mournful indeed is it to take from the secret ark, where affection has enshrined it, the emblem of a love that death has reversed; and still more painful is it to gaze on the return of the anniversary of proffered vows, upon that pledge which time never redeemed, and to feel that she who might have been happy in ministering to your happiness, is miserable in a union (the only point of union) with another.

We saw a lad conveying to the residence of the loved one the Valentine, whose form and decoration told of its donor—no record of name was made, nor was it necessary to the receiver—none was *politee* for the witnesses. There was a secret love—a love unannounced to the world, yet not unknown. The giver and the receiver of the Valentine were married before July—yet not to each other. That Valentine was the cause of misery. The new husband knew that she loved another, yet persisted in his courtship, and with the influence of his wealth over the mother, procured marriage. He knew during the honeymoon all that had ever occurred, and yet was content with his winnings—the accidental discovery of the Valentine, though not where it could have been hoarded away, as if of value, not placed as a memento of affection, but as if thrown aside, because useless, and left as forgotten—the accidental discovery of that Valentine awakened the bitterness of jealousy—not jealousy of honor, but that contemptible narrowness of selfish esteem, which demands that the eyes of a wife should always *have been* closed—while the eyes and appetites of the husband are always roving. Was the Valentine then an evil? Nay—rather would not any object, or rather no object, in two months have roused the unreasonableness of the discoverer? Where there is much filth, spontaneous combustion will save the application of the lighted match.

One who is reading the preceding paragraph while we are preparing for *this*, tells us she obtained the best husband in the world by means of a Valentine, and she has never forgotten the saint's day since. It would, probably, be more germane to the matter to say, that her husband got the best wife in the country by a Valentine—though on second thought, she may be right—women generally know best, and remember most.

We repeat our expression of pleasure, that there has arisen such a general devotion to good St. Valentine, and we are sure that regard to that canonized Christian's memory will enlarge the spirit of true devotion, so that if we had another saint in the calendar who stood in the same relation to the pagan *Cupid* which Valentine does to the Luperci, that saint would find his shrine greatly enriched by those who commenced their devotion on the 14th of February.

* We are glad to see that the regard to good St. Valentine is presenting of works, and that the devotion does not pass away in the breath that utters vows; but, beside the incense that springs from the

burning thurible, there are *offerings* laid upon the altar—rich, tasteful, elaborate, simple, magnificent or humble. Every kind may be had, and will be had from those who minister to the wants of the Valentines, as of old did the sellers of doves in the temple provide the means of sacrifice to the unprepared devotee.

St. Valentine's day then is becoming, nay, it has become, a national holiday—one that brings smiles of pleasure to the young of both sexes, and the joy of recollected pleasure to the old. It is a festival in which the feelings need no stimulant, and in which it asks no boisterous expression. Beautiful is the anticipation of such a season. Some hearts beat quickly in the thought of what may be sent, and who

will send it. Some hopes will be excited by the manner of reception—all will be joyful in preparing to give; all will be gratified in examining the gift. Not all—one at least will go to the shrine where affection has deposited the gift—and as she drops a tear upon the cherished memorial, will send her thoughts far, far upward to the *home* of the giver—or backward to the hour in which it was given. Yet this is joy—this sanctified Sabbath of the young heart seems doubly hallowed when its light is reflected from the memorial of affection, an affection made *sure* in *one* by the icy hand of death; fixed undyingly in the other, by a consecration which no change can divert from its hallowing purpose.

THE PAST.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. BUTTON.

When the young bird goes from her early home,

Though the swift-winged moments in happiness fly,
Though the bridegroom is near with a gentle tone
And a truthful love in his deep dark eye—

Though the future is strewn with the roses of hope,
And peopled with phantoms too brilliant to last—
She turns with a tear to the friends of her youth,
To those who were dear in the past.

The wanderer far, far from kindred and friends,
In fancy revisits his dear native cot;
He views the clear stream where the willow tree bends,
And the cowslips that brighten the spot.
He views the dark wood and the green sloping hill,
The porch, with its graceful white jessamine hung,
The half-open window that looks on the mill,
And the garden where honey-bees hum.

And before him appear, as distinct as of yore,
His mother's soft eye, and his sire's furrowed brow;
His Mary's light form, as when last on the shore
He bade her remember her vow;

His sister's long hair, with its sunny gleam.

Like a banner of gold to the summer wind cast—
But one touch of the present dissolves the light dream,
And he sighs for the joys of the past.

Though surrounded with blessings, and favored with all
That God in his bounty bestows,
We revert to the pleasures we never can recall,
And the tear-drop unconsciously flows.

While roving, entranced, 'mid the fairest of scenes,
A cloud o'er our warm glowing hearts will be cast,
If we think of the blossoms, the birds and the streams
That were lovely and loved in the past.

Creator and Father! Oh! teach me to live
With thy precepts divine for my guide,
Oh! let my young bosom thy lessons receive,
And divest it of folly and pride,
That, when this lute form is decrepit and bent,
When my color is fading, my pulse waning fast—
I can look back with joy to the moments well spent,
And muse with delight on the past.

A SONG.

BY RICHARD WILKE.

DARK clouds are hovering round me
With all their train of care:
A thousand woes surround me,
Drear shadings of despair!
But what are they?—a richer gem
Shines radiant from above:
It throws its sunshine over them,
And oh!—that light is Love!

Then why should cares alarm me,
Though adverse fortune reign?
Why frowns of wo disarm me?
Why sorrow give me pain?
For what are all!—a richer gem
Shines radiant from above:
It throws its sunshine over them,
And oh!—that light is Love!

A RECOLLECTION OF MENDELSSOHN.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

SCARCELY a year has elapsed since the musical world has been painfully moved by the death of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. No loss, which the divine art has sustained since that of Von Weber, will be so difficult to replace, and probably no man of genius was ever more sincerely mourned, as a man. He not only possessed that universal sympathy with humanity, which is so noble a characteristic of the highest genius, but, unlike many great men, whose very isolation of intellect creates an atmosphere about them which the world is awed from seeking to penetrate, the familiar scope of his warm nature descended to an equality with all he met, and though all who named him as a composer, may not have understood or appreciated him, all who knew him as a man, could not choose but love him. The career of genius, unhappily, is not often surrounded at the onset with the worldly advantages, nor watched and cherished with the fostering care, which fell to his lot. His nature was never embittered by early struggles with an unrecognizing world, nor was his natural faith in man shaken by a keen encounter with selfishness and persecution. The development of his moral nature thus calmly ripened in harmony with his mind, each sustaining and ennobling the other. The contemplation of such a character is in itself exalting, and seems to give his memory a more than ordinary consecration.

At this time, when we are still constantly reminded of his loss—when those to whom his works have a voice and a power never mention his name but with the unconscious sadness of a reverent heart, all which may help to recall his living image possesses a universal interest. I trust, therefore, that the relation of an interview, the recollection of which is among those hours, for whose bestowal I am most grateful to the past, will need no apology. On the contrary, it is rather the discharge of that duty which we owe to art, as all her worshipers will acknowledge.

A winter's residence in Frankfort, which of late years is somewhat distinguished for the excellence of its opera, and the high degree of culture attained by its various musical unions, sufficed to make me familiar with many of the great works of the German composers. Fortunately, it was not until after I had learned to feel the all-pervading soul of beauty which inspired Mozart, and paused in awe on the borders of Beethoven's vast and solemn realm, that I heard the music of Mendelssohn. Thus prepared, in part, the simple and severe grandeur of his style impressed me with a consciousness of its power, though I could not always grasp the spirit of the sound, and follow it back to the sublime conception—as, when a schoolboy, I first opened the pages of Milton, and read with wonder and delight what it would have puzzled

me exceedingly to explain. Mendelssohn's music is of a more purely intellectual character than that of any modern composer, and his greatest works are those which but few thoroughly appreciate. While, in his "Songs without Words," and the simple grandeur of his sacred melodies, he comes nearer to the general sympathy, his "Walpurgisnacht," and "Fingal's Cave," creations of startling power and sublimity, which stand alone in the character of their expression, are rarely produced, except in those German cities where the taste for music has not been led away from the standard set up by the schools of Bach and Hayden, by the voluptuous melodies of the modern Italian opera. Frankfort is one of these cities, and I was fortunate enough to hear the Walpurgisnacht performed by the Cæcilian-Verein, or Society of St. Cecilia. The poetry of Goethe and the music of Mendelssohn!—it was a sublime marriage of genius. The works of the latter are as full of wild and stormy pictures as those of the former, and he has described in music the crags and breakers of the bleak Hebrides, with as much power as Goethe exhibits, in painting the savage scenery of the Brocken.

Mendelssohn was living in Frankfort during the winter I spent there, and I was naturally anxious to see the face of a great man, whom there was no probability of my ever being near again, in the course of my wanderings. One sunny day in March, when all the population of Frankfort seemed to have turned out upon the budding promenades which belt the city, and the broad quays along the Main, to enjoy the first premonition of spring, I went on my usual afternoon stroll with my friend and countryman, W—, whose glowing talk upon the musical art was quite as refreshing to me after the day's study in the gloomy Marktplotz, as were the blue mountains of Epeu-art, which are visible from the bridge over the Main.

There had been a great inundation the week previous, and the cold, wintry storms which accompanied it, had just given place to sunshine and milder air. The boatmen upon the flat, clumsy barges which come down from Wurzburg and the upper Main, were loosening their lashings and preparing to trust themselves upon the swollen waters. The music of Savoyards and bands of mountain singers was heard in every open space, and brave, ruddy-looking Tyrolese, wild-eyed Bohemians in their quaint, national costume, and the men of Suabia and the Black Forest, mingled with the crowd, till it seemed like a holiday assemblage made up from all the German provinces. We threaded the motley multitude, finding a pleasant pastime in reading their faces and costumes, turning rapidly, as it were, the leaves of a historical picture book.

My eye was finally caught by a man who came toward us on the quay, and whose face and air were in such striking contrast to those about him, that my whole attention was at once fixed upon him. He was simply and rather negligently dressed in dark cloth, with a cravat tied loosely about his neck. His beard had evidently not been touched for two or three days, and his black hair was long and frowzed by the wind. His eyes, which were large, dark and kindling, were directed forward and slightly lifted, in the abstraction of some absorbing thought, and as he passed, I heard him singing to himself in a voice deep but not loud, and yet with a far different tone from that of one who hums a careless air as he walks. But a few notes caught my ear, yet I remember their sound, elevated and with that scarcely perceptible vibration which betrays a feeling below the soul's surface, as distinctly now as at the time. W— grasped my arm quickly and said in a low voice, "Mendelssohn!" I turned hastily, and looked after him, as he went down the quay, apparently but half-conscious of the stirring scenes around him. I could easily imagine how the balmy, indolent sensation in the air, so like a soothing and tranquilizing strain of music, should have led him into the serene and majestic realm of his own creations.

It was something to have seen a man of genius thus alone, and in communion with his inspired thoughts, and I could not repress a feeling of pleasure at the idea of having unconsciously acknowledged the influences around him, before I knew his name. After this passing glimpse, this *flash* of him, however, came the natural desire to see his features in repose, and obtain some impression of his personal character. An opportunity soon occurred. The performance of his "Walpurgisnacht," by the Cæcilien-Verein, a day or two thereafter, increased the enthusiasm I had before felt for his works, and full of the recollection of its sublime Druid choruses, I wrote a few lines to him, expressive of the delight they had given me, and of my wish to possess his name in autograph, that I might take to America some token connected with their remembrance. The next day I received a very kind note in reply, enclosing a manuscript score of a chorus from the "Walpurgisnacht."

Summoning up my courage the next morning, I decided on calling upon him in person, feeling certain, from the character of his note, that he would understand the motive which prompted me to take such a liberty. I had no difficulty in finding his residence in the *Bockenheimer Gasse*, in the western part of the city. The servant ushered me into a handsomely furnished room, with a carpet, an unusual thing in German houses; a grand piano occupied one side of the apartment. These struck my eye on entering, but my observation was cut short by the appearance of Mendelssohn. A few words of introduction served to remove any embarrassment I might have felt on account of my unceremonious call, and I was soon

set entirely at ease by his frank and friendly manner. As he sat opposite to me, beside a small table, covered with articles of *verre*, I was much struck with the high intellectual beauty of his countenance. His forehead was white, unwrinkled, and expanding above, in the region of the ideal faculties. His eyes were large, very dark and lambent with a light that seemed to come through them—like the phosphorescent gleam on the ocean at midnight. I have observed this peculiar character of the eye only in men of the highest genius—the sculptor Powers is another instance in which it has been frequently remarked. None of the engravings of Mendelssohn which have yet been made give any idea of the kindling effect which is thus given to his face. His nose was slightly prominent, and the traces of his Jewish blood were seen in this, as well as the thin but delicate curve of the upper lip, and the high cheek-bones. Yet it was the Jewish face softened and spiritualized, retaining none of its coarser characteristics. The faces of Jewish youth are of a rare and remarkable beauty, but this is scarcely ever retained beyond the first period of manhood. In Mendelssohn, the perpetual youth of spirit, which is the gift of genius alone, seemed to have kept his features moulded to its expression, while the approach of maturer years but heightened and strengthened its character.

He spoke of German music, and told me I should hear it best performed in Vienna and Berlin. Some remarks on America led him to speak of a grand Musical Festival, which was then in the course of preparation in New York. He had received a letter inviting him to assist in it, and said he would have gladly attended it, but his duty to his family would not permit of his leaving. He appeared to be much gratified by the invitation, not only for the personal appreciation which it implied, but as a cheering sign of progress in the musical art. My friend W—, who had met with Mendelssohn the summer previous, at the baths of Kronthal, said that he had expressed much curiosity respecting the native negro melodies—which, after all, form the only peculiarly national music we possess—and that he considered some of them exceedingly beautiful and original.

I did not feel at liberty to intrude long upon the *morning hours* of a composer, and took my leave after a short interview. Mendelssohn, at parting, expressed his warm interest in our country's progress, especially in the refined arts, and gave me a kind invitation to call upon him in whatever German city I should find him. I left Frankfurt in two or three weeks after this, and although I was never afterward enabled to fulfill my promise and desire, I was often forcibly reminded of his person and his genius—and never more gratefully than when I stood beside the marble monument to Sebastian Bach, in the promenades of Leipzig—raised to the memory of that patriarch of harmony, by the generosity of Mendelssohn.

JASPER LEECH.

THE MAN WHO NEVER HAD ENOUGH.

THE hero of my sketch, Jasper Leech, was, to use the stereotyped expression, born of poor but honest parents; his infancy exhibited no remarkable diagnostics, by which to illustrate or establish any peculiarity of character, saving, perhaps, the simple fact, that with him the process of weaning was protracted to a curious extent, any attempt to cut off or diminish the maternal supply being met with obstinate resistance, in spite of all the ingenious artifices usually resorted to on such occasions to induce a distaste, still he sucked and sucked, until the female visitors, one and all, noted it; shameful in a great fellow like that.

At school, young Jasper was famous for the steady snail-pace at which he crawled through the rudiments, and also for the extraordinary *poussant* he evinced for any thing in his proximity which was, or appeared to be, unattainable at the moment; say that one of his school-mates was in possession of a new toy, Jasper would first envy him, then covet it, cunningly waiting the moment when, the novelty being past, the boy was open to negotiation, then would be chaffer and diplomatize, almost invariably gaining his desired end. Thus he went on steadily accumulating, until what with a natural appetite for trading, and a calculating eye to the profitable side of a bargain, he managed to shut up the market altogether by exhaustion. The very springtime of life, which generally passes by in gleesome sport, was to him a period of anxiety and care; for while his mates were rioting in boisterous play, he would sit apart, his whole brain wrapped in the maze of speculation—a *swap* is in progression, and he must have the advantage.

Thus passed his boyhood; his schooling over, with his strong common sense undulled by too much book-lore, he was duly inducted into the mystery of shoe-craft. He served out his time with exemplary diligence, working leisurely of days that he might keep reserve of strength to spend the nights for his own profit, thereby saving a considerable sum from the employment of his over-hours.

Once his own master, he deliberated long what road he should travel in the pursuit of the blind goddess, invisible as well as blind—that intangible phantasma which men wear out life and energy in the seeking, only when found to confess with tears of bitterness how misspent was time in the attainment.

At last our ambitious friend ventured humbly into trade on his own account, declaring that should any thing approaching to success crown his efforts, and that at the end of five or six years he could command a thousand dollars, he would be the most contented, the happiest fellow on earth.

He was lucky, curiously lucky; it seemed as though, Midas-like, all he touched turned to gold;

money swept in, so that before he had been three years in business, instead of the limited one thousand, he was master of *five*. "Now," said he to himself, "if I could but make that five *ten*, I might not only be enabled to enlarge my stock, and thereby increase my returns, but I think I might even venture to look about for a helpmate with an equal sum;" for Jasper would just as soon have thought of investing the best part of his capital in the establishment of a lunatic asylum, as of marrying a portionless woman.

The sun shone on—in less time than he could possibly have anticipated—ten thousand was at his command. Very good, thought he; this, with ten or fifteen thousand more, as a premium for encumbering myself with a comforter of the snarling sex—for the ungallant Jasper had a thoroughly mercantile business man's opinion of the angelic species—will be efficient. I must investigate.

So he set out on a tour of the watering-places, and such like wife-markets, where Cupid, the most wide-awake of auctioneers—it's a libel to say he's blind—knocks the little darlings down to the highest bidder. Of course, Jasper stopped at the first-class hotels, where he scrutinized the *habitués* of the ladies ordinary with uncommon interest. There's no use in disguising the fact, he sought not a wife, but a fortune; in extenuation, allow me to say, he was not at all singular, there are plenty of those individuals extant, young, tolerably good-looking fellows, *bien gantés*, and redolent of whiskey, who linger about the ladies' drawing-room, in the faint hope of fascinating something available, (prudent maternity avoids this class with pious horror,) middle aged beaux, who dress sedulously, and toady *chaperons*, carry fans, are always so attentive and so obliging, dine regularly, and affect a Burgundy decanter, which looks easy circumstanced, but which the poor waiter is tired of carrying backward and forward, ticketed some hundred and something.

These animals are generally great scandal-mongers, and always dangerous, sweet-voiced but adder-tongued, their *modus operandi* is to poison the ear of the person addressed, against any other individual, hoping thereby to elevate their own characters upon the slaughtered heap. Let no woman suffer such pestilent breath to be a second time breathed within her hearing.

Jasper, though indefatigable as you may well suppose, met with strange adventure during his wife-hunt. Pretty women, after short experience, he avoided utterly, for he found that they were usually too extravagant in their expectations with regard to *personnel*, and as Jasper could not, by any stretch of his imagination, fancy that he ranked in the category of Fredericks and Augustuses, he endeavored to make up the deficiency by a liberal display of wealth—prefiguring ornament, a kind of strong-box index,

which he slyly suspected might tempt some ambitious innocent to investigate the contents thereof.

Perhaps it would be as well, at this period, as our hero is gotten up at no small expense, to give a rough pen-and-ink outline of his appearance. In the first place, he was twenty-eight years old, by his own account; as he could scarcely be expected to know exactly himself, it's not to be wondered at that he and the parish register differed a few years; but that was of little consequence, for he had an accommodating peasant-colored complexion, which, as it made him look at least forty, will no doubt return the compliment by making him look no more at sixty; his hair was about as indefinite, being a factitious auburn, a dry, wiry red, something like the end of a fox's brush in hot weather, crisp and tangible, like fine copper-shavings; one could not help fancying that if he shook his head, each individual hair would jar audibly against the other. The whole arrangement gave one an idea of intense heat, and an involuntary hope that the poor fellow had but a sprinkling of hydrocephalus, he was of undecided height also, varying from five feet four-and-a-half to five feet four-and-three-quarters, at the option of his boot-maker; but the most remarkable features, if we may use the expression, in his conformation, were his hands, which were gaunt and bony, of a tanned-leathery consistence, and of a streaky, mottled, castle-soap color, covered with a straggling crop of light, sandy hair, and ornamented with several wedding-rings—evidences of broken-hearts, which some men are fond of displaying as certificates of gallantry. Dressed in irreproachable black, and capped and jeweled in the most orthodox style, it may be imagined that Jasper was an *object* of no small solicitude to the "anxious mothers of slenderly-portioned daughters;" he certainly had an air *bien riche*, if not *distingué*—and that's the marketable *matériel* after all.

Months were unprofitably spent, and Jasper was beginning to think the time irretrievably lost, when an occurrence of some little interest varied the cateraceous-drinkability of hotel monotony. The Blodgerses arrived, *en route* to the fashionable ruralities.

Now the Blodgerses were extensive people in their way. They were originated somewhere in Pennsylvania, and affected the tone of the far south; traveled with huge trunks, two lap-dogs, a parrot, and a liveried African. The head of the family was a purdy, important, chairman-of-an-election-committee-looking man, with a superabundance of excessively white shirt-frill, and a great deal too much watch-chain; the latter appendage he invariably swung round as he conversed, its momentum indicating the state of his temper during an argument; let him speak upon uninteresting topics—literature, for instance, or any of the useless arts—you notice but a gentle apathetic oscillation, but let him get upon the tariff; let him hurl denunciations against his political enemies, or eulogize his particular presidential candidate, and round it goes with astonishing velocity.

Blodgers had been a grocer, or something of the

kind, and having, during a life of assiduous saving and scraping, accumulated a very large sum, now flung himself with extraordinary *abandon* upon the full stream of gentility—and, to say the truth, most uncomfortable he found it; for many a time would he acknowledge to his wife that "This flying about from steam-car to steambat, was far more fatiguing, and not quite so profitable as quietly serving out lamp sugar." Then would Mrs. B. indignantly check such compromising thoughts, for she was a person of great pretension, had had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Judge Pinning, and once visited by accident Mrs. General Jollikins, so felt herself bound to talk of "society." "They don't do this in our set;" or, "it's not the etiquette in *society*;" and such like sidewinded hints of her position, formed the staple of her conversations. As for the heiress to the wealthy grocer's store, there was an indescribable something in her air and manner which plainly indicated, "I am worth looking after!" She talked loudly, stared mutely through a magnificent Parisian double-glass, and in fact broke through all the recognized rules of good breeding with that insolent familiarity which but poorly imitates the *nonchalant* ease of the really *distingué*.

No description of deportment could have made so great an impression on Jasper. She looked ingots, she spoke specie, and her *prestige* was altogether redolent of *rolanza*. He was struck, but the stricken deer took the precaution to investigate realities before he advanced a step toward acquaintanceship. Now, thought he, if she but happen to have some ten or fifteen thousand, she'd be just the wife for me. The result was satisfactory. He discovered that a larger sum was settled to be her marriage-portion—and so laid vigorous siege instant.

Now Araminta Blodgers, although decidedly unqualified to grace the pages of the book of beauty, had a strange predilection for "nice young men;" so that at first Jasper met with decided, and not over-delicately expressed, opposition. But he was not a man to retire from the first repulse; he persevered, and finally so deceived the sympathetic Araminta into the belief of his ardent affection, that, one fine summer evening, she sighed forth an avowal that she and her expectations were at his disposal.

Fresh from this successful attack upon the heiress' susceptibilities, with a feathery heart, Jasper snapped his fingers at love, and danced down the corridor of the hotel, to the infinite wonderment of the waiters. Either from force of habit, or as a means of tempering the exuberance of his spirits, he plunged into the mysteries of the guest-book, where, alas! for Araminta Blodgers, and for true love! the first name he saw was that of Mrs. Skinnington, the rich widow from his own immediate neighborhood; she whom he had sedulously church-cogled from the opposite pew every Sunday, astonished at the vastness of his presumption; she, the *bona fide* and sole possessor of nearly half his native town. Here was the shadow of a shade of opportunity. She was alone. Jasper hesitated. Araminta's fortune was ample, but when there was a chance of more, it was n't

enough! Finally, he determined to wait the first interview with the widow, and be regulated by her manner.

They met at dinner, and she was singularly gracious. The fact is, those eye-assaults had told a little; and I'm sorry to say, for the character of the sex, that the widow, in case the siege should be renewed, had predetermined on capitulation.

The result may be anticipated. The endurable Araminta was thrown over for the intolerable widow and her superior wealth. They were married in a curiously short space of time; and when Jasper found himself master of the widow's boards, "Now," thought he, with a glowing heart, "a few thousand dollars more, and I shall be content. One hundred thousand is the acme of my desire; let me but achieve that, and I shall then retire and spend the remainder of my days in quiet comfort.

In process of time he did realize the coveted amount; but did he keep his word and retire. No! he had enough of that. Home was to him the worst of all miseries, a sort of domestic Tartarus; the presiding fury, his elderly wife, who, incapable of inspiring a sentiment of affection herself, yet assumed all the caprice of a girl. Jealous to very lunacy, she gave vent to the agonizing sensations of her soul by scribbling heart-rending sonnets for the Fiddle Magazine. Thin, withered, romantic and exacting, you may suppose that to the unfortunately lucky Jasper, home was no *dulce domum*.

The consequence was, that he, dreading the *vis-à-*

vis-à- domestic, confined his attention to his monetary affairs. Retirement with an unlovable and moreover intolerably suspicious companion as Mrs. L., or, as she signed herself, Sappho, was out of the question; so he determined to stick to the counting-house. And now a great idea filled his brain almost to monomania, which was, to make his one hundred thousand *two*. Once conceived, every thought and action was merged in that one absorbing idea. Headless of the domestic tornadoes that ever and anon swept over his devoted head, he slaved, fretted, lied, I think I may venture to say, cheated, but honorably, and in the way of business, until after a few years of health-destroying worry, he beheld himself within sight of the desired haven. But five thousand more, and the sum would be accomplished; one stroke of luck—one piece of indifferent fortune, and he would then be really content.

Worn out by constant exertion, he fell dangerously sick. During his illness, news arrived which brought him within a few hundreds of his desired maximum. Notwithstanding his bad health, and in opposition to all remonstrance, he called for his books, and with weak hand, and weaker brain, attempted to calculate. After many hours labor, altogether unaware that he was thus unprofitably expending his last flickering of life, he gave a long sorrowful sigh, and gasping forth, "Not enough! not enough!" expired.

Not many days after, a few feet of earth were sufficient for THE MAN WHO NEVER HAD ENOUGH.

B.

MY BIRD HAS FLOWN.

BY MRS. E. W. CASWELL.

[Written on reading "My Bird," by Fanny Forester.]

My bird has flown, my gentle bird!

Four autumn suns gone by,
She left, to cheer our loneliness,
Her own dear native sky.

With love, the precious treasure came;
I drew her to my breast,
Gazed in her heaven-lit eye of blue,
And felt—how richly blest!

She grew in beauty day by day,
More dear each passing hour,
Until we came to feel our bird
Would never leave our bower.

The rich, wild sweetness of her song,
Rung on the morning air,
And mildly, on the evening breeze,
It told the hour of prayer.

We thought when darkness frowned above,
And wintry winds went by—
'T would still be summer in our home,
And sunshine on our sky.

With our own sweet minstrel ever near
No sorrow could invade;
Her song of love would cheer us still,
And bless our woodland shade.

Now, many a wenny day hath passed
Since from my tearful eye
Her untaught piume left the air,
And vanished in the sky.

Why has she gone? Seeks she afar
Some green isle's shadier bowers?
Some happier nest—screener air—
And purer love than ours?

Oh not on earth! not here—not here!
Clouds veil our brightest skies,
And summer's mildest breezes,
Chill our bird of Paradise.

The treasure which we deemed our own
Was briefly lent, not given.
Our Father knew his spotless bird,
And called her home to Heaven.

LESSONS IN GERMAN.

BY MISS M. J. B. BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

"TUT-TUT-TUT! don't tell me '*it means nothing*,' Sara," said my uncle Waldron, as he assumed quite an air of resentment, and seized in his hand a cluster of cousin Sara's beautiful ringlets, school-master fashion, as if about to "pull her hair" for some just discovered mischief.

"Why uncle!" expostulated Sara, looking up in his face, with a smile that would have melted an iceberg, so warm and sunny was it—much more did it melt the feigned frown on the brow of my bachelor uncle—"do let me assure you!"

"I don't *want* any assurances niece—what need has a man of assurances when he sees with his own eyes, especially if he has as much reason for confidence in his visual organs as I have in *mine*," smilingly retorted uncle Theodore. "Don't I catch him here most provokingly often? and is there not such a commerce in books between you, as would justify the suspicion that I have not a library of five thousand volumes, of all sorts of books, in all sorts of languages, both living and dead, besides shares in I know not how many circulating libraries!"

"But uncle," I interposed, "you must remember that Mr. Greydon is the *minister*, and he comes to make cousin Sara *pastoral calls*, and to impart spiritual counsel—" I left my apology unfinished, for I was obliged to stop and laugh at its mis-placed sanctimony.

"Yes, yes, yes, miss!" replied uncle The., fairly driven into one of his merriest laughs—"and by all means his '*spiritual*' what-did-you-call-it, must be communicated in *German*—no in *medium* but *German* now—a little while ago nothing but *French*—by and by it will be *hocua-pocus*, or some other such gibberish!"

"Dear uncle," interrupted poor blushing Sara, "I'm *studying* German, and Mr. Greydon is so kind as to give me two lessons a week, out of his very valuable time."

"*Fol-de-rol*, every word of it—if you wanted a German teacher, why didn't I ever bear of it, so I could have procured a genuine imported one. But suppose he does come *twice* a week to give you a lesson, he comes the *other* twice to—*what*, Sara? Help get it?" And Sara, finding herself circumvented on that track, blushed redder, and uncle Waldron laughed merrier than ever.

My other apology for the frequency of Mr. Greydon's visits, was so nearly a failure, I concluded this time, *silence* was the "better part of valor," so I left cousin Sara, to her own extrications from the cross-examinations of a wily old lawyer. As soon as she could make herself heard above uncle's successive peals of merriment, she said, rather imploringly—

"Why, uncle Waldron, don't make so much sport of me. You know I am so much alone—I am sure I think Mr. Greydon is very kind."

"Yes, yes, niece—very kind, indeed—I see. '*Alone* so much,' did you say? How comes that, pray? Isn't here Maria, and isn't she company enough? You pay my guest but a wretched compliment, putting her society down as nothing."

"O no, no, uncle," said Sara, "I do not mean *that*—indeed you are too wicked to-night. Maria knows how truly I value her society. But she is here only very little—didn't I stay all winter alone, when you kept promising me a cousin or friend to stay with me?"

"Well, well, uncle," said I, "there is one thing for your assurance—cousin Sara has repeatedly declared she would not marry a clergyman!"

"That's what she has—Sara," said uncle Theodore, looking rather equivocally in her face, as if he were prepared to overturn whatever she might depose, "do you hold of that mind still?"

"Certainly, sir," responded Sara, with some ill-concealed hesitation, and not a little confusion, "I am not wont to vacillate much in my opinions."

"And you make a life-long bargain with me to retain your post as my house-keeper, in presence of cousin Maria as witness, do you?"

"Yes, sir, unless you release me some time, at your pleasure."

"You are a noble girl, Sara, darling—I'll buy you that Arabian to-morrow, and you shall have a groom on purpose to attend him;" and my uncle laid his hand tenderly on cousin Sara's beautiful head, in token of his satisfaction.

By this time it was his stated hour for retiring—he took the "big ha' Bible" from its place, reverently read a holy psalm, and then commending his household to the care of an Almighty Protector, in a low and fervent prayer, he bade us good night, and left the drawing room.

CHAPTER II.

My uncle Waldron, or Judge Waldron, for he had been promoted to "the bench," was a bachelor—a hopelessly confirmed bachelor. Not that he undervalued woman—no—he regarded her with the noblest, loftiest, and most rational admiration of any man I ever knew. But his notions were peculiar, and perhaps not a little fastidious in the matter of what a *wife* should be, so he never proposed himself as a husband to any lady of his widely extended and really valuable circle of acquaintances, to the infinite astonishment of some of them. In the course of long years he became thoroughly tired of being a *boarder*—of never realizing any of the quiet pleasures and sympathies that cluster round the hearth and the

heart of home. So he erected a beautiful villa, just a delightful drive from the city, adorned it within and without with all the decorations and elegancies which could be suggested by the highest refinement of taste, and a liberal expenditure of the amplest means, and then we surely thought, as who would not, that having built his nest, my uncle was about to choose his mate, and pass the winter of his life in the calm sunshine of domestic bliss. But we "reckoned without our host," in that calculation. Uncle Waldron had other intentions.

Now cousin Sara was the eldest niece in the family circle, and from her very birth she had been uncle Theodore's acknowledged favorite—even in her extreme babyhood he had condescended to take her in his arms, and rock her for half-an-hour—an instance of partiality, by which none of us could boast of being distinguished. We all wished that we could have been the eldest niece, so we could have been the favorite—how much more we wished we could be just like cousin Sara.

Well, when his house was all complete, uncle Waldron proposed to Sara to assume the responsibilities of his mistress, and threatened, in a way she quite understood, to "cut her off with a shilling," in case she declined, so she followed her own inclination, and very readily assented.

Cousin Sara was a star of the first magnitude in one of the most elegant and polished literary constellations in her native city. Faultlessly lovely in person, in manners, and in mind, her heart overflowing with the freshest and most cheerful piety, woman's brightest ornament, it was a mystery to us all, how she happened to live till she was twenty-seven years old, without taking those responsibilities which most of our sex, without a *tithe* of her attractions or her abilities, assume, long enough before they have the maturity and richness of twenty-seven invaluable years in their favor—especially strange we thought it, when so many most enviable inducements had been urged upon her acceptance. But nobody seemed to please our fastidious cousin Sara.

When she had been some months at uncle Waldron's, it became very evident to us, quizzical spies of *cousins*, who took great pleasure in spending a few weeks with her now and then, that she was more interested in the society and person of the Rev. Robert Greydon, than she was really willing we should discover. She hushed our impertinence in a moment, if we undertook to rally her on the subject, by a peculiarly imploring expression of countenance, which only made us think so all the more. Mr. Greydon, as has been already intimated, was the clergyman of the church where uncle Waldron worshipped. Cousin Sara had often declared that she would not marry a clergyman or a widower. Mr. Greydon, though still a young man, united in his person both those disqualifications, so we managed, in the face of all indications to the contrary, to conclude that we had nothing to fear. If he had not been a widower and clergyman, we should have chosen him, out of all the world, for Sara's husband—for he possessed all those rare and invaluable excel-

lencies of character, which Sara deserved, if ever a lovely woman did, in the man of her choice.

Mr. Greydon was a very prudent man in his pastoral and social intercourse. He did not wish to give the "silly women" of his parish, who, as in duty bound, would keep a very faithful look-out after him, any occasion to tattle—but the arrangement of the German lessons was just the thing—it afforded him the most unimpeachable excuse for enjoying Sara's society without sounding an alarm in any body's ears.

CHAPTER III.

"I would not light the lamp yet, Miss Hastings—this moonlight is so magical," said Mr. Greydon, as he sat in the bay window of uncle's drawing-room, one glorious evening in early summer. Indeed it was as lovely an evening, and as fair a scene, as pencil of artist ever aspired to sketch. I was sitting on the broad piazza, trying what my tyro pencil could do with a landscape so wonderfully beautiful.

"You are sad, to-night, Mr. Greydon," said Sara, desisting from her purpose, and taking a chair by the table that had been drawn near the window.

"No—not *sad* exactly, Miss Hastings—only of a *doubtful* mind," replied Mr. Greydon.

"Indeed!" gayly responded Sara—"but that must not be—it is expressly *forbidden* in Scripture and—"

"I know it Miss Hastings," interrupted Mr. Greydon, with forced playfulness in his tone, as if he were determined to rally himself—"but it does not respect any matters of *doctrine*—rather of *practice*, I might say. You are always so cheerful and light-hearted, Miss Hastings, it is almost a sin to be moody in your presence."

"If I had the burden of a pastoral charge"—Sara checked herself—"indeed, I fear it is the advantage of circumstances rather than of temperament, Mr. Greydon," she concluded.

There was a pause—the German lesson was finished long ago—Sara had been singing, and Mr. Greydon accompanying her piano with the mellow tones of his flute. There was a hush on the air, and a hush upon our spirits. Perhaps it was the moonlight—perhaps it was the music—I don't know—but it became oppressive, and I began to feel that it was somebody's duty to relieve somebody's embarrassment, by introducing a new theme for conversation, and I was about to draw their attention to some glorious shadows falling on the water in the distance, when Mr. Greydon spoke.

"Miss Hastings, I have heard—but I hope it is not true—that you have declared your intention never to marry a clergyman."

"Indeed! Mr. Greydon—" stammered Sara, "I—who can have so mis—people report so many—" Sara stopped; I never knew her self-possession so completely recreant. Her heart assured her that if such had been her resolution at any time, certain recent circumstances had essentially shaken her purposes—so she could not assent; and to deny it just at this point would make her more uncomfortable

still. She was about to conclude the remark as a very impertinent one, when Mr. Greydon continued,

"I hope that determination is not invincible, Miss Hastings; my future happiness depends—"

My sense of honor forbade my remaining in that neighborhood any longer. I had innocently heard already more than was intended for the ears of a third party; so I gathered up my drawing materials with what haste I could, and without the sound of a foot-fall, made good my retreat to the library.

I did not see cousin Sara again till we sat at the breakfast-table the next morning, and then she looked as if she had attained the acme of a pure and rational happiness. I never saw her half so lovely—half so cheerful—half so spiritual; the dream of her whole life seemed about to unfold into a blessed reality. As we sat in her dressing-room, after breakfast, with a simplicity and confidence that made me love and admire her more than ever, she told me of her engagement with the Rev. Robert Greydon.

I opened my eyes and threw down my sewing in the most mischievous surprise.

"Why, Sara Hastings! you have said a thousand times you would not marry a minister! How can I believe you?"

"O, don't, Maria—pray show me a little mercy; do you think, *uncle* was so wicked as to tell Mr. Greydon so! The truth is, young ladies had better not make such resolutions, and if they do, it is better not to express them. People cannot tell with much certainty what they *will* do, and what they *will not*, till the inducement is before them."

I assented to Sara's philosophy, declared I never would say any such thing, and with a kiss on her glowing cheek, I heartily congratulated her, and told how sincerely I rejoiced at her choice, and her prospect of earthly happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

There is to be a wedding at Uncle Waldron's early in September, and I am to be the first bridesmaid! Truly an enviable appointment. Sweet Sara Hastings will be the bride—Mr. Greydon the proud and happy bridegroom. My dear old uncle will give away his "treasure," and with her his villa and all its elegant arrangements, as "a marriage dowry." The villa is to become the "maison," and uncle has, of course, stipulated that he shall, through his whole natural life, be regarded as one of the indisputable fixtures of the establishment.

THE PHANTASMAGORIA.

A LEGEND OF ELD.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

PART I.

THE morn is looking on the lake,
Beside the ruined abbey;
And its fingers white on the waters shake,
Like the quivering curls of a silver snake,
For the pale old moon it must keep its wake
In the dark clouds thick and sluggy!

The night-wind hath a moaning tone,
And it cometh moaning by;
The Hurt's-tongue on the ancient stone,
That years have crumbled, one by one,
Answereth—sometimes like a groan,
And sometimes like a sigh.

A little light through the forest-trees
Is twinkling very bright,
Like a distant star upon waveless seas,
Or a glow-worm of the night;
'Tis scarcely bigger than a pin,
The little light of the village inn!

It is a parlor dimly lit,
And shadows on the arras fit;
Shadows here and shadows there,
Shadows shifting everywhere,
Very thin and very tall,
Moving, mingling on the wall—
Till they make one shadow all!

An old clock in the corner stands,
Clicking! clicking! all the while;
And its long and shadowy hands
Would seem to say this hour is man's,
But life hath swiftly running sands,
And may wicher in a while.

A fire is blazing upon the hearth,
And it crackles loud as if in mirth;
By its flickering flames you may chance to see
There are six men sitting in groups of three;
They laugh and talk—they drink and drain
Their goblets, till to drink is pain,
And the eyes are brighter than the brain.

Three gamble at the pictured vice,
And three upheave the rattling dice,
The cards go round—
The boxes sound—
A king!—an ace!—a deuce!—a doublet!!
For luck a laugh—for loss a goblet;
An aching smile and a muttered curse,
A beating heart 'gainst a broken purse,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! how wild the din
Of hearts that lose and hearts that win!

PART II.

Near the corner, and near the clock,
Sits a man in a dingy frock;

A slouched hat on his head wears he,
So sunken his eyes you cannot see;
His clothes are turned of a rusty hue,
All worn with age and damp with dew,
A traveler! I'll be sworn he be,
This stranger man so strange to see,
Weary with driving ndown the sea;
He hath ridden hard—he hath ridden long,
And would like a meal more than a song!

The rattling dice come rattling down!
The pictured tablets glide;
But a deeper shade on the light hath grown
Of the parlor dim and wide,
And the embers utter a fitful blaze
On the *fortes* that sit beside:

For three look white in its ghastly rays—
White as the corpse of ended days—
While three are dark, and yet darker gaze
On the cards and dice with which each one plays
In the parlor dim and wide!

And near the corner—near the clock—
In silence sitteth still,
The stranger motionless as a rock—
The stranger man with a dingy frock—
Who entered the room without nod or knock,
As quietly as a rill.

Clicking!—clicking!—all the while,
The old clock soundeth on,
As if it never had seen a smile,
But was kin to that in the abbey-aisle—
Chiming for mortals gone!

Click—click! and hearts are beating
High with the fate of game;
Click—click! the clock is repeating
Its lesson still the same—
But one has uttered a fearful word,
And started up like a startled bird,
To dash the dice-box down;
And with the click of the ancient clock
Is heard the click of a pistol's cock—
And then—the deep fall, in a sudden shock,
Of a body lifeless grown.

The stranger is standing beside the board—
The stranger that entered without a word—
And to five who with cowardice quail and quake,
As white as the moon looking on the lake,
It was thus that the noiseless stranger spake:—
“The blood which has ceased in the veins to run
Of this form that shall nevermore feel the sun,
This blood—a score of years ago—
Belonged to a noble hidalgo,
With a great estate and a greater name,
And a palace proud, and a beautiful dame,
And a little child—his only heir—
Soft as the dew in the morning air,
And as opening roses fresh and fair.
“And it was this noble hidalgo
Who sat in this chamber dim and low,
But now a score of years ago,
With a youth who bore beside his name,
Which had never known the weight of blame,
A treasure placed in his trusty hand
By the sovereign lord of this mighty land.
“And it was in this chamber dim and low,
As the pendulum wide swinging to and fro,
That this youth and the high-born hidalgo
Rattled a cursed horn;
That they played for the treasures of the king,
11

Played till the cocks began to sing,
And the youth had become a worthless thing—
A mark for shame and scorn.

“The youth knelt down at the noble's feet,
And, weeping, prayed that he should not meet
The eyes of his master, the injured king,
Who had trusted him well—a worthless thing!
Yet he turned, the wretch! to stalk away,
When a cry arrested his cruel way,
And he heard a voice in agony say—
A voice departing from its clay—
‘It shall follow thy house—it shall blast thy pride—
It shall be as a thorn in thine aching side—
Yea, learn, un pitying child of sin,
Not always lucky are those who win;
For they who would thrive with unthrifty clod,
Who would reap where fortune's wheel hath trod,
Are the foes of man and the cursed of God!’
The blood which has ceased in the veins to run
Of this form that shall nevermore feel the sun,
This blood—a score of years ago—
Belonged to a noble hidalgo,
And I am—”

Here the ancient clock,
With a rusty, rumbling sound,
Shook as it struck—and the matin cock
Answered the solemn chime of the clock,
Till it echoed round and round!

The embers that on the hearth-stove lay
Down into ashes dropped away,
While from the lattice worn and white,
In the moonshine waning with the night,
A steed was seen like the drifted snow
As it galloped across the plain below,
Swift as an arrow from its bow;
With the slouched hat and the dingy frock
Of the figure that sat near the corner and clock,
And which came and went without nod or knock.
And they that remained on each other bent
Glimpses so dim and drear,
That neither could tell what the other meant,
Save that in all there was fear blent
With a something which told them Heaven-sent
Was the doom of the dead man there.

One was a laborer tough and tanned,
With the toil of tilling his meager land;
The next, a veteran who did wield
The sword on many a bloody field;
The third, a friar grave or gay,
As chase or chance led the way,
With shaven crown and cascock gray;
The fourth, a publican, sorry elf!
Who cared for no one but himself;
And the last, a child, as we often ken,
Unknowing their ways in the walks of men.
And these departed homeward all,
Far holier than they came;
For the sights which their visions did appal—
The signs and sights in the haunted hall—
Like to the writing on the wall,
Spoke with a tongue of flame.

PART III.

Torches are gleaming to and fro,
In the abbey's ancient vault;
While a mute procession slowly go
Into its mouldering depths below,
And, in solemn order, halt!

A monk hath chanted the midnight mass
For a soul that tempted its final pass;
And the little, gloomy sacristan
Striveth to soothe an aged man,
As they lift from the blazoned bier
The stately drooping pall;
And the old man sees him lying there
His son—his heir—his all!

Thou canst not soothe him, sacristan,
Go to thy cord and cote—
It is a fiend which gnaws that man;
The worst of fiends—Remorse!
It is a fiend which whispereth still,
Or noon or night, or well or ill,
From the dark caverns of the past,
Through all their chambers dim and vast,
“ For they who would thrive with unchristy clod,
Who would reap where fortune’s wheel hath trod,
Are the foes of man and the cursed of God!”

The lights have vanished—and the gate
Of the abbey closed up desolate,
And all is silent as before
The key was turned in that rusty door,
To add a slumbering mortal more
To its never, never failing store;
All is silent save the owl
That moans like a monk from beneath his cowl,
As the moon is looking on the lake,
Beside the ruined abbey;
And its fingers white on the waters shake,
Like the quivering curls of a silver snake,
For the pale old moon it must keep its wake
In the dark clouds thick and sluggy:
The night-wind luth a moaning tone,
And it cometh moaning by;
The Hart’s-tongue on the ancient stone,
That years have crumbled, one by one,
Answereth—sometimes like a groan,
And sometimes like a sigh.

THE BEATING OF THE HEART.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

HEART that heareth, trembleth, yearneth,
Now with grief and pain assailed,
Now with joy triumphant burneth,
Now in sorrow veiled;
Moveless as the wave-worn rock
In the battle’s deadly shock,
When the charging lines advance,
Doom on every lance;
Yet melting at some mimic show,
Or plaintive tale of woe!
Faint with love—of conquest proud—
Scared with hate—with fury riven,
Like the fire-armed thunder-cloud
By the tempest driven:
Hark! the chords with rapture swell,
Flood on flood melodious flowing,
Sublimed! strikes the passing bell,
Swinging with reverbering knell,
While the soul is going!
Thought at times, “ Oh, Death!” I cry,
“ Ope the door, thy son entreteeth!”
Thought from life I strive to fly,
Still the heart-clock beateth—
No, not yet I wish for thee,
Gnant and pale remorseless king!
Soon, too soon, thou’lt come for me,
O’er life triumphing.
Glow and dance in every vein,
Crimson current, ruby river,
To thy source return again,
As the teeming summer-rain
Seeks again the parent main,
The all-bounteous giver;
Beat, dear heart, against my breast,
Tell me thou art there again—
Life and thee together rest
In that hold of joy and pain—
Stronghold yet of life thou art,
Restless, ever-working heart!
Night comes draped in shadows sombre,
Morning robed in light appears,
Minutes, hours, withouten number,

Days and months and years
Pass like dreams; yet still thou art
Ever busy, restless heart!
When his doom the captive heareth,
How thy summons, stroke on stroke,
Tells the fatal moment neareth,
Sounding like the heavy stroke
Distant heard as falls the oak!
How the maiden fair would hide
Thee within her bosom white,
Still against her tender side
Throbs the soft delight;
Every pulse reveals the flame,
Every fibre softly thrills,
But how innocent the shame
That her bosom fills.
In the hero, firm as steel,
In the virgin, soft as snow,
In the coward, citadel
Where the recreant blood doth go
Hiding from the sight of foe.
In the mother’s anxious breast
Who can picture thy unrest?
When her babe lies low—
With the fitful fever burning,
No rest—still restless turning
Ever to and fro!
In the bride what mixed commotion
When the words, “ Be man and wife”
Thrill her with that soft emotion
Known but once in life.
Priceless jewel! hidden treasure!
All the world to thee is naught;
Working loom of ceaseless pleasure,
Weaving without stint or measure
Wool and web of thought:
Hive of Life! where drone and bee
Struggle for the mystery,
In the never-censing motion,
Like a great star in the ocean,
Shines the soul! thy heavenly part,
Throbbing, life-assuring heart!

DOCTOR SIAN SENG;
OR THE CHINAMAN IN PARIS
(FROM THE FRENCH OF MERY.)



I, THE Doctor Sian Seng to Tching-bit-ha-ki.

On receipt of this letter forthwith go to Houang-za, to the yellow temple of Fo, and burn upon the altar a stick of camphor for me, for I have arrived safely at Paris. I have sailed five thousand three hundred and twenty leagues since my embarkation at Hoang-Ho, with peril of life beneath my feet the whole voyage—and Providence has protected me.

May my ancestors deign to watch over me more than ever at this moment! Paris is a field of battle, where bullets are represented by wheels and horses; those who have neither carriage nor horses, perish miserably in the flower of their age. There are seventeen hospitals for the wounded; I saw one yesterday with this inscription, in large letters, "Hospital for Incurables." The wounded who are carried there, know when they enter that they will never come out alive—they know their fate! It is very charitable on the part of the doctors. You can now see that the Barbarians understand civilization!

Notwithstanding the sage precepts of Li-ki, and the law of Menu, I have purchased a carriage on four wheels, drawn by horses, and have wept in anticipation of the unhappy fate of those I am about to send to the "Hospital for Incurables;" but there are but two modes of living in Paris—you must crush others, or be crushed yourself. I think it most prudent to do the first.

I went down to the river to make my ablutions,

and was about to commence this holy act, when a policeman threatened me with his *baton*. In looking at the water, I was consoled for the deprivation, as it had not the pure and limpid flow of our own Yu-ho, which runs by Peking under the marble bridge of Pekiao. The Seine is a dirty yellow stream, which descends to the ocean for a bath. I shall wait until it comes back!

I was told that Christians take a bath at home, which costs two francs. I called for one, and was furnished with an iron box, very much resembling the coffins in the cemetery of Ming-tang-y; one gets into them and lies upon the back, with the hands crossed upon the breast, like a true believer who has died in the faith of Fo.

In Paris, each house is governed by a tyrant, who is called a porter. There are twenty thousand porters here, who make a million of inhabitants unhappy and desolate. They sometimes make a Revolution to overturn a poor devil, called a king; but they have never overturned the twenty thousand porters. Mine receives my orders with loud explosions of laughter, and when I threaten him, he says to me, "You are a Chinaman!" Since he thinks to insult me by calling me by the name of my country, I make the matter equal by crying, "And you are a Frenchman!"

"Render insult for insult," says the sage Menu. These things have most astonished me in Paris.

My first duty (in quality of my rank in the Ming

lang, the greatest society of *savants* in the universe) has been to visit the Royal Library, renowned here as "a vast *dépôt* of all human knowledge." This asylum of meditation, of reflection and study, is situated in the most noisy street in the city; the millions of books it contains shake continually with the passage of carriages and other vehicles. It is very much as if you and I should go for instruction between the bridge Tchoung-yu-Ho-Kbias, where all the cats in Peking are sold, and the street Toung-Kiang-mi-Kiang, where salutes are fired night and day!

One of the librarians received me with great politeness, and offered me a chair.

"Sir," said I, in tolerable French, "I would be much obliged if you could lend me, for a few moments, the 'History of the Dynasties of the Five Brothers Loung, and of the sixty-four Ché-ti?' You know that these glorious reigns commenced immediately after the third race of the first emperors—those of the Jin-Hoang, or the Emperors of Men, to distinguish them from the second race, called Ti-Hoang, or Emperors of the Earth."

The *savant* did not appear as if he knew it. He put into his nose some of the forbidden opium, and after reflecting awhile, said,

"Lao-yé, we have not that."

He appeared pleased to show me that he understood that "Lao-yé" was equivalent to, "sir," and repeated it a thousand times during our conversation.

"You know, sir," said I, continuing, "that after the glorious reigns of Koung-san-che, of Tchen Min, of Y-ti-ché, and of Houx-touan-che, came the reigns, still more glorious, of the seventy-one families, and that so much glory was only effaced by the birth of the immortal Emperor Ki, the greatest musician the world ever saw, and the inventor of Chinese politeness. I would like to consult, in this "vast *dépôt* of all human knowledge," the history of the immortal Ki."

The nose of the *philosophe* received a second time a pinch of the forbidden opium. He then opened an enormous handkerchief of Madras, and suddenly jerking the head, neck, and head, made a great noise resembling that of a prolonged stroke upon a gong. When this tempest of the brain had passed by, he folded up his Madras, drew it five times across his face, and said,

"We have not the history of the immortal Ki, your emperor."

"You have nothing, then," said I, with that calmness which arises from wisdom, and which is humiliating to those Barbarians whom the genius of *Ménu* has never enlightened.

The learned man crossed his hands and inclined his head, shutting his eyes, which means "Nothing," in the language of the universe.

Nevertheless, I continued my requests.

"Since you have no books in this 'vast *dépôt* of all human knowledge,' 'have you any maps?'"

"Oh, maps!" said he, with the smile of a resuscitated *savant*, "we have all kinds of maps, from

the map of the Roman Emperor Theodosius to that of '*dame de cœur*.'"

This answer, I have since been told, is a *bon mot*, apparently made by this man of study to relieve his mind of *ennui*.

"Will you then show me," said I, "the map of the Celestial Empire, called Tsi-tsing-i-thoung tcki?"

The Madras again covered the visage of the *savant*; the box of opium was exhibited, and a shake of the head, covered with a white powder, announced to me that the map I sought did not exist at this vast *dépôt*.

"Wait," said he to me, with a joyous expression, "I can, nevertheless, show you a few Chinese books which will please you. Follow me, lao-yé."

I followed him.

We descended into some subterranean galleries, like to those of the Indian temples of the "Elephant." The air was infected with camphor and whale oil. Right and left one could see by the twilight a great quantity of busts, in plaster, of the great men of France, all dead—because, I am told, there are never any living great ones there.

"See!" said my conductor, "this is the shelf of Chinese books."

They were Persian.

I thanked the *philosophe* with that simple politeness which was invented by our immortal Ki, and left the library.

As I passed to my lodgings, I saw a crowd collected near some scaffolding; and on inquiring of my coachman what was the cause of it, was told that they were erecting a monument to a great man, dead two hundred years ago, whose name was *Molière*. He composed *chefs-d'œuvre*, which were hissed at their performance; he was persecuted by the court, martyred by his wife and his creditors, and died miserably at the theatre between two suet candles. They refused the honors of burial to his remains; and now, two hundred years after his death, his countrymen, to show their gratitude, erect a monument to his memory, to recompense his sufferings.

In most things the French are lively and mercurial; but in the matter of gratitude, they take two centuries for reflection.

"There is no great stone in the valley which has not 'the ambition to emulate Mount Tergyton,'" says a verse of Li-Ki; so at Paris they have taken it into their heads to imitate our large and endless Street of Tranquillity, "Tchang-ngan-Kiai," which runs the whole length of the imperial palace at Peking, and terminates at the most beautiful of the seventeen gates of the city, "Tsiam Men," the gate of "Military Glory."

I felt pride while traversing their Rue Rivoli, in thinking what a miserable imitation it was of our incomparable "tchang-ngan-Kiai;" my national vanity was appeased.

It was in following this street that I came to another palace, inhabited by the four hundred and seventy emperors who govern Paris, France, and Africa, and whom they call "Deputies." One must have a little dirty piece of paper to gain admittance

there. You give this little paper to a man with a red face and a saucy-looking nose, who permits you to enter. The four hundred and seventy emperors, each sit at the bottom of a dark well, which seems lighted by the moon in her last quarter. An old emperor, with a pleasing and paternal countenance, named Mr. Sosé, governs the four hundred and seventy others, by playing tunes upon a little silver bell. This spectacle is very amusing. The emperors are all badly dressed and *coiffé*. They talk a great deal—walk about—play tricks—sleep, or write letters to their wives, while an emperor, perched up on a high seat, sings in a low voice something mysterious, to a monotonous air, which resembles our "Hymn to our Ancestors," without the accompaniment of our national music. Each emperor has the right to mount this seat, and sing to himself his favorite song, turning his back upon Mr. Sosé. I asked a person sitting by me, "What they called this play?" The "Representative Government," he replied.

Salutes are not fired at Paris, except on the birthday of the king, which renders a sojourn here almost insupportable. I suppose this wonderful spectacle does not amuse the inhabitants, since they only give it once a year; and if it does not, why do they have it even on the king's birthday? I asked this question of a man whom one calls a friend here, one Mr. Lefort, my neighbor at my unfurnished lodgings, who answered, "I do not understand you."

This answer is made to me every day. One would imagine I spoke to them in Chinese.

Being deprived of these "*feux de joie*," which delight us at Peking, each evening I go to spend a few hours at the Opera, which is a theatre where they pay public screamers salaries of fifty thousand francs per annum. When a young man frightens his family by his cries, they shut him up in a place they call "the Conservatory," where a professor of screaming gives him lessons for twenty-four moons. The pupil then enters the Opera, and acts a part before fifty copper instruments, which make a thousand times more noise than he does himself. You can well comprehend that a good Chinaman, habituated from infancy to the soft melody of the "Hymn to Aurora," does not feel inclined to have his ears bored twice by these public screamers at the Opera; so I was about to make my adieu to the theatre the first evening, but having learned that, with a contradiction peculiarly French, they performed other pieces, in which not a word was said, I continued my visits. I was delighted with this spectacle, which they call the "*ballot*." Nothing is so admirable at Paris as this performance; so that when seeing it one does not even regret Peking. Figure to yourself fifty women, with Chinese feet, dancing "*à ravis*" without uttering a word. I have taken a box for all the "*ballots*."

There is a *danseuse* among them called Alexandrine, and surnamed *Figurante*. I suppose on account of her fine figure. She has splendid black hair, which flows down in torrents to her feet; and those feet so small that, in her perpetual whirlpool of

pirouettes and *entrechats*, they disappear from the sight. For ten nights, would you believe it, I have watched this "*danseuse*" with particular attention, forgetting the high mission with which I was entrusted, and the forty revolutions of twelve moons which rest upon my head.

One evening the door of my box opened and a man entered, bowing profoundly, and with much respect, said, "Light of the Celestial Empire, Star of Tien, I have a favor to ask."

I made him the universal sign which means, "Speak." He did speak.

"I am a decorator of the Opera," said he, "and am at this moment putting the finishing touches to a Chinese Kiosque for the new *ballet* of 'China Opened, or the Loves of Mademoiselle Flambeau, of Peking;' may I request you to come, during the interval of the acts, and give a glance at my work, and suggest any improvement that may strike you?"

"Sir," replied I, "your request is not disagreeable. Show me the way—I will follow you."

We walked for some time along subterranean damp galleries until we arrived in the "*coulisses*" of the Opera. The decorator showed me his work, and I had nothing but praise to offer him; it was in the most exquisite Chinese taste.

There was a soft whispering near us of sweet and girlish voices, which caused me to turn suddenly. It was a group of young *danseuses*, who profited by the interval to gossip a little to relieve themselves, like mutes delivered from a *regime forcé*. A blaze of light made me close my eyes—Mademoiselle Alexandrine was there.

I looked for my friend the decorator to keep me in countenance, but he had disappeared.

I invoked the spirits of my glorious ancestors, and asked of them courage and calmness of mind, those two virtues so necessary in love and war.

Mademoiselle Alexandrine had the carriage of a queen; her well-rounded and graceful person was sustained solely by her left foot, upon which she stood proudly, while the right one undulated from right to left, the heel and toe only touching the floor. My eyes followed that wonderful foot and never left it.

Imagine my astonishment when I heard the mellifluous voice of Mademoiselle addressing me with a boldness worthy of a captain in our Imperial Tiger Guard.

"Will you do us the honor, sir, to assist at the first representation of the "*Ballet Chinois*?"

I quitted the foot to look up at the face of the *danseuse*, and answered with a well imitated Parisian accent, "I should be delighted to be there, Mademoiselle, to put my eyes at your feet."

Mademoiselle Alexandrine took me caressingly by the arm, and made me promenade with her behind the scene.

"So it seems, sir, that China really exists, and that the Yellow river is not a fable? Tell me, are not all Chinamen made of porcelain? Do they really walk and talk like you and me? I did not know that

there were any other Chinamen than our Auriol de Franconi—do you know Auriol?"

All these questions were asked so rapidly as to defy answer. At her last word, the *dansuse*, called upon the stage by a signal, quitted suddenly my arm, and bounded away with the grace and springiness of a gazelle, humming the air to which she was to dance. I awaited her return to answer her questions; but when she again took my arm, she had apparently forgotten them; her gayety had disappeared—care contracted her brow.

"Have you noticed how cold the audience is this evening?" said she at length. "Is there an Opera in your country?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

"What a miserable country! Without an Opera! What do you do, then?"

"One is miserable *s'ennuie*, Mademoiselle, because you are not there!"

"That is very gallant. By the bye, you have beautiful fans in your country; the nephew of a peer of France gave me a Chinese fan as a New Year's gift—an *bijou adorable*; the sticks were of ivory, with incrustations of silver filigree work, and the picture of two yellow cats playing with their tails as they ran in a circle; but I lost it at "Muzard's."

"It is very easy to replace it, Mademoiselle; I brought thirty-three with me, made at the celebrated manufactory of Zhe-hol."

"Is it possible! And what will you do with such a collection?"

"They are intended as presents for the wives of ministers and ambassadors."

"Bah! the wives of ministers will laugh at your fans; and they are only old withered faces! If I had your thirty-three fans, I would make all the first *dansuses* in Paris die of chagrin."

"Mademoiselle, they shall be at your door to-morrow morning."

"No one can be more French than you, sir; but who would have expected it of a Chinaman. I will give you my address—" *Mademoiselle Alexandrine, de Saint Phar, Rue de Provence, on the first floor.*" My porter receives my presents any time after seven o'clock in the morning, and places them scrupulously in the hand of my chambermaid after mid-day."

She made a *pirouette*, and disappeared.

Returning to my hotel after the Opera, I wished to meditate upon my position, but my ideas wandered. You know my harem of Khè-Emil—it is the most modest of harems—scarcely can one count in it fifteen women of Zhe-hol of Tartar blood, and as many of Thong-Chou-fo, of pure Chinese race, not to speak of some twenty or more *odalisques*, maintained merely as decorations to the seraglio. Well, if Mademoiselle entered that harem, she would eclipse my favorites among its women, as the light of the full moon puts out the morning star. Yes, I have, unhappily, discovered that her face charms me more than my whole thirty, shut up in my modest harem. It is an unhappy fate! Happy are the three mandarins of the seventh class, who have accom-

panied me to Paris. They dine at the *Rocher de Cancale*; they eat beef in spite of the beard of Menu; they attend the minister's *soirées*, and know nothing of the exquisite foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine de St. Phar.

The next morning at eight o'clock, I sent to her porter the thirty-three fans, with a box of the delicious tea of "Satouran."

In the afternoon I dressed myself in court costume, my mandarin's cap of canary-yellow, ornamented with a plume of *Leu-ize*, and long robe of the color *clair de la lune*, with gloves of citron-colored craps. My glass told me I resembled the young Tcheon, the Prince of Light, and Son of the Morning. Flattered by my mirror, I went to visit Mademoiselle Alexandrine, and was introduced with the most surprising facility.

Her dress costume only rendered her more beautiful; her foot alone was always the same. It seemed to live in a perpetual motion; one might well say that it contained the soul of the *dansuse*, and that she thought with her dear little toes.

"Sir," said she, taking me familiarly by the hands, "I am the happiest girl in the world! your present is truly royal. Sit down upon this chair, and let us converse a little. I wish to present to you my little sister, a perfect angel, as you'll see."

A young girl about twelve years old, as graceful as a fawn, leaped into my arms, and seized my mandarin's cap from my head.

"What do you think of her," said the *dansuse*.

"She is your sister," said I, with an expressive glance.

"Still gallant, dear doctor?"

"What is her name, Mademoiselle?"

"She has none yet, doctor; she waits for a god-father—it is the custom at the Opera. Will you be hers?"

"Very willingly, Mademoiselle."

"Give her, then, a pretty name—some name of your country."

"Very well; then I name her 'Dileri,' which is a Mogul name."

"What does it mean?"

"*Light of the eyes.*" Does it please you, Mademoiselle?"

"Dileri is charming! Do the Moguls have such soft names, doctor?—and they are still Moguls. It is wonderful! Mademoiselle Dileri, thank your godfather."

With that marvellous refinement with which the spirit of the great Fo has imbued his faithful followers, and which renders them superior to all of human kind, I asked Mademoiselle Alexandrine, negligently, "if she had any taste for marriage?"

"Ah!" said she, crossing her beautiful feet upon a footstool of crimson velvet, "it is not marriage that I fear, it is the husband. You do not know French husbands, dear doctor. Suchegotists! They marry a pretty woman to have a slave, in spite of the law which forbids trading in human flesh; and when they have her fast enchained, they show her as a curiosity to their friends to excite their envy. Well,

since China is now opened, we will go to China to seek husbands. Dear doctor, you will not find in all Paris a husband who would give his wife thirty-three fans without any pretension, as if he merely said, 'good-day!' Are the Chinamen good husbands, doctor?"

"Mademoiselle, 'twas a Chinaman who invented the honeymoon!"

"I do not doubt it. What a pity the Chinawomen have such queer eyes.

"For that reason we come to seek wives at Paris."

"Truly, doctor, you are *adorable!* and I am confused by your kindness. I do not know how to express my sense of your compliments, and gratitude for your splendid presents. May I not offer you a box in the fourth tier for your suite? Giselle is performed to-morrow. My cousin has written a play for the Theatre d'Ambigu; I will ask him for a box for you this evening. Perhaps you will accept a free ticket for a month on the railroad to Rouen."

"Thanks, Mademoiselle! I am as grateful for your kind offers as if I had accepted them. But I have a favor to ask."

"It is already granted—speak."

"I have brought with me some Indian ink, and I beg you will permit me to make a picture of your right foot."

"What a Chinese idea!" cried the *dansusee*, with a rich burst of merry laughter. "Do you call that a favor? Take your crayon, dear doctor, I give you up my foot; will you copy it *au naturel*, or in an odalisque's sandal?"

"I will paint it as it is at this moment."

"As you like; meantime I will amuse myself and little sister by admiring your thirty fans."

At the third fan I had a striking resemblance of the wonderful foot. The *dansusee* glanced at it and uttered a cry of admiration, saying,

"Dear doctor, you have taken it with a dash of the pencil."

"Mademoiselle," answered I, "it is said of me that I could copy the wind, if I could see it pass. I have copied your foot which is more agile than the wind."

"If you continue these compliments, doctor, I am afraid I shall fall in love with you; I, who the other day shut my door in the face of a Greek prince and two bankers."

The candor of innocence was imprinted on the features of the *dansusee*; and I bowed my head in reverence before this ingenuous woman, who unveiled her heart to me without reserve. In taking leave of her I was allowed to touch with my lips the ends of fingers which rivaled her feet in beauty.

The Secretary for Foreign Affairs awaited me at five o'clock, to inquire concerning the ceremonies used at Zhe-hoi and at Peking, at the reception of European ambassadors, and to sound me in regard to certain political secrets relating to the Chinese empire and Queen Victoria.

During the audience I experienced many distractions and made many mistakes. May Ti-en grant that my errors may not one day cause trouble to the

Celestial Empire. Whilst the great minister of the Christians was speaking to me, I was thinking of the foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine St. Phar! You see that that foot will overturn Peking yet!

After dinner, a perfumed billet, the paper of which resembled a butterfly's wing, was brought to me, and I read as follows:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I hear that you have brought to this country numberless Chinese curiosities. Dideri, your charming god-daughter, is so much delighted in looking at your fans, that she longs to know all the wealth of her godfather; a childish folly! But I have promised her to visit you to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

"Your god-daughter kisses you between the eyes, and I place you at my feet.

"ALEXANDRINE ST. PHAR."

You know, my dear Tchong-bit-ha-ki, that I have not brought with me many of our toys. I only provided a few as presents to *attachés'* wives, and perhaps ministers. Happily, when I received the billet of Mademoiselle Alexandrine, I had not yet distributed any of them; nevertheless, I felt that my collection was too contemptible to be honored with a glance from the divine *dansusee*, and I resolved to add to it before showing it to her. I obtained all the information I could, and then went to Darbo's, Rue Richelieu, and to Gamba's, Rue Neuve de Capucines—two merchants of celebrity in *Chinoiseries*. I purchased at these shops two screens, a pagoda of rice, two boxes of cloves, four tulip vases, two complete services of porcelain, with a chamber tea service, a table of sandal wood, inlaid with cypress, four figures of mandarins in clay from Pei-ho, twelve pairs of embroidered slippers, a shop in miniature, a chamberlain with his wand of office, two leaves of tammam, a parasol, two lions *frisés*, and a copy of the royal carriage of the brother of the sun and moon, the Emperor Tsieng-Long.

Most of these *Chinoiseries* were made in Paris, and I doubted particularly the royal carriage; but the imitation was so good, that a mandarin only of the first class could distinguish the true from the counterfeit. I did not cheapen these things, and paid the bill, an enormous sum—thirty-seven hundred francs.

Night arrived; I went to bed to enjoy dreams of happiness to come, and slept with my copy of the divine foot in my hand. My first thought in the early morning was to put my Chinese riches in order, to exhibit them to the best advantage. What a happiness, said I to myself, if she will deign to point her foot to some one of these *baguettes*, and say, in her flute-like tones,

"Dear doctor, give me that for my boudoir."

At length 12 o'clock struck, and my door opened.

Oh! the City of Houris will be one day destroyed for having forgotten to produce Mademoiselle Alexandrine de St. Phar! I was thunderstruck at her morning beauty. The divine *dansusee* led her little sister by the hand. She threw her hat and shawl upon the first chair, pressed my hands, ran about the room, *pirouetting* before each *Chinoiserie* with cries of pleasure and joy which went to my very

heart. When she had exhausted every exclamation of delight, she said to me,

"Dear doctor, I am sorry to have brought your god-daughter with me—she asks for every thing she sees. Oh, these children! one should never show them any thing. It is true I am somewhat of a child in that way, too. If I had to choose some one of these things, I should be in great embarrassment, and would not dare to do it, lest I should to-morrow regret that I had not taken something else."

In saying these words with delicious volubility, she pushed out her right foot from the protection of the shortest of robes. She might have seduced the most virtuous Lama of Lin-Ching.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "permit me to point out a plan to avoid that difficulty."

"Ah, will you! Dear doctor, tell me this plan!"

"Will you swear to act according to it?"

"I swear it!"

"You will keep your oath?"

"I will."

"Well, Mademoiselle, take them all."

The divine *danseuse* raised her arms gracefully, threw back her queenly head, and her bosom of ivory palpitated with sudden gladness, like the throat of a bird that sings with very happiness.

"You are a rare fellow," cried she; "after your death, your body should be embalmed, and your tomb be a 'Mecca' for all true gallants from thenceforth forever. But, dear doctor, remember that I am a woman. You do not know to what you expose yourself. Suppose I were to take you at your word?"

"I should say you were a woman of your word, and knew how to keep an oath."

"No, no, dear doctor, no joking! you wish to try me!"

"Not in the least; I speak seriously. All these curiosities belong to me no longer—they are yours."

"Then you must be the brother of the sun and moon and cousin to the seven stars in disguise. Long live the Emperor!"

[Conclusion in our next.]

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE'S FAREWELL.

BY AUGUSTA.

Come an' sit thee doon langside me now, my ain, my
darling Sue,
Let your laddie view those o'ers, lass, that match you
heaven's blue:
Dearie, pit that wee an' han' in mine, whiles swear that
ye'll be true
To Willie when he's gone awa', to fight for hame an'
you.

Here 's a bonnie aprig o' broom, I plucked it yonder on the
lea,
Pit it in the auld ha' Bible, 't will mind thee aft o' me,
Ken ye weel the motto o' the broom? 't is "hope an'
constancy;"
An' dinna, lass, forgit me when I am far awa' frae thee.

Ye will roam where we hae roamed, lassie, langside the
mountain rill,
An' think how aft tgether we hae watched the brooklet
fill:

Ye will miss my step come bounding 'mang the heather
on the hill,
But in spirit I'll be there, lass, an' guard thee frae all ill.

When the moon is softly beaming, love, an' a' are wept
in sleep,
When starlets frue the curtains o' the sky come forth an'
peep,
When the heath-bell bends its tiny hood, while dew-drops
o'er it weep,
'T is then my spirit shall its welcome vigil o'er thee
keep.

When the haly Sabbath morn comes roun', an' sweet the
kirk bells ring,
When wee birds wake the dingle with the songs o' praise
they sing,
When ye bend before the throne o' Him to whom all
praise we bring,
Oh! ask him them to guide me, lass, an' guard me with
His wing.

A TWILIGHT LAY.

BY W. HOBBS STILWELL.

This glorious sunset I behold,
This lovely closing scene of day,
The western sky emblazoned in gold,
The calm, low murmurings that play
Upon the quiet ear of eve;—
You fields, in waving beauty spread,
The summer-rose now paling here,
The sunflower's gently drooping head,
Proclaim the day, the hour near,
O'er which, for aye, I vainly grieve!

No more the rapture now, that grew
Within our hearts, pale sleeping out!
While dwelling on that gorgeous view
Unfolded by the setting sun—
No more thy loved, thy lonely flowers
Will bend to kiss the gentle hand
Outstretched to train their heavenward bloom;
No more that angel form will stand
Beside me, in the twilight gloom,
To light with love my darkened hours!

THE CHAMBER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

A LIGHT was seen gleaming at an unusual hour, in one of the rooms of — college. The sole occupant of said room was Willard Carlton, a member of the junior class. He was a diligent and successful student, but was not wont to trim the midnight lamp. By a wise employment of sunlight, by avoiding the loss of isolated moments, he accomplished as much mental labor as the laws of health would allow, and devoted a large portion of the night to refreshing sleep.

The light attracted the attention of a friend and fellow student, who was laying the foundation of a life of suffering, by prolonging his night studies to the morning hours. He repaired to Carlton's room, and found him leaning upon his table, his countenance marked with deep dejection.

"Are you ill?" said Temple.

"I am not," said Carlton, pointing to a seat.

"I knew there must be some cause for your being up at this late hour, I thought it could be nothing less than sickness."

"It is something more than sickness."

"Is it any thing in regard to which I can be of any service to you? I am entirely at your command."

"Thank you—you can do nothing for me. I have received a letter from home."

"It contains bad news."

"Yes."

"Is your father ill?"

"My father is well; but I am informed that another—friend has a mortal disease."

"Another friend! a lady?"

Carlton bowed his head in reply.

Temple was silent. He knew that Carlton had no relative in his native place except his father. He inferred at once the nature of his connection with the invalid whose situation caused such deep solicitude. He felt a little hurt at the reserve with which he had been treated.

"Perhaps," said Carlton, rightly divining what was passing in the mind of his friend, "I should have informed you of my acquaintance with Miss Warren. I have tried to do so more than once. My silence has not resulted from a want of confidence, or from a desire of concealing my engagement."

"I think," said Temple, "I can understand and appreciate the reason. Does Miss Warren live in your native place?"

"Yes; her parents removed there just two years ago. I became acquainted with her in the course of the first vacation after I entered college. We have been engaged nearly a year. She has recently been traveling for several months in hope of benefiting her health. My father incidentally mentions that her lungs are diseased beyond hope of recovery."

"What is her age?"

"She was eighteen yesterday. She has seen only eighteen summers, and yet she must go down to the grave."

"May we not hope that the fears of her friends have led them to overrate her danger?"

"The error always lies in the other direction."

"Is it your purpose to go home?"

"I have written to my father for permission to do so," pointing to a letter which lay on the table. "It is useless for me to stay here. When she is gone, I shall have no motive to study. I have desired distinction for her sake. I have lived for her alone."

Temple strove to think of some topic of consolation which he could appropriately present. He knew his friend too well to suggest any thing which did not fully meet his case. He was constrained to leave him to his own reflections. Assuring him of his sympathy, and exhorting him to seek repose, he withdrew to his own apartment.

Carlton remained in his seat until his lamp was paled by the morning light. He then vainly sought an hour of repose; then rose, and having obtained leave of absence, seated himself in the morning stage-coach, and was borne over the hills and plains toward his native village.

The forests were putting on the scarlet and gold of autumn; but he saw not their beauty. He was like the shipwrecked mariner whose eye is fixed upon the bark which is fast receding in the distance. He was well nigh insensible to every thing around him.

His father was surprised and alarmed as the coach drew up at the door, and his son alighted. The pale and anxious countenance of the son had no tendency to dispel the fears which his sudden appearance had occasioned. To the hurried inquiries made respecting his health, he gave satisfactory replies, and then added:

"I came home solely on account of Miss Warren. Have you heard from her to-day?"

"She is not quite so well to-day," said the father, in a tone of sympathy which went to the heart of his son. He comprehended at once the state of the case. Sympathy for the evident suffering of his son, prevented him from making even the mental inquiry, whether that son had not failed in duty to him, by not seeking his approbation in a matter so momentous in its influence.

It was not from want of respect or regard for his parent, that Willard had not made known to him the state of his affections. In all ordinary matters, the wishes of his parent were a law to him; concealment was foreign to his nature. But when those dreams, and longings, and aspirations which the young heart is scarcely willing to confess even to itself, began to

cluster around a living object; when, ere he was aware of it, all the wealth of his ardent soul was bestowed upon Eliza Warren, he felt an almost invincible repugnance to speak of it to any one but her.

After attempting to partake of some refreshment, he directed his footsteps toward the chamber of sickness, and to him of sorrow. His father kindly offered to attend him, but he begged permission to go alone.

A chill autumnal wind swept through the branches of the shade-trees, which were rapidly losing their foliage in consequence of the early frosts. The hues of evening were falling upon the landscape, and it seemed to him that it would never more be illumined by the morning sun.

As he reached the door of Miss Warren's dwelling, he met the physician, who advised that she should not see him, or be apprised of his arrival until morning. Willard turned and made his way slowly homeward. His father, not expecting his speedy return, had gone out. The house was desolate—his mother had died when Willard was an infant.

He went to his chamber. Exhausted nature claimed repose. He slept till the light of morning began to struggle for entrance through the window, thickly shaded by the woodbine, which had not yet felt the influence of the frost.

At an early hour he presented himself at the door of the invalid. She was dressed in a robe befitting the sick-chamber. She attempted to rise as he entered, but her strength was not equal to the effort, and she sunk back in her chair. The crimson attendant upon the attempt was succeeded by a deadly paleness, which, however, did not drive the sweet smile from her lips. He stood and gazed upon her, as if upon a statue of surpassing loveliness, or a vision from another world. It was not till her hand was extended to invite him to approach her, and the tears began to fill her eyes, that the spell was broken, and he advanced to press her thin hand to his aching heart. He sat down by her side without speaking.

"I am glad to see you," said she, almost in a whisper, which to his ear had a sepulchral hollowness. "When did you hear of my return?"

"Have you a cough?" said he, not heeding her question.

Before she could answer, a paroxysm of coughing, which she strove in vain to repress, shook her delicate frame in a manner which caused him to feel from that moment that there was no hope. He rose and paced the room in agony.

"Sit down," said she, as soon as she had recovered strength to speak. "I shall use no ceremony with you now—sit down here," and she drew the chair he had occupied closer to her own. "I have heretofore felt—shall I own it?" and here a smile, such as first won his heart, lighted up her features—"a little afraid of you. I do not feel so now."

"You do not expect to get well," said he, as he sat down and took her hand in his.

"I do not," was her reply, but her countenance underwent not the slightest change. A convulsive

burst of grief on his part caused her to weep in sympathy.

"Do not," said she, "make me weep. Dry your tears and let us talk together." He endeavored to obey her request.

"Have you suffered much since I saw you?"

"Not much physical pain." She did not say how much she had suffered when the darkness first fell upon all her prospects and hopes of life. She did not tell him how much she had suffered in view of the anguish which her early death would give to her friends, and most of all to him.

"How can it be," said he, as though speaking to himself.

"It can, and must be," said she, with entire composure, "and there is one thought connected with this dispensation, which does more than all other things relating to earth, to reconcile me to it."

"Nothing can reconcile me to it"—said he, in a manner indicating disapprobation of the expression she had used.

"You surely would not have me like the imprisoned bird which wounds itself against the bars of its prison?"

"Oh no, I was selfish in the remark. I was thinking only of myself."

"No, Willard, you shall not do yourself injustice, you were thinking of me. But the thought I alluded to is this—all your hopes have had reference to this world. They have not reached beyond the horizon of time. You have loved me as I do not deserve to be loved. I know and appreciate the depth of your love. The loss of your idol may cause you to take off your thoughts from the earth, and fix them on an enduring portion. If my death could be the means of your spiritual life, I think, solemn and awful as is the change which it brings, I could willingly meet it. And will it not have that effect? When I am gone will you not seek a better portion—even an heavenly?"

"When you are gone life will be utterly valueless to me."

"Do not say so. You cannot say so and be blameless. If I now speak with calmness respecting our situation, you will not ascribe it to indifference to life, and the objects it set before me. You are not less dear to me than I am to you. Nothing has kept my heart from breaking in view of the blighting of all my earthly prospects, but a firm conviction that all events are ordered by Infinite Wisdom—that I am in the hands of a Being whose tenderness far surpasses that of my earthly parents, and whose power will cause all things to work together for my everlasting good. This conviction, and the hope that you will be induced to seek a better portion, enable me to go calmly forward by easy, but somewhat rapid stages, toward the grave. I have ever been very anxious on your account. Even in my happiest moments I have often trembled lest I should be the means of your continuing to rest contented with this world."

The entrance of the physician prevented further conversation. He found her pulse accelerated, and advised that she should seek repose.

CHAPTER II.

Young Carlton had not enjoyed the advantages of early instruction in religious truth. His pious mother died while he was in his infancy. His father took the almost pains with the intellectual, social, and emotive education of his son. The subject of personal religion was never mentioned by him. He was not a disbeliever in Christianity; but he gave little heed to its peculiar claims. He was much in public life, and a reputation for high and honorable principle was all the religion to which he aspired. It is not strange therefore that Willard was ignorant of those consoling truths which formed the support of Eliza in her dark hour of trial.

In his view, she was a perfect being. He questioned the justice of the decree which was about to consign her to an early grave. He questioned the right of the Great Disposer to take from him his portion and destroy his hope. His life had been marked by strict integrity. He had no sympathy with the sensual. His aims had been purer and higher than those of the great majority of men. Why should the scathing bolt fall upon him, while the mercenary and abandoned passed on and realized their ends? Thoughts like these passed through the mind of Carlton, and as he walked to and fro in his chamber after the interview above described, they had no tendency to calm his agitation. The tempest in his bosom at length overpowered him. His father found him in a sleep bordering upon insensibility.

A day of illness intervened. On the next morning he again visited Eliza. There was the same voice and smile—perhaps the one was a little fainter—the other, if possible, a little sweeter than at the previous interview. Eliza entered upon a series of cheerful inquiries respecting his studies, his friends, and his purposes: she failed to chase away the deep expression of sorrow that rested upon his brow.

"It is useless," said he, comprehending her purpose, "let us speak of what concerns us more, or let us enjoy each other's society in silence. When with you I can even now speak of enjoyment."

"I hope you will speak of it and feel it when I am gone; but I know that you cannot unless your affections are set in right tune by the hand of God. You are different from all other men. In my young dreams I used to fancy one whose whole life should consist in the exercise of affection. I never expected to find such a being. I have found one. Those affections will be to you ministers of sorrow, unless they are fixed upon something more enduring than an earthly object."

"I can now think of nothing but you. If I am to have you but for a short time longer, do not attempt to turn my thoughts to other things. If I survive you, I will do all you wish."

"I shall insist on the fulfilment of that promise."

"Can you tell me," said Willard, after a brief interval of silence, "why the heartless and cruel are suffered to remain, while the pure and gentle are taken away?"

"I cannot. I cannot tell why the summer flower was not made to endure as long as the mountain

rock. We can only refer it to the wisdom and the will of God. But I begin to feel too much fatigued to converse longer. Will you read to me?"

"From what book?"

"From this, if you have no objection"—handing him a small copy of the New Testament, which she drew from her bosom. He took it and pressed it to his lips. He then read chapter after chapter, as she named them to him. Occasionally he would steal a glance at her countenance as she shaded her closed eyelids with her hand—beautiful as a statue, yet revealing the priceless soul in every vein.

"I wish you could pray with me," she whispered, as he closed the volume and rose to depart.

"I cannot," was the reply. This answer did not drive away the smile that was upon her lips—it was transferred to his, as they met.

"How long before you return to college?"

"I shall never leave you again."

He retired. His last expression caused a flowing of tears more copious and exhausting than had been shed during the whole period of her decline.

Day after day Carlton took his station in the chamber of the consumptive, and watched her rapidly decaying strength. He spent much time in reading to her, occasionally from their favorite poets, but generally from the sacred volume. He thus became familiar with its truths, and no longer wondered at the calm confidence with which his beloved could look forward to lying down in the dark and narrow house.

At length she became too weak to rise from her bed, except for a few moments—usually at the close of the day. One evening she was sitting supported by her lover. Lights had not yet been brought into the apartment. The beams of a full October moon streamed through the casement, and painted its outlines in silver upon the floor. They sat and gazed in silence upon its soft brightness. For a few moments she leaned upon him more heavily, as if in sleep; then partially raising herself, she said:

"I saw many bright beings all clothed in that silver light, and they promised me that they would take care of you, and bring you to me."

"Where were you?" said he, a chill creeping over him as if the inhabitants of the spirit world were around him.

She did not seem to bear his question, but continued—"Oh, it was beautiful—not an imperfect flower on all that plain—and such delicious gales—and such a firmament—and they looked upon me as the eyes of beloved friends, and I knew that they would watch over you for good."

"Where was this?" said Willard, almost with terror. Still she heeded him not.

"The stream was as smooth as glass, and the moonbeams covered it with silver—it was wide, wide, and I could not see you. I looked in the far distance and saw a boat swiftly gliding toward me, and I knew you were in it, and were safe."

"You are dreaming, dearest."

She leaned more heavily upon him, and slept. He feared she was passing away. He tried to still his

heart while he listened. He heard her gentle breathing. He laid his hand upon her heart. It still kept up its workings. He laid her as gently as one would lay an infant upon her bed, and summoned her attendants. She continued to sleep. The physician assured him that death, though near, was not yet at the door.

The next morning revealed a marked change in the condition of the invalid. At first, she did not seem to recognize Carlton. The cloud, however, soon passed from her mind, and she gave him her usual smile and welcome.

"I shall never rise from my bed again," said she; "do not leave me except when I sleep. My mind begins at times to give way. Remember your promise to prepare to meet me in the better land."

"I will," said he, nerving himself to composure for her sake. He then read the Scriptures to her, and, unshod, knelt and offered a prayer in her behalf.

Ere long the aged pastor of the village church entered the chamber. He had been absent some time on a visit of mercy to a prodigal son of one of his parishioners. He silently pressed the hand of Carlton, and passing to the bedside, impressed a kiss upon the forehead of Eliza. His experienced eye told him that the silver thread of life was well nigh broken.

"You are on the verge of Jordan," said he.

"Yes," was the calm reply.

"Its waves are not rough?"

"Calm and peaceful."

"You have no fears of death?"

"None."

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. You can say *Thy will be done*?"

Looking for a moment with unutterable tenderness upon Carlton, she closed her eyes and said, in a low but thrilling tone, "*Thy will be done.*"

Her parents were called in. After uttering, from the depths of his experience, a few words of consolation, the pastor knelt down and offered a prayer, first for the dying girl, then for him who watched over her, and then for her parents and friends. During the prayer Carlton held her hand in his, and felt its feeble pressure as the petition had reference to him.

She sunk into a brief slumber almost as soon as the prayer was ended. Perfect silence was preserved, that she might not be disturbed. Carlton still retained her hand. The mother was about to make a whispered inquiry of the pastor, when the sleeper awoke.

"Did you hear that music?" said she.

"No, dearest."

"It was the sweetest I ever heard. It must have come from the golden harps. Hark! hear it again."

She closed her eyes. Carlton felt her hand relax its feeble grasp. He looked toward the pastor who came to the bedside.

"She is with her God," said the old man, bending down and imprinting a kiss upon the cheek which

felt not the warm tear that fell upon it, "and you my friends"—turning to the parents—"can say, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

CHAPTER III.

Carlton remained by the bedside of the departed one till the attendants came to prepare the body for the grave. He then repaired with apparent calmness to his chamber, and remained there till summoned to attend the funeral. He took his seat in the church with the afflicted parents, and with them followed the coffin to the grave-yard; but no tear fell from his eye, nor, in view of the multitude, at least, did his countenance wear the expression of deep sorrow. Some thought he was wonderfully supported, and others doubted the strength of his affection for the departed one.

When the last sod had been laid upon the grave, he returned home, and seated himself by his father's side.

"You will hardly be disposed to return to college this term, my son," said the sympathizing father. "Consult your own inclinations in relation to the matter."

"I shall return to-morrow, was the unexpected reply. The father made no objection. He looked upon exertion as the great antidote of sorrow.

Early the next morning Willard arose, and having visited the grave-yard, and laid his head upon the ear turf of the new made grave, he set out on his return to college.

The evening found him at his room, surrounded by his friends, who came to express their sympathy for his bereavement, or their joy at his return. At an early hour he intimated his desire to be left alone. His well-known habit of retiring early, and the painful scene through which he had passed, formed, in the judgment of his friends, an ample apology for any want of courtesy implied in the intimation.

If there were any who thought that his affliction would weaken his devotion to intellectual pursuits, they were disappointed. His friends soon found that their society was not desired by him. Even Temple was constrained to feel that his presence was irksome to his friend. He seemed to desire to spend every moment in study. No light burned later than that which threw its rays upon the page before him. Modes of mental exertion, which he had formerly neglected, now received his earnest attention. In the halls of debate which he had seldom visited, he was now present on every occasion, and the energy with which he grasped every question awakened the highest admiration. In whatever he undertook there was an exhibition of power never before suspected even by his partial friends.

But the tense chord was at length broken. An impassioned burst of eloquence, which, in the judgment of those present, surpassed any thing they had heard from mortal lips, was followed by the ravings of lunacy.

Released from the control of the will, the mind re-

vealed the thought which had wrecked it. The name which had never passed his lips, since she who bore it ceased to be an inhabitant of earth, was now constantly repeated in tones which drew tears from eyes "ceased to weep."

He was removed by his friends to a lunatic asylum. After a long and dangerous illness, his brain began gradually to resume its proper functions. Several relapses, however, were experienced, and it was not till the spring and summer had passed, that his mind was fully restored.

He then returned, feeble and wasted, to his native village. With the consent of his father, he took up his abode with the parents of the lost one, and occupied the chamber in which she breathed her last. He passed the days sitting in her chair, looking out upon the landscape which she had loved to gaze upon, and in reading the New Testament which had lain in her bosom.

For a few days his strength seemed to increase; but there was little to justify the hope of his friends that he would be restored to health.

The aged pastor visited him, and kindly inquired respecting the state of his soul toward God.

"He is too strong for me. I cannot contend with Him," replied the humbled sufferer.

"It is well for us to be convinced of that truth. It should lead us to acquaint ourselves with Him and be at peace."

"I am devoting all my time to the attainment of that knowledge and peace."

"*He that seeketh findeth!* What a blessed assurance!"

After some further inquiries and appropriate counsel, the pastor withdrew, strongly hoping that that chamber would be the scene of spiritual birth, and as strongly fearing that it was again to bear witness to the power of death.

The apparent improvement in the health of Carlton was of short continuance. Once only was he able to walk to the grave-yard, and rest upon the turf which was now green upon the grave of Eliza.

"Tell my father," said he, one day to the physician, who had not expressed his opinion upon the case, "that I shall not recover."

"Have you no desire to live?" said the pastor, who was present.

"I think I can say with her, '*Thy will be done.*' I see that life is altogether a different thing from what I supposed. If it were God's will that I should continue here, I could perform as an hireling my day. But he excuses me, and I am content; though I have to regret that I have been of no benefit to my fellow men."

His departure was much more sudden than was expected. On going to his chamber in the morning, his friends found that his spirit had fled. Her New Testament was between his hands, which were clasped upon his bosom. Apparently he had passed away as gently as did the former owner of that precious volume.

The autumn leaves were falling as the procession wound its way to the church-yard, and laid him to rest by the side of the grass-grown grave made just twelve months before.

EARTH-LIFE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

The breeze is blowing fresh and strong;
The rocking shallop chafes its chain,
And the billows are breaking in swells of song,
That call me forth to the deep again:
A bery charger paws the sand;
A hound looks up with watching eye,
To scour the forest and valley land,
And bay with the winds on the mountain high!
Let horns be heard in the gray ravine,
And stormy songs from off the sea!
There 's blood in my heart, where tears had been,*
And the blood of Youth is bold and free!
Leave, weary Soul, the hermit-love
Which kept this arm from the Life of Earth—
Lie down to rest on the quiet shore,
While the dust, exulting, marches forth!
Thou hast wasted weak and pale, oh frame,
That once wert ruddy as the dawn!
But the Earth, thy mother, is filled with flame,
Whose sturdy warmth to thee has gone.
Thy locks shall toss on the mountain air—
Thy limbs shall cool in the sparkling brine;
She will brace thy nerves with her forest-fire,
And warm thy veins with generous wine!

* *Moo cœur, au lieu de sang, ne roulez que des larmes.*
LAMARTINE.

Thy loins shall grow to a pard-like power,
On the wild slopes of craggy hills;
Thou shalt bare thy breast to the arrowy shower,
And catch in thine arms the icy rills:
Thy vigorous blood shall exult the same,
When fevered eves in the spirit start,
As a pine, when the mountain is awathed in flame,
Keeps green and fresh in his spicy heart!

Thou shalt go where the battle elations blare,
With the fierce, heroic rage of old;
The lust of the soldier thy brow shall wear—
Thy heart shall swell like a banner's fold.
In the shrieking hail thou shalt stand, my frame,
Nor shrink from the path of thine arm's employ,
When the thews are steel and the veins are flame,
And Death to thee is a terrible joy!

Then, tighten the girth and loose the reins!
Unleash the keen, impatient hound,
And deep in the veething foam again
Let every quivering ear be drowned!
We will rock on the ocean's solemn roll,
Or follow the charging music's mirth,
And the vine's bright blood shall crown the bowl
That brims for us with the Life of Earth!

ELEONORE EBOLI.

A TALE OF FACT.

BY WINIFRED BARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

In the garret room of a little two-story house in Philadelphia, sat two women, both of whom were foreigners. A child reclined in the lap of one of them, who was haggard and thin, yet beautiful. Her features were of the Grecian cast, with a most fascinating smile, and hair of a light auburn, that curled naturally and in profusion around her finely modeled head.

The appearance of the other woman was commonplace, but she had a frank and kind expression that redeemed her bad looks. They were both French; the *blonde* had evidently a Parisian air, whilst the other as evidently came from one of the provinces.

"Ah, Madame Eboli!" said the latter, "now that I am going to join my husband in New Orleans, what is to become of you? You must not stay in this tiresome Philadelphia, where the women have no grace, no *tournaure*; and the men never wear a *moustache*! not even an imperial! It is not astonishing that I should be able to bear it, having been condemned from my earliest youth to a country-life, where I was sometimes compelled to bring myself in contact with such rusticity! But you who come from our dear Paris, what a blow to your feelings is to be placed among these savages! What a horror!"

"My dear friend," returned Madame Eboli, "the world has of late altered in my eyes. The outward forms of men had once an effect on me; now, I see little beauty in even the finest features where there is no expression of sympathy for the unfortunate. As to remaining any longer in this city it is impossible. My funds had been exhausted two days previous to your sending me that last piece of sewing. I cannot get sufficient employment by my needle to support myself and Eleonore, and if I could I should fear the consequences. Bending over my work from early morning till late at night, makes me very ill. I have now a constant pain in my side. It is but nine months since I crossed the sea, when my poor husband died, and I wish to be near the sea, for then I do not seem so far away from him whose grave it is—"

"You are a good musician, can you not teach the piano or the guitar?"

"Ah, Madame Pessaune! I have tried that, but no one would take lessons of a stranger. My garb was an evidence of my poverty, and in their eyes of my inefficiency; my face had the sufferings I have endured written upon it."

"It is true that the ground is occupied by those of high reputation and long standing, and I see no other

means by which women can earn a livelihood in this detestable country. Now in France you might go into one of the shops kept by women, or make pastry in a confectionery. But in this country men monopolize all the labor, with the exception of sewing and taking care of the children. However, I must go now and pack my trunks. God be with you and dear little Eleonore! You must accept this from me. God bless you!"

The good woman hurried away before Madame Eboli could speak. Her friend had left her a well-filled purse. "There is money enough," thought she, "to take me to New York. In New York I shall find countrymen, and it may be friends. If I die, they will then take care of Eleonore."

"Dear mother, kiss me!" said the little three-year-old Eleonore.

"Yes, my child, and we will leave this place, and I will take my angel to New York, where I may find some old friends. My aunt thought of going there with my boy cousins. Were I only to see her dear face once more! She always loved me, and when I married poor Gustave and my father and mother cast me from them, she addressed me with words of kindness. Dear aunt!—and my sweet sister too. Alas! I shall never see her more. Dear sister Eugenie! so young and so beautiful. But come, Eleonore, bring thy doll; we will go to New York this very day."

The poor woman was too ill, however, to accomplish this, so it was put off till the following day. A good dinner gave her renewed strength, it being the first she had eaten for many weeks.

They were several days on the journey, and late on the afternoon of the day of their arrival, Madame Eboli, with her child in her arms, stopped at the door of a small house in Seventeenth street. By dint of gestures and broken English, the Irish, who were its inhabitants, were induced to relinquish a room to her. She had wandered the city through, until weary and way-worn, her feet refused her further support.

She sank on a bed exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and want of food. Her child she had fed with cakes, and the little creature had fallen asleep, wearied by the excitement of the day.

Many and bitter were poor Madame Eboli's reflections. She cared little for herself, but she thought that her tender and beautiful Eleonore was without a home and without friends. Not a countryman had she seen that whole day, and she had been followed by the jeers of the rude and ignorant German and Irish who form our suburbs, and who felt no pity for the poor stranger who could not make herself understood.

CHAPTER II.

"*Maman veut du feu!*" said a little girl, as she pumbed open the door of an Irish shanty, and stood with a shovel in her hand.

"Was there ever the like!" said Bridget, resting her fists on her hips. "Now this be's the third blessed day that the child has been here for coals and said that same thing!"

The child went quietly to the hearth, took some coals on her shovel, and departed.

"I've been thinking it is n't our language she's a speaking, though she's such a bit of a thing one could n't tell rightly what she'd be after? I'll follow her, be like she's in mischief, though it is n't in my heart to think ill of such a purty little cratur!"

So away ran Bridget, down one pair of stairs and up another, following the child, who pushed open a door with her shovel; and there on the naked bed she saw Madame Eboli, with no covering but a shawl. Madame Eboli spoke, but so faintly that Bridget could not understand her; she then laid Bridget's hand on her forehead, when the Irish woman instantly perceived that she was dying with fever.

Bridget flew to a poor friend of hers, whom she knew was attended by an eminent French physician of the city. He had been kind, she thought, and done much for my sick friend, why should he not do the same for this woman, who was also in distress? Fortunately he was at the bedside of his patient when Bridget arrived.

"Och, sir! an there's a poor woman in Seventeenth street, what's a terrible fever on her, and no clothes to her bed, and nothing to ate; maybe yees 'd go and see her a bit! She's a nice looking woman, and got as purty a child as ever I see."

"I will come to her directly," said Doctor Breton.

"I think she's a foreigner, maybe yees could talk with her, being one yourself; she's so wake, poor thing! there's no telling what she'd be saying."

It was but a short ten minutes after Bridget's summons when the doctor opened the door of Madame Eboli's room. The little girl was crying, and making vain efforts to turn her mother toward her. As the child spoke in French, he addressed the mother in that language, giving her at the same time, some reviving medicine. After taking it, she was able to give him an account of herself, and also to tell him of her anxiety concerning Eleonore.

The doctor left the house, promising to return in an hour or two. Proceeding to the hospital, he procured an entrance for her, and by the afternoon she had been carried there, placed on a nice clean bed, and her wants well attended to—thanks to the generous kindness of a Christian heart! He then exerted himself in behalf of the little one. He related the strange history of the mother to all his French patients, and raised a subscription to pay for the child's board after her mother's death, which was evidently near.

On his way to the hospital one morning, he overtook one Mr. Carron, and told him Madame Eboli's sad story, asking his aid. They had by that time reached the door of the hospital, and Mr. Carron ac-

cepted Doctor Breton's invitation to enter and see the little Eleonore.

Mr. Carron was a very impulsive man. He never hesitated, never reflected, (never asked his wife's opinion, as every reasonable man should,) but went into raptures over little Eleonore's beauty, and offered on the spot to adopt the child as his own—an offer that was thankfully accepted by the poor mother.

It was but a week after this, that the doctor found Madame Eboli much worse. On leaving her he requested to be called should any change take place in her symptoms.

CHAPTER III.

. . . . It was ten o'clock. The night-lanap of the infirmary showed with a horrible distinctness the haggard inmates who were tossing and groaning on their pallets. The doctor sat beside the bed of Madame Eboli. They were discoursing concerning Eleonore.

"I conjure you," said the doctor, "tell me the name of your family. It is necessary to the future welfare of your child!"

"My parents cast me from them. They loved me not—how should they love my child? No! it is better that she should eat the bread of strangers, and receive good and evil from their hands, than suffer only insult and degradation from her mother's parents."

"Then at least tell me your husband's name, and where his relations are to be found?"

"Alas! Gustave Eboli was an orphan, and poor; therefore my father said I should not love him. . . . But I feel very faint—you said I should see my child soon?"

At this very moment the sound of advancing steps was heard, and Monsieur Carron entered with Eleonore in his arms. He placed her on the bed with Madame Eboli. The little creature nestled close, kissing and embracing her mother in a transport of delight; soon, however, the strange sounds, the shadowy figures that flitted past with noiseless footsteps, startled and awed the child. And then her mother looked so sadly on her, that she wept, scarce knowing why, but in a subdued tone, as though some grief swelled her little heart too deeply to be given utterance.

"Poor child!" sighed the mother, "this is thy first real sorrow. . . . But I have a request yet to make. In my basket you will find a miniature of my sister, set in a pearl necklace; and a ring, my dear aunt's gift. Should she ever come to this country, which she has spoken of doing, her first inquiries would be concerning me. The name of Eleonore Eboli and these jewels, would be sufficient evidence. . . . There are two letters also, which I would have saved for Eleonore; they are her father's. . . . My sister and my aunt are the only persons of my family who knew that my destination was America."

Here she paused, as if exhausted. Little Eleonore had ceased crying, and was gazing earnestly at her mother.

"Fear not for your child," said Mr. Carron, "I will take care of her. You may trust in me."

Madame Eboli continued—"And now, my Eleonore, listen—you must be good, and stay with this gentleman, who will love you like papa."

"It is not papa? Where is papa?" and the little lips quivered.

"Where I shall soon see him, dear Eleonore! I am going to leave you. Never forget your poor mother." She then kissed the child several times.

"There is some of papa's hair in the locket around my neck." Then addressing the gentlemen, she added: "Take it when I am gone—not till then."

Madame Eboli then sank into a stupor, in which she lay for half an hour; then opening her eyes, she only said:

"Gustave says come! . . . My child we will watch over thee . . . Protect her, she is so young—so innocent. I come, Gustave—I come!"

And the angel of death passed by and received her last breath. Sixteen summers had found her a child, eighteen a woman, and at twenty she was laid where the aged sleep.

"Be her sleep calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell, not ours who weep."*

CHAPTER IV.

Eleonore became at once, by the death of her mother, an inmate of the Carron family. Mr. Carron petted the child for a short time, and then she was given over to the servants, Madame Carron having something else to do, as she said, beside taking care of orphans.

Eleonore vegetated—I cannot use any other word—in the servants' rooms for six whole years. At the end of that time, fortunately for my heroine, Mr. Carron's affairs obliged him to leave this country suddenly. It was rumored that he ran away from his creditors, but I know nothing of the matter. The consequence to Eleonore was, that she was left with Mr. Carron's brother Jerome.

This brother Jerome had a very sensible wife, who was quite shocked at finding that the poor orphan had not been instructed even in the common rudiments of knowledge. Her health was delicate, and as she could not undertake the charge of Eleonore's education, she placed her forthwith at Mr. Delombre's boarding-school, one of the best in the city of New York.

I remember perfectly well the first time that I saw her. She was led by Madame Delombre into the school-room, and was there introduced to numbers of chil-

* That same night, in the adjoining room of the hospital, died the son of Marinette, from the effects of exposure and hunger. He had been traveling over North America, when from some cause his remittances from France were discontinued. He found himself at Albany utterly without resources. Leaving his trunk there, he walked to New York in hopes of finding the money, or of borrowing some from the French consul. His journey was a long and toilsome one, and the exposure to the cold induced the return of a fever from which he had but lately recovered at the West. The French consul treated him harshly, disbelieved his story, and sent him to the hospital. The day after his death a large sum, directed to him, was received through a packet-ship, which had been detained at sea by a succession of disasters, two months longer than her usual time.

dren of every size, from her own up to the grown woman. I, who write this memoir, was there among the rest. It was intermission, and we were all amusing ourselves in the way we liked best. A desk next to mine was empty, and Eleonore was placed there. She looked sad and frightened, and was withal so pretty, that I felt attracted to her. I essayed to make acquaintance by offering a part of my luncheon—she declined. I then continued, the ice being broken.

"Do you like going to school?"

"I do not know. I never went."

I suppose my eyes expressed astonishment, for she blushed. "I wonder if we shall be in the same class? How old are you?"

"I am twelve years old," answered Eleonore.

"Oh dear! I am between ten and eleven years old. I am afraid they will put you in the class above me!"

"What will be my studies?" said the young girl, timidly.

I gave her a catalogue of my own lessons, which made her look very blank, and I then proceeded to tell her who the scholars were, and which I liked the best; and I also gave her some information respecting the rules and regulations of the school.

"It is one o'clock," said the teacher. "The intermission is over!"

We hurried to our desks. I went to my lessons, and though Eleonore sat beside me I could speak no more to her that afternoon. I saw, nevertheless, that there would be no danger of her getting in the class above me for a long time to come.

CHAPTER V.

Two years and a half have passed since I introduced Eleonore as my companion at the desk. She was now between fifteen and sixteen. A tall and finely formed girl for her age, her personal appearance was so pleasing that she attracted universal attention wherever she appeared. Her hair still curled in the same long golden locks; she had the straight Grecian nose, and the deep, large blue eyes of her mother, and a noble forehead. Monsieur Delombre had more than fulfilled his promise. She was his best scholar.

Our intimacy had continued increasing, and we had become inseparable. Every other Saturday had been spent with her uncle and aunt; but as I was something of a favorite with Mr. Delombre, I was allowed to take her with me on the intervening Saturdays to my mother's house.

Oh, how happy we were then! She was so gay and so cheerful, except when we talked of France, for papa Carron had intimated in his letters to his brother, that the time was approaching when Eleonore must leave America, she being now of an age in which her services would be required by the family.

"She loved uncle and aunt Carron," she said, "and she dreaded papa and mamma Carron. She had kind friends in Mr. and Mrs. Delombre, and also in my mother's family. It was hard to be obliged to leave them, and live with those who cared not for

her. But she would try to gain their good-will by all the means in her power."

Thus she talked as we were seated, one warm summer's afternoon, side by side on the green sward before my mother's cottage.

As the evening shadows fell, she grew more communicative, and gave me the little history which I have here related. Since then it has been attested to me by those who saw her mother.

..... The next winter passed by, and when the spring came my mother took her children to the country again for the summer. I bade Eleonore a gay adieu, under the promise of a long visit from her during the vacation. Alas! instead of a visit, I only received a brief but affectionate note, stating that in two days the "*Silvia de Grace*" was to take her as a passenger, and she should leave forever the shores of America.

Men and women usually laugh at the friendships of school-girls. It is true they are often transitory and of a frivolous character, but they are often, too, of a lasting nature, and founded on real esteem. I felt and appreciated the worth of Eleonore, and for years regretted her loss. Marriage, and a long residence abroad again brought me in contact with her, but under very different circumstances.

ELEONORE EBOLI TO WINIFRED BARRINGTON.

Paris, November 1st, 18--.

"MY DEAR WINIFRED,—Now that I am safely housed in Paris, I shall give you a short account of my journey. We were but four weeks on the ocean, and had no storms to boast of (at least the captain maintained this,) though we were all much frightened one windy night, when a gale arose that shattered our sails, and tossed us about in a most unceremonious manner.

"I was very sick, and as I lay in my berth I could feel each wave as it upheaved the ship, and when she pitched, headlong down its side, I wondered sometimes if we should ever see the light again. But I felt no fear, I was too sad for that. I thought of the happy home I had left behind, and its probable contrast with that of Papa and Mamma Carron's establishment, I remembered that it was my mother's birth-place, that I should visit Paris. Paris was my goal! There every object would acquire new interest in my eyes, each house would seem the one in which my mother passed her girlhood, each beautiful girl my mother's darling sister, each man her brother, the aged her parents; ALL AGES would have the charm of mystery to attract me, and my fancy would quickly vision forth the family to which I was related! But I will talk no more of this.

"The captain of our ship conducted me to Paris. He was very kind, and to gratify me, took the route up the Seine from Havre to Rouen in the day-boat, that I might see picturesque Normandy, with its lovely valleys, its cottages, with their thatched roofs and gables; the varied costumes of its peasantry, and its giant horses, which move with the power and majesty of elephants.

"I was very inquisitive, and the captain often

found a difficulty in ascertaining the names of the villages and the castles situated on the banks of the river, to reply to my queries. A young gentleman seeing our trouble, obligingly offered his guide-book, which contained all the information we needed. He also gave us many anecdotes concerning the nobility who lived in the chateaux. In the course of conversation he mentioned that his father lived but fifteen miles from Rouen, and that he was now on the way to visit him. His own name is Lazun.

"When he heard that I came from America, he immediately offered to be our guide in visiting the cathedral, and other curiosities of Rouen, an invitation which we gladly accepted.

"On separating for the night, our traveling companion said that we might expect him punctually at half-past ten the next morning to escort us. But when the hour arrived Mr. Lazun did not appear. The little French gilt clock on the mantel-piece struck eleven o'clock, then twelve, then one. The captain was fairly angry, and I must confess I was not at all pleased, for I had imagined he would come earlier than the hour. I am afraid I have but little penetration.

"We sallied out alone, but the day was hot, and the city dirty. We could not find the cathedral, and the captain would ask for no directions; so we returned to the hotel, where we had but just time to eat our dinner before the diligence arrived to take us away to Paris. You see what civility we meet with!

"I cannot say that I am happy. Yet I do not complain, for I am well fed and well clothed, but my heart and mind are oppressed by my dependent situation, which is hinted at on every occasion. I do my best to assist the family, but they are never satisfied with my efforts. Little Adele is at a boarding-school, so that I have no one to love; but say nothing of all this to any one. I would not have others know that I am unhappily placed.

"After my first communion, which is to take place next year, I shall endeavor to gain my own living, though I do not know yet in what way.

..... Write to me soon dear Winifred, for I am very lonely, and believe me, I remain always your sincerely attached friend,

ELEONORE EBOLI CARRON."

CHAPTER VI.

Two young men were walking in the *Rue de Rivoli* one fine morning.

"There is a grand figure before us with a majestic walk," said one of them. "Walk faster. I would see her face."

"What! you run after a woman because she walks well? I thought you only admired intellect. Beauty never possesses it, do n't you know that yet, Victor Lazun?"

"No; you do n't know any thing about the matter. Faith! 't is the lady I met on board the steamboat between Rouen and Havre! I could not then ascertain her name, nor have I caught sight of her since till now. You know my father's illness compelled

me to leave Rouen at a minute's notice, and you know I only arrived in time to bid him farewell. But I will not now lose sight of her. I will know where she lives."

"You can easily do that!"

Monsieur Lazun saluted the lady; gave the reasons for his singular behavior at Rouen, which were kindly received, and taking leave, asked permission to call upon her, which she granted.

On returning from her walk she informed Madame Carron of having met Mr. Lazun, and of her giving him her address. A storm of reproaches followed this confession of her *indiscretion*, so that Eleonore concluded that if she made any friends it would not be through the aid of Madame Carron. In future she should not mention those the met.

But a few days elapsed before Eleonore met Mr. Lazun again. She gave him to understand, very delicately, that her guardian did not like to receive strangers. Which he answered, by saying that he should wait upon Mr. Carron at the earliest opportunity and show him some letters of recommendation, and also bring a friend with him, who was one of the first bankers in Paris, slightly acquainted with Mr. Carron. He thought he could satisfy any one as to his character and social position.

Eleonore heard this with pleasure, for she felt interested in Mr. Lazun, and as she had so few opportunities of conversing with agreeable people, looked upon the young man as quite a god-send.

It was not long before Mr. Carron received a visit from the two gentlemen, and upon the banker's sending up his name, they were immediately ushered into his study with great attention; but when the object of the visit was made known, "mine host" changed his tone, and rudeness took the place of courtesy. There was no mistaking his manner, and Mr. Lazun knew that his acquaintance was not desired, and that he must give up all thoughts of the fair Eleonore who had made so strong an impression on his fancy.

But fortunately, or unfortunately, my hero and heroine frequently walked in the same direction, (drawn probably by some mesmeric attraction)—by degrees they became strongly attached to each other, and finally, an engagement of marriage took place.

A hint from one of the servants, who had met the lovers in one of their walks, made *madame* send the young lady directly to the convent of St. Germain, for her communion. She was ordered never to think of marriage, (for Eleonore had immediately confessed her engagement,) she must make herself useful in the family to whom she owed every thing, and work she must and should for them all her life.

Eleonore made no reply to all this, but afterwards, in the solitude of her convent cell, she made this decision: "I will marry Victor Lazun—my debt of gratitude has been paid to my guardians. As a child, my only expense to them was clothing of the poorest quality. My food was not missed in the extravagant household which they kept. To their brother and sister I owe much, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Delombre. They taught me *all* that I know. Since my

arrival in France I have embroidered all madame's collars, I have done the marketing, overlooked all household affairs, made preserves, done up the muslins, beside mending, rewing, and any little odd job which madame did not like herself.

"This has gone on for two years, and I have done it willingly, but now I am old enough to choose my future course, and shall do so."

This passage I have copied from a note which she sent to Victor Lazun on her departure for the convent. There, of course, he could not see her, but he well knew that his pretty cousin Victorine La Graviere was at the same convent, and with a little coaxing, he persuaded his aunt to take a note to Victorine, in which he begged his cousin to show Eleonore some kindness for his sake, though without mentioning his name or their relationship.

The acquaintance of the two girls soon ripened into friendship, and it was not long before young Lazun thought his aunt sufficiently interested in Eleonore through his own representations and Victorine's eulogies, to confide his secret to her care. Yes, dear reader! it was a secret, and you would have laughed to see the dismay on the face of the gentle Countess La Graviere when she learned of his intended marriage.

"But you are not going to marry this poor orphan, are you, Victor? With your rank and favor at court it is quite absurd?"

"I certainly shall, my dear aunt. As to my rank she knows nothing of that, nor my fortune either; so, thank God! she loves me for myself alone."

"Is this indeed so, Victor?"

"It is all settled. I am my own master, and will marry whom I please. I do wish you would ask her to visit you at your country-seat during the next month. You will be delighted with her. She is the very image of your sister-in-law the Marchioness Eugenie."

"She must be very beautiful then. I will see her, Victor, and invite her for your sake. But do not be hasty about the marriage. Think it over coolly. Your relations will be mortified, and I fear that the king will be much displeased."

"The king cares less for rank than most of his subjects. And as to my relations, I marry the girl, not they."

CHAPTER VII.

We must now allow six weeks to have passed by, and we shall find Eleonore at the chateau La Graviere, dressing for a fête which is to celebrate Victorine's birth-day. Victorine is assisting Eleonore.

"Only look at this pearl necklace of mine. It is beautiful, and you must wear it this evening," said Victorine.

Eleonore returned—"I have also a pearl necklace, which I value highly. It contains a miniature of my aunt. Here it is."

"What a resemblance to the marchioness. If I did not know that it was impossible, I should say that your aunt and mine were one and the same person. It is strange, now I perceive you have the

regular Grecian La Graviere nose. Papa will fall in love with you at once. He is always looking at my nose, and wondering there is not danger that it will not become one-sided. I believe if I were to fall from a carriage the first question he would ask, would be, 'Have you hit your nose?'

"Your father will soon be here, will he not?" asked Eleonore.

"Yes, if the Duke of Orleans do not detain him. There will be eight gentlemen beside from the court. But I hear carriages. The neighboring guests have begun to assemble, and I must help mamma to receive them—come!"

The ball-room was brilliantly lighted, and Eleonore's beauty was the theme of every tongue. Her dress was white satin, covered with white lace and looped with white roses. The only ornament she wore was the miniature necklace, clasped tightly around her throat.

The countess was delighted with the appearance of her young guest, and introduced her to all her particular friends. In about half an hour there was a rush in the hall; the folding-doors of the ante-chamber were thrown wide open, and the prince royal entered, leaning on the arm of Monsieur La Graviere, and followed by his suite.

Monsieur La Graviere, after saluting his wife and presenting her to the prince, turned away to pay his compliments to some of the ladies present, when his eye was suddenly caught by Eleonore's face, as she stood within a few feet of him. "Good God! my aster!" he exclaimed, impetuously.

"She does indeed resemble Aunt Eugenie! We all observed it," said Victorine.

"Introduce me, my child. What is her name?" "Eleonore Carron."

"Carron—it was not his name. It is impossible."

The introduction was made, and the master of the castle was inquiring if she was a native of Paris, when he stopped short—started, and then said:

"Forgive me, mademoiselle; but is not that a miniature of my sister Eugenie in your necklace?"

Eleonore trembled, but she stood erect, and answered firmly. "It is a miniature of my aunt."

"And what was her name?"

"You will excuse my not answering any further questions."

"I hope you will forgive my rudeness, when you see its likeness to my sister," continued the count. "Here she comes!"

Eleonore turned pale, for she felt that the hour was at hand that would reveal her name and kindred. Her self-command increased in proportion. Pride forbade any manifestation of emotion before those who spurned the mother who gave her birth; yet when she saw a face streaming with tears before her, that she knew belonged to her mother's only and dear sister; when she received a warm embrace, and heard in a soft voice, these words—"I know it is Eleonore Eboli, my beloved niece!" The poor child sighed "Yes!" and then fainted.

She was quickly carried out, and though soon restored to consciousness, did not venture again into

the saloon. She was in the arms of an aunt, a cousin sat beside her; they both gave thanks to God that she had been brought to them; they wept when she told them of her mother's death. And the poor marchioness said—

"I will be your mother in future, dear child! you shall no longer be an orphan. I am rich, and all that can be done to contribute to your happiness will be freely bestowed."

Here Eleonore summoned courage, and with down-cast eyes and faltering words, told her aunt that her destiny was decided, she should become the wife of a young architect of Paris. He was poor in purse, but rich in affection, and she begged her aunt to say nothing against their marriage, till at least, she had seen the youth.

"She is like her mother in heart as well as in form," sighed the marchioness. "But come, Eleonore, I think we must go to bed; we have had happiness enough for one night, and you, Victorine, must return to the ball; his royal highness will miss those bright eyes!"

With many a kind embrace they then separated for the night.

About an hour before breakfast, Victorine and Eleonore were taking their morning promenade on a terrace that overlooked the Seine, and Eleonore was unburthening her heart to her cousin, when Victorine exclaimed—

"Here comes the prince!"

"Good God! he is arm in arm with Victor Lazun!"

"Yes, that is my cousin, but not yours."

"Your cousin!!! with the prince too. Ah! what will happen next; I hardly know now what I am saying, my senses are bewildered, one strange scene succeeds another till I almost doubt my own identity!"

"I salute you, ladies," said the prince. "My lord duke and I have been ridding your flower-beds. May I present you this bouquet?"

"My flowers will feel grateful for your highness' attentions," said Victorine.

"Forgive me, Eleonore," said young Lazun, "you will not love me the less now that I am a duke and peer of France. I am still Victor Lazun, as you are Eleonore Eboli."

I had recently arrived in Paris. A ball was given at the Tuilleries, and many Americans were there. We stood in rows through which the royal family passed, followed by several maids of honor and ladies of the bed-chamber.

I caught my breath as one passed near me. "Who is that?" said I to a friend, who was well acquainted at court.

"It is the Duchess of Lazun, the intimate friend of the Princess Marie of Orleans. She is a great favorite with all the royal family, and her husband also. But here she comes again."

Our eyes met, we recognized each other—my readers may guess the rest.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 72.)

THE costume of the Catholic church at the altar has always been prominent and unchangeable, and even the secular garb of its priests has undergone fewer mutations than that of any other class of the community. All, however, will be struck with the marked difference between the following portrait of a young abbé and the churchmen of to-day.



We have to do, generally, in this and the following articles merely with the fashionable dress of the day, and therefore might omit all that related to what the noblesse were pleased to call the *bas peuple*; we will, however, give a portrait of a famous French Intendant of that day, filling an office the English call a steward. Except that the coat is plainer, that there is no sword, and that the *coiffure* is less labored, it is almost identical with the first engraving given.



An examination of the above will show that one great difference between the costumes of that day and our own was the use of powder; a stupid fashion which nothing but the confusion of the French revolution could do away with, and which was adhered to with the most wonderful tenacity. Another whim was the habit of wearing the sword, which may be said yet more positively to separate the eighteenth from the nineteenth century. This habit, which had its use in the days of the *Ligue* and the *Fronde*, lasted till the commencement of the present century. Etiquette absolutely required that all who presented themselves within the sacred precincts of Versailles should be thus decked, and it became ultimately a passport, so that the shopkeeper, dancing-master and *coiffeur* had only thus to deck themselves, and they might jostle in the stairway of the palace gentlemen as noble as the king. This, however, all disappeared amid the revolution, when the pike and musket usurped the place of the gilded rapier.

The materials of the fashionable coat of that day were Brussels camlet, velvet or silk. At this time we can form little idea of the variety of colors worn; black, green, blue, rose, yellow and violet all were seen. The waistcoat was not a *gilet*, but reached the hip, extending below which were breeches,

which being worn like a sailor's, without suspenders, had from time to time to be hitched up by the hands. In the cold winter of 1739 the English gaiters and over-coat were worn for the first time, and to this new fashion an old French nobleman attributed the decay of the monarchy.

The fashions of the present time date from the days of Louis XVI. and when we come to treat of his reign, we shall see the passing away and development of the old and new modes. Nor do they disappear alone, for classes go with them. Having been rejected as a livery unworthy of men, the beings who had glittered in them disappeared like shadows, either because they had really been annihilated, or had been regenerated under the new order of things. Among the classes which thus disappeared was the *Marquis*, the gilded type of French folly, not the creature, but the butt of the wit of Moliere; a compound of pride, insipidity and wit, of politeness and impudence, of gallantry and impertinence, of affectation and good manners. Not even comedy preserves them. Dandies are eternal—for such were the *Muscadins*, the *Merveilleux* and the *Incrovables*, but the *Marquises* are gone. With the *Marquises* disappeared their younger brothers, the abbés and *monsigneurs*, and with their estates the *intendants*. [To be continued.]

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THIS noble songster, the pride of the American forest, is peculiar to the New World. So greatly superior are its powers of melody to those of any European bird, that long after the discovery of the western continent, reports of its existence were treated as a mere fable, akin to the other unnatural marvels with which an excited imagination peopled our vast forests. And this skepticism will appear the more excusable when we remember that few persons, who have never heard the mocking-bird, have any sufficient conception of his powers of imitation, the sweetness of his melody, or the wildness of his native tones. When these are in full display, the forest resounds with a succession of notes, as though from every warbler of the grove, so that the listener, instead of believing that he hears only one bird, seems to be surrounded with myriads. Nor is this power confined to imitations of song. With the strains of the Thrush and Warbler, chime in the wail of the Whippoor-will, the crowing of the cock, and the loud scream of the eagle. The mewing of cats, the whistling of man, and the grating sounds of brute matter, form variations to this singular chorus, blended and linked together in so artful a manner as to surpass immeasurably every performance of the kind in the whole range of animated creation. "With the dawn of morning," says Nuttall, "while yet the sun lingers below the blushing horizon, our sublime songster in his native wilds, mounted on the

topmost branch of a tall bush or tree in the forest, pours out his admirable song, which, amid the multitude of notes from all the warbling host, still rises pre-eminent, so that his solo is heard alone, and all the rest of the musical choir appear employed in mere accompaniments to this grand actor in the sublime opera of nature." Nor is the power of the Mocking-bird confined to mere imitation. His native tones are sweet, bold and clear; these he blends with the borrowed music in such a manner as to render the whole a complete chorus of song. While singing he spreads his wings, elevates his head, and moves rapidly from one position to another. Some observers have even fancied a regularity in his motions, as though keeping time to his own music. Not unfrequently he darts high into the air with a scream which at once silences every warbler of the grove.

Writers on Ornithology have sometimes amused themselves by comparing the powers of the Mocking-bird with those of the Nightingale. Berrington, a distinguished British naturalist, who had heard the American bird, declares him to be equal to the Nightingale in every respect, but thinks the song spoiled by frequent mixture of disagreeable sounds. On this opinion Wilson has the following remarks:

"If the Mocking-bird be fully equal to the song of the Nightingale, and, as I can with confidence add, not only to that, but to the song of almost every

other bird, beside being capable of exactly imitating various other sounds and voices of animals, his vocal powers are unquestionably superior to those of the Nightingale, which possesses its own native notes alone. Further, if we consider, as is asserted by Mr. Barrington, that one reason of the Nightingale's being more attended to than others is, that it sings in the night; and if we believe, with Shakspere, that

The Nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than a Wren,

what must we think of that bird who, in the glare of day, when a multitude of songsters are straining their throats in melody, overpowers all competition, and by the superiority of his voice, expression and action, not only attracts every ear, but frequently strikes dumb his mortified rivals, when the silence of night, as well as the bustle of the day, bear witness to his melody; and whenever in captivity, in a foreign country, he is declared, by the best judges in that country, to be fully equal to the song of their sweetest bird in its whole compass? The supposed degradation of his song by the introduction of extraneous sounds and unexpected imitations, is in fact one of the chief excellencies of this bird, as these changes give a perpetual novelty to the strain, keep attention constantly awake, and impress every hearer with a deeper interest in what is to follow. In short, if we believe in the truth of that mathematical axiom, that the whole is greater than a part, all that is excellent or delightful, amusing or striking, in the music of birds, must belong to that admirable songster, whose vocal powers are equal to the whole compass of their whole strains."

Confinement does not seem to have much effect upon the Mocking-bird's song. In the cage it is a most agreeable pet, seeming to exert itself to give pleasure. Even at night, when all else is hushed to rest, it pours forth its magical notes, which ring along the solitary haunts of man with strange cadence, and as echoes of a more beautiful sphere. Its chief pleasure consists in deceiving the animals of the household. "He whistles for the dog," says the author quoted above, "Cesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tone taught him by his master, fully and faithfully." Those taken when wild are the best singers; when raised by hand they should be kept perfectly clean,

and at first fed regularly every half hour, on milk thickened with Indian meal. This should occasionally be mingled with cherries, strawberries, cedar-berries, insects, especially spiders, and fine gravel. Meat, cut very fine, is also given. Attempts, partially successful, have been made to breed them in confinement.

The Mocking-bird is found in all our forests from the Great Lakes to Mexico. It was once abundant in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, but has been driven thence by the amateur sportsman. It delights, however, in a warm climate, and especially one like that of Carolina, low, and near the sea. From the middle of April to the middle of May embraces the time of building, the season varying with the climate and nature of the spring. The nest is mostly placed upon a solitary thorn or cedar-bush, often close to the habitation of man, whose society this bird seems to court. The eggs are four or five in number, blue, with large brown spots. The female rears two broods in a season, during which time she is closely guarded, fed and enlivened by the male. The courage of these birds in defending their young is astonishing. During the period of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal nor man can approach the nest without being attacked. Their great enemy is the black-snake. When the male perceives this wily foe, he darts rapidly upon it, and to avoid its bite, strikes rapidly about the head and eyes, until the enemy, blinded and baffled, hastens to retreat. But his little antagonist pursues, redoubling his efforts until the snake is killed. Then joining his mate, the victor pours forth his loudest strains, seemingly in celebration of his good fortune.

The Mocking-bird is nine and a half inches long, and thirteen broad. The upper parts of the head, neck and back are a brownish ash color. The wings and tail nearly black, tipped with white. The male is distinguished by having the whole nine primaries of the wings of a clear white, while but seven are of that color in the female, with whom also the color inclines to dun. The tail is coniform; the legs and feet strong and black; bill of the same color; the eye yellowish, inclining to golden. His plumage, like that of the nightingale, is sober and pleasing, and his figure neat, active and inspiring.

A bird, called by Nuttall, the Mountain Mocking-bird, possesses considerable powers of imitation. It is found on the vast table-lands of Oregon and Mexico. It is smaller than its valuable relative, somewhat different in shape and color, and possesses much power and sweetness of tone. The eggs are emerald green. Little, however, is known of this bird.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY CLARA.

HERE, on the threshold of the year, we feel
New thoughts. New plans perplex the mental view,
And vain would we endeavor thus to heal
The *Old Year's* disappointments in the *New*.

As ends the year, to us all time must end—
As time's knell soundeth, so our knell must toll—
Oh! may our lives so pass, that we may need
The *Body's* sorrows in the *Risen Soul*.

THE LOST NOTES.

BY MRS. BOONE.

"You could not have made your application at a more apropos time, my good fellow," said a pale, emaciated invalid, who was seated on an easy chair in his own chamber, addressing a fine, intelligent-looking young man near him; "I had exactly the sum you want paid to me very unexpectedly yesterday. I had the good fortune some years ago to assist a friend with a few hundred dollars, but though the money was serviceable at the time, he eventually became a bankrupt, and as I had only his note for the loan, I never expected to receive anything from him. Yesterday, however, he came and put into my hand two bank notes of a thousand dollars each, which was the amount of my own money and the legal interest upon it. I am very happy to be able to accommodate you, though I am sorry at the same time to find you are under the necessity of borrowing."

"It is a painful circumstance," replied the other, "but happily it does not arise from any fault of my own."

"I never imagined it did," returned the master of the house, "and consequently had no hesitation in promising to assist you. But pray, may I ask what has occasioned so painful a necessity?"

"I came with the full intention of explaining it to you," said the young man, whom we will here introduce to our readers by the name of Norman Horton. "Do not leave the room, Lucy, I beg," he continued, addressing a lovely girl, who had hitherto sat sewing at a distant window, but who at this moment rose to quit the apartment. "I have nothing to say that I would not wish you to hear."

"I am sure you have not," said Mr. Woodford, "so sit still, Lucy dear." Then turning, as his daughter resumed her seat and her work, to Horton, he added, "My lease of life is so nearly expired that I am afraid to let my nurse leave me even for a few minutes, lest my warning to quit should come when she is away from me. The spasms to which I have for some time been subject have of late increased so much in violence, that I believe my physicians have little hope of my surviving another. But I am interfering with your explanation, which I am anxious to hear; for, though so nearly done with this world myself, I still retain my interest in the welfare of those I esteem. So go on, Norman, and let me hear what you were going to say."

"You are aware," returned Horton, with an expression of countenance that proved the subject to be a painful one to him, "that my poor father frequently involved himself in difficulties. At one time he became so embarrassed that his farm was condemned by the court, and would have been sold by the sheriff, had not his friends, for my mother's sake,

made great efforts in his favor. It is unnecessary for me to trouble you with all the particulars; suffice it to say, that the person who had intended to sell took a mortgage on the place, for two thousand dollars, still retaining the right which the court had given, of making a sale at any moment that he chose. This mortgage and privilege he last year transferred to old Hinkley, and he, though his interest has been regularly paid, and though he has never even asked for the principal, is, I find, about to seize upon and sell the property."

"Is it possible? Are you sure of it? Have you heard it from himself?"

"Yes; I went to him as soon as I had an intimation on the subject, and found him determined; nor could I prevail upon him to promise to give me any time to look about me, except on a condition, which he had before proposed to me, but which I cannot possibly comply with."

"And what may that be?" asked the master of the house.

"That I would consent to become his son-in-law," replied Norman, whilst his cheeks became tinged with a color not unworthy of a young girl.

"Truly, I should suppose that would be no very unacceptable proposal," returned Mr. Woodford, with a smile. "Maria Hinkley is a very sweet, pretty girl, and is generally thought a very amiable one. Beside which, it is well known she will have a very handsome fortune."

"That is all very true, and I admire Maria exceedingly; but, unfortunately, there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way."

"You mean, I suppose, that you are not in love, whatever she may be."

"I have no reason to imagine that she is any more in love with me than I am with her."

"But may it not be worth while, my young friend," said Mr. Woodford, in a serious tone, "to consider whether this love which young people are so apt to think indispensable, is really so essential as they imagine. I am myself disposed to think that if there is care taken to choose a partner with amiable dispositions and correct principles, there would be as much real happiness found in the end, as if they allowed themselves to be wholly guided by the love that is proverbially blind."

"But if the little god has happened to stumble in the way first," said Horton, laughing, "what is to be done then?"

"Ah, true, that is another matter. I forgot at the time what was whispered about that pretty little Miss Shirley, who paid your mother so long a visit last summer. She was, indeed, a very fine girl, and as she and Lucy have been such great friends ever

since they became acquainted, I would advise you, if you are not quite sure of your ground, to bespeak the interest of your old school-fellow and playmate. What say you, Lucy? You would do your best to aid Norman's cause, would you not?" But Lucy, who had before been sewing at a wonderful rate, just at the moment her father appealed to her, happened to drop her needle, so that when he paused for a reply, she was too much occupied in searching the carpet to give it.

"Let me assist you," said Horton, but before he reached the place where the needle had dropped, she had found it, and risen from her bending posture.

"Why, my child, you have sent all the blood of your body into your face, by stooping to search for that foolish needle," said her father. And, indeed, the poor girl's face was a perfect scarlet, and the beautifully defined shades of white and red, which were amongst her striking beauties, were completely destroyed.

"You hav'n't told us yet," continued the father, as Lucy made a slight effort to shake back the bright auburn tresses which seemed to try to curtain her face till it recovered its usual hue, "whether you will give Norman your vote and interest."

"Oh, certainly, papa! Norman knows well enough it will always give me pleasure to be of service to him," said the young girl, but in consequence, perhaps, of the blood having been forced into her head, her voice had not its sweet silvery sound, but seemed husky and scarcely audible.

"As soon as I have settled Hinckley's affair, I believe I shall be tempted to come and make a trial of your kindness," said the young man; "but as long as I am in his clutches, it would be inexcusable in me to try to involve any other person in my fortunes."

"We will soon give him his quietus," returned Mr. Woodford; "Lucy, dear, where did I put those notes?"

"I do n't know, papa, I never saw them. Indeed I didn't know you had received them till I heard you mention it just now."

"That's strange! You are always with me, and know every thing I either do or say."

"But you know you sent me yesterday morning to see brother Henry, when sister sent word he was sick; and I suppose the gentleman came while I was away."

"Ah, true, so he did; and where was I dear—what room was I in. Sickness has destroyed my memory so entirely that I cannot remember any thing."

"I left you in the breakfast-room reading, and when I came back, you were in this room lying down."

"Yes, I remember now, I felt what I thought were premonitory symptoms of spasms, and hastened to lie down. But no doubt I put the notes by first, though where I don't recollect. Go, dear, and look in my desk. You will probably find them in the large red pocket-book or in one of the little drawers, or—"

"I will look everywhere, papa," interrupted Lucy,

who had now recovered her voice and natural color, and immediately left the room.

"It seems a strange thing," said Mr. Woodford, turning to his companion, "that I should be so careless about such a sum of money; but the fact is, I had already set my house in order, as far as money matters are concerned, and was therefore almost sorry to have my mind called back to such a subject, from things of so much higher importance."

"There is one thing, however, in the business," said Norman, "which cannot fail to be gratifying, and that is the proof your friend has given of his honorable feelings."

"Yes, that gave me sincere pleasure; and, indeed, I don't pretend to say that the money itself was not very acceptable, for though we have had enough to live upon comfortably whilst all together, it will be but a small portion for each when divided amongst my large family."

Lucy now returned to the room, but with a look of disappointment. The notes were no where to be found. Again and again she was sent on various errands of search, but all proved equally fruitless.

"I should not wonder, after all," said the invalid, "if I merely put them into my pocket till you came home;" and as he spoke he began to draw one piece of paper out of his pockets after another—but the right ones were not there.

"Papa," said Lucy, and the color almost forsook her cheeks, "you gave me some paper out of your pocket last night to light the lamp with."

"And what sort of paper was it?" asked the father.

"It was too dark for me to see it, but it felt soft and thin."

"Was it single or double?"

"It was double; but I cannot tell whether it was in one or two pieces."

"What did you do with the part that was not consumed? If the number is left, the money may still be obtained."

"I threw it into the fire," replied Lucy, in a mournful tone.

"Then I am afraid it is gone," said the father. "But keep up your spirits, Norman, I have promised my aid, and you shall have it, unless death overtake me before I have time to make the arrangement. I cannot think of letting one so deserving be trodden on by the foot of persecution."

"For myself," returned Horton, "it would not be of much consequence to have to begin the world again, even with very limited means. I am young and healthy, and have had an education which has put many resources in my power. But my poor mother! It would go hard, indeed, at her age, and with her delicate health, to be turned away from the scene of all her early pleasures, and which is endeared to her by a thousand tender associations."

"It must not be," said the invalid; "and I will see after the business as soon as I have taken a little rest; but at present I feel rather exhausted."

Horton then took leave, and Lucy, after assisting her father to lie down, resumed her accustomed seat,

and began to sew, her active mind keeping pace with her no less active fingers. With painful anxiety she dwelt on the state of her only surviving parent, and on the loneliness and destitution in which she would be left were he to be taken from her. It was true she had a brother older than herself, but she remembered with a sigh, how little either he or his wife were calculated to fill up the vacuum. The rest of the children were all younger than herself, and were consequently of an age rather to require protection than to render it. A sister of her father's had promised to remain with the younger branches of the family, but though a well-meaning woman, she was but a poor substitute for the parent that was about to be taken from her. Then her thoughts would turn to Norman Horton's embarrassments, and to the distress of his poor mother—and the tears of sympathy often filled her soft beautiful eyes, though they were as often dashed away, lest they should be observed by her father. Indeed, the gentle, self-denying girl, had learnt to deprive herself, almost wholly, of the luxury of tears, from an anxiety to keep her parent's mind composed and tranquil. But nature would sometimes have its course, and on this day it was unusually imperative. "It would be strange if I did not feel for Mrs. Horton," she argued with herself, as if anxious to find an excuse for the tears which in spite of her utmost efforts would course each other down her cheeks. "It would be most ungrateful of me did I not do so, for ever since mother's death she has behaved to me with even maternal tenderness. It is true I have not seen much of her of late, but that is certainly not owing to any fault of hers." The truth is that since the visit of Miss Shirley to Mrs. Horton, Norman and Lucy had met much less frequently than formerly. That young lady had hinted to Lucy the probability of an engagement taking place between herself and Norman, and as he had since that time been a much less frequent visitor at Mr. Woodford's, Lucy concluded that the engagement had actually taken place. It was a subject which she had never ventured either to inquire into, or even to examine her own bosom upon, for though in the habit of scrutinizing her thoughts and feelings on all others, on this one she was a complete coward, and preferred remaining in ignorance to risking the result of an investigation. It was true that from what Norman had said that morning, it was evident no actual engagement yet existed, but as it was equally evident that it was a thing he desired, she was determined to use whatever influence she had in forwarding his wishes, though she at the same time felt ashamed of the strange sensations that the probability of being called upon to perform such an office, excited in her mind. She was, however, roused from these interesting though painful reveries by the voice of her father. On going to his bed-side she was exceedingly alarmed at the expression of his countenance, and the blueness round his mouth, which always preceded one of his severe attacks.

"Go, Lucy," said he, in a feeble voice, "and look in the private drawer in my writing-desk. I

had my desk open to write a receipt, and I may perhaps have put the notes in that drawer."

"But, papa, you will be left alone," objected the daughter.

"Send your aunt to me," returned the invalid, "and look well, for I am exceedingly anxious on poor Norman's account."

Lucy did as desired, but with a faint and trembling heart; first, however, dispatching one of her brothers to summon the doctor, for there was something about her father's look that seemed to say, they would soon be an orphan family.

The writing-desk was diligently searched, and every paper it contained carefully examined, but in vain, and she was just turning the key to lock it again, when she was hastily called by her aunt, who said her father had made two or three attempts to speak, but she could not understand him. Lucy ran with all the speed of which she was capable to the bed-side of the invalid, but could scarcely restrain a scream of horror at sight of the frightful change that had taken place in the few minutes she had been absent. The blueness that she had before observed around his mouth had extended to his lips, and his whole face wore that expression that all who have attended the bed of death know as the indications of approaching dissolution. The moment she appeared he motioned to her to put her head close to his mouth, when he said, in a voice scarcely audible, "I know now, they are in the—" but the last word, though evidently spoken, could not be heard.

"Never mind the notes, dear papa," cried Lucy, in an agony of distress, "only keep yourself composed and let them take their chance."

But the dying man shook his head, and again attempted to speak. "Look in the—" but again the word died away, and though the anxious girl laid her ear close to the blue and stiffening lips, she was unable to catch a shadow of the sound which they emitted. After lying a few minutes as if to collect the small portion of strength yet remaining, the sufferer made another effort, and again Lucy put her ear to his now cold lips, and stretched every faculty to catch the sound, far more, however, for the sake of satisfying him, than on account of the money itself; but the word "in" was all she could distinguish. Distressed beyond measure at seeing his ineffectual efforts, she cried, "Do not attempt to speak, dear papa, but let me guess, and if I am right only make a motion of assent." She then guessed the breakfast-table drawer, the drawer in her own work-box, and a variety of similar places, but received no intimation in return. Whilst thus engaged the physician arrived, who, struck with the extreme stillness of his patient, endeavored to raise his head, but in so doing he found that life was already extinct, and the spirit which had made its last effort in an attempt to aid a fellow-creature, had burst its prison bars.

We pass over the grief of the mourning family. Those who have never experienced such an affliction could have little idea of it from our description, and those who have already tasted the bitter cup,

have no need of any thing to give clearness to their perceptions. Suffice it, then, to say, that after the first paroxysms of grief were over, Lucy's mind reverted to the state of her friends from whom she had received many kind and sympathising messages, and assurance that nothing but severe sickness would have prevented Mrs. Horton from offering them in person. After some consideration about how she should act, Lucy determined it would only be right to inform Norman of her father's ineffectual efforts to serve him, and for this purpose she sent a request that he would call upon her. He was not long obeying the summons, and entered the room with a countenance little less agitated than her own.

"I would not have waited to be told to come," said he, in a tone of deep feeling, "had I not been afraid of my visit being attributed to a selfish motive."

"I know well that selfishness forms no part of your character," replied Lucy, making a strong effort to speak with composure; "but though my poor father was deprived of the pleasure of serving you, I was anxious you should know that his very last efforts were made in your behalf. Could I have made out his last words, you might still have had the assistance you require."

"I beg you will not trouble yourself any more about the matter," returned Horton, endeavoring to speak cheerfully. "The worst, I believe, is now over, for the sheriff is already in possession of the place."

"And your mother?" said Lucy, raising her soft eyes in anxious suspense to his face.

"She has been, and is still ill, but I hope she is gradually becoming more resigned. Transplantation, however, will, I fear, go hard with her."

"Take care, Norman," said Lucy, earnestly, "that you bring not severe repentance upon yourself by exposing her to it."

"But what can I do? I have no alternative. I have left no stone unturned to procure the money; and if a few months had been allowed me, I could easily have obtained it, but this is just the time when everybody's money is locked up."

"Mr. Hinckley offered you an alternative," said Lucy, timidly.

"And is it possible that you can advise me to accept it, Lucy! Can you, who know what it is to love, offer me such advice?"

"Who told you I knew how to love?" asked Lucy, in a tone of extreme alarm.

"I scarcely know whether it is honorable in me to repeat what was told me in confidence, but I had it from Emma Shirley that you had accepted the addresses of Joseph Constant."

"Then she must have been trying the extent of your credulity," returned the young girl, with a look of ingenuousness that could not for a moment be doubted, "for she knew very well that he was an object of actual dislike to me."

"And yet he has visited you for a long time both regularly and frequently," said Horton, whilst his eyes began to sparkle, and the cloud that had for

months overspread his fine countenance was rapidly dispersing.

"He has come to the house both regularly and frequently, it is true, but never with my consent. Brother Henry, I scarcely know why, has undertaken to espouse his cause, and to bring him here. Though exceedingly annoyed at the circumstance, I could not bear to complain of it to papa, for fear of agitating him, and therefore satisfied myself with taking good care that my own sentiments were clearly understood."

"Lucy," said Horton, taking her hand tenderly, whilst a soul full of happiness and affection beamed in his eyes, "as long as I believed your heart to be disengaged, I used to flatter myself with the hope of one day making it mine; and now that I find it is still at liberty, the same fond hope is again swelling in my bosom and urging me to renew my endeavors. Say, dearest Lucy, would the effort be altogether a hopeless one?"

We cannot pretend to say what was Lucy's reply, but we know the hand he had taken still remained in his possession, when an hour or two had elapsed and they began to think about the passage of time. Never once during that period had the thought of old Hinckley and his inveterate persecution entered their heads; or if for a moment the circumstance of having but little to commence life with obtruded itself on their recollection, it was met without fear or apprehension. They were both young, vigorous and active, and though they might have to work a little harder, their toil would be sweetened by the delightful idea that they mutually labored for each other.

"It will still be a hard struggle for my poor mother," said Horton, after his full heart had so far found vent as to enable him to turn his thoughts once more on his sorrowing parent; "but she loves us both too well to grieve long when she sees us so happy."

"And though," said Lucy, "she will have to live in a much smaller house, and to exchange her large and beautiful garden for a very circumscribed one, she will still have the rich garden of nature to look at; and beside, she will have another child to watch over her, and administer to her comfort."

The day of sale arrived, and it having been proposed by Lucy that Norman should bring his mother to spend that day with her, that she might be out of the way of the noise and bustle with which the house would necessarily be surrounded. The old lady came at an early hour, and Lucy exerted her every art to amuse her, and divert her mind from what was going on at home. As she was still a great invalid, she was obliged to recline almost constantly on the sofa, but she proved how much her thoughts clung to the home that was about to be so cruelly taken away from her, by the frequent questions she asked.

"Are the people beginning to gather yet, Lucy?" she asked, as she observed Lucy's face turned toward the window which commanded a view of the place.

"Every thing seems very quiet yet," returned her affectionate attendant.

"I see two, three, nine, seven wagons," said Lucy's little sister.

"And I see a great many men riding," said a little fellow still younger than she who had just spoken. Lucy, anxious to stop the children's remarks, enticed them away from the window by giving them a picture-book to look at. Then turning to Mrs. Horton, she asked if she could not read something to her to amuse her.

"Amusement is out of the question, dear," said the invalid, "but you may read something that will give me a useful lesson. Take the Bible, my child, and read the sermon on the mount. I always feel myself a better woman after I have read it."

Lucy took her father's large quarto Bible, and the children, leaving their own pictures, came to stand by her as she did so, for it was beautifully illustrated, and they were anxious to see the engravings, which they had seldom a chance of doing, as it was too valuable a book for them to be allowed to touch themselves. But just as Lucy was opening it, the little boy, who happened to turn his head to the window, exclaimed, "Look! look at that man standing up above all the rest, and flourishing something in his hand!" Mrs. Horton heaved a deep sigh, and turned her face toward the back of the sofa, whilst Lucy, making a motion to the children to be silent, began to read. But just as she had pronounced the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," a servant came to tell her she was wanted, and giving the children permission (by way

of keeping them quiet) to look at the pictures whilst she was absent, she left the room. She was not gone many minutes, but when she came back she found that they had been disputing which should turn over the leaves, and in the struggle they had let the ponderous volume fall on the floor, where it still lay, with the leaves doubled in all directions. Mortified to see a book that her father had always forbidden the children to touch so abused, she ran to lift it up, and as she did so, two pieces of paper fell from between some of the leaves. But what was her surprise and delight, on looking at them, to see they were the two lost notes. Uttering a scream of delight, she ran out of the room, without even stopping to tell Mrs. Horton what she had found, from the fear that the auctioneer's hammer might fall before she got within hearing. Camilla herself could scarcely have flown more rapidly across the intermediate fields, and just at the moment that the hammer was descending, evidently for the last time, she contrived to make her cry of "stop! stop!" heard, and the auctioneer's head was instantly arrested. The next moment Norman was at her side. The rest may be easily imagined. There is none, we presume, who will not rejoice at the defeat of Norman's ungenerous persecutor; nor is there a heart so cold as not to sympathize with the invalid mother at finding she was still to remain in the home endeared to her by so many tender reminiscences, or with the young lovers, at the happy prospect that was opened out before them by the recovery of the lost notes.

AN HOUR AMONG THE DEAD.

(WRITTEN IN A CEMETERY.)

BY J. BEAUCHAMP JONES.

ALONE, withdrawn from all the thoughtless throng,
I seek in solitude a peaceful hour,
Not deem that others who are gay are wrong,
If midst multiplied cares they have such power.
But I would commune with my heavy heart
Beneath the foliage of this lonely bower;
Perchance a soothing vision here may start,
Or at my feet may rise some tender flower,
Refreshing to the wounded spirit's thirst,
Which for the moment I may call my own,
Unlike the hopes and buds that gladden first,
And paled and withered 'neath the world's rude frown.
But hope seems vain, for round me sleep the dead,
Who quaffed their pleasures, and at last laid down,
While all the aims and sweets of life have fled,
And twining grass is now their mournful crown.

Yet there is something soothing in the air;
The thrush sings softly as it flits along;
The towering trees shut out the sun's bold glare,
And round my temples breathes the wind's low song:
A katy-did chirps on a marble urn,
The distant doves their plaintive moans prolong,
And sweet perfumes arise wherever I turn,
To woo a wanderer from a world of wrong.

And why should one look further for a grave.
And seek vain pomp and plaudits ere he die?
Earth's gold is venom, each great king a slave
To some vile passion, and enjoyments fly
We know not whither, but they never return;
And memory brings but a tear or sigh
For moments lost, for bliss we once could spurn,
Bright dreams of youth, or friends that buried lie.

Under yon willow bending near the brook,
Where crystal waters glide the shrubs among—
Where a lone mortal, with abstracted look,
Is brooding o'er some grief his heart hath stung
Methinks that one might bid a last farewell,
To all the foes that here his bosom wrung,
And like the martyr who, forgiving, fell,
Ask no sad requiem o'er his ashes sung.
O, in the final and oblivious rest,
I would recline beneath such hallowed sod,
Where flowers sweet might bloom above my breast,
No longer mark for Slender's pointed rod;
And yet a day must come when e'en the dead
Will bid adieu to the dark valley's clod,
And all the just, with spotless purious spread,
Shall soar above to their exultant God!

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY E. L. BULWER.

The soul really grand is only tested in its errors. As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light—its instinctive rebound into higher air—after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumage.

BY G. H. BOKER.

You tread on dangerous ground,
A mental bog that quakes beneath your feet.
These words would seem to come from humbleness,
And low opinion of yourself and man,
Yet are engendered by the rankest pride,
Arrayed in robes of meek humility—
Stop! the next step is infidelity!
Contempt for man begets contempt for God;
He who hates man, must scorn the source of man,
And challenge, as unwise, his awful Maker.
The next step, doubt—and then comes unbelief;
Last, you raise man above all else beside,
And make him chiefest in the universe.
So, from a self-contempt grows impious pride,
Which swells your first-thought pigmy to a giant,
And gives the puffed up atom fancied sway.
God is! Philosophy here ends her flight!
This is the height and term of human reason;
A fact that, like the whirling Norway pool,
Draws to its centre all things, swallows all.
How can you know God's nature to Himself?
How learn His purpose in creating man?
Enough for you to know that here you are—
A thought of God made manifest on earth.
Ah, yet His voice is heard within the heart,
Faint, but oracular, it whispers there;
Follow that voice, love all, and trust to Him.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GODMAN.

I never see a fairy girl, with health's glow upon her cheek, and love's light in her beaming eye; I never hear her silvery laugh, and listen to the echo of her sweet voice, but I think of the darkness of coming years. I have seen so many a beautiful thing wither and fall to the grave; I have watched the overthrow of so many earthly schemes, and noted the death of so many earthly hopes, that I tremble for the trusting, warm heart, which I know must ere long bleed over some faded dream or withered idol. I have stood by the low, calm resting-place of age, where the aged man, with his snowy locks, was sweetly sleeping; but I shed no tear over his fate. For must it not be pleasant, after a long life of care and toil, and it may be of suffering, to lie down at last in the grave, to bid adieu to a changing world, and welcome the joys of everlasting life? But my tears have watered the fresh sod beneath which slumbered the young, the gay, the beautiful. I have wept. Heaven knows how bitterly, over the blighting of youthful loveliness—over the faded wreath of earthly love. But amid all the gloom, all the decay around, there comes a soft, sweet whisper—a low, gentle breathing, as from an angel's lips, soothing the heart, and pouring into the bleeding bosom the balm of consolation.

The following beautiful poem is taken from a volume recently published in London, entitled, "Poems by a

Sempstress," and has never been reprinted in this country. It possesses great merits, and if the authorship be authentic, is certainly a remarkable production.

THE DREAMER.

Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green twining arms, a pleasant shade,
A summer-noon is made;
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers;
Dream I—nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset paving o'er the flowing sea,
And to pure eyes the faculty is giv'n
To trace the smooth ascent from earth to heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all appliances of joys at hand;
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command,
Viands that might a god-like palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies;
Dream I—nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart, elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth:

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingling notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is done, and darkness doth begin;
Dream I—or in the corner where I lie,
On winter nights, just covered from the sky;
Such is my fate, and barren as it seem,
Yet, thou blind soulless scorner! yet, I dream.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream what, were man more just, I might have been!
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien,
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene;
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen:
Such is my dream.

And, yet, I dream—
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eye,
Bright with the lustre of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness on high,
And the last rage of destiny defy;
Resolved, alone to live—alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come;
My last, my first, my only welcome home!
Rest, unbeheld since life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace, the past forget!
Thus do I dream.

BY JOHN KEATS.

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.

From "Life and Literary Remains of Keats, by R. M. Milnes."

With your patience, I will return to Wordsworth—whether or no he has an extended vision or a circumscribed grandeur—whether he is an eagle in his nest or

on the wing; and, to be more explicit, and to show you how tall I stand by the giant, I will put down a simile of human life, as far as I now perceive it; that is, to the point to which I say we both have arrived at. Well, I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the infant or thoughtless chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it, but are, at length, imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us. We no sooner get into the second chamber, which I shall call the chamber of maiden-thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere. We see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is fether of, is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of man, of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of misery and heart-break, pain, sickness, and oppression; whereby this chamber of maiden-thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist, we are in that state, we feel the "Burden of the Mystery." To this point was Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when he wrote "Tintern Abbey," and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark passages. Now if we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore them. He is a genius and superior [to] us, in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them. Here I must think Wordsworth is deeper than Milton, though I think it has depended more upon the general and gregarious advance of intellect than individual greatness of mind. From the "Paradise Lost," and the other works of Milton, I hope it is not too presuming, even between ourselves, to say, that his philosophy, human and divine, may be tolerably understood by one not much advanced in years. In his time, Englishmen were just emancipated from a great superstition, and men had got hold of certain points and resting-places in reasoning which were too newly born to be doubted, and too much opposed by the rest of Europe, not to be thought ethereal and authentically divine. Who could gainsay his ideas on virtue, vice, and chastity, in "Comus," just at the time of the dismissal of a hundred social disgraces? Who would not rest satisfied with his hints at good and evil in his "Paradise Lost," when just free from the inquisition and burning in Smithfield? The Reformation produced such immediate and great benefits, that Protestantism was considered under the immediate eye of heaven, and its own remaining dogmas and superstitions then, as it were, regenerated, constituted those resting-places and seeming sure points of reasoning. From what I have mentioned, Milton, whatever he may have thought in the sequel, appears to have been content with these by his writings. He did not think with the human heart as Wordsworth has done; yet Milton, as a philosopher, had surely as great powers as Wordsworth. What is then to be inferred? Oh! many things: it proves there is really a grand march of intellect; it proves that a mighty Providence subdues the mightiest minds to the service of the time being, whether it be in human knowledge or religion.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY BARTON."

The woes that cannot in any earthly way be escaped, are those that admit least earthly comforting. Of all trite,

worn-out, hollow-mockeries of comfort that were ever uttered by people who will not take the trouble of sympathizing with others, the one I dislike the most is the exhortation not to grieve over an event, "for it cannot be helped." Do you think, if I could help it, I would sit still, content to mourn? Do you not believe that as long as hope remained I would be up and doing? I mourn because what has occurred cannot be helped. The reason you give me for not grieving, is the very and sole reason of my grief. Give me nobler and higher reasons for enduring meekly what my father sees fit to send, and I will try earnestly and faithfully to be patient. But mock me not, or say other mourner, with the speech, "Do not grieve, for it cannot be helped. It is past remedy."

What a single word can do!
Thrilling all the heart-strings through,
Calling forth fond memories,
Raising round hope's melodies,
Steeping all in one bright hue—
What a single word can do!

What a single word can do!
Making life seem all untrue,
Driving joy and hope away,
Leaving not one cheering ray,
Blighting every flower that grew—
What a single word can do!

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There are certain classes of passions and vices which people often find an excuse for indulging by persuading themselves that they are invariably connected with some great or noble feeling. Now, of this character is revenge, which men are apt to fancy must be the offspring of a generous and vehement heart, and a fine, determined, and sensitive mind. But this is a mistake. Revenge, in the abstract, is merely a prolongation throughout a greater space of time, of that base selfishness which leads us to feel a momentary impulse to strike any thing that hurts or pains us either mentally or corporately; and the more brutal, and animal, and beast-like be the character of the person, the greater will be his disposition to revenge. But we must speak one moment upon its modifications. Revenge always proceeds either from a sense of real injury, or a feeling of wounded vanity. It seldom, however, arises from any real injury; and when it does, it would (if possible to justify it at all,) be more justifiable; but in this modification, a corrective is often found in the great mover of man's heart, and vanity itself whispers, it will seem nobler and more generous to forgive. The more ordinary species of revenge, however, and the more filthy, is that which proceeds from wounded vanity—when our pride or our conceit has been greatly hurt—not alone in the eyes of the world, but in our own eyes—when the little internal idol that we have set up to worship in our hearts, has been pulled down from the throne of our idolatry, and we have been painfully shown that it is nothing but a thing of gilt wood. Then, indeed, revenge, supported by the great mover of man's heart, instead of being corrected by it, is insatiable and everlasting. But, in all cases, instead of being connected with any great quality, it is the fruit of a narrow mind, and a vain, selfish heart.

Oh, if people would but take as much pains to do good as they take to do evil—if even the well-disposed were as zealous in beneficence, as the wicked are energetic in wrong—what a pleasant little eld this earth of ours would be for us human crickets to go chirping about from morning till night.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By John G. Whittier. Illustrated by Hammett Billings. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is a beautiful and highly decorated volume, splendidly bound, and well printed. It is illustrated with engravings after original designs by H. Billings, a Boston artist of great and peculiar merit, whose fine and fertile genius we should like to see oftener employed in the illustration of the poets.

Whittier is a positive force in the community, and has popularity as well as reputation. As a poet of sentiment and imagination he is known wherever American literature is read, and has been recognized as an originality by criticism. But even if the critics had denounced, it would have made little difference with his popularity, for his burning lyrics have been sung and declaimed by thousands who know nothing and care nothing for questions relating to style and rhythm. A man with so grand and large a heart—a heart that instinctively runs out in sympathy with his fellow men, must necessarily exercise influence. But this sensibility, though an important and noble element in Whittier's genius, occasionally does more than its portion of the work of production. Passion, of itself, is not a high peculiarity of a poet, but impassioned imagination is, perhaps, the highest. Now Whittier has passion and has imagination, but they are not always combined. Sensibility is only valuable as it gives force and fire to thought, and the grandest poems in the present collection are those in which conceptions are penetrated with emotions, and the least valuable are those in which emotions get the start of conceptions and roll out on their own account. The reader of the present volume, however, will find a class of poems in it essentially different from those which are intellectually vehement or passionately vehement—a class which are pure utterances of the author's soul in its most contemplative moods. These are exquisitely tender and beautiful, giving evidence of a mind which to all lovely objects in the material world can

“— Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.”

No one can read the present volume without being struck with the vigor and variety of the author's mind, the breadth and intensity of his sympathies, and the true manliness of his character. The success of such a work is certain.

Remarks on the Science of History; Followed by an Autobiography. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the most original and striking books ever published in the United States, and if it were not marred by some needless obscurities in the preface and notes, would be likely to obtain a popularity commensurate with its merits. It evinces a mind of great power in the region of pure thought, and of great acquisitions in metaphysical science. The leading object of the volume is to present universal history under the form of biography, and its hero is a person who lives the life of the race. It is assumed that he who thoroughly understands the present epoch must have reproduced, and lived through, in his private experience, all the religions, dispensations and civilizations

which preceded it; and accordingly the author supposes the case of a man whose mind, in its development, passes through all the leading systems of philosophy which have successively appeared in the world, and lives them in thought as in different ages they have been lived in action. His hero accordingly lives and outlives actuality, dualism, atheism, deism, pantheism, Platonism, necessitarianism, transcendentalism, until he arrives at the belief of a living God and a Christian dispensation. The mental moods as well as the opinions of these different systems are represented, and an almost judicious expression given to some of them. Though the work is deficient somewhat in artistic as distinguished from logical completeness, and is too condensed in passages where expansion would have aided the reader, no person who avoids the notes and adheres to the autobiography, can fail to notice the clearness as well as the depth and force of mind it evinces. We are aware of no other book in which so much knowledge of mental philosophy is conveyed in so small a space. The exposition of Plato's theory of Ideas—the stringent logic applied to the doctrine of necessity—the keenness with which the weak points of atheism are detected, and the remorseless analysis with which they are probed, and the masterly power of impassioned argumentation, fierce, rapid and close, with which the subject of the Will is cleared from its obscurities, all indicate a mind of no common order. The author is evidently a man destined to leave his mark on the philosophical literature of the country. In the present volume there are important and original ideas which will sooner or later become influential.

Remarks on the Past and its Legacies to American Society. By J. D. Nourse. Louisville: Morton & Griswold. 1 vol. 12mo.

Those of our readers who have any taste for the philosophy of history, and who are desirous to see how an American writer can handle the problems which have tasked the acutest and most comprehensive European intellects, had better procure this work. It is written in a style of much energy, beauty and clearness, and is the result of forcible and patient thinking on a wide basis of historical facts and principles. The author is a Kentuckian and a scholar in the true sense. Although the book evidences a familiarity with the productions of others in a similar department of letters, it is still original as well as powerful. There are sentences in it which deserve to pass into maxims; and through the whole volume none can fail to observe the steady and almost triumphant march of an independent and forcible intellect. We do not know how the work has succeeded at the West, but if it has failed to attract notice there, it shows that Kentucky is not so ready to recognize marked ability in letters as in politics. The author, from his position as an American, really holds an advantage over his European rivals; and the felicity and comprehensiveness of his grasp of some great principles, and the power with which he wields them, are in a considerable degree referable to his freedom from many prejudices which beset the largest minds abroad. This volume ought to give Mr. Nourse a name, and we trust it will have that large circulation which its importance and usefulness so richly merit.

Romance of Yachting. By Joseph C. Hart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a sprightly book, written in a dashing and defiant style, bristling with paradox and sparkling with whimsicalities. The peculiarity of the book consists in its dogmatism, and like all dogmatists the author gives us confident expression to the extravagances of his caprice as to the deductions of his understanding. Many topics are discussed which the title of the book would never suggest. Such are the remarks on the Puritans, Shakespeare, and the Moors in Spain. With regard to the first, the author chimes in with the opponents of the Puritans, and administers twenty lashes to "New England Conceit." We do not know but that our Eastern friends have dilated a little too much on their ancestors, and been too prone to consider every thing excellent as dating from the Puritans, but certainly the style in which our New York brethren are now bragging about their progenitors, promises to outshine in pretension and impertinence every thing of the kind we have had in Massachusetts or Virginia. Mr. Hart, especially, fairly crowns a note higher than any antiquarian chauticleer of ancestry it has ever been our fortune to meet in literature. There is a long passage in the book on Shakespeare, in which the author attempts to prove that in the plays published under Shakespeare's name, there is little property belonging to him but the rant and obscenity. If Mr. Hart means his dissertation on this topic as badinage, it is rather tedious joking; and if he is in earnest, he shows a strange ignorance of facts and arguments which are as familiar to every student of English letters as his alphabet. Seriously, to combat such a clumsy specimen of irony would only turn the laugh against the critic, and no honor could possibly be gained in proving that the sun shines, or that "eggs is eggs."

Apart from some extravagances of the kind we have noticed, the book is a grand and exhilarating one, and cannot fail to prove interesting to almost all classes of readers. To seamen, and to all who go out upon the sea in ships or yachts, it is an invaluable companion. The vigor, elasticity and decision of the style are in fine harmony with the frank, cordial, and somewhat chivalric nature of the author.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We believe that this novel was published before *Vanity Fair*, and it certainly cannot compare with that brilliant work in incident or characterization; but it is still well worthy a diligent reading. It relates principally to that pinchbeck class of English swells, known as "gents," and represents English society, as seen through the medium of a cockney's mind. Mr. Sam Titmarsh, the worthy autobiographer, is a vain but innocent gent, and tells his story with delicious simplicity, and occasionally with much pathos. His little wife is a gem. The scene in which she obtains the office of nurse to Lady Tiptoff's child, is exquisitely natural and pathetic. Every reader is inclined to echo Mr. Yellowplush's opinion, even as expressed in his original orthography. "You see, Tit, my boy," he remarks to the happy husband, "I'm a connyshure, and up to snough; and if ever I see a lady in my life, Mrs. Titmarsh is one. I can't be smiliar with her as I am with you. There's a somethink in her, a jenny squaw, that haws me, sir."

The Forgery; a Tale. By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is a common charge against critics that they do not read the books they review. We acknowledge the charge

in the case of Mr. James's latest novel, with a feeling akin to exultation. We have read some twenty of his romances, more to verify an opinion than to gratify a taste, and certainly the man is to be praised for doing so large an amount of business on so small a capital. Though his mind is exceedingly limited in its range, he has contrived to fill more space with his books than the most comprehensive and creative of intellects would be justified in occupying. His success must be mortifying to all novelists who really possess original power, and who consider that a new character is something else than an old one with a new name. If Mr. James possessed sufficient force to stamp any character, incident or description, on the imagination, he would miserably fail in the application of his science of repetition and philosophy of dilution. His salvation from popular martyrdom is owing to the very feebleness of the impression he makes on the popular mind.

Money-penny; or the Heart of the World. A Romance of the Present Day. Illustrated by Darley. New York: Dutton & Davenport. 1 vol.

This book has passed to a second edition, and promises to take a high rank among American romances. It is so altogether above the general run of novels published in a cheap form, that it is important for the public to understand that though in yellow covers, it has none of the nonsense, stupidity, and ribaldry commonly associated with yellow-covered literature. The author not only understands practical life practically, but he is a scholar and a man of original power. The work is exceedingly interesting, evinces a strong grasp of character, is well written, and while it deserves and will reward the attention of the more tasteful class of readers, it will tend to give a more important, because more numerous and sensitive class, a higher notion of the requirements of romance. We cordially wish the author success.

Model Men, Women and Children. Modeled by Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This little volume is crammed with shrewd and diverting satire, and illustrated by appropriate cuts. The series originally appeared in Punch. The author evidently understands all the fooleries and deviltries as well as most of the humanities of practical life; and he has commented upon them in a style which is universally appreciable. There is a sort of percussion-cap explosion of wit and satire which keeps attention constantly awake. The book, apart from its brilliancy and readability, is a good medicine for "snobism" of all sorts.

Greyslaer; or a Romance of the Mohawk. By Charles Penno Hoffman. Fourth Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The sturdiest champion of literary nationality must concede to Mr. Hoffman the merit of being an American writer. He knows the country, is familiar with its scenery, sympathizes with the events of its history, and understands its people, aboriginal and imported. The present novel, which has now reached its fourth edition—an honor enjoyed by few fictions—is a pregnant illustration of the author's thorough nationality. He is an American without being an Americanism. We have not the least doubt that this edition of *Greyslaer* will receive a cordial welcome from all who are capable of appreciating the grand and chivalrous spirit which breathes through and animates the fine talents and large acquirements of the author.

Mirror of Nature: A Book of Instruction and Entertainment, Translated from the German of G. H. Schubert, by William H. Furness, pp. 407. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

Here is a good book, full of practical instruction, and of information that makes other knowledge practical. A German writer, a good man, has brought a well-stored mind to the task of preparing a volume that shall give the great authors on natural study, without the minuteness of a class-book, or the elaborate development of a thorough treatise. He has opened up the beautiful operations of Nature and her works, and has not neglected to recognize the soul as the antecedent of the body. So that while one is studying about the mighty gatherings of mineral wealth, the wonderful effects of chemical operations, and the instincts of animal life, he is constantly kept above his theme by the declared truth of his superiority to all these, in the possession of an immortal soul. A Christian American has given the work in an English form—good, pure, simple, expressive English—no Germanisms to offend the ear—and yet an occasional adaptation of a German mode of expressing thoughts shows the intimacy of the translator with the original, and his power to select the most expressive forms.

In this volume man is considered, and his power of mental and physical existence developed. The outfringing of the human mind is regarded as worthy of consideration, and lessons of usefulness derived therefrom. The volume before us is admirably suited to the classes of our public schools and to the general reader—and when furnished as it will be with a set of questions suited to the text, it will be a handbook for the classes, of immense usefulness.

Poems. By Charles G. Eastman. Montpelier: Eastman & Danforth. 1 vol. 18mo.

This volume is a collection of songs and short poems from the pen of one of the ablest political editors in Vermont. The book shows that the author's heart is in what is called the right place, in spite of the stir and fret of politics. The characteristic of the volume is simplicity in the expression of emotion. There is no parade of ornament, and very little fanciful decoration, but the author contrives still to express a variety of moods in a most genuine way. The verse has a spring and elastic vigor in its movement, which continually suggests the notion of impromptu composition. The finest poem in the volume is the first, entitled "The Picture," and certainly no poet could begin a collection with a piece more calculated to propitiate the reader, and make him look lovingly on what follows.

Foot-Prints. By R. H. Stoddard.

A copy of this neat little volume has been laid upon our table, and we have read it with great pleasure. The poems it contains are, generally, good. Some of them are marked with great felicity of thought and power of expression. Mr. Stoddard is familiar to the readers of "Graham's Magazine," as one of the contributors to its pages, and we have now on hand some of his poetical articles which we design publishing in due order. His contributions are favorite ones with our readers, who, if they wish to have a collection of the author's writings, cannot do a better thing than obtain from the publishers, or at any of the principal bookstores, a copy of "Foot-Prints."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.—We have caused to be prepared, as one of the embellishments of our Magazine for the present month, a picture entitled "The Mirror of Life." As a picture, we think it good, excellent indeed, artistically considered; and the face of the female, the mother, say, the whole form so far as visible, may be considered as beautiful. We had, in truth, some stronger terms to use with regard to this figure, but we forbear them now, and refer our male readers to the picture itself, to say whether they have seen any thing more handsome, more really beautiful, than that for a long time. And to the ladies we appeal with equal confidence, whether any one of them has seen so beautiful a representation of the female face and form for years—excepting only that which she sees reflected from her own mirror.

As for the little boy, we will confess, that though he has grown more comely under the burin of Mr. Tucker, we do not mean to claim any particular credit for his beauty; the truth is, the child looks like his father.

But the lesson of the picture is what concerns us. The *prima facie* evidence of this picture is against the character of the roofer for proper discipline; she has given her child a mirror for a plaything, a hammer would complete the picture and the mirror. But that would be to regard the representation physically. The child is looking into the mirror with earnestness. Do our readers mark the Johnsoonian cast of the little philosopher's head? Do they see how he has set his eyes and mouth, as if he would see and taste what of life lies before him. And with no less

intensity does the mother gaze into the mirroring eyes of her child; and as he gathers, from the glass in front of him the shadows which coming events cast before them, she collects the facts from his eyes, and is wrapt into the future, not of herself, but of her child.

What would one give to learn that future? to gaze into the mirror of life, and discover its terrible lessons in advance? Could we prevent them by learning?—Alas! no—if we could, we could not learn. Can we look into the future and see what is to take place, and then by efforts prevent the occurrence? If we could prevent that which we saw, how could we see it?

But the little fellow is peering down the vista of time, and he is seeing care and anxiety dogging his heels; he is looking at the antagonistic movements of his life, and wondering how life can be, and be thus opposed. He is seeing his future self, bowing down to the object of affection, and he is hearing *his* calculations of the advantages which his offer had over that of another; and his young heart sickens at the mercenary selfishness of the idea.

But if the mirror reflects or prefigures truly, his own heart had made the same calculations before it was offered. And this is the common experience of life. Men pause in the midst of their business or their pleasure, and begin to think about marriage; they are reminded of this by the movements of others, or the customs of their kind. Do they look about and see where they can bestow the most of benefit, or confer the greatest amount of good? Do they say, "I have wealth and position, here is a lovely

female, poor and humble, the ascensive power of my possessions will take her up?" Or do they set down and make the calculations as to the amount of personal benefits which they would derive from the match?

Ninety-nine times in the hundred the calculations upon a wife and her uses, are as carefully and as selfishly made by man, as are those upon the purchase of real estate, or stock for a stable or a farm. And we do not mean to say that on the whole marriages resulting from such calculations are not productive of as much *content* as those which seem to be made with all the disinterestedness which novelists ascribe to their favorite heroes and heroines.

Well, when the calculation is complete, the gentleman hastens off and proposes to the lady; if the female is found to pause upon the proposal, and to ask herself, or to ask some one who knows, what are the means which this lover possesses to make her happier than she is now, or as happy as twenty other young men who are ready (when they have finished their calculations) to make the same offer; if she pause thus and inquire, she is set down as a cold-hearted, selfish, interested girl, with no force of affection, with no ideas of a married life beyond the bargaining of the shopman.

Yet if two months after marriage that same woman should be found holding such discourse with herself about any of the affairs of life in which she or her husband may have an interest, the whole world would pronounce her a woman of sound principles, of good common sense, and a pattern of wives. Yet, in the transaction which of all others most concerns her, she must not urge advantages, must not calculate the probable chances, must shut her eyes, and leap into a gulf which can never restore her to the situation which she left. Perhaps some of our young female readers will look over the shoulder of the child, and see what the mirror says about such parts of life.

Doubtless the mirror of life furnishes much of pleasure, much of high distinction to the young gazer into its vaticinating depths; for what child of such a mother ever lived long without desirable distinction? All that we have of value in our character, and even in our later condition, seems to spring from our mother. Wealth and consequent position may be derived from the father, but unless the gentle admonitions, the constant watchfulness, the careful mind-moulding and character-forming devotion of the mother prepare the child to retain and exalt his position and augment his wealth, the legacy from the father will waste away; wealth will be dissipated and position lost in the early encounters of the youth with the world. But from infancy to adolescence, from youth to manhood, and onward to age, the legacy of the mother has continual increase; the beauties of mind which she imparted augment with development, and the lofty lessons of virtue which she gave, comes in man's intercourse to be the rule of his conduct, and means of his distinction.

Is it not probable that the mother is now giving one of her lessons to the child, imparting some instruction which shall hereafter be fruitful of good?

It does not seem that the heavenly look which rests upon her face is the consequence of a mother's love for the fame and fortunes of her child. She is just entertaining the bright idea of the immortality of her son. She is looking deep into his heart through his eyes, and she is thinking how she shall impart that mighty thought to the boy; how she shall make him comprehend her views about the antecedence of his soul, that doctrine upon which must rest all her lessons of life, and all her hopes of good from these lessons.

The mother has caught the idea (whether true or false it matters not) that her infant has some high remembrances of a former existence, and that struck with what he sees in

the mirror of life, he is attempting to recall something of that state from which he came to animate the body where youth seems to overshadow the past in his soul and elude its movements toward the communion it once enjoyed. She sees, or thinks she sees, something of this, and she catches the troubling thought that the antecedent of that soul, its primary and indefeasible right to consideration, demand her utmost care, and that the cultivation of the higher powers of the intellect must be made subservient to this still higher power—the immortal principal—where this union of soul and body shall be made profitable to both. That is the mission of the mother; her reward is not in the wealth, the honor, or the happiness of her child—circumstances, consequent though these be upon her teachings—her great reward, the certain and abiding compensation to the virtuous mother for rearing her son to virtue, is found in that state where virtue has its full appreciation, and affection its perfect work. "The mirror of life" is full of lessons; it reflects truths that need only appropriate display to make them profitable; and happy will it be for all, if, catching some of the foreshadowings of the mirror of life, we adapt our conduct to the events; and though we may not be able to change an order of Providence, we can at least make the effect of that Providence beneficial to ourselves. c.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

MY DEAR JEREMY,—Do you ever think of our boarding-school loves, and wonder where all those bright eyes, which used to blaze as from a battery upon us from that pyramid of laughing faces, rising one above the other to the topmost pane of those ample windows, are weeping or laughing now? Do you promenade on the west side, as of yore, without a sigh, and gaze into those deserted windows, from which smiles and rose-tinted notes were showered down upon us with such munificence, without a thought of the fair hands and glad hearts which then gave a sort of sunlight to our devotion—the Mecca to which we turned in our morning prayers and evening rambles? Is it not a sad thought, that as we journey through life, the very innocence of boyhood, the first fresh feelings of the heart, are things of which it is conventional to be ashamed? As if it were a happiness, which we should call a conquest, to learn the bitter lessons of life, at a sacrifice of all the fond recollections of youth, a triumph to know the secret of deceiving with smiles, and of wringing the hand kindly, of people we despise. Yet must we learn the uses of adversity by time, and feel that the brightest of our days are passed forever; that hope, having cheated us for a thousand times, has become bankrupt in our esteem, while the past, brilliant and certain in joys experienced, recalls with the fitting present, doubts of true happiness for us again. It is a stern lesson—that which experience teaches us as we advance in years, to live a life of distrust and doubt, to believe all goodness assumed, and friendship but a cheat; to think that every man's hand is either raised against his brother, or is thrust into his pocket, and that there is no such thing as self-sacrifice, except among the Hindoos.

But, Jeremy, not to speak of instances, all of which must be as fresh to your memory as to mine, I come back to the first question—do you ever think of our boarding-school loves? and mingle with the remembrance those unexpressed hopes and fears which flutter in the hearts of all of us. My falcon towered above yours in ambition then; nothing less than a mistress of rhetoric and *belles* letters tempted the magnificent swoop of my poetry and ambition; yours had a fierce and Byronic generality, which made it dangerous for the whole covey

of lesser birds. How many were you in love with, *Jeremy*? At least, how many were made goddesses by your poetry? "You decline," under present circumstances matrimonial. Well, a man with a growing family, I suppose, owes something to appearances and to example. I have no such excuse to plead, and can be as open as the day.

I really was in love then, *Jeremy*. Don't you think so? But I was as jealous as a Turk—a passion which you, from a lack of concentration, thought very unreasonable. It was, too, considering that it was engendered before I had ever spoken to the lady, and finally exploded very foolishly, and harmlessly, too, I believe, upon the head of an innocent old teacher of Latin Grammar, or something of that sort, old enough to be the lady's grandfather, who would be looking over her album. I wrote my last piece of poetry after that, which *did my business* in that quarter, for the lady refused to see me or my poetry any more. The loss, I think, was her's in the long run, though I suffered with a heart-ache and prospective suicide for a month or two. I was very much like the poor man in the story book, however,

"For when I saw my eyes were out,
With all my might and main,
I pumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again."

The process was a rough one, and left a scar behind. I never saw the lady but once afterward, and that was at Niblo's. I confess to a heart-fluttering, *Jeremy*, and some of that Spanish fierceness for making declarations, which you used to laugh at; but fortune or fate denied me means and opportunity; when the Vaudeville was over she was led off by her party—and I lost her.

"I saw her depart as the crowd hurried on,
Like the moon down the ocean, the graceful was gone!
On my car her adieu, with its dulcet air,
Like the gush of cool waters in melody fell."

"Starry stranger! so dazzlingly distant—unknown—
And observed in thy luminous transit alone;
By what fit supreme must thy brilliancy quiver
O'er the depths of my darkened existence forever!"

But our old friend C—, he's married now, and is the happy father of eight children, I believe. He always had an immense passion for crowds. Do you remember the night he escorted the whole boarding-school home with his umbrellas; he always would, like the author of "Calaver," have his umbrella with him—a green one—and this night the gods were propitious. It blew a hurricane, and the rain came pitching down in sheets, as if Niagara had attached a spout to the passing clouds. C— plied between the concert-room and the boarding-school, with the regularity and precision of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, showing his regard for the fair. After having deposited the bit-enth damsel safely, he totally upset the propriety of an elderly lady who opened the door with a polite invitation for him to "walk in"—an open sesame worth a ducat—with the information that "he was afraid some more of the folks were without umbrellas, and he must see them home." A spirit of self-denial and enlarged philanthropy worthy of a martyr.

Do you remember the exploits of S— with those gay girls? He was a determined dandy and lady-killer, and resolved to take the whole school by storm, and to punish the refractory. But some how or other they wouldn't be taken; so after firing into the flock a dozen times, with his most distinguished bow, and letting off a whole volley of passionate verses upon imprisoned damsels generally without execution—for no-enslaved Julia threw herself at his feet, or replied—he resolved to pick his bird. S— had a cousin who visited a Miss T—, who was in-

mured in that dungeon which frowned most terrifically, in S—'s mind, upon those within as well as those without; and he made, through this channel, her acquaintance. A walk to church in company with his cousin and Miss T— perfected his little plot of taking the whole castle by this entrance; but a simple incident destroyed the forces of the enemy, and routed him, horse, foot, and dragons. A violent storm came on while they were at church one Sunday evening, and the streets were flooded when they came out. The storm had passed, however, and a dull moon lent but a feeble light to the escort. S— dropped his cousin at her door—it was the first chance he had, and starting on with Miss T—, opened the batteries of the sentimental upon his victim in most magnificent strength and style. As they crossed Canal street, S—, who had been carefully plotting the way, releasing the lady's arm gently from his, and taking hold of the tips of those taper fingers with a grace that D'Orsey could not have excelled, requested her to "please step upon that stone,"—which the dull moon had made in the water—and, presto! the lady stepped into a pool which would have disclosed the belt of a grenadier of six feet; and in his horror at his mistake, S— missed his footing, and plunged in with a dive that would have gained him admirers in frogdom.

You remember the wit of Miss T—; she was out of the water almost before he was in it, and turning round with a gay laugh at the discomfited dandy, begged that "if his thoughts of suicide were confirmed, to try the river the next time, but she must decline being either the discomfited manner, or a party to the folly;" and with a light trip was off, up the steps, and had rung the bell before S— could grasp an apology.

This, with most men, would have been a settler, but S—'s vanity was water and bullet-proof both. He dispatched the whole affair, to his own satisfaction, in a snivel; and the next day, at two, strode past the school with the step of a conqueror, the mark of a score of quizzing-glances and laughing faces. S— bore the infliction *this once* with a nerve that would have taken any man to the cannon's mouth. But he grew fiery and retaliatory under its repetition. "I will settle this business with a twenty-four pounder," said he; and he did. The next day S— begged the spy-glass of an old pilot, and walking calmly down with his dexter-eye on the enemy, surprised his forces by a cool, steady, deliberate gaze through his blunderbuss with glasses. The mistress ended the flirtation and supposed conquest by a threat, delicately conveyed, that "any future conduct of the kind would be intimated to the police."

S— determined to "die game," and marched by with his Spanish mantle on each particular cold day, with the step of a grenadier; but fate, jealous of his valor, tripped him up one exceedingly wintry afternoon, when boys were experimenting with skates upon the sidewalk. Poor S—, who had given his cloak an extra turn over his shoulders, fell at full length exactly opposite the window of the boarding-school, and floundered in his vain attempts to extricate himself, like a salmon thrown upon the land, his "Oakford" most ruinously crushed by a passing omnibus; and to crown his confusion, in the midst of a dozen windows suddenly thrown up, an Irish cabman hastened to his rescue, and having untolled him and placed him on his feet, considerately asked, within hearing of two score of ears, "whether he had been long there?" The glory of the conqueror was gone!

"So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of."

The bright faces, laughing eyes, and happy hearts of our youth, with its early friendships, have been replaced

with sadder views of life, and you and I, Jeremy, are older—the world would say, wiser—but are we happier, Jeremy, think you? O. B. O.

Mrs. DAVIDSON.—We present our reader this month with a well engraved portrait of Mrs. Davidson, the mother of the celebrated and talented girls Margaret and Lucretia Davidson, made immortal as well by their own genius as by the beautiful volumes of their works, edited by Washington Irving and Miss Sedgwick, and published by Lea & Blanchard in 1841. Lucretia was born in Plattsburg, New York, on the 27th of September, 1808, and died on the 27th of August, 1825, just one month before her 17th birth-day. Margaret was born at the same place, on the 26th of March, 1823, and died on the 25th of November, 1838, at the early age of fifteen years and eight months. The early fate and singular genius of these youthful poets occupied for so long a time the attention and sympathy of the literary world, that it is needless for us to say much here, but we cannot refrain from quoting two passages from a distinguished critic upon their works.

"The name of Lucretia Davidson is familiar to all readers of poetry. Dying at the early age of 17, she has been rendered famous not less, and certainly not more, by her own precocious genius than by three memorable biographies, one by President Morse of the American Society of Arts, one by Miss Sedgwick, and a third by Robert Southey. Mr. Irving had formed an acquaintance with some of her relatives, and thus, while in Europe, took great interest in all that was written or said of his young countrywomen. Upon his return to this country, he called upon Mrs. Davidson, and then, in 1833, first saw the subject of the memoir, a fairy-like child of eleven. Three years having again elapsed, the MSS., which formed the basis of his volume, were placed in his hands by Mr. Davidson, as all that remained of his daughter. Few books have interested us more profoundly. Yet the interest does not appertain solely to Margaret. In fact, the narrative, says Mr. Irving, 'will be found almost as illustrative of the character of the mother as the child; they were singularly identified in taste, feeling and pursuits: tenderly entwined together by maternal and filial affection, they reflected an inexpressibly touching grace and interest upon each other by this holy relationship, and, to my mind, it would be meeting one of the most beautiful and affecting groups in modern literature to surrender them.' In these words the biographer conveys no more than a just idea of the loveliness of the picture here presented to view."

"In the way of criticism upon these extraordinary compositions, Mr. Irving has attempted little. . . . In respect to a poem entitled 'My Sister Lucretia,' he thus speaks, 'We have said that the example of her sister Lucretia was necessarily before her, and no better proof can be given of it than the following lines, which breathe the heavenly aspirations of her pure young spirit, in strains quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration.'"

"Lucretia Maria Davidson, the elder of the two sweet sisters, who have acquired so much fame prematurely, had not, like Margaret, an object of poetical emulation in her own family. In her genius, be it what it may, there is more of self-dependence—less of the imitative. Her mother's generous romance of soul may have stimulated but did not instruct. Thus, although she has actually given less evidence of power than Margaret—less written

proof—still its indication must be considered at higher value. Margaret, we think, has left the better poems—certainly the more precocious—while Lucretia evinces more unequivocally the soul of a poet."

We had intended to have said more of the mother—since deceased—of these remarkable girls, but our space warns us, that in this number, it is impossible. Enough has been indicated above, to show her strong sympathy with her daughter's tastes, and how much she aided in forming them.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.—We confess to a great degree of pride, from the reception of our January number, by the newspaper press all over the country, and from the regular subscribers to the work. It has been pronounced, indeed, in several influential quarters, "The best number of a monthly magazine ever issued in the language," and this not alone from the number and beauty of the embellishments—every one of which imparted a value as a work of art to the number—but from the worth, variety and amount of literary matter. In issuing a double number to our readers, we were fully aware that we were repaying but a part of what we owe them, for the liberal encouragement extended to us for a period of ten years, without deviation or diminution; but we were sorely prepared for the large increase to our list of new friends which, in two cities alone, extended to over three thousand new names.

From every part of the country each mail comes freighted with clubs from persons with whose subscriptions we have not heretofore been honored, and our old friends, with astonishing unanimity, continue to cling to "Graham as the best and only good Magazine" amidst the mass of periodicals which now make up in noise and promise, what they lack in merit and ability to perform. To say that we are not flattered by this mark of favor extended to us by the readers of this country would be useless, but so far from this fact lessening our exertions, it only spurs us on to new endeavors to maintain that ascendancy over all others which we have always held, by issuing a Magazine incomparably better than any that attempts to rival it.

Our February number, we think, will show no falling off in our exertions, and the two numbers of the volume are an earnest of what our readers may expect during the whole year of 1840. May it prove a prosperous and happy one to our subscribers, as it has opened auspiciously for ourselves.

A NEW SEA STORY.—We are gratified to be able to announce a new Sea Story for the pages of Graham's Magazine, by W. F. Lynch, of the navy, whose recent explorations of the Dead Sea and vicinity, have so much occupied the attention of the newspapers and scientific bodies generally. The story is written with marked ability, and will be quite an attraction in the coming numbers of Graham.

OUR PREMIUM PLATE.—We shall forward promptly to clubs and subscribers entitled to our large premium plate, copies, carefully done up for preservation, as soon as the artist completes it. It will be a very beautiful parlor ornament when properly framed.

Our Fashion Plate for this month has been delayed by the ocean steamer, and as we issue this number early, we postpone it till next month.







THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY THE REV. J. H. W. B. ...

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a list of authors and titles for the magazine's contents.]

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1849.

No. 3.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

It was just daybreak; the air was calm, and the whole face of nature was shrouded in a light and silvery mist. Presently the mist became agitated by a fitful breeze; rays of light, faint at first, but every moment becoming brighter in their hue, penetrated it from the eastern horizon, and at length gathering its folds, it prepared to follow the path of the ascending sun. As it lifted, it disclosed a scene upon which the eye of man delights to dwell.

An island, clothed with luxuriant foliage and redolent with the perfume of the tropics, lay sleeping on the crystal waters. On its southern side, the unruddled waves of a sheltered bay, broke with a murmuring sound upon a white and shelving beach. At the foot of this bay, embowered in a grove, was a small cluster of houses, whose white-washed walls, seen through the interlacing branches of the trees, many of the last laden with their golden fruit, looked the fit abodes of charity and domestic peace. The flickering airs, soft and fragrant as the breath of beauty, fanned the pale and attenuated cheek of an invalid, who, seated at the foot of a cotton-tree, looked wistfully to seaward. A boundless expanse of ocean, its undulating surface checkered with the prolonged shadows of detached and scarcely moving clouds alone met his anxious gaze.

Beside him, with a look as wistful as his own, but fixed on his wasted features, stood a young and lovely female. Unconscious of her presence, he seemed lost in reverie, and the silence was for some moments unbroken—for they were busied with the thoughts most congenial to the nature of each—his of active exertion and the strife of men; while hers, disinterested and pure, and true to the instinct of her sex, dwelt only on *his* hopes, *his* prospects, and *his* future happiness. With a sigh, she broke the silence, and laying her hand gently upon his head, she said,

"Oh, Edward! why this anxiety to leave us? Why this yearning for the sea?"

"Mary, dearest Mary!" said he, looking up, "I knew not that you were near. Sit down, dear girl, and I will tell you my little history. It will be the best answer to your question, and your trustful nature deserves implicit confidence. You know," said he, as she complied, and placed her hand in his, "you know that I am in the naval service of our country, and that the captain of the ship to which I belong, sent me ashore here some two months since, at the recommendation of the surgeon; and you know, too, that your father, finding that I was connected with some friends of his own in the United States, invited me to his house, where, like a ministering angel, you have wooed me from the embrace of death. This, save my unbounded gratitude and love, is all you know, and unsuspecting of others as you are yourself confiding, hoping like an angel, and believing what you hope, you have sought to learn nothing more.

"I have no parents," he proceeded to say, "and of a large family of children, I am the sole survivor. My father died when I was yet an infant; in my fourteenth year I lost my mother, and in the intervening time, one by one, my brothers and my sisters fell, all swept off by that insidious destroyer, whose victims waste away, even while the cheek is flushed and the eye brilliant with anticipations of renovated health and years of enjoyment. Oh, Mary! that you could have seen and known my sister—for she was near your present age, and in many things you much resemble her."

"I should have loved her dearly, Edward?"

"You could not have helped it, for she was one of the purest, gentlest beings I ever knew.

"Describe her to me."

"That is impossible, for, graceful as a fawn and with spirits buoyant and elastic, her features, at one moment gleaming with hope, and the next, subdued in sympathy, were changeable as the aspects of the summer cloud, but beautiful in all

its changes—for the light it reflected was borrowed from heaven."

"Here, then, was the beauty of expression."

"Yes, of angelic expression, and yet her countenance was exquisitely lovely in repose. It reminded one of an inland lake, which, when serene and undisturbed, reflects the flowers and the foliage around it; but, when agitated, the shadows on its surface, the tiny crests of foam and mimic waves brattling on the shore, all its wild and shifting beauties are its own. She died on an early summer's morning, the dew-drop yet sparkling on the blade which, while it bent, it fertilized; and the whole earth, in one gush of fragrance, sent up its tribute to the mighty hand that made it."

"Oh, Edward! it were happiness thus to die."

"Ay, dearest, it is only a spirit pure and spotless as your own, that can realize that death has no terrors where life has no reproaches."

A pressure of the hand was her only reply, for his eyes were filled with tears, and she felt too much moved to speak. After a slight pause he proceeded. "In less than twelve months, my mother followed her to the grave, and the day and the hour, the occasion and the scene, are deeply graven in my memory; but," he continued, observing her emotion, "I will not distress you with the sad recital, although the sorrows of that bitter hour were not without their solace—for, feeling that our loss would be her gain, the showers and the sunshine, the alternate gloom and brightness of the day without, were typical of our hopes and fears. My patrimony was considerable, and my mother had named a distant relative and seemingly attached friend as her executor and my guardian.

"A few weeks found me under the roof of Mr. Thornton. The exchange was a sad one. I had left the home of my infancy, where every familiar object was associated with some kindly phrase or act of endearment, to become a member of a proud aristocratic family, which traced its lineage from England. I could have endured privations without repining, but I was peculiarly sensitive of neglect, and was like the vine cast from the trunk which had supported it, whose tendrils, unstained and drooping, are swayed to and fro by the wind, seeking for something whereupon to cling. Repelled by the cold indifference of the family, my yearning nature found the sympathy it needed in the friendship of Mr. Winchester, who was employed as a private tutor for Mr. Thornton's children. Above all men I have ever seen, he united the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. Placed under his tuition, I made rapid progress, he was pleased to say, not only in the acquisition of knowledge from books, but in that more difficult branch which teaches us to analyze our feelings, and to know ourselves. You remember Mr. Hamilton, who left here shortly after my arrival?"

"Indeed, I do, and esteem him highly, for he is a most excellent man."

"Well, imagine him a little taller, a shade more pensive, somewhat more retiring in his manners,

and with an enunciation yet more distinct, and you have Mr. Winchester before you."

"I see him—and with the character you give, feel that I could love him too."

"Ay, that you would, for his meek exterior concealed a spirit incorruptible as that of Brutus, and as benevolent as Howard himself. To him I am indebted for all that I am or can ever hope to be. At that time politics ran high; Napoleon, the great human vulture, was gorging himself with the blood of nations, and the blood-red flag of England claimed the empire of the seas. The discordant clamor of party strife was loud and vehement, and the whole country seemed to vibrate with the throes of political convulsion. Warped by his pride of descent, and giving the tone to his family, at Mr. Thornton's bedside, in all political discussions, the cause of England was strenuously maintained. It was here that, as I grew older, I derived the greatest benefit from the counsels of Mr. W. A pure patriot, without a parade of zeal, he ever upheld the cause of his country. Pointing out the distinction between the governments of Europe and the one we had adopted, how the former strove to maintain an idle and luxurious class in exclusive privileges, while the other recognized no difference between man and man, he ingrafted in me an attachment to our institutions as warm and enduring as his own. But for him, I might have imbibed the alien feelings of the family with which I was domesticated.

"About the close of my second year under his tuition, news came of the wanton attack upon, and inglorious surrender of the Chesapeake. At Mr. Thornton's table that day, much was said of the valor of the English, and the craven spirit of the Americans. Mr. Winchester mildly but firmly defended his countrymen; but his opposition provoked such a torrent of abuse, and such violent denunciations of every thing pertaining to America, that, interrupting Mr. Thornton in his loudest tirade, he announced his determination of forever quitting a house which he considered as a fit shelter only of foes and traitors. A violent outbreak seemed inevitable, but his calm and lofty demeanor quelled the rising storm; and, true to his word, he left the next morning. After his departure, the last tie that bound me to the spot was severed, and I applied to be sent to college. To my surprise, Mr. Thornton declined, and threw out some vague hints of an unpaid bond and a threatened lawsuit that might involve my whole estate. I then asked to be sent elsewhere to school, but was again denied. I therefore determined, hap what might, to leave the place, and make my way to one of the Atlantic cities, where, in the sanguine spirit of youth, I felt sure of achieving something. Any thing was preferable to the life there before me. I had read of perilous escapes, and in my inexperience, confounding my situation with that of some imaginary captive, and fearing a thousand obstacles, I waited impatiently for a tempestuous night. It came at last, wild and terrific to my heart's content.

"Throughout the day the weather had been variable.

At one time the tops of the trees were bowed down by fitful gusts, while at another the wind gently soogbed among the branches, or dying away calm, every thing would droop with the oppressive heat. The clouds, low, detached and ragged, seemed to hover over us. The bold and craggy tops of the mountains were wreathed in mist, and the same humid vapor filled the chasms and swept down the distant slopes. Even before the sun disappeared, his disc became lurid; the air seemed to thicken and respiration was difficult. The untended cattle went lowing to their pens, and the poultry, with discordant noises, hurried under cover. About dusk, a dense bank of cloud gathered in the north-west, and while the thunder muttered in the far-off mountains, it slowly approached us, the lightning playing across it in incessant flashes. Suddenly, like the smoke of artillery, a number of jets were thrown out from its upper surface, and then a flash, compared to which, those were as artificial fire-works which had preceded it, blinded the eye, and instantly every animate thing shrunk with dread as a most terrific crash pealed upon the ear. Then came the whirl and the roar of a tempest. The spirit of the storm was abroad, and Omnipotence seemed, "to ride on the wings of the mighty wind." Huge trees and massive fragments of rock were whirled about like gossamer in a summer's breeze. An avalanche of rain followed, the very flood-gates of heaven seeming to have opened above us.

"The long wished-for hour had now arrived, and bracing myself to the desperate chance, I threw a change of raiment into a wallet I had prepared, and hurried forth, preferring rather to encounter the battling elements than abide with those I could not love. Breasting the driving rain, I shouted with exultation at the prospect of achieving my own fortune by my own exertions. Although 'from cliff to cliff the rattling crags among,' I heard 'the live thunder' leaping, and the forked lightning almost scathed the brain with its sharp and sulphurous fire. I pressed on regardless of the storm and only fearful of pursuit. For some miles the road, which ran winding among the hills, was overflowed, and each indentation in the mountains had become the bed of a foaming torrent. I was obliged to clamber the hill-sides, and spring from ledge to ledge across the mad and plunging streams. But that I was in full health, buoyant with hope, and of an elastic frame, I could never have overcome the difficulties or survived the perils of that night. Once or twice I nearly despaired, but the prospect of the unfeeling treatment to which I would be subjected if I returned determined me to persevere. After severe toil I gained the high-road, and threw myself down exhausted. I had done so but a few minutes, when, borne upon the wind, I heard a loud clatter, and now and then a shrill and piercing shriek. Springing to my feet, I gazed anxiously up the road. The rain had partially subsided, and a momentary luminous spot in the heavens, showed the position of the moon; the thunder, no longer near, reverberated in the distance, and the glare of the lightning, although less

frequent, was no less sulphurous and blinding. I could soon distinguish the tramp of horses at full speed, and in an instant after, a carriage passed at headlong velocity. The screams I had heard, satisfied me that there was at least one person within, and I breathlessly hurried after it.

"A short distance below, the road descended a hill and crossed a stream, ordinarily wide and shallow, but now, doubtless, swollen and scarcely fordable. My fears were more than realized; for to my dismay, I soon found myself up to the armpits in the water. The screams had ceased, and I could hear nothing to guide me. Suddenly, through the lurid gleaming of the storm, I saw the carriage, which seemed to be entangled with something, while the horses, rearing and plunging, madly strove to free themselves from the harness. With some difficulty I swam to it; the lateral pressure of the water almost bearing me under by its velocity. I found that the carriage had taken against a prostrate tree, and that the struggles of the horses would soon precipitate it over on its side. Fortunately, I had my hunting-knife with me, and swimming round, contrived to cut the traces and liberate the horses, but not without receiving a severe kick on my right shoulder. Forcing open the door, I found a female form within, but whether alive or dead, in the uncertain light I could not tell. The water was nearly up to the seat, and rising with great rapidity. Bearing the body up, I hesitated what to do. With a bruised limb, and supporting a lifeless form, it would be madness to attempt to swim. Feeling about, I discovered that the front panel was a large one, and forcing it out, dragged the wet and dripping figure through, and placed her on the driver's seat, while I loudly called for help. Almost simultaneous with my own, I heard voices shouting along the road, and guided by my call, assistance was soon procured, and the lady (who had fainted) rescued from her perilous position.

"Mr. Stephens, a respectable merchant, was, with his wife, returning from the springs, and had reached the village soon after the storm set in. He had just alighted, and was holding forth his hand to assist Mrs. S. to descend, when the horses, blinded by a flash of lightning and terrified by the peal which succeeded it, ran off at full speed, and the driver in his effort to recover the reins, fell to the ground.

"Mr. S. expressed so much gratitude for my efforts, and so frequently proffered his services to aid me if he could, that, melted by his tones of kindness, I confided to him the secret of my flight and all my future plans. He listened with deep attention, and endeavored at first to persuade me to return to my guardian, but finding my repugnance insuperable, he suggested a mode of enfranchisement at the bare mention of which my heart fairly leaped for joy. He proposed that I should enter the navy, a profession, he remarked, which, although little esteemed by the country, would, he felt sure, if an opportunity offered, gain for itself a high and imperishable renown. Informing my guardian of the course intended to be pursued, he exerted his influence, and in a short time procured me an appointment.

"I made but one cruise previous to the war. Immediately after its declaration, I was ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, then lying at Annapolis. She was commanded by Captain Hull, who, with every officer and man on board, was exceedingly anxious to get to sea before the enemy should reach the Chesapeake in superior force. Our captain had twice ineffectually written to the Secretary of the Navy, urging permission to proceed to sea. At length he called up the officer of marines and said to him,

"Have you no business that calls you to headquarters?"

"None, sir," replied the officer.

"Then you must make some," said the captain, and handing him a letter, added, "you will start this evening so as to reach Washington early to-morrow. When you get there, let it be your first business to call upon the Secretary of the Navy and give him this letter, telling him at the same time, that you will call in three hours for a reply. At the expiration of the three hours, be sure to take your departure, and I expect you to breakfast with me the morning after."

"The officer strictly obeyed his instructions. When the Secretary had read the captain's letter, he remarked 'I am very much occupied at present, sir, but if you will call in two or three days, I will have an answer ready for you.'

"Sir," replied the officer, "I am allowed but three hours in Washington to see my colonel, and at two o'clock I am to start on my return."

"Very well, sir," was the reply; and he took his leave.

"At two punctually, he called again, and the Secretary, somewhat fretted, said, 'Really, sir, I have not had time to attend to Captain Hull's letter, can you not wait until to-morrow?'

"Under my present orders, sir, it is impossible."

"Very well, say to Captain Hull that I will write to him by mail."

"Excuse me, sir," said the officer, "when I assure you that the captain will be bitterly disappointed if I do not bring something from you."

"With a gesture of impatience the Secretary drew a sheet of paper toward him, and writing a few hurried lines, handed the note to the officer, who took his departure. It contained these remarkable words:

"SIR,—You will proceed with the *Constitution* to New York, and should you meet any vessels of the enemy, you will note it."

"It was sufficient, and we immediately weighed anchor and stood to sea. A short distance out, we encountered a squadron of the enemy, and the chase that ensued has already become matter of history. Of the fatigue we underwent, and the unsurpassed exertions we made, I can give you no idea. For most of the time the wind was light, and occasionally it subsided to a perfect calm. At such times the sun, fierce and fiery, scorched us with the intensity of his blaze; while towing and kedging, our crew toiled manfully and without a murmur; with the perspiration streaming from their brows, no one

dreamed of relaxation. Each one, sleeping at his post, caught his meals as he could. At one time, the nearest ship, being towed by all the boats of the squadron, was enabled to gain fast upon us, notwithstanding our redoubled and almost superhuman exertions. The surface of the ocean, unmoved by undulation, and smooth as a mirror, reflected the black and threatening hulls of our pursuers. Gradually, like huge, creeping monsters, they seemed all to gain upon us, when, at the very crisis of our fate, a cat paw, faint as a fleeting shadow, darkened a spot upon the water, and then disappeared, leaving no trace behind; again, another, and another, imperceptibly increasing in extent and force, until commingling into one, and rippling the ocean with its breath, the light but glorious breeze came on. Swinging the ponderous yards to meet its glad embrace, we thanked our God that we were the first to feel it. The sails, late so listless and inactive, first flapped exultingly, and then slowly distending, our noble ship, in all her grace and pride and beauty, like a recruited steed, renewed the race she had so nearly lost. With sail on sail, packed wide and high, from the bulwarks to the trucks, each ship was soon a pyramid of canvas. Behind us was captivity or death—before us freedom, and perchance renown. Judge, then, with what thrills of delight we soon perceived that we were leaving our pursuers. The wind freshened as the night closed in, and early the ensuing day the enemy abandoned the chase as hopeless. For sixty hours we had toiled unceasingly, and human nature had been taxed to the utmost.

"Cut off from New York, our commander determined to proceed to Boston. Off Long Island we spoke an American vessel, and by her the captain wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, acquainting him with his escape, and informing him that he would proceed to Boston, where he trusted to receive permission to cruise at sea. We reached the harbor late one evening, by midnight we had commenced taking in provisions and water, and in twenty-four hours were ready for sea. For three days beyond the time we should have heard from Washington, we were kept in the most anxious suspense. All hands were detained on board except the purser, who, on the arrival of each mail, hurried to the post-office, in the hope of finding the desired letter. On the third day there did come an official letter, but it was addressed to a ward-room officer on the subject of his pay.

"It was then that Captain Hull took a resolution which evinced as much wisdom as moral courage. He knew that the cruisers of the enemy swarmed upon our coast, and he chafed with impatient desire to fairly encounter one of them. He determined to put to sea without orders, and immediately carried his purpose into execution.

"We had soon the satisfaction to meet an adversary. It was one of the ships belonging to the squadron which had chased us. Instead of increasing we now sought to lessen the intervening distance, and as we approached, each ship, like a combatant in the arena, partially stripped herself for the con-

fict. Under reduced sail, leisurely, deliberately, we stared each other. It was a moment of intense excitement. England had so long styled herself the mistress of the seas, and the arrogance of the claim was so lessened by her almost uninterrupted career of victory, that the boldest and most sanguine among us admitted probability of defeat. Yet there was no shrinking of the nerve, not one instant's hesitation of purpose. Our country had sent us forth, and in the hour of peril she relied upon us. We knew that we might be defeated, but felt that we could not be disgraced. The flag, with the proud vessel which bore it, might sink beneath the waves, or with it, by one terrific explosion, be scattered in shreds and fragments upon its surface, but each one felt that it could never be struck to a single adversary.

"I had thought before that I had some idea of a battle, but imagination fell short of the stern and startling reality. Men, lately so calm, collected, and seemingly almost impassive, were wrought to the highest pitch of frenzy, and reeking with perspiration, and begrimed with powder, as seen through the fire and the smoke, appeared like infuriated demons. The ship, reeling like a drunken man, quivered with each recoil, but there was no screaming, no shouting—the ministers of death were too earnest for noisy exhibition, and except the stifled groans of the wounded, and the brief, quick words of command, the human voice was unheard.

"You know the result. At the report of the last gun in that conflict, as at the blast of the Israelite trumpets before Jericho, the walls of British invincibility fell—like them, too, never to rise again. But, dearest, I tire you."

"No, Edward, I love to listen to you. When I first read of that victory I wept for joy. Now, although it is past, I tremble, while I rejoice, at the danger you incurred; but tell me, did you escape unhurt?"

"I received a flesh wound merely, but it proved irritable and difficult of cure. In consequence, I was prevented from again sailing in the ship; but my promotion was secured, and I congratulate myself on my present position. The ship to which I am attached is smaller than the Constitution, but she is well-manned and ably commanded. There is no telling at what moment she may meet with an opponent; and you, dearest, would not have me absent while my shipmates are battling for our country."

"No, Edward, I will not be less patriotic than yourself; but we have so shortly known and understood each other, that it is hard to separate so soon, and when there is so much danger that we may never meet again; beside, your impatience retards your recovery."

"Fear not, Mary, the fever has entirely left me, and my strength increases daily—thanks to your gentle nurture, for, unseen, though hovering near, you not only supplied my wants but anticipated every wish."

"Speak of it no more, Edward; see, Alfred is coming to call us to breakfast. I will take the path through the shrubbery and avoid him, or he will

have his jest at our expense when we meet at table." Springing from her lover's side as she spoke, she lingered for an instant as she gained the copse, and turned with a fond, confiding glance toward him, but the sound of her brother's footsteps checked the current of her feelings, and she was out of sight in an instant.

Edward Talbot was in his 22d year. With a fine figure, his frame indicated more activity than strength. His hazel eye, undimmed by recent illness, expressed decision of character, and his dark hair fell in untrimmed luxuriance over his pale but manly features.

Mary Gillespie was eighteen, and almost a woman. About the medium stature of her sex, her light, elastic figure moved in unconscious grace. Her silk-like chestnut hair shaded a neck of snowy whiteness; her brilliant cheek, now white as a lily, now mantled with a blush, more surely and more rapidly than words bespoke the current of her feelings; while her deep-blue eyes, bathed in liquid crystal, and contained from the sight by their long and fringing lashes, rarely raised and as suddenly withdrawn, struck the beholder with wonder and admiration. Beautiful in person, sensitive in her feelings, and of a most confiding and affectionate nature, she was a being formed for love.

Mr. Gillespie was a merchant who had resided eight years upon the island, and for the last three held the situation of American Consul. The war having interrupted his business, he had been for some time winding up his affairs preparatory to returning home. He was an unpretending man, of practical good sense and sterling integrity. He had been five years a widower. Left with two children he had devoted every leisure hour to their education. But his son, now in his 14th year, proved more intractable than the daughter, and increased his anxiety to return and place him under the charge of competent teachers.

Such was the state of things when Lieutenant Talbot was sent on shore extremely ill. At first, in his province as consul, Mr. Gillespie had procured for him the best lodgings that could be hired; but when he heard his mother's name, and found that through her the young officer was related to an old and cherished friend, he at once had him removed to his own house.

It was not to be expected that, under such circumstances, two kindred spirits should meet and not assimilate. It is no wonder that thus thrown together, they should become mutually attached. They did love! love only as those can do who, trustful in their natures, are uncantered by care, and in their thoughts, their prayers, their aspirations, and their dreams, they soon become each others constant and abiding theme.

The morning after the one with which this tale had opened, Mr. Talbot threw open his casement, and stepping into the balcony, looked eagerly toward the west. It was again calm, and the unclouded sun, just risen, threw his unrefracted rays across the slumbering sea. It was Sunday, all was

silent, and not a vestige of a living thing was seen. Not a solitary bird fanned the air, no roaring fish disturbed by its gambols the mirror-like surface of the deep, but on the furthest verge of the horizon,

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

floated a light and buoyant fabric, which alone, within the broad scope of vision, proclaimed man as its architect. It was the *Hornet*, the symmetrical *Hornet*, already renowned for a glorious achievement.

In a few hours the sea breeze set in, which, cool and refreshing, is sent by a merciful Providence to temper the heat of a tropical sun. The ship was soon under a cloud of canvas, and it was a beautiful thing to see her inclined to the breeze, dashing along with graceful speed, while the light tracery of her rigging was reflected upon the sails which looked snow-white in the glancing beams of the sun. As if instinct with life, she bounded across the water, and soon dropped her anchor in the bay.

Captain Biddle, already distinguished for his gallantry, together with several of his officers, dined with Mr. Gillespie that day. Before midnight, they were again at sea, for there were enemies abroad, and they felt bound to seek them.

It were useless to dwell upon the parting interview of the lovers. All that the gushing fondness of two such natures could impart was interchanged. Hap what might, though distance should separate, and circumstances debar their intercourse for months or years, they felt that unswerving confidence which true and loyal breasts alone can feel. It is true that they both felt much anxiety—the maiden in especial, for her lover was exposed to far more than the perils of the deep. But, with a faith early instilled by the precepts of a pious mother, she placed her trust on High, and with more of hope than fear, looked forward to the future.

CHAPTER II.

For some weeks the *Hornet* sought in vain for a cruiser of the enemy. Some valuable captures were made, and the vessels destroyed, and it was determined to shift the cruising ground to the South Atlantic.

As they approached the equator, the atmosphere became humid and oppressive, and they were deluged with frequent rain, compared to which the heaviest showers of our own more favored clime, are as the dew-drop to the overflowing cistern. Often at night the sea would be brilliantly phosphorescent, and the water as dashed aside by the advancing prow, fell over in curls of flame, while, gamboling around in very wantonness, myriads of porpoises, the dolphins of antiquity, sportively chased each other, and darting to and fro, without design or order, checkered with lines of light the dark, unruflled sea.

The day on which they crossed the line was preceded by a night of surpassing loveliness. Undisturbed and quiet as a sleeping infant, the calm and

placid ocean lay in beautiful repose, its very heavings, as if moved by the modulation of sweet sounds, so gentle, as not to impair the reflections of its mirror-like surface.

Toward morning, a mist arose, which, becoming dense, settled down and banked around the horizon. As the night waned, faint streaks of light tinged the dark cloud; gradually the hues became brighter and more expanded, the violet became purple, the purple reddened into crimson, and suddenly, as from a bed of flame, the sun looked forth upon the quiet scene. The serene sky, the placid ocean, the soft breath of the morning, and the gorgeous sun, were all in keeping with the attributes of their Maker; while the tiny ship, a mere speck upon the waters, girdled with iron and prepared for strife, was a fit emblem of the frailty and insignificance of man.

The inconsiderate and the thoughtless were disappointed that the usual ceremony of receiving Neptune was dispensed with on crossing the line; but the *Hornet* was too well disciplined for such a disorderly exhibition, and her commander wisely considered the custom of roughly shaving the uninitiated as one more honored in the breach than the observance.

After crossing the equator, the atmosphere improved and became balmy and pleasant, and so rarified that the stars became visible at the very verge of the horizon. The pole star, the lamp hung out in heaven to guide the wanderer on the northern deep, although steadfast as faith it maintained its post, gradually disappeared, and others, more brilliant but less endeared by association, rose upon the view. High up in the heavens, two luminous bodies, like fragments of the milky way, became visible, while lower down toward the pole, another of darker hue was seen. They were the wonderful Magellan clouds which, from their position and immovability, are supposed by Humboldt to be the reflections of the Cordilleras.

The messmates of Talbot had soon perceived a marked change in his demeanor: His hilarity was gone, and, avoiding his former associates, he paced the deck or sat apart, wrapped in the visionary aspirations of a lover. They all suspected the cause, but had too much regard for him to wound his sensitive feelings by ill-timed jests and allusions. Indeed their respect for him insensibly increased, for they perceived with surprise that although completely absorbed in reverie when he had no duty to perform, yet he had become the most vigilant among them, and in particular paid the most minute attention to the exercise of his division at the guns and in the use of small arms. At such times, his eyes sparkled with more than their wonted enthusiasm, and his very air breathed some exalted purpose.

"Take care, gentlemen," said the captain one day to a party of officers near him, "take care! Talbot is wooing glory that he may win a bride, and if opportunity offers he may bear away the palm."

"Let him if he can," was the reply, "we will not begrudge what must be dearly earned."

Nearly in a line with the extreme southern limits

of two continents, at the confluence of two mighty oceans, lies Tristan d'Acuna, a high, rocky and uninhabited island, its summit wrapped in clouds, and, except in one place, the surf loud and continuous broke upon its shore. The wind was fresh, and the tumultuous waves ran high, when through the mist the Hornet gained a sight of the land. While the captain hesitated whether to venture in, or lie-to and await more favorable weather, the cry "sail ho!" was heard from aloft.

"Where away?" was quickly asked by the officer of the deck.

"Broad off the weather beam, sir," was the reply, and the Hornet wore round and stood toward the stranger. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the thrill of delight with which each man on board of a cruiser, in time of war, hears the cry "sail ho!" which ensures the excitement of a chase, and the probability of an engagement.

Long before the hull of the stranger was visible from the deck, her spars and sails, enveloped in the mist, in their shadowy outline seemed of gigantic size. Like a shapeless cloud rather than a thing of art, she came down before the breeze, now and then the mist, in fantastic wreaths, half concealing, half betraying her form and character. The American hoisted her colors as an invitation to the stranger to declare her nationality. Shortly after, the report of a gun came booming over the water, and there was a shout of exultation among the crew of the Hornet, as through the vapor they descried the ensign of St. George. The commander of each vessel, however, was too good a seaman not to be aware that the wind was too high, and the sea too rough, for a fair encounter. Each one, brave himself, doubted not the valor of his adversary. With a tacit understanding that they would meet when the gale abated, the ships bore-to, in each other's near vicinity. They rode out the night in safety, each one carrying a light, to denote her position to the other.

The next day it moderated, and at 1 P. M. the Hornet hoisted her jack at the fore, as an intimation that she was ready for the encounter. The signal was promptly answered, and the vessels filling away on opposite tacks, exchanged broadsides as they passed. Immediately after, like two knights engaged à l'outrance, each again wore round and stood directly for the other, while from forward, aft, successively as they bore, the guns were fired with singular precision. As they neared each other, the scene became more and more exciting: Beside the boom of the cannon, the pealing of the musketry soon became incessant, and the hurdling of iron and lead was terrific. The atmosphere was soon thick and stinging, and the crews were working their guns with the energy of desperation, when a severe concussion, followed by a harsh and grating sound, told that the ships were afloat.

"Away! boarders away!" was the instant cry on board of the Englishman, and a boat of men, cutlass and pistol in hand, gathered on his forecastle.

"Stand by to repel boarders," was the prompt re-

sponse of the American, and a forest of bristling pikes was arrayed against the assailants. Talk of serried ranks and wedged battalions; of the compact square, and even of the deep moat and frowning parapet! who would not charge upon either, rather than breast that fretted line of steel, held by those stern-visaged men! The enemy paused and faltered.

By word and example, Talbot had encouraged his men to their utmost exertion, and at the first call, had hurried with them to repel the enemy; but, when that enemy hesitated, although but for an instant, he shouted, "On them, men! on! on!" and rushed forward as he spoke, to board them in turn.

"Hold, men! hold! Back, Mr. Talbot, back, I command you," shouted the captain. "My God! he's gone!" he added, as the two ships, lifted high by a passing wave, fell apart, and the fore-mast of the enemy came down with a frightful crash. The instant before, Talbot had sprung upon her bowsprit, and the next, just escaping the mast as it fell, he was upon her deck.

Captain Biddle, although he had been firm as a veteran throughout the fight, no sooner beheld the peril of his officer, than, trembling like an aspen, he sprung into the rigging, and in a voice shrill and distinct amid the uproar, called out, "Hurt but a hair of his head and I'll sink you where you lie."

In the meantime, Talbot had not been idle. Striking right and left, parrying where he could, but not stopping to return a blow, he pressed on, and in less time than it has taken to narrate this incident, had gained the quarter-deck, cut the halliards and hauled the ensign down.

Immediately on separating from the enemy, the Hornet ranged ahead, and was prepared to throw in a broadside, but seeing the colors down, hailed to know if they had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative.

The prize was immediately taken possession of, and Talbot was found almost insensible, endeavoring to staunch the blood from an ugly wound with the flag he had hauled down.

So destructive had been the fire of the American that the prize was completely riddled: She was therefore scuttled; and in a very short time the Hornet was again prepared for action.

The wound of poor Talbot was so severe as to leave no hope of his being able to perform duty the remainder of the cruise. A merchant vessel that was fallen in with was chartered as a cartel, and all the prisoners, with a few of the wounded, including Talbot, were put on board of her, to be taken to the United States.

Under the judicious treatment of the medical officer who accompanied them, he was fast recovering when they passed the island, where we first introduced him to the reader. At his urgent request he was landed, the cartel, after a few hours delay, proceeding on her course.

Like the anguish of the parting, the glorious ecstasy of the meeting of the lovers may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Dear Edward," said the maiden, as soon as they were alone, "Dr. Holmes has told me all, and you have more than realized my wildest and most extravagant hopes."

"Say not so, Mary! indeed you should rather take credit to yourself, for if I have been swayed by any other motive than love of country, it has been to prove myself worthy of your rare affection."

"It was ever so with you, Edward—you first excite our admiration, and then ascribe to others the fruits of your own good deeds."

"Nay, sweet girl, you wrong yourself and me. Tell me, what is the body without the soul?"

"An inanimate lump of clay—but why the question?"

"Because to me you are what the soul is to the body—the life which animates and the spirit which directs it—you are at once my inspiration and my hope—the burthen of my thoughts, the aim and object of all my aspirations."

"Hush, Edward, this cannot, nay, I would not have it to be true; let us change the theme." She laid her hand upon his mouth as she spoke—but what maiden was ever yet displeased with the devotion of a favored lover?

In the course of their conversation, Talbot learned that Mr. Gillespie had completed his arrangements, and was on the look out for a vessel to convey himself and family to the United States. The former was of course anxious to accompany them, and in the midst of happiness was, perhaps, the most impatient of them all, for Mr. Gillespie would not consent to his daughter's marriage before she had seen her relatives at home; Perhaps, too, he wished to inquire more particularly than he had yet been enabled to do, into the character and circumstances of the man he was about to receive as his son-in-law. He knew him to be brave and intelligent, and of frank and winning manners, but he knew nothing more—the captain of the ship, when he dined with him, having answered his questions in general terms of commendation.

They waited for a long time in vain. So ruinous had the war become to American commerce, that for months not a vessel from the United States had visited the island.

Late one evening a schooner, named the Humming-bird, formerly an American letter-of-marque, arrived, bringing intelligence of peace between England and the United States. The owners of the schooner had without delay applied for a commission to the Colombian minister, and she was now equipped as a privateer under that flag. The commander of her, having been drawn from his course by a vessel to which he had given chase and captured two days previous, purposed proceeding immediately to Nassau, New Providence. As from thence a speedy conveyance to the United States could certainly be procured, and no Spanish cruisers were supposed to be at sea, Mr. Gillespie offered such inducements to the captain that he consented to take them as passengers, and gave up his cabin for their accommodation.

In less than sixty hours they sailed, with a light but favorable wind. About 4 P. M. the second day, when they were nearly through the Mona passage, it fell calm. Within the passage, from shore to shore, there was not a ripple upon the water, and the light and buoyant little vessel, without advancing a foot, rose and fell with the mysterious undulation. A few miles ahead, without the passage, unobstructed by the land, toward the Great Bahama Bank. Several vessels were in sight, among them a large one, coming down before the wind, but which, less than any, excited their attention—for she seemed too burthensome for a Spanish trader to the colonies.

"Captain," said Talbot, half an hour after, "unless I am very much mistaken, that large stranger to windward is a man-of-war."

"Probably an Englishman," replied the captain.

"Scarcely, the canvas is not sufficiently dark, and the upper sails roach too much; it is evidently a frigate, and now I think of it, can hardly be a Frenchman, for they rarely cruise in this direction. Are you sure that there are no Spanish cruisers among the islands?"

"None so large as this," answered the captain, "for the *Isabella* went to leeward upward of a month ago."

"May it not have been a ruse?" asked Talbot.

"Give me the glass," said the captain, and he looked long and earnestly; "I cannot make her out," he said at length, "but do not like her looks. Get out the sweeps, Mr. Long," he added, addressing his lieutenant, "we must have the Humming-bird out of this mill-pond, or her wings will be useless."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the little vessel was soon moving at the rate of three or four knots through the water; but the larger vessel was in the mean time coming down at treble velocity. As soon as the schooner began to feel the influence of the wind, the sweeps were laid in, and all sail made to the northward, in the hope that the stranger would pass without observing them. In this, however, they were disappointed, for, as the latter was brought to bear abeam, they observed with anxiety, that she edged away toward them.

"I fear that we have been deceived in our intelligence," said the captain, in reply to a look from Talbot, as they noticed the suspicious movement of the stranger.

"For Heaven's sake, conceal your misgivings from Mr. Gillespie and his family while there is a hope," asked Talbot; to which the captain nodded assent, and proceeded quietly to make his arrangements to elude, if possible, the grasp of his pursuer; for he now felt convinced that he saw the *Isabella*. The best sailing of the schooner was by the wind; instead, therefore, of keeping away before it, she was hauled close to it, and steered N. N. E. bringing the frigate to bear forward of the weather beam.

[To be continued.]

FLORENCE.

BY HENRY D. HIRST.

PROLOGUE.

AN humble cottage, overgrown
With woodbine, stood beside a hill,
And nigh it, murmuring through moss,
Rippled a little rill.

The hill was high and wore a crown
Of leafiness, whence, gazing down,
An eagle might behold the towers
And turrets of a town.

And many a pleasant country cot,
Snowy, and peering through the green,
With, now and then, a rivulet,
Meandering, might be seen.

But in the landscape, like a king,
A short half mile or more away,
A grim old castle stood, erect,
Beauteous and gray.

Around it lay an ample park,
With, here and there, a drove of deer;
A grim old Norman edifice,
Dark, desolate and drear!

Perhaps it was the morning sun
Which made the ancient building smile,
But, nevertheless, a pleasant look
Was on the aged pile.

Perhaps it was with joy it smiled
That morn, the merriest of the year,
Which welcomed home its youthful lord,
Young Lionel De Vere.

Perhaps the thought of earlier days
Flitted althwart its granite brain;
Perchance it dreamed it might behold
Those golden hours again—

Those hours when, in the tournament,
Warriors, in glistering steel attired,
Tilted before young demoiselles,
Who blushed to be admired;

Or when the forest echoes rang
With many a merry bugle-horn,
And stag and hounds, a baying rout,
Swept by some autumn morn.

But whether it was the morning sun
Which made the ancient mansion smile,
Or other things, a pleasant look
Lit up the aged pile.

PART I.

She stood among her garden flowers,
The very loveliest lily there,
Beauty, bloom, purity and truth
Unfolding on the air.

He paused among the trees and gazed,
And like a bark with sails unfurled,
His heaving heart went forth to seek
Another and a fairer world.

All heaven he felt was in her eye;
Its sunshine glistened in her glance;
The air he breathed was elfin air;
His soul was in a trance:

“Ah, spirit of some virgin saint,
Turn—turn those blessed eyes on me,
And let me kneel and worship thee!”
Deliriously said he.

She raised her eyes, her maiden cheek
Mounting the crimson tinge of dawn,
And, looking timidly around,
Stood, like a startled fawn.

“Nay, do not fly,” exclaimed the youth;
“Remain; allow my thirsty eyes
To quaff thy beauty: I would drain
A draught of Paradise.

Wonder awaking in her face,
The maiden stood, with lips apart,
Drinking his voice, whose cadence stole
In harmony to her heart.

And even as she stood he came,
And, kneeling, bode her fear no wrong;
While all the while the murmuring air
Moved musical with song.

His words were not as other's words,
His voice was like no other voice,
Somehow, she knew not why, it made
Her maiden heart rejoice.

And from that moment all things grew
Lovelier with light, because of him,
And, like a cup of wine, her heart
Was crimson to the brim.

“What shall I call thee?” asked the maid;
“How name thee?” “Florence is my name,”
Returned the youth—“an honest one,
Though all unknown to fame.

“And how shall I call thee?” quoth he.
“Florence,” replied the maid—“a mean
And humble village girl.” “But fit,”
Said he, “to be a queen!”

Day after day, at eventide,
The stranger sought her, breathing words
Of passion, while her timid heart
Beat like a frightened bird's.

But not with fear, for every pulse
Was swayed by love, that, moon-like, rides
The empyrean of the adoring heart
And rules its purple tides.

PART II.

Merrily through the town they went
A proud, chivalric cavalcade
Of knights and nobles and esquires,
In silken robes arrayed.

And each sustained his high degree,
But foremost there, without a peer
In manly majesty of mien,
Rode Lionel De Vere.

The ostrich plumes which flowed and waved
In silver clouds above his brow,
Were gray and lustreless beside
That forehead's dazzling snow.

The diamond brooch which held the plume
Flashed in the sunlight, like a star,
Throwing its ever radiant rays
In rainbow hues afar.

The ruby burning on his breast,
Blazing and blossoming as he turned,
Was fervid as his heart, which, fed
With honor, nobly burned.

And as he passed, his lofty head
Bending in answer to the cries
Of loving vassals, nobler form
Never met woman's eyes.

A smile for one of mean degree,
A courteous bow for one of high,
So modulated both that each
Saw friendship in his eye.

Onward he rode, while like the sound
Of surf along a shingly shore,
The murmur of a people's joy
Marched, herald-like, before.

Timidly, while before them pressed
The peasants, in a little nook
Two women stood—two timid things—
To snatch a hasty look:

One, weak and old—an aged dame—
December toward its latter day;
The other young and pure and fair,
The maiden month of May:

Trembling with curious delight
She rose on tip-toe, gazing through
The mass of heads which, like a hedge,
Bordered the avenue.

The sound of horns, which rolled and broke
Like summer thunder, and the crash
Of cymbals, while the hound-like drum
Howled underneath the lash;

The loss of plumes, the neigh of steeds,
The silken murmur of attire,
As the proud cavalcade drew nigh,
Filled her young heart with fire.

He came, her lord, the lord of all
Who gazed and gazed afar or near,
And as he bowed they hailed with shouts
Lord Lionel De Vere.

A trouble flitted through her face—
A shadow, and before her eyes
She passed her hands, as if to check
Some terrible surprise.

Nearer and nearer, while like one
Struck dumb she gazed, the noble came,
And as he passed the people hung
Their blessings on his name.

One little cry—a feeble cry—
The name of "Clarence," and she passed:
He heard it not, its tiny sound
Died in the clarion's blast.

PART III.

The cottage stood in solitude,
The woodbine rustled on the wall,
The Marguerites in the garden waved
In murmurs one and all;

And, rippling by, the rivulet
Seemed sobbing, like a frightened child,
Who, wandering on, has lost its way
In some deserted wild.

The day was waning in the west,
And slowly, like a dainty dream,
The delicate twilight dropped her veil
On fallow, field and stream.

The purple sky was sown with stars
When Clarence came: she was not there,
And desolately frowned the night,
And stagnant was the air.

But on the little rustic seat
Where they had often sat, there shone
A letter, and the noble name
Along it was his own.

"Farewell," it said, "that I exist
Breathing the word which is the knell
Of love and hope is not my will,
But God's alone: Farewell.

"Never more on this once loved spot,
Never more on the rivulet's bank,
Shall we sojourn: my love, great lord,
Insults thy lofty rank.

"Go, seek some fitter mate: for me,
Too poor to be thy wife, too proud
To be thy leman, grief, despair,
The death-bed, and the shroud."

He read appalled, amazed, aghast,
Stern as a statue, and the stone
Was pale Despair, its haggard look
Less awful than his own.

A thought, and like a storm he dashed
Along the grassy walk: no spark
Shone from the cottage: all within,
Without, around, was dark.

He knocked and knocked, but no one came:
He entered, and the silent room
Was vacant, and his darkened heart
Grew darker with the gloom.

Next day the grim old castle stood
Neglected: whether its heart of stone
Was touched, I know not, yet I heard
The ancient mansion moan.

Perhaps I was deceived; the wind
Went howling over woods and moors,
And round the castle, like a ghost
Stalking its corridors.

PART IV.

The snow had fallen hour on hour;
The wind was keen, and loud and shrill
It whistled through the naked trees
And round the frozen hill.

The country everywhere was white;
The forest oaks that moaned and pined
Wore caps of snow, which, bowing low,
They doffed before the wind.

Twilight descended, and the air
Was gray, and like a sense of dread,
Night on the virgin breast of earth
Her sable shadows spread.

Slowly, with wavering steps, a man
Moved on a solitary moor,
With staff, and shawl, and sandaled shoon,
A pilgrim pale and poor.

Slowly, with trembling steps he moved,
Pousing, as if uncertain where
To take his way, when, faint and far,
A bell disturbed the air.

And as with concentrated strength
He sought the wound, a little light
Shows flickeringly and glow-worm like
Through the ravine of night.

A little light that with each step
Became distinct, until his eyes
Beheld a convent's welcome walls
Between him and the skies.

He reached the portal—rang the bell,
And as above him rose the moon,
Sank, like the storm: the portress found
The pilgrim in a swoon.

They bore the wasted wanderer in:
Pallid but beautiful he lay,
A dream which seemed to come from heaven
Though clad in suffering clay.

And when, long hours of anguish gone,
His eyes once more shone calmly blue,
Looks that seemed grievous memories
Dunned their ethereal hue.

His soul, which many days had walked
The ploughshares of consuming love,
Wrong by the ordeal, raised its eyes
Toward Him Who reigned above.

He sought the chapel; at the shrine
Knelt, while his eyes were wet with tears—
God's love in holy harmonies
Filling his penitent ears.

Even as he knelt the solemn mass,
"ORA PRO NOBIS, DOMINE,"
Rose, like a dove on sun-lit wings,
Seeking the heavenly way.

Concordant voices sweet and clear
Rang through the consecrated nave,
Discounting melodies which rolled
And broke, wave over wave.

As in an ecstasy he knelt,
Cheeks, lips and eyes alive with light,
Radiant, as if a saint, or Christ
Himself had blessed his sight.

For in the voices one sweet voice
Swam, like a spirit's, in his ears:
He could not speak, or move, or breathe;
While slowly trickling tears

Ran down his cheeks, as, louder still,
The swan-voiced organ breathed its knell,
And on its cloudy height of song
Paused, trembled, moaned and fell.

But as its echoes died away,
His spirit trod that golden shore
Where hope becomes reality
And sorrow is no more.

He sought the abbess; on his knees
Unfolded, page by page, his grief;
While she, albeit cold and stern,
Wept, yielding to belief.

And Florence came, while Clarence stood
In breathless silence far apart,
A thousand hopes and joys and fears
Conflicting at his heart.

Throwing aside his pilgrim cowl
Clarence fell trembling at her feet:
"Florence," he murmured, "loved and lost,
At last, at last we meet."

She stood in silence, with her eyes
Fixed on the youth—a heavenly calm
From out whose subsidence of sound
Came "Clarence," like a psalm.

And then he knelt and told his tale:
How he had loved in other lands,
And she he sought had faithfully
Obeyed a sire's commands,

And left him desolate; how, when,
After long weeks of aching pain
A pale, heart-broken, weary man,
With fevered brow and brain,

He sought his native land, and stood
Again within his castle halls,
But found that nothing Peace had flown
Forever from its walls;

And how, when wandering in the woods,
Accusing God of all his wo,
Madder with memories of the Past
Than any fiend below,

She, Florence, like an angel, rose
To calm his heart, and dry his tears,
And fill his brain with melodies
Stolen from statelier spheres.

And how he sought to test her love,
And feared, recurring to the past,
That this, his idolon of joy,
Might prove too bright to last.

And so, in humble garb, in state
No loftier than the maiden's own,
He sought her love, not for his lands
But for himself alone.

And how he came and found her gone,
And since, month after month, in pain,
Had followed her from town to town,
With burning heart and brain;

And how, when hope was gone, and life
Seemed like a land which lay behind—
The future like a desolate void—
How, when he most repined—

When death had been a welcome thing,
Her voice, the concord of the spheres,
Had called his memory from her tomb
On which it lay in tears.

She stood and listened with her eyes
And ears and heart—cheek, lip and brow
Serenely with happiness which shone,
Like sunlight over snow.

And with a breathless eloquence
Which, more than words or vows, express
Her boundless confidence, she hid
Her blushes in his breast.

EPILOGUE.

One day, in early autumn time,
In spirit, I traversed the plain,
And sought De Vere's ancestral towers,
And gazed on them again.

They stood in green and glorious age;
The rooks wheeled round the ancient walls,
And peals of mirthful merriment
Peopled the castle halls—

Loud laughs, which made the watchful deer,
With ears thrown forward, look and bleat
And seek a covert, while the sounds
Followed their pattering feet.

The swallows, twittering in the air,
Seemed starters in the general gladness;
The stares from oak and beech and elm,
Chattered in merry madness.

Across the drawbridge, as I gazed,
A merry, laughing cavalcade,
With dogs in leash and hawk on hand,
Dashed madly down the glade.

Among them, stateliest of them all,
Sat one whose broad and ample brow,
Though white with time, was full of life
As lichen under snow.

And by his side, with smiling eye,
And swelling breast, in robes of green,
Rode one, round whom the nobles prest
As round a loving queen.

And after, hand on hip, two youths
Rode gayly onward, side by side,
Returning with admiring love
Their parents' glance of pride.

While in the distance, like a sire
Who sees at Christmas festival
His happy children laughing round,
Smiled the baronial hall.

THE DIAL-PLATE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

ALL rusty is the iron grate
That girds the garden desolate,
But there it stands, the dial-plate,
A thing of antiquated date,
A thing of antiquated date,
Right opposite the sun.
The wild moss and the fern have grown
Upon its quaint, old-fashioned stone,
And earthy moulds about it strown
Seem each to say, in solemn tone,
"A race is run!"

Of yore, in vernal beauty smiled
This spot of earth so drear and wild,
And you might chance to see a child,
Up-scrambling on the gray stones piled
Around the dial-plate;
Then might you hear his laughter ring
Clear as the chime of bells in spring,
When, like a pompous little king,
He strutted on that queer old thing
In mock estate.

Long years have circled slowly round
Upon that wheel which hath no sound;
The urethra has in manhood found
A beautiful maid, and they are bound
By Hymen's silken tie;
There stand the couple, side by side,
The bridegroom and his dainty bride,
The sunbeams from the dial slide
Deep in their cells beneath the tide—
As deep Love's sigh!

Comes tottering age with thin, white hair,
And that same youth is standing there!
But now his head is almost bare,
And twinkles in his eye a tear,
Fresh from his withered core;
Gone are the loved ones of his breast,
Gone to their everlasting rest,
Grim Death has robbed the old man's nest,
And they are now his mouldering guest
For evermore!

Ye pilgrims on the shores of Time!
Of every age and every clime,
Like flowers ye spring up in your prime,
Like them ye fade at vesper chime
In twilight of the tomb;
Oh! pluck the roses while ye may,
Each instant heralds Life's decay,
Mark well the dial's fleeting ray,
There is a world beyond the clay—
Beyond its gloom.

Old father Time expects his fee,
Look how he rubs his hands in glee,
A mighty pair of scales hath he,
To weigh Earth and Eternity.
"As misers count their gold;"
From earth he plucks each minute-pin,
And down the other he drops it in—
Take heed! the weigher soon must win
He stares upon you with a grin—
Your days are told!

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

BY CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"SISTER, are you determined, then, to marry Annette to Mr. Eccleson?" asked Mr. Goodman of his sister, Mrs. Doily.

"Certainly I am, brother," answered the lady. "In every respect it is a most advantageous match for her; indeed, John, I assure you that I look upon an alliance with the Eccleson family as one of the most desirable things which could possibly happen, and so does Mr. Doily."

"I do not agree with you," said her brother; "and I fear in the end, you may have reason to change your present views."

"And why so, brother?" returned Mrs. Doily. "It seems to me you are always looking upon the dark side! Now do tell me, John, what reasonable objection you can possibly have to Annette's marriage—I am sure I see none—and, of course, no one can have her happiness more at heart than her own mother! Is not Mr. Eccleson very rich, and nearly allied to some of the very first families in the city? His age surely can be no serious objection—indeed, it is all for the best, for a man stands still, while a woman grows old; and fifteen years hence, depend upon it, no one will think him fifteen years her senior. Then he is very agreeable, and certainly uncommonly good-looking!" and with the air of one who feels satisfied that they have the best of the argument, Mrs. Doily complacently swung to and fro in her easy rocking-chair.

"Yes, Jane, he is all these—and, you may add, too, as proud as Lucifer!" said Mr. Goodman.

"He has reason to be proud!" put in Mrs. Doily.

"Perhaps he has," answered her brother, "and you will find that his pride will not allow him to acknowledge willingly any connection with a dry-goods retailer!"

"Ridiculous, brother—how foolish you talk! Pray, then, why should he offer to marry Annette, if he looks upon the connection as something to be ashamed of?" said Mrs. Doily, getting almost angry.

"Why? why because he has fallen in love with Annette's pretty face; he means to marry her, not her family, and he trusts to his future power over her, and to a woman's devotedness to her husband, right or wrong, to wean her away from all her earlier ties!"

"John, you really talk very strangely!" exclaimed Mrs. Doily, almost ready to cry. "What possesses you to run on in this way, just as if my dear Annette could ever be brought to give up all her old friends for strangers. I do wish you would not talk so—it really makes me nervous!"

"Well, my dear sister, I may be mistaken, and for your sake, and for Annette's sake, I hope to God I am! I call myself a pretty good judge of character,

and if I err not, Mr. Eccleson has so much pride, arrogance, perhaps, would be the better word, for it is not the pride of a high-minded, honorable man, as will make him callous what ties he rends, or what sacred altars he may trample down to serve his own ambitious views. Besides, Jane, I never yet knew any true happiness to result from unequal marriages; and I tell you honestly, that were Annette my daughter, I would sooner see her the wife of an honest young tradesman, who has his own fortune and standing to build up, than the wife of Penn Eccleson, were he ten times richer than he is!"

"Oh, yes, John, were Annette *your* daughter!" said Mrs. Doily, forcing a laugh. "Yes, I know, old bachelors and old maids are always most wonderful patterns of parental prudence! but with all your prejudices you will allow one thing, I hope, that Mr. Eccleson is far from being either a selfish or a mercenary man!"

"I deny the first," interrupted Mr. Goodman.

"For he refuses to receive any fortune with Annette; true, we could not give her much—five or six thousand dollars, perhaps—but even that is something; and I am sure his refusal to accept of it is very noble. It is Annette, and Annette alone he wants!"

"True, very true—it is Annette he wants, and not a penny of the retailer's money—there shall be no obligation of that nature to bind him to the family of the future Mrs. Eccleson!" exclaimed Mr. Goodman, starting up angrily from his chair. "Jane, Jane, I protest against this marriage!" and seizing his hat and cane, he withdrew, leaving poor Mrs. Doily bathed in the tears she was no longer able to restrain—tears of vexation and anger, at what she deemed the willful obstinacy of her brother.

If what Uncle John said was true, it was certainly yet to be proved, for, perhaps, no marriage in the eyes of partial, hopeful parents, ever promised a fairer prospect of happiness to trusting girlhood than that so soon to be consummated.

Penn Eccleson belonged exclusively to the monied aristocracy. His grandfather and father before him, had both commenced life with a determination to be rich—richer—richest—and what the former had accumulated from small beginnings and careful savings, were as carefully and judiciously applied by the son, until little by little the broad foundation of future wealth was successfully established.

In the days of their youth, when the freshness of their young lives should have been given to better and bolier ends, the parents of Penn Eccleson looked forward only to the aggrandizement of themselves and children, through the potent influence of money;

and to this end they toiled and delved in the service of Mammon, with a bondage almost equal to that of the gold-seeking maniac amid the mountain fastnesses of California, denying themselves all the luxuries, and most of the comforts of life to swell the hoard of avarice, and feed their ill-directed ambition.

As years took their flight, step by step the Ecclesons gradually emerged from the obscurity of a narrow cross-street in the lower part of the city, to the possession of one of the most elegant establishments in the fashionable region of — Square. The most *genteel* schools were selected for their children, who were expressly forbidden to form any friendships with their little school-mates, save those whose parents could at least boast of a carriage, and thus, their heads early filled with conceit and pride, the little Ecclesons formed as disagreeable a trio as one would care to see—for assuredly there is nothing more displeasing, than to behold the beautiful simplicity of childhood lost in the supercilious airs and artificial graces of the fine lady!

The Ecclesons were regarded at first in no very favorable light, in the quarter they had chosen for their debut into high life, and occasionally their pride suffered severely. But with a pertinacity worthy a higher aim, they firmly stood their ground, and upon the strength of their fine dinners, and their splendid parties, were, in the course of a few years, not only tolerated, but received with favor into those circles they most coveted. Their only son, meanwhile, was traveling in Europe, with a *carte-blanche* in his pocket for any expenses he might choose to indulge, and the sage advice of worthy Polonius engrained on his mind, in the sense, I mean, with which Mr. Hudson translates Shakspere, that is, "to sit up all night to make himself a gentleman, and take no pains to make himself a man."

Time rolled on. Their daughters made highly eligible matches, their son returned elegant in person, polished in manners, and then it was time for the old people to die.

Doubtless it would have been a satisfaction to them to have witnessed their own sumptuous funerals; to have known how daintily their rigid limbs were draped in the finest of linen, and upon what soft, downy cushions within their narrow bed their heads were pillowed. It would have been a splendid pageant for their pride—the richly emblazoned coffin—the pall of velvet sweeping to the ground—the hearse, with its long shadowy plumes—the high-mettled horses curbed to a solemn pace, yet tossing their heads and manes as if nobly spurning from them the trappings of fictitious woe in which they were forced to act a part—the stately equipages which follow their dust to the "City of the Dead"—and then their own epitaphs; it would have amazed them to have known how many virtues of which they themselves were ignorant, that finely chiseled marble bestowed upon them.

The old gentleman remembered each of his daughters and their families handsomely in his will, and then bequeathed to his son the residue of his large

property, including the fine mansion in — Square. Penn Eccleson might therefore be considered by speculating papas and marmas a most eligible match. Nature had also been most lavish in her personal gifts, while Fortune, as we have seen, had already secured him her favors.

But young Eccleson seemed in no hurry to take a wife, and he had nearly attained his thirtieth year ere he began seriously to look about him. At this time he accidentally saw Annette Doily at the Opera, and became instantly a victim to love at first sight. It must be owned his ardor was somewhat cooled, upon ascertaining that this beautiful young creature was—nobody! that is, she was only the daughter of a mere shopkeeper, who dealt out tapes and bobbins, and sold cambric by the yard. This fact, for a time, was sufficient to keep his ardor in check, but upon being thrown again into her presence, it broke forth with renewed violence. He gave himself no rest until he had found a way to make her acquaintance, and thus led by the little god, the haughty Penn Eccleson, who walked the earth as though he were lord of all, became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Doily, and a suitor for the hand of his daughter.

Annette was, indeed, a lovely young creature, whose seventeenth summer had scarcely dawned over her innocent, happy life. I would fain describe her, as her image comes up before me in the dream of the past, but my pen is unable to trace the indescribable charm which dwelt upon her countenance, or the artless grace which pervaded all her movements. And these were the least traits which endeared her to her friends, for never was there a heart more affectionate and confiding, or a disposition so guileless. What wonder that the polished manners and insinuating address of Eccleson should have gained her heart, and that with all the fervor and truthfulness of a first love, she blushing consented to be his—grateful, too, for the preference he had yielded a simple child like herself.

Mr and Mrs. Doily were proud of their daughter, and proud of the conquest she had achieved. In the alliance they saw an immense advantage; it not only placed their beloved Annette at once in the highest circles of rank and fashion, but to Mr. Doily, the benefit to his business, arising from a connection with the Eccleson family, would be incalculable. He already fancied himself turning his back upon the counter, and established among the sales and boxes of a large wholesale house—perhaps an importer—a ship-owner; while Mrs. Doily, with the true instinct of a mother, forgetting all self, rejoiced that her two younger daughters would be ushered into society under the patronage of their wealthy brother-in-law.

Uncle John was the only one who predicted nought but undivided happiness from the union.

Had the cloudless heaven which dawned upon their wedding morn, and the bright sun which burst in gladness over them, but typified their future lot, how blest and happy would it have been.

Eccleson preferred to be married in church, and

a gay retinue attended the bridal pair to the sacred edifice wherein their solemn vows were to be registered. As side by side they stood in the holy chancel, all eyes turned admiringly upon them—she so charming, yet so unconscious of her loveliness, as with her little hand nestled in his she received the holy benediction of the priest, while as he bent his lips to her pure brow, a softness rested upon the features of the bridegroom, which rendered his beauty almost godlike.

The ceremony over, the two sisters of Eccleson, proud, haughty dames, advanced and coldly saluted the pale cheek of the fair bride, and honored the sadly happy mother with a stately bow. Eccleson touched his lips to the proffered cheek of Mrs. Doily, and then receiving the weeping Annette from the arms of her parents, bore her exultingly to the carriage, as if eager to point the barrier henceforth to be raised between her and them.

The new married pair were absent two or three months on a bridal tour, and then returned to the city—their house in the interim having been newly and magnificently furnished to the tune of thousands, under the supervision of Mrs. Dash and Towalif, the sisters of Eccleson. But Annette pined to embrace her mother; not all the gilded haubles which on every side met her eye, not all the splendors of which her husband proudly proclaimed her the mistress, could for a moment quell the yearnings of her affectionate heart; and scarcely bestowing a glance upon the magnificence which surrounded her, she begged the carriage might take her to her parents and sisters.

Poor Annette! she was now to receive her first lesson from her haughty lord.

"No, Annette, you must not think of it," replied Eccleson, carelessly loosing the arms twined so fondly round his neck, "you are very tired, love, and I cannot consent to your further fatiguing yourself."

"Indeed, dear Penn, you are mistaken, I am not in the least tired; O, pray let me go home, if only for an hour!" said Annette, with her little hand upon his shoulder, and her large, dark eyes bent beseechingly upon his.

"I tell you, Annette, I cannot suffer you to go into P— Street to-night; beside, love," he added, "it pains me to hear you speak of going home, as if this were not your home, your *only* home, Annette."

There was a meaning stress upon the word "only," which, however, Annette did not observe, so crushed was she by the disappointment his refusal caused her. She hesitated a moment, and then once more flinging her arms around him, she said,

"Dearest husband, I must go—do not refuse me. Only think, it is three months since I have seen them—three months, Penn, since I have embraced my mother. I know they are pining to behold me once more, for I was never away from them even for a day until I became yours, dear Penn; I am sure I shall not sleep unless I see them to-night."

"Nonsense, Annette," replied Eccleson; "you are no longer a child, I hope, to be thus sighing and whining after your mother; really I am quite ashamed

of my little wife! Come, I will myself show you to your dressing-room; you have not yet seen the splendid diamonds I have for you, nor the elegant *trousseaux* my sisters have prepared. Come, Annette," and encircling her slender waist with his arm, he would have led her from the room.

Tears stood in Annette's beautiful eyes.

"Dearest Penn, will you do me a favor? If you object to my going home to-night, then let the carriage drive round into P— Street, and bring my mother here."

Eccleson drew himself up haughtily.

"Absurd, Annette—I shall certainly do no such thing. In the morning I shall not object to your visiting your parents, provided you take an early hour ere we may expect my friends to call upon you; but the truth is, the less frequent you make your visits in P— Street, Annette, the better I shall be pleased."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Annette, with a startled look upon the countenance of her husband; "indeed I do not understand you, dear Penn."

"Well, my dear girl, I will endeavor to explain myself more clearly," answered Eccleson. "You are, of course, aware that by your marriage with me, your position in life has wholly changed; you are now raised to a sphere greatly above that from which I took you; and as my wife will henceforth move in none but the highest and most distinguished circles of the city; and therefore, dearest Annette, for my sake as well as for your own, it will be desirable that you forget all old associations as soon as possible."

"I do not understand you even now, I think," said Annette, smiling sadly. "No, I am sure, dear Penn, I do not take your true meaning—for it cannot be you would have me sacrifice my parents to my new position, to renounce all the fond ties of home! that is not what you mean?" she added with an appealing look.

"In a certain sense that is my meaning, love," answered her husband. "I shall offer no objections to your visiting your excellent parents occasionally, or as your parents of receiving them into my house; but, my sweet Annette, you must study to control your wishes for a very frequent repetition of these family meetings. It may seem impossible to you now, but believe me, dearest, you will soon find so much that is novel and delightful to occupy your thoughts, that you will cease to regret that which appears to afflict you so much at present."

With her little hands clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes gazing almost wildly into his, did Annette listen to the words of her heartless, selfish husband. But there was no resentment, no anger visible in her sweet face; with a sigh which would have moved any heart but his, she said,

"I am grieved to hear you speak so, dear Penn; nothing can ever make me forgetful of the ties of nature; you yourself would despise me, if, through the allurements of wealth and fashion, I could be brought to forget those who gave me being. You know you would; say so, dearest Penn—you only

wanted to prove me, did you?" and casting one arm fondly around his neck, with a sadly sweet smile she bent her lovely eyes upon him.

"Annette, we will not talk of this more at present," answered her husband; "enough that if you love me, you will, by and bye, better understand and do my meaning."

The first night Annette passed under her husband's roof was a sleepless one. Her chamber, in its luxurious adornments, might have received a princess—but little did she heed it. The beautiful hangings of pink and silver which swept around the bed—the rich counterpane of white satin which enveloped her lovely form—the downy pillows cased in the finest lace—nor all the splendors which surrounded her, had power for a moment to divert her saddened thoughts, or stay the tears of wounded affection.

But hope, bright hope is ever the blessing of youth as of age, and with the morning dawn gladdened the heart of the young wife with its peaceful influence, and whispered that her husband meant not the cruel words he had spoken, and that all would yet be well.

At an early hour the carriage was at the door, and Annette was borne once more to the arms of her parents. She hoped, but dared not ask her husband to accompany her, and it was with a heavy sigh and a starting tear that, after handing her into the carriage, she saw him once more ascend the marble steps, and then, as the carriage drove off, kissing his hand to her, re-enter the house.

In the fond welcome of home Annette lost the sorrow which already touched her young heart. As she viewed each dear familiar spot, her marriage seemed but a dream. From room to room she flew with the gladness of a bird—the kitchen—the nursery—the dear old school-room, all felt her light footstep now rapidly sweeping the keys of the piano as she glided past—now chasing the little kitten from "mother's" work-basket—now releasing her pet canary from its wry prison, to perch upon her finger—and finally seating herself upon a low cushion at the feet of her mother, with the shaggy, sleepy head of old Rover in her lap, she prepared to answer some of the many questions poured upon her.

And what a proud, happy mother was Mrs. Doily at that moment—laughing and crying at the same moment as she looked upon her dear, darling Annette. How many affectionate inquiries she had to make about her new son-in-law—what plans she laid for the future—why did not Mr. Eccleson come with her? But she knew he would soon—and Annette must stay to dinner; yes, the carriage must go back without her, she had been away from them so long they could not spare her to-day; and Mr. Eccleson would come to dinner—it was lucky, for they were going to have boiled turkey and oysters, and the nicest, fattest pair of ducks she ever saw. But Annette reluctantly excused herself—they were to receive their wedding visits, and she must go—some other day, soon, very soon she would come. And kissing them all a dozen times, she sprung into the carriage and returned home with a lightened heart—for it could not be that her husband would

willingly deprive her of so much enjoyment as that one brief hour had given her.

It is needless to trace, day by day, and hour by hour, the thralls which gradually tightened around the kind, loving heart of Annette, who passively yielded herself to the selfish demands of her husband.

By the haughty relatives of Eccleson she was received either with formal courtesy, or with that condescending air of patronage, the most keenly cutting to a sensitive soul. She would have loved them, poor girl, if they would have suffered her love; but her advances were always chillingly repelled—they wished her to feel the vast difference which existed between a shopkeeper's daughter and their "almighty dreadful little mightinesses."

Eccleson loved his young wife as dearly as it was in his nature to love any one, save *self*—and all but his pride, would have sacrificed to her happiness. To a gay round of parties, *soirées*, the opera, theatres, and concerts, he bore her night after night, until any less gentle nature than Annette's would have been lost in the giddy whirl of fashion. Her dresses, her jewels, her equipage, out-rivalled all others; she was the belle of the brilliant circle in which she moved; but she pined in her gilded prison, and longed to lay her aching head upon her mother's bosom.

The very fact that her husband looked upon her relatives as inferior to himself, marked the galling dependence of her situation. She was his wife, but fettered by bonds which ate into her soul. Almost wholly was she now debarred from the society of her own friends—for she could not see them insulted, and no better than insult was the haughty bearing which Eccleson assumed toward them, and therefore she preferred they should think her the heartless thing she seemed, than by persisting in her claims, subject them and herself to renewed contumely.

Better would it have been for Annette had she possessed more firmness of character—a *will* to do as she pleased—a determination to have her rights respected. But she was by nature too gentle to wrestle with the unfeeling hearts around her, and therefore yielded herself a passive victim. Or better, perhaps, would it have been, had her bosom covered a marble heart, and that callous to all the tender ties which can make life desirable, she should have walked through life that mysterious anomaly—a beautiful woman without a soul!

But it was not so.

The step of Annette gradually lost its light elastic tread—her cheek grew pale—her eyes no longer reflected the innocent gaiety of a happy heart, but bent low their drooping lids as if to hide their weight of sorrow—the bright smile which lent its charms to her speaking countenance faded sadly away. In less than two years after her marriage with that proud, haughty man, poor Annette was dying—dying of a broken heart—of crushed and blighted affection!

Too late to save her did Eccleson see his error. He saw that he had drawn too strongly upon her gentle, pliant nature, and that barred from the light

and sun of her childhood's home—shut out from the kindly sympathies of parental love, like some beautiful flower of the forest torn from its genial bed, she was to fade and die at ambition's altar!

To restore her, if possible, and bitterly repenting his cruelty, Eccleson now did all in the power of mortal to stay her angel flight. He brought her parents around her—he surrounded her bedside with the most skillful physicians, and lavished upon her all the comforts which wealth could purchase. He took her home and restored to her the treasured associations of her early life.

Poor Annette was grateful—deeply grateful for

this too long deferred kindness; and now that in this reunion life seemed again to present so many charms, she would have desired to live had her Heavenly Father so willed it. But it was too late. The barbed arrow had penetrated too deeply her innocent bosom to be withdrawn. With her hand clasped in that of her repentant husband, and her head pillowed on her mother's breast, her gentle spirit took its flight.

Gentle reader, this is no exaggerated story I have given you. It is but another life-drawn sketch of the evils which too frequently arise from unequal marriages.

THE ICEBERGS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

[This poem was composed after reading a vivid description of the passage of a ship through the magnificent fields of ice in Hudson's Bay, by Ballantyne.]

BEAUTIFUL are the icebergs! gorgeous piles,
White, green, gold, crimson in the flashing rays
Of the round sun. Along the waves for miles
They rise like temples of remotest days.

Or like cathedrals, churches, columns grand,
Grandeur than all that modern Art can claim—
The gilded fabrics of some Eastern land,
The mighty monuments of Roman fame.

Our vessel sails among them like a bird
Of darkest form, and plumage turned to brown,
Beside their lustre, as they lie unstirred,
Yet threatening to career and topple down.

Strange, splendid, massive, fanciful, grotesque,
Of shapes as various as invention drew—
Gothic, Corinthian, Grecian, Arabesque,
Perfect or shattered, age-renowned or new.

Balded upon the ice-fields, stretching vast
Into mid-ocean, like a frozen shore
Which skirts a continent, unknown to past
Or present time and shall be evermore.

Cities and towns girt round with crystal walls,
And filled with crystal palaces, as fair
As Boreal Aurora, when she falls
Brilliant from heaven and streams along the air.

No sound disturbs the stillness of the scene
Hushed in eternal slumber, calm and deep;
To break the spell no voices intervene,
The very waters share the death-like sleep.

No fragment severs from the solid mass,
No torrents from the hills translucent flow,
But all is rigid, while we slowly pass,
As glacial mountains in a world of snow.

No avalanche impends, but leaning towers
Like that of Pisa, seem about to rush
In ruin downward, though for years as hours
They still may stand, nor fear a final crush.

Ye icebergs! held by adamantine chains,
Nor moved from your foundations by the gales
Which Winter, hoary tyrant, ne'er restrains,
But send, relentless, where his power prevails—

Ye are stern Desolation's home and throne,
Fixed on the boundaries of human life;
The lofty watch-towers of the Frigid Zone.
Locked in securely from the ocean's strife.

I look upon you with deep awe, and feel
That all my generation will decay
Ere Cold shall cease your ramparts to congeal,
Or Tempest hurl you from your base away!

LOVE.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

The winds are tranquil on the hearing deep;
And from her azure throne Night bendeth down,
And to old Ocean's brow transfers her crown
Of peerless beauty. All things are asleep!—

Save Love, who doth his ceaseless vigils keep
In my fond heart, where to thine image, now,
He kneeleth, breathing many a passionate vow,
15*

And earnest prayer, filled with affection deep.
Like pious pilgrim at his sainted shrine,
His dearest treasure, and most precious thing—
Devotion, constancy and truth he brings,
And lays them humble offerings upon thine,
Inspired with trusting hope that thou, who art
All gentleness, wilt smile, nor bid him to depart.

DOCTOR SIAN SENG;
OR THE CHINAMAN IN PARIS

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MERV.)

(Concluded from page 128.)



"I AM," cried I, falling at her feet, "a simple mortal, who loses his senses before your beauty."

"Get up! doctor, get up," said the *danseuse*, with a countenance of severity suddenly assumed—"no nonsense before your god-daughter! You forget yourself—she will tell a thousand stories when we get home. Have you never seen the 'Terrible Children of Gavarna?' They are all spies, these little innocents!"

I got up from my knees in confusion, and excused myself as well as I could. Her anger seemed to cool. She gave me her hand, and drawing a deep sigh, said,

"If I had all these beautiful things in my drawing-room, I should consider myself richer than the Sultana Valida."

"This evening, Mademoiselle, my Chinese parlor shall be transferred to your hotel."

"Well then, doctor, I will go and prepare for it. I hope you are in earnest, for the fun of the thing, even if it were only to shame the Parisians by your generosity. By the bye, would n't you like to sketch my left foot also? What will you do with one foot without the other—do n't be modest—have the match to it?"

"Mademoiselle, I dared not ask you—"

"Ah! I am always generous—I do n't do things by halves."

"What kindness and grace! Mademoiselle, it is not this miserable collection I should offer you. I would I could place at your feet the pagoda of the suburb *Vai lo ching*, which is of porcelain, with tiles of massive gold!"

"That would suit me exactly, particularly the tiles!—Is my foot placed right?"

"My design is completed, Mademoiselle; my gratitude for your kindness will never end—may I call to-morrow to visit you?"

"To-morrow—dear doctor, to-morrow is an unlucky day! I dance to-morrow, and must practice for five hours."

"The day after, then?"

"The day after? that's Saturday—I always dine with my mother on Saturday—Sunday I shall be free as air. Suppose I take you to Versailles on Sunday? we can eat a hare at a country inn, and drink milk. You will accept my invitation will you not?—agreed then. Oh! how delighted I shall be to get into the fields and inhale the fragrance of the flowers. Sunday, then, dear doctor, my carriage shall be at your door at twelve o'clock; I am as exact as a Breguet watch—adieu!"

We have no women in China—it is the only thing our ancestors forgot to invent! If Mademoiselle Alexandrine were to appear at Peking she would take the empire by storm! You can form no idea of that divine creature—graceful as a bird—speaking as melodiously as she sings—springing as she walks—doing a thousand delicious things in a moment, and throwing at you sweet and flashing glances, like the twinkling of a star.

In quitting my parlor, she left a void which made me nervous. It was necessary to do something not to fall a prey to melancholy. I hurried my servants to the four corners of the street for porters, and in about an hour my room was cleared—before dinner my beautiful *dansuse* had received every thing. What a sweet night I had! I had the copy of each foot in either hand! and I said to myself, at this moment she is blessing me—she praises my generosity before the altar of Tien—in her eyes a single man exists! and that is me!—for her the rest of the world has disappeared!

With what impatience was Sunday expected—that Sunday which promised me such happiness! I wanted to break all the clocks about me, because they seemed joined in a conspiracy against me, to lengthen out Saturday! Notwithstanding my impatience the hours rolled round, and on Sunday, an age after the clock struck eleven, it announced mid-day.

I stood in my balcony and devoured every carriage with my eyes. At six o'clock I had seen all the carriages in Paris roll by—and I was still alone! Alone! when one has been promised a *rendezvous*! There is in this deception the very *delirium* of despair!

As soon as it was proper I ran to visit Mademoiselle de St. Phar. The porter, hardly concealing a smile, said, "Mademoiselle de Saint Phar has gone to the country."

"When will she return?" asked I, with deathlike visage.

"After Easter or Christmas," answered the porter. As I came away I heard loud laughter in chorus from the whole family of porters.

No news of Mademoiselle de Saint Phar! Every night at the opera—but no *dansuse*. Her name no longer appeared in the bills—it had disappeared from the ballet as her person had from her hotel.

Could I abase my dignity as representative of the Celestial Empire by causing search to be made for a *dansuse*? What would the grand secretary for foreign affairs have said of me! I could only suffer in silence. So I did suffer—and hold my tongue.

Forty days after that fatal Sunday I was walking along a great street, whose name I forget, and having a habit of reading signs as I pass along, what was my astonishment to read the following:

"CITY OF PEKIN!"

Chinese Curiosities at fix'd prices.

In taking a glance at the window, I recognized some of those I had formerly owned. So I stepped into the shop, resolved to repurchase them if the price were not too high. An involuntary exclamation escaped me! the shopkeeper was a young woman—in short, Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar!

I was thunderstruck, and as immovable as one of my clay compatriots at my side: but the *dansuse* smiled charmingly, and without interrupting her embroidery work, she said with a *sang froid* sublime,

"Ah! good morning, dear doctor—you are very good to favor us so early with a visit—look around and see if you cannot find something here to your taste. Your god-daughter has the small-pox—she asks for her god-father every day—the dear little Dileri!"

I crossed my arms upon my breast and shook my head—a pantomime which I have remarked in a drama at the Theatre Ambigu means "what infamy!"

Mademoiselle cast a sidelong glance at me—shrugged her shoulders, and biting off a scarlet thread with her teeth, said—

"By the bye, dear doctor, I am married now—I have been a wife fifteen days—Madame Telamon, at your service. I will introduce you to my husband—a very handsome man—you would scarcely reach to his waist even if you raised yourself upon your toes. Hold! here he is!"

I saluted her hastily, and left the shop furiously angry, the more so that I was obliged to conceal my rage. A single glance I gave toward the husband—real or false—sufficed for me to recognize the pretended decorator at the opera, who came to my box to invite my judgment upon his Chinese kiosque. That I had been the victim of a regular conspiracy was very evident—resignation was my only resource.

A fortnight afterward I assumed a disguise, and had the weakness to go and promenade before the

shop in the evening twilight, to catch a last glimpse of the unworthy object of my idolatry.

The colossal husband was brushing the dust from a mandarin in porcelain, and I heard him murmur,

"If that Doctor Sian Seng should attempt to set his foot inside my door again, I'll choke him, pack him in straw, and sell his carcass to the doctors for fifteen louis!"

Oh no! I shall never see this beautiful monster again; I have the resolution of a man and of a philosopher; I will fulfill my mission to the end, and will again make myself worthy of you, oh! holy city, which the silver moon illumines so caressingly when from the top of Mount Tyrrathon she hangs like a lantern of silk from Nanking!

In Paris there are physicians who devote themselves entirely to specific diseases; there are some who treat only infants at the breast; others, after weaning; others who prescribe only for those of sixty and above of it. Bills are stuck up at the corners of all the streets, and advertisements in the newspapers, proclaiming a thousand infallible receipts for the six hundred maladies which the celebrated Pi-ké has found to germinate in the human body. They have discovered amongst other curious things in physics, how to put a new nose upon faces unfortunately deprived of that ornament, and to elongate it when too short. They make teeth of ivory for old men—hair for the bald—legs for those who have lost them—eyes for the blind—tongues for the dumb—ears for the deaf—brains for fools—and have wonderful methods to resuscitate the dead. But they forgot to invent one remedy—a cure for disappointed love! In China we know nothing about love; that passion was first discovered in France, by a troubadour called Raymond—for five hundred years it has ravaged fearfully. It is estimated that eleven millions seven hundred and thirty-eight persons have fallen victims to it, through assassinations, languishing death, and suicide, caused by this scourge of the human race—that amounts to double the number of victims of cholera in Asia since the reign of Aurengzebé. The French government have never taken any means to stop the progress of this epidemic, on the contrary, it pays largely toward the support of four royal theatres, where they celebrate the power of love and another mortal disease called champagne. Mr. Scribe has made a fortune of five hundred thousand francs a year, by celebrating the delights of love and champagne for the governmental theatres.

In leaving the shop where my *Chinoiseries* were sold by Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar, I had another violent attack of love; and you cannot imagine how I cursed that rascal Raymond. Having vented my rage where it was so well deserved, I began to think seriously about a cure, and I walked about the streets searching at every corner for some advertisement of a remedy; useless trouble! I went to the Hospital for Incurables, and asked the doctor there whether he had not some patient afflicted with this malady, so perfectly unknown in our harems; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and turned his

back upon me. My head burned like fire—my heart beat violently—my eyes glazed. The phantom of Mademoiselle Alexandrine danced before my eyes continually with fascinating grace, my ears were filled with her silvery voice—alas! I lived only in her!

"Physician cure thyself," has said the wise Menu—this thought suddenly occurred to me. Since the French doctors have forgotten to invent a cure for love, let us find a remedy; and we will give a Chinese name to this grand consolation for suffering Europe!

If I could live for a week without thinking of Mademoiselle Alexandrine I should be saved! It was impossible to remain in my lodgings, every thing there reminded me of her, the faithless one! Besides, solitude never cures the wounds of love, it only festers them. Visits to the country are still more dangerous. The streets, boulevards and theatres are filled with women, and the species too often reminds one of the individual traitress; still it is necessary to live a week in total forgetfulness of the ungrateful fair.

Fo has inspired me; let me render thanks to Fo! Paris is filled with monuments, many of them very high; I chose four from among them—the tower of Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Column Vendôme and the tower of St. James; by the payment of a few sous, one is permitted to ascend these towers, which are kept by a tractable porter. I resolved to pass some days in going up and down the stairs of these monuments and towers without taking rest, only, to vary the monotony of this continual ascent and descent, I jumped into a cabriolet occasionally at the Place Vendôme, drove to the Dépôt of the Railroad to Versailles, and traversed the distance to that royal city five or six times, with my eyes shut. When evening came I returned home, and, after a slight repast, went to bed and slept soundly.

In my dreams I imagined that huge giants poised me in a swing, hung over the moon on a golden nail, and the fright I had in such an alarming position drove the phantom of Alexandrine from the boundless space in which I undulated between the Pantheon and the fixed stars!

The eighth day the porters of the four towers closed their doors against me, saying that I would wear out their stairs! My cure not being complete, I took to the road to Versailles, and hiring a carriage by the day, drove first on one side of the river, and then on the other, for five days longer, with the most salutary fatigue—at the end of a fortnight my remedy triumphed.

In looking back upon my endless routine of dark stairs—of dreamy swingings—and the ceaseless rumblings of my carriage, I perceived in the bazy distance the fleeting image of the false Alexandrine, and it appeared as if my passionate love were like the tale of a past age, or of an extinguished world!

A single instant I was recalled to the sensible recollection of her. In looking over my cash, I observed the enormous void caused by the expenditure of the 3700 francs at Garbo & Gambois. The spirit of

Chinese ingenuity and enterprise inspired me with a happy thought. I was upon the eve of recovering my lost francs! I inserted an advertisement in all the journals of the day, as follows:

**RADICAL CURE FOR
DISAPPOINTED LOVE,
IN FIFTEEN DAYS!!!**

*Consult from 12 till 2 o'clock,
DOCTOR SIAN SENG,
Rue Neuve de Luxembourg.*

⚡ No Cure, no Pay.

I did not expect such success as attended me. What a city! what a people! How quickly do new opinions become popular!

The first day I had 300 visits for consultation at 20 francs each. The second I was obliged to seek at the Prefecture of Police four gend'arms as a protection! They took my office by assault. At length I hit upon a plan of giving advice to classes of twelve at a time, which in some measure reduced the crowd.

The week following I gave public lectures at the Atheneum, at five francs the ticket. Mr. Lefort told me the fashion would not last long, and that I should "make hay while the sun shone"—a proverb Menu forgot to make!—besides, there was danger that the prefect of police would close the monuments. I therefore entered into a contract with the porter at the Tower of St. James, to receive all my patients who subscribed for a fortnight.

The two trains to Versailles were filled with victims with closed eyes! I was told that if I would ask the minister for a patent, that he would probably grant me a pension—as they did to Mr. Daguerre—of six thousand francs a year.

My best reward, however, I found in the unanimous gratitude of my relieved and happy patients; they wanted to strike a gold medal in my honor!—unheard of enthusiasm!

Five of my most inveterate cases, aged from twenty to fifty years, struck with an infatuation for the vaudeville, of which I relieved them, became great proselytes to my doctrines, and are determined to prosecute it on their own account after my departure—they even propose to purchase the Tower of St. James by subscription, and add two hundred more steps to the ascent.

Ti-en has given to the world no malady without its cure; he has placed the water-lily by the side of the pimento—the wood to make the sluice beside the torrent of Kiang-ho. It is for man to discover the remedy. Ti-en knows always what he does—and we—we do what we know not!

My mind is now calm; my heart is light, as is every thing which is empty. I shall now go and take my leave of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and endeavor to correct the errors in diplomacy I have made, since I have been possessed by the foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar!

DOCTOR SIAN SENG.

"A true copy." MARY.

A BILLET-DOUX.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Is your soul at home to-day,
Eulalie!
And if it be,
May mine come in and stay,
Eulalie!
Or has yours gone out to play,
Eulalie!
And if it be,
Will it be long away,
Eulalie!
I know it is the wilfullest of things,
Eulalie!
But if it be
Too gay to shut an hour its frolic wings,
Eulalie,
When it alights, so tenderly it sings,
Eulalie,
That as for me,
More joy than some that longer stay it brings,
Eulalie!
And I would not have it fettered for the world,
Eulalie!
For if it be—
Ah! that lip, with laughing scorn I see it curled,
Eulalie!

Its wings would lose their light if they were furled,
Eulalie!
Then not for me,
No fetter be on them for all the world,
Eulalie!
If my soul, on calling, "not at home," is told,
Eulalie,
I would make free
To wait till yours came back, tired and cold,
Eulalie!
And then it will be glad its wings to fold,
Eulalie,
And I should see
How long I might the glorious truant hold,
Eulalie!
They say that more domestic and more tame,
Eulalie,
It ought to be!
But if Heaven gave it wings, were you to blame,
Eulalie?
Ah, no! to tie a Peri were a shame,
Eulalie!
And they might see
It always carried joy where'er it came,
Eulalie!

WESTERN RECOLLECTIONS.

THE ILLINOIS RIVER AND THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

EVERY one knows of the Illinois River emptying into the Mississippi at Alton, and of the fertile champagne country it waters. All are familiar with the traditions of the hardships undergone in its discovery by the good fathers Hennepin and Marquette; of the stirring wars of the Illinois, Potawatamie and Peoria Indians, and of the recollections of that cordon of military posts by which France united Detroit with the great point d'appui of Fort Chartres, built near where Trinity now stands, but of which scarcely a trace remains, except a portion of the curtain and bastions. These are the associations which rise in the mind of most persons at the word Illinois, which to me, however, is suggestive of another train of ideas. In a south-western direction from the point of confluence of the Gasconade and Missouri Rivers, extends a broad chain of mountains, of which little except the name Ozark is known. Many streams which elsewhere would be esteemed large rivers roll from its valleys northward into the Osage, and in a southern direction into the Arkansas. After crossing two-thirds of the state of Missouri, this ridge passes through the north-west county of the State of Arkansas, and thence reaches across the country of the Cherokees and Chactas far into Texas. Through the passes of this range many important rivers flow, among which are the Arkansas, Red and Canadienne. There is a striking peculiarity in this mountain range—that all the waters flowing from it, either northward or southward, are clear as crystal, while all the other streams of the country are foul and turbid. On one of these streams, the Neosho, stands the lonely post of Fort Gibson, and twenty miles below is another river called the Illinois. This is not a large stream, measuring certainly not more than a hundred miles, but is one of the most picturesque imaginable. Flowing between two ridges of the Ozark, it winds like a serpent around the bases of the mountains, which now tower in immensity, clad to their very summits with huge pines, or again gradually decrease in size until they spread into rich and luxuriant prairies. The road from Fort Gibson to Fayetteville, in Arkansas, is along this stream, which it crosses more than a dozen times, and thus enables the traveler to behold all the wonderful beauties of the scenery. Words cannot describe it adequately. I have often in fording the river, which may at many places be done without wetting the saddle-girths, looked up the bed. Smooth and transparent as glass, rolling over pebbles of silex and crystal, it looks like a band of silver beneath the arched boughs of the aspen and gigantic walnut trees, while the immediate banks were fringed by the long-leaved willow and cane. Not unfrequently

a single glance would reveal to me, when lost in admiration at the quiet beauty of such a scene, another of a far different yet equally pleasing style. The current would quicken—small islets would appear, scarcely more than a rood in breadth, against which the waters would leap and lash themselves into fury. The current would quicken yet more, and in the distance a rugged mountain would be seen. Against the base of this the waters would rush and whirl into eddies over the seething surface of which wild-fowl almost constantly floated. The low grounds on the river abounded with the sloe or scuppanon, and at distances of every mile or two, natural vineyards, bearing a large, rich, luscious grape, without a particle of the musky flavor which characterizes almost all the American *væ*, were seen. So immense were these vines that they ran from tree to tree, masking every thing with their foliage, and displaying their grand clusters over the barren limbs of the stunted oak or hickory. I have called the Illinois a beautiful river, and have spoken of the lucidness of its water—I can give an illustration of the latter which is most appropos. Several years since I was stationed on the bank of this stream with a small detachment of men, and without any other officer. In the long August days, when the prairies were burned, and scarcely a breath of air was to be had in the forests, I used to while away many weary hours upon the banks of the river either fishing or bathing. One day I amused myself with an Indian lance in killing the fine buffalo-fish, which I could see distinctly in the translucent waters. I had *poised* myself on the bow of the boat in pursuit of one peculiarly large fish which shot up the stream with the rapidity of an arrow. The soldier who sat at the stern of the boat, a very active and nervous man, (he was killed, poor fellow, at the storming of Tace, in New Mexico,) drove the boat after the quarry with scarcely less rapidity. At last I had overtaken him, the boat hung above him, like a gigantic leaf in the atmosphere, which could scarcely be distinguished from the water below. Poising myself, I drove the lance into the fish, and a second afterward, to my amazement, was floundering ten feet below the surface of the water, and probably yet twenty from the pebbly bottom. I would have sworn the water was not more than four feet deep, and scrambled out I know not how, for I could never swim—not, however, until I had upset the boat and made poor Orndorf a sharer in my calamity. The clearness of the water, surpassing any thing I have ever seen, is only approached by the one spring near Fort Fanning, in Florida, upon which so much inquiry has been expended. I would myself pronounce it the famous

fountain of health for which De Leon sought so long, were it not that every human being who drinks of its transparent waters, unless craftily qualified, dies with that most loathsome of all diseases, the ague and fever.

The first white man who ever trod in the valleys of the Ozark was the famous Fernando de Soto. About the year 1539 or 1540, this gallant soldier, captain-general of Florida, and a marquis, made a voyage to his commandery, for the purpose of conquering it. Sailing from Havana he landed at the bay of the Holy Spirit, now called Tampa, Hillsborough, Honda, etc., and occupied an Indian village not far from the mouth of the Manatee River, and just opposite the present post of Fort Brooke. The old ruins are still visible there, and the trace of an aqueduct or canal which appears at some distant day to have connected the waters of the great interior lakes with the gulf. People say the ruins are the remnant of an old Spanish fort; but half a glance will satisfy any one that all the Spanish troops ever in North America could not have constructed that aqueduct, which to all appearance is old as the city of Seville. The ruins belonged evidently to some older race, and are very curious though they have nothing to do with De Soto.

De Soto marched through Florida across the country of Apalache Indians, with whom he had a fight, across the Mississippi toward Mexico. De Soto, first of Europeans, saw the Mississippi, and crossed it somewhere near Memphis, if the account given by old Biedma, his historian, of topography be true. Thence he now passed through the now State of Arkansas, crossing the Ozark Ridge, passing over the Red River, and marching along the false Wabbits until he came to the famous Rio Grande, since famous for the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and celebrated by the Mexican poet,* Ho Axo de Saltillo. De Soto did not reach New Spain, but was forced to retrace his steps, died, and was thrown by his soldiers into the Mississippi, to prevent the natives from mutilating his remains. It was a fitting tomb for so great a man. Any one who wishes to read all the items of this great march may find them in old Biedma's strange book, in the *vidas de los Conquistadores*, or as those books are somewhat rare, in the Compendium of Discoveries until 1573, by Conway Robinson, Esq., of Richmond, Va., a person who devotes himself for amusement and relaxation to digging out the gems of strange old books most persons would think it hard work to read.

De Soto first looked on these Ozark Mountains and a weary time his men-at-arms, in coats of mail and chain armor, must have had to climb them. They were then, as they were until very recently, uninhabited, and the home of all kinds of wild beasts known on the continent. The black bear, the cougar, catamount, deer and elk, were found among its ravines and the glades at their foot, and even now old beaver-dams attest the existence of those bestial republicans on almost all the minor streams which run into the Illinois. The land is barren, except upon the im-

mediate bank of the river, and the mountains seem masses of pebbles similar in character to those over which the river runs. Strangely enough gigantic pines grow upon the mountains, the dark foliage of which, seen even in the sunlight, looks, compared with that of other trees, like the shadows cast by what Schiller calls

Fliegende Wolken, Begler des Luft,

over the earth during a windy day of March. The table-land, however, at the top of what I may call the secondary hills, is covered with what are called black-jacks, the ugliest and most ungainly of all things on the surface of the earth, not excepting the Mexican cactus, which is like no other thing animal or vegetable, except the porcupine. The hills seem vast masses of limestone, with the granite occasionally showing itself. I have no doubt of the richness of the soil in mineral wealth, copper being everywhere apparent, and the Ozark Mountains evidently connecting themselves with the Sierra Madre and Cordillera of Mexico. Some day the gold-hunter will deform this beautiful land, the vast groves and of timber which crown its mountains will fall. Worse than all, the picturesque Illinois will be deformed and forced to pass through some series of plank troughs in the gold-washing establishment of Messrs. Jones, Smith & Co.

In 1837 these mountains were uninhabited. One road wound among the intricacies of the mountains between Fort Gibson and the village of Fayetteville. After leaving the Methodist Mission of Prospect Hill smoke was scarcely seen by the traveler until he had entered the limits of Arkansas. There were a few hunting and bridle-paths, leading in a direction parallel to the road, which were frequented exclusively by the smugglers engaged in the nefarious business of selling whiskey to the Indians. Since then a mighty change has taken place. On the removal of the Cherokee Indians west, the North Carolina band selected these hills as most like their old homes and established themselves among them. Hamlets grew up in the valleys and farms were opened; so that in a short time the intelligent Cherokee citizens, second to no agricultural class in the world, followed in their train, and large plantations were opened. One of these colonists, the well-known chief, Bushyhead, has a magnificent estate comprising a prairie and grove of about one thousand acres, which has none to surpass it in the country. A wooded knoll rises at the back of his house, to the height of about 250 feet, and on a calm summer-day the ripple of the Illinois may be heard in the distance through the forests and green corn-fields. The writer has often partaken of his hospitality, and has been a witness of the prosperity and happiness of his whole household, Indian and Negro, (he has many slaves.) This happiness would be without alloy but that the Indian always knows he is but a tenant at will of the soil he stands upon, and looks back, perhaps with regret, to the days when his forefathers wandered in savage independence on the shores of the Atlantic. On the other side of the Neosho River the mountains are higher and wilder, and even now

* C. F. Hoffman, of New York.

desolate; and in the year 1840 I crossed that portion of the ridge on duty, and have a strange tale to tell of it.

After a furlough of some years, I returned in 1840 to the west, and after reporting for duty to the headquarters of the department, was ordered to join a squadron of my regiment then stationed on the Red River. The navigation of the western rivers was then most uncertain, and I was ordered to cross the intermediate country by land instead of trusting to the tortuous navigation of the Arkansas, emphatically one of those streams of which John Randolph said, "they were dry in summer and choked up with ice during the winter."

The old officers of the post told me I might easily have my orders changed by applying to the general, and advised me to do so, as my route lay through a peculiarly wild and desolate country. They told me what they had heard of the Ozark Mountains, of the precipices and torrents, the almost impassable *resacas*, etc. I was, however, an old *coureur des bois*, and all this but stimulated me to attempt the passage. Fort Gibson lay at the head of navigation at that time, though steamboats have since passed far above the Cape Farewell of 1810. Similarly situated was Fort Towson, on the Red River; between the two lay the country of the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws, and many formidable rivers, such as the Canadienne, the Verdigris, and the whole of the southern tributaries of the Arkansas. To cross this country with all its difficulties on the first Wednesday in April, 1840, I left Fort Gibson, with no equipage, or what Cæsar calls *impedimenta*, other than one pack mule, loaded with provisions, and a servant, like myself, mounted, who rejoiced in the name of Barny. I often wonder what has become of him, and whether, like Latour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of France, he may not have "died on the field of glory," during the Mexican war.

As my orders contained no recommendation to make the journey with peculiar rapidity, and as I was aware that nothing awaited me at Fort Towson but the monotonous existence of a subaltern, I loitered along the road systematically, as a veteran colonel *en route* to reinforce a militia general, and on Sunday lay by on the banks of a picturesque stream, whiling away time with my rod and angle, which Isack Walton recommends as "fosterers of meditation, and gratitude to God for having made so many fine fish for man's especial benefit," and which I was too old a soldier to be without in the North American wilderness. Monday broke upon me cold and chill, and wearied even by my voluntary halt, I set out to continue my journey. There had been during the night a mist and sleet, so that the prairie, which on the day before had looked like a garden covered with periwinkles, the beautiful wild indigo, and the sensitive-plant, was now become a glacier. I rode on, therefore, wrapped in the cape of my dragoon cloak, and scarcely noticing what passed around me. Few persons except half-breeds had ever crossed the prairie in this direction before, and having to depend merely on general direction

for my course, it is not surprising that I became lost. Any one ever lost in the north-western prairie is aware that when once astray, every attempt at correction makes matters worse, and what with the uniformity of the whole face of the country, at night-fall I was utterly bewildered. I was forced to encamp on the bald prairie, sacrificing to my comfort the solitary tree which I afterward learned was a land-mark. It made a very bad fire, being filled with sap, but sufficed to broil a rasher of bacon which, with a cup of coffee transformed into what the Spaniards call a *gloria* by a glass of "old corn," constituted my supper. The sleet had by this time disappeared, and the cattle hobbled and allowed to wander at will, fared better than I, on the young prairie grass, which they relished not a little after their dry provender at Fort Gibson. Tuesday came fair and bright, and far in the distance I saw one of the Ozark's peaks rising tall and solitary in just the direction I had not been marching on the day before. To it I directed my course.

The country soon became broken, and on each side of me rose rough hills. I knew at once I would be forced to cross the ridge, and set manfully to the task. As I progressed the scenery became every mile more grand, and I began to be thankful for the accident which had led me into the bewildering maze.

I have stood on tall mountains, having threaded the Alleghany, and looked on the boldest peaks of wilder lands. Above rose a tall peak with half precipitous sides, its base skirted with a dense growth of the O-age orange. This strange and peculiar tree merits a more minute description. It belongs, I believe, to the same genus with the box-tree of our forest, for from its limbs and leaves, when broken, exudes a milky gelatinous humor, not unlike that of the fig and India-rubber plant. Its leaves are smooth and glazed and so precisely like those of the Florida orange that the two cannot easily be distinguished. It bears a large fruit in character similar to the balls of the sycamore, but which becomes during the process of decay a noisome pulp, and is said to be a deadly poison. The size of the fruit is about that of the cocco-nut, divested of its husk, and the height of the tree about thirty-five feet, with thick, gnarled limbs, covered with long, straight spines, like those of the honey locust. By the Canadian colonists of Arkansas and the French of Louisiana it was called the *bois d'arc*, from the fact that of this the Natchez and Opelousas made their bows. This beautiful growth is now rapidly disappearing, it having been discovered that it furnishes a dye of a brilliant yellow, long a desideratum in the arts. During the last few years many cargoes have been sent to France, and the culting it has, like the procuring of log-wood, become a distinct and important branch of industry. Many stories are told of this tree which would make us believe it exerts an influence scarcely less baleful than that of the fabulous Upas tree of Borneo, popular superstition attributing to it the deadly disease of man and brute known as the "milk sickness."

The base of the peak before me was skirted with thickets of this beautiful tree, intermingled with the

dog-wood, then in the glory of its flower, and three or four varieties of the accacia and Canadian redbud. Here and there on the very hill-side were expanses grown up with the tall green-cane and the beautiful Mexican oats. Through such a growth I commenced my ascent, and soon passed by the sinuosities of an Indian trail into an expanse of cupriferous volcanic rock, almost without any other growth than the red-root, or Indian tea. Passing through this, I came into a belt of tall pines, reaching far above the crest of the peak. No engineer could have constructed a glacis with a more regular inclination than this portion of the mountain displayed. At last I stood upon the crest, and a prospect opened before me I have never seen surpassed or equaled. I was on the very backbone of the ridge, and before me lay a succession of peaks, gradually descending into the bosom of a vale perhaps ten miles wide, while beyond this happy valley rose another ridge, parallel, descending gradually as the one on which I stood had become elevated. A clear, cold stream ran at the foot of the peak on which I was, and amid the stillness of a calm spring day I distinctly heard the murmur of its ripples. Down the bleak hill-sides of the other ridge I could trace more than one silver line which marked the descent of tributary rills. I could have remained long on that bald mountain-peak, but was warned by the descent of the sun to proceed downward. Taking the horses by the bridle, for I committed the care of the pack-mule to poor Barny, I began carefully to follow the pathway, and was ultimately enabled to reach the base in spite of sundry falls of the heavy pack, which, in spite of discipline, wrung hearty curses from poor Barny's over-burdened heart. I encamped at the foot of the peak, on a branch of the Boggy, or *Bogue*, itself a tributary of the Red.

After many days of painful travel, precisely similar to the one I have described, except that the western

ridge was more difficult than the eastern, I reached the prairie through which the Red River runs. On the summit of several of the peaks I had found large springs and pools of water, and in the valleys the streams expanded into beautiful lakes. In some of these valleys were grand groves of the wild-plum, and a variety of other growths, among which was the iron-wood and box-elder. The cotton-wood, so common northward, has disappeared. At last I arrived at Fort Towson. I had missed the direction, and to reach a point about one hundred miles from Gibson, had traveled three. Twenty miles after leaving the latter post, I had seen the smoke of not one hearth till I reached the yellow water, about ten miles from Fort Towson, yet during all this time I had been in a small labyrinth of mountains, surrounded on all sides by the dense population of the Cherokee and Chickasa nation, the Opelousas of Louisiana and Western Texas.

I afterward was informed that the Indian path I had more than once passed was a portion of the great Delaware trail which crosses the whole American continent, from Erie, in Pennsylvania, to California, and which marks the migration of those American Gitanos from the homes where the white man found them to the chief seat of the tribe on the Missouri River, to the outposts on the Red River and on the Pacific. Along it they still go, and not unfrequently two of their well-armed and gallant braves will fight their way through hordes of hostile and degenerate Indians of the prairie. It will be found always to cross the streams at the most fordable point, and he who strays from it to avoid travel, will generally find that the longest way round is the nearest way home. After my arrival at Fort Gibson I did not regret my mistake, which had made me acquainted with so beautiful a country; and I hope my reader is weary neither of the Illinois River or the Ozark Mountains.

EXTRACT.

BY HENRY G. HAGERT.

So die the young, ere yet the bud has burst
Its leafy prison-house—perchance, 't is best—
The flower may pine and perish with the thirst
For dew and moisture, but the dead will rest,
Heedless of storm and sunshine; on their breast
The modest violet at Spring will bloom,
And speak their noteless epitaph—the west
May blow too rudely in an hour of gloom,
But still it clings to thee, lone tenant of the tomb.

It clings to thee! 'T was a most lovely creed,
That taught within a flower might dwell the soul
Of a lost friend—wronged one, does it not breed
Within thee quiet thoughts of a green knoll,
Bedecked with daisies, though no sculptured scroll

Be there to tell thy virtues? O! 'T is sweet
To know that when the dew from heaven have stole
Down to the earth, those pericled lips shall meet,
The cold sod of thy grave and love's long kins report!

Then gird thy loins with patience—from the crowd
Be thou a willing exile—but if Fate
Hath otherwise decreed it, if the proud
Should sneer upon thee, or the rich and great
Laugh at thy misery, do thou await
The coming of that hour which shall decide
The issue of the game; and then, with state,
Wrapping thy robe around thee, do thou glide
Away to thy long rest and sleep in regal pride.

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I WAS sitting one morning in the library of a friend, looking over a valuable collection of works of art, made during a five years residence abroad, and listening to his animated description of scenes and places now become familiar to every one who reads at all, through the medium of "Jottings," "Impressions," and "Travels," with which the press abounds.

Among the paintings were small copies in oil from Correggio, Guercino, Guido, and Raffaele. There was a head of the latter, copied from a portrait painted by himself, and preserved in the Pitti Palace. With the slightest shade of hectic on the cheek, and the large unathomable eyes looking into the great beyond, it was truly angelic in its loveliness. No wonder the man for whom nature had done so much, and who delighted in portraying the loftiest ideal beauty, no wonder he was called "divine!"

"Here," said my friend, lovingly holding forth one of those inimitable creations, the beauty of which once seen, haunts us for a lifetime, "here is the famous 'violin-player,' the friend of Raffaele. By the bye, I must tell you an anecdote I heard while abroad. There were two gentlemen—sight-seers—looking at pictures in the Vatican; one called to the other, who was at a short distance from him, 'come, look at this, here is the celebrated violin player.' 'Ah!' said his companion, hastening toward him, 'Paganini!' I give you the story as I heard it related for truth, and as a somewhat laughable example of traveled ignorance."

On one side of the room in which we were conversing, stood a picture apart from all the others, which soon engrossed my entire attention. A young man was represented reclining on a couch, and wrapped in a robe falling in loose folds about his person. His countenance bore the traces of suffering, but his dark eyes were filled with the light of love, and hope, as they looked up into the face of a young female bending mournfully at his side. On the head of this female the artist had lavished all the *love of genius*. With the sunny hair parted on the fair forehead, and the rich braids simply confined by a silver arrow—the dark eyes from which the tears seemed about to fall—the half-parted lips quivering as if from intense devotion—oh, it was transcendently lovely! The rest of the figure was in outline, but as vividly portrayed as some of those wonderful illustrations by Flaxman, in which a single line reveals a story.

"How is this," said I, after gazing long and earn-

estly upon it, "how is this?—why is the picture unfinished. And who was the painter?"

"The tale," replied my friend, "is a sad one; and if you are tired of looking at pictures and medals, I will relate it to you."

"Not tired, yet I should like to hear the story to which this picture imparts an unusual interest."

"You remember Paul Talbot, who left here some years ago to pursue the study of his art abroad?"

"I do, but that young man—sick—almost dying—I thought the face a familiar one; but can that be Paul?"

"Alas! yes—he is dead!" and my friend dashed away a tear as he spoke.

"Dead!" repeated I. "Paul Talbot dead! when did he die?"

"Not long before my return. Poor fellow! he endured much, and his career was an exemplification of what a man of untiring energy can accomplish under the most adverse circumstances."

"Soon after the birth of Paul, his father died, leaving little, save a mother's love and a stainless reputation to his infant son."

"Mr. Talbot was a man of refined taste, and had collected round him objects of which an amateur might be justly proud—and thus from childhood had been fostered Paul's love for the beautiful."

"Well educated and accomplished, Mrs. Talbot undertook the tuition of her child, and by giving lessons in drawing, painting miniatures on ivory, and small portraits in oil, kept herself and her boy above the pressure of want. Carefully she instilled into his tender mind those lofty principles of rectitude, of uncompromising integrity, and that child-like trust in the goodness of an overruling Providence, which sustained him through all the trials of after years."

"How holy, how powerful is the influence of a mother! The father may do much, but the mother can do more toward the formation of the mind, and the habits of early childhood. Exercising a power, silent, yet refreshing as the dews of heaven, her least word, her lightest look, sinks deep into the hearts of her children, and moulds them to her will. How many men have owed all that has made them great to the early teachings of a mother's love! The father, necessarily occupied with business or professional duties, cannot give the needful attention to the minor shades in the character and disposition of his little ones, but the mother can encourage and draw out the latent energies of the timid, can check the bold, and exert an influence which may be felt not only through time, but through eternity."

"It was beautiful to see Paul Talbot standing by his mother's side, with his childish gaze fixed upon

her face, while receiving instruction from her lips, and to hear him as he grew in years, wishing he was a man, that he might be enabled to supply her every want.

"'You know,' he would exclaim, while his fine eyes were flashing with enthusiasm, 'that I will be an artist; and, oh, mother, if I could, like Washington Allston, be a painter-poet; could I but paint such a head as that we saw in the Academy, and write such a book as *Monsiù*, then, mother, I would gain fame, orders would crowd upon me—and then—then we would go to Italy!'

"Go to Italy! of this he thought by day, and dreamed by night; and to accomplish this was the crowning ambition of the boy's life.

"He was willing to toil, to endure privation and fatigue, could he but visit that land where heavenly beauty is depicted on the canvas, where the marble wants but the clasp of him of old to warm it into life, and where the soft blue of the sky, and the delicious atmosphere brooding over the glories of centuries gone by, make it the Mecca of the artist's heart.

"But amid all these dreams of the future, all these ambitious aspirations of the gifted youth, death cast his dark shadow over that peaceful dwelling, and the mother, the guardian angel of the fatherless boy, was borne away to be a dweller in the silent land.

"With what passionate earnestness did he call upon her name. How did he long to lie down by her side! His mother! his mother! she had taught his lisping accents their first prayer; she had watched over his little bed, and moistened his parched lips when he was ill with fever—so ill, that his mother's watchful tenderness was all, under God, that saved him from the grave. As he grew older, she had spoken to him, not like the boy he was in years, but like the man to whom she would impart her thoughts, and with whose mind of almost premature development, she might hold converse, and feel herself understood. And now, in his fifteenth year, when he was thinking of all that he could, nay, of all that he would do for her, his mother had died! Who can wonder that the boy pined, and sat upon her grave, and longed for her companionship, and wept as if his heart must break.

CHAPTER II.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanished, and a thousand evils spread,
And each misshapes the other. COLERIDGE.

"Abstracted in his habits, quiet and sensitive, from his reveries in dream-land, the orphan woke to find himself the inmate of a new home.

"Mrs. Winter, the only sister of the late Mr. Talbot, was wholly unlike her brother. With little taste for the elegancies of life, except so far as she thought their possession would give her importance in the eyes of others, with no sympathy for any ambition save that of acquiring money, she looked with no very favorable eye on her brother's orphan. Lazzled by the prospect of a carriage, a town and country-house in perspective, she had married a man

of sixty, when she was barely sixteen, and could never forgive her brother for not falling in with her scheme of catching the rich heiress, who, she avowed, waited but the asking to change the name of Miss Patty Pringle, for the more lofty-sounding title of Mrs. Percy Talbot. But Percy Talbot preferred the portionless Isabel Morton, and the monotony of a counting-room, to the bank-stock, real estate, and soulless face of Miss Patty Pringle. Hence there was little intercourse between the brother and sister, and when the younger Talbot sought the shelter of his aunt's roof, she animadverted with great bitterness on the folly of people gratifying a taste for luxuries beyond their means, and encouraging boys without a shilling to spend their time in reading books and daubing canvas.

"Nor could Mrs. Winter refrain from talking of stupidity, when Paul sat quietly at his drawing, while her own sons were making the house ring with their boisterous mirth. The boys, catching the spirit of their mother, ridiculed Paul's sketches, and with the petty tyranny of little minds, subjected him to every annoyance, and taunted him with his dependent state. The proud, sensitive boy, writhed under such treatment, and determined on leaving the relatives who had neither tastes nor sympathies in common with his own.

"When at the age of twelve years, he hung over the landscape he was trying to imitate, and from which no boyish sports could lure him; when he saw the sketch grow beneath his touch, and look more and more like the original, until in the exultation of his young heart, he exclaimed, 'I knew that I could do it if I did but try,' he unconsciously displayed that perseverance of character without which no one can hope to attain eminence. And now that same energy was employed in seeking means to gain a livelihood without being subjected to the bitterness of insult.

"He succeeded in obtaining a situation in a dry-good store, and in compensation for his services, received his board and a scanty salary. True, he had but little, but that little was his own; he had earned it, and a proud feeling of independence was his, when purchasing the scanty stock of drawing materials with money obtained by his own exertions. And so passed a few years, during which he diligently devoted himself to the business of his employer through the day, and to reading and drawing at night.

"The long cherished hope of visiting Italy had never been abandoned, although the many obstacles in the way seemed almost insurmountable. But now a bright thought occurred to him; 'I will give up my situation; I will hire a room with the money already saved, and devote myself entirely to the pursuit of art. I shall paint a picture—it will be placed in the exhibition—and then—' Talbot paused, and his cheek glowed, and his heart-pulse quickened as he looked into the future.

"The resolution once taken, he was not long in carrying it into effect; and day after day saw him at his easel, laboring with patient assiduity, and flattering himself that his picture would not pass unnoticed.

"When the day of exhibition arrived, Talbot walked

nervously up and down the gallery where the pictures were hanging, every now and then glancing at his own, with the small ticket appended announcing it for sale, and pausing to observe if it attracted attention. But it had been placed in a bad light, directly beneath two brightly-tinted landscapes, and so low down that you were obliged to put one knee on the floor before it could be examined. Poor Paul! no one gave more than a passing glance to what had cost you weeks of patient labor, and the papers passed it by with merely announcing its name and number on the catalogue.

"What a rude dashing down of all his hopes was here! What a fading of the air-built castles he had taken such delight in building? The land of promise had receded from his view, and the shores of Italy were as a far-off vision seen in the dimness of deepening twilight. Oh, what a sinking of the heart follows such disappointments! A goal is to be won—the aspirant rushes eagerly to the race—hope lures him on—he grows weary, oh, how weary—courage—the thrilling sound of fame's trumpet-peal is ringing on those heights afar—courage—no more struggle and the prize will be his own! One more struggle—and hope fades from his sight—and the last faint echo of fame's music dies upon his ear—and a dull lethargy seizes on his mind—and the pulses of his heart grow still and cold as the waveless, tideless surface of a deep, dark lake! Happy he who can shake off the despondency attendant on times like these, and, like the bird momentarily driven back by the storm, can plume his wings and dare a nobler flight.

CHAPTER III.

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart. LONORELLO.

"The spirits of youth are elastic, and after great pressure will naturally rebound. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is a maxim seldom forgotten until age has chilled the blood and palsied the powers of life. After a few days spent in brooding over the present, Paul again looked forward to the future, and determined to seek some other avenue by which he might gather up a little, just a little, of the treasure which others possessed in such abundance. His fondness for literature suggested the idea that his pen might be employed with more profit than his pencil, and the periodicals of the day appeared to offer a wide field for exertion. But emolument from such sources was precarious at best. All who held an established reputation in the world of letters were contributors to the various popular publications, and Paul Talbot wanted the "magic of a name" to win golden opinions from the Press. Sometimes he met with those who were more just, and more generous, and thus encouraged he toiled on, hoping even against hope, that his desires would yet be accomplished.

"With many misgivings, and a fear that he had

mistaken his vocation, he had taken his ill-fated picture to a place where engravings were kept for sale, and left it with the shopkeeper, promising to pay him one half the money for which it might be sold. How discouraging to see it week after week in the window, until it began to look like a soiled fixture of the establishment. No one would ever buy it, that was certain, and if they would not purchase this his best work, how could he ever hope to dispose of others of less merit, which were standing round the walls of his little room? Alas, no! but when once in Italy—then he would paint pictures such as he dreamed of in imagination. For the present, with weary frame and throbbing brow, he must labor on.

"There are few but know

'How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.'

And who that has ever walked forth on a particularly bright morning, when he was nursing a deep sorrow, or was weighed down by the pressure of misfortune, but felt annoyed by the light, and noise, and cheerfulness around him? Those vast tides of human life what are they to him? He is but a drop in a wave of the mighty ocean—but a pebble thrown upon the sand—a broken link in the great chain of the Universe. Thus felt Paul, as on one of the loveliest days of laughing June, he wended his way to the office where he had left a manuscript to be examined by the publisher.

"How can those people look so smilingly," thought he, while glancing at the well-dressed groups on the side-walk. "And those children, how noisy they are—and see that carriage with its liveried attendants—pshaw!" Now Paul was not envious, and he was particularly fond of children, but the feeling of loneliness in the crowd was oppressive, and with another half audible pshaw! he turned into a quieter street.

"The smiling face of the great man who employed so many subordinates in his large establishment, somewhat reassured the desponding youth, and after a little preliminary talk about encouraging native talent, a sum was offered, which, though small in itself, was just then a god-send to the needy Paul, who with many thanks bowed himself out of the publisher's presence. One ray of light had dawned on his darkened path, one beam of hope had shed its warmth upon his heart, and how differently now looked the scene through which he had lately passed! With buoyant step he went on. He, too, could smile,—the darling little ones, how delighted he was to see them looking so happy—and the poor blind man at the corner must not be forgotten! Like the child who plays with the kaleidoscope, and every moment sees some new beauty, so Paul toyed with the many-colored hues in the rainbow of Hope, grouping them together in the most beautiful and dazzling forms.

"It was destined to be a red-letter day in his book of life. As he passed the print-shop he saw that his picture was gone from the window. It had been sold, and a companion-piece ordered by the purchaser. "Oh that my mother were living!" sighed

Paul—'oh that my mother were living, we might yet go to Italy!'

"Again the painter laid aside his pen and resumed his pallet. The one order was executed, the money transferred to his slender purse, and even now he began to think how much might be put aside for his darling project.

"'Could I but obtain enough to pay for my passage—once there, in that delicious climate, I could live on so little. Oh that some one would buy this,' he continued, taking up a small picture on which he had bestowed unusual care, 'it is worth more than either of the others. I shall leave it with the kind Mr. Barry; how generous he was in refusing the commission I promised him for the last one he sold.'

"Mr. Barry, at whose print-shop Paul had left his first picture, had kindly drawn from him the story of his life, and felt deeply interested in the young artist's changing fortunes, but, like many other generous-hearted men, he was always forming schemes for the benefit of others, which his means would not permit him to accomplish.

"The kind man had just reared a goodly superstructure of greatness, upon a rather sandy foundation, for his young protégé, when Paul entered with the new work fresh from his easel.

"'Why, Talbot,' said he, cordially grasping the painter's hand, 'this is capital! and I consider myself a tolerably good judge. When younger, I was in the employ of a picture-dealer, who pursued the profitable business of making old pictures look like new, and the still more profitable one of making new pictures look like old. You stare, it is a fact, I assure you. To a Madonna, that had been bought for a trifling sum, I had the honor of imparting a time-worn tinge, which so took the fancy of an amateur, that he paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it at auction. But I never could endure cheating, so I left the picture manufactory, and commenced the sale of prints on my own account.'

"'Do you think there is any chance of selling this landscape?' inquired Paul. 'I will take fifteen dollars for it.'

"'Why, Talbot, you are foolish, it is worth at least fifty.'

"'Ah, no one would give me so large a sum for a picture; fifty dollars! that would almost take me to Italy.'

"'Well, well, my dear fellow, it is said, Providence helps those who help themselves, and you are sure to be helped in some way or other. I was thinking about you this morning, and wrote a note of introduction to Mr. C., who is a great patron of the Fine Arts. I have told him of your desire to go abroad, and how you are situated—'

"'Nay, nay, my kind friend,' interrupted Paul, 'this looks too much like begging a favor, remember I cannot sacrifice my independence, even to secure the accomplishment of my most ardent wishes.'

"'You are wrong, Talbot, you do not solicit him for aid; he has a taste for art, and if he give you money, you return an equivalent in your picture, so that the obligation is mutual.'

"Paul was persuaded, and, bearing his friend's letter, bent his way to a fine-looking house, a long way from his own abode. Upon ringing the bell, he was informed by the servant that the family were at dinner. Leaving the letter with the waiter, he desired him to hand it to Mr. C., and say that Mr. Talbot would call to-morrow evening. The next evening Mr. C. was engaged, and on the next, when Paul was ushered into the drawing-room, and his name announced, he received a stately and patronizing bow from a short, stout gentleman, who stood with his back to the fire, conversing with three or four more who were seated near him.

"'Take a seat, sir,' and the short man waved his hand toward the intruder, and resumed the conversation thus momentarily interrupted,

"Paul grew nervous, and taking advantage of a pause he rose, and bowing slightly, advanced toward Mr. C. for the purpose of speaking. The latter began first—'I have looked over Mr. Barry's letter, young man, and hardly think it will be in my power to assist you.'

"'I came not seeking assistance, sir,' replied Paul; 'my friend Mr. Barry thought you might perhaps wish to add another picture to your collection, and, as I purpose going abroad, assured me that you would cheerfully give a few lines of introduction to your young countryman.'

"'Well, well, we will see, we will see, but all you young men have taken it into your heads that you must travel, and this makes so many applicants.'

"'Applicants!' the word stung Paul to the quick, and again bowing to Mr. C., he left the apartment. Once in the free air of heaven, he gave vent to his suppressed feelings, and vowed that should be his first and last visit to a patron.

"Barry was indignant when he heard the non-success of his young friend. 'Why, Talbot, that man's name is bruited abroad as a most liberal patron of Art, a fosterer of early genius, an encourager of native talent—how I have been deceived!'

"'Never mind, my dear friend, you will sell the picture to some one else, and I will conquer yet.'

"And Paul Talbot did conquer. When another year had gone by, he stood with the hand of his friend Barry clasped in his own, returning the warm 'God bless you,' fervently uttered by the old man in that hour of parting.

"In a wild tumult of feeling, half joy half sorrow, he stood upon the deck of the vessel, and watched the shores of his native land as they faded in the distance.

'The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home.'

And now he is on the ocean—the waves are dashing against the ship and bearing him onward—whither? To the land of his hopes. To the land of his dreams. Why each moment does he grow sadder and sadder? Why, as the crescent moon rises serenely in the heavens, does he press his eyelids down to shut her beauty from his sight?

"'Oh that my mother were here! Great God! you moon is shining on my mother's grave!'

CHAPTER IV.

Wilt thou take measure of such minds as these,
Or sound, with plummet-line, the Artist-Illest?
MRS. NORTON.

Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest!
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there. SOTHBY.

"Paul Talbot is in the city of wonders. Ivy-girdled ruins of the time-embalming Paul are lying in the distance. Lofty cathedrals, rich in votive offerings of surpassing magnificence, surround him on every side. Stately palaces, their long galleries filled with the noblest works of the mighty minds of old, are baring their treasures to his gaze. The 'dew-dropping coolness' of the marble fountain, breathes new vigor into his frame. He is excited—bewildered—'dazzled and drunk with beauty,' and for weeks Paul wandered about Rome and its environs, half forgetful that his lot was still to struggle and to toil.

"When roused to action, he threw himself heart and soul into his art, and the consequence was a long and severe illness, brought on by that absorbing devotion which often kept him at his pursuits until the morning dawn peering into his room reminded him that he was weary and overtaken. For months he lay wasted by sickness, helpless at times as a feeble child, but nature triumphed over disease, and he wandered once more beneath the blue sky, and felt the kiss of the balmy air upon his pallid cheek.

"With a return to health, Paul returned with renewed ardor to his task, until the picture on which he had long and earnestly labored was at length completed. He had chosen for his subject a scene representing the Hermit Peter exhorting the people to join the crusaders. Standing in the midst, with one arm outstretched, and the other raised to heaven, was seen the enthusiast. On either side, were grouped mailed knights and stalwart forms, the tillers of the soil. One gentle lady, like the weeping Andromeda, was clinging to her lord, and a villager's wife held up her child for his father's last fond kiss. So animated and life-like was the figure of the preacher—so eager and intense the emotion betrayed by the assembled multitude—that you listened to hear the eloquence that roused all Europe, and sent prince, peer, and peasant to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hand of the Infidel, to cast down the crescent of Mohammed, and to raise the cross of Christ.

"And now came that fame for which the young painter had toiled, and to which he had looked forward as his highest guerdon. Crowds were daily drawn to his *atelier*, and artists who had themselves won a world-wide renown, bestowed their warmest praises upon the 'Hermit' of Paul Talbot.

"The following winter Paul passed in Florence, and there his picture was purchased by a Florentine merchant, at a price which relieved the artist from fear of pecuniary embarrassment. Paul was requested to visit the house of the merchant, and select the most fitting place to display the work of which

the fortunate possessor was so justly proud. He went, and in the picture-gallery of the wealthy Florentine was opened a new page in the artist's book of life.

"Poets and painters have ever an eye for beauty in women; and when Carlotta D. entered the apartment, leaning on the arm of her father, Paul started as if one of the bright visions of his ideal world stood suddenly embodied before him. The lady, too, was for a moment half-embarrassed—for the fame of the young painter had reached her ears, and, woman-like, she had been wondering if report spoke truly when it ascribed to him the dark clustering locks, and the lustrous eyes of her own sunny south.

'Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain; matures by parts—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it and see it not; mid lo!
Even while you look the peetlus flower is up,
Consummate in the birth!'

"Was it strange that Paul and Carlotta, both worshippers of the beautiful, with souls alive to the most holy sympathies of our nature, was it strange that they should love?

"Paul had hitherto lived for his art alone. Painting was the mistress he had ever wooed with intense passion, but now another claimed his homage, and he bowed with a fervor little less than idolatrous at woman's shrine. Such a love could not long remain concealed. The father of Carlotta, a vain and purse-proud man, hoping by his wealth to obtain a husband for his daughter among some of the haughty but decayed nobility, frowned on the artist, and forbade him his house. In secret the lovers plighted their troth, and parted, not knowing when they should meet again.

"Paul left Florence with the resolve to win not fame alone, but wealth.

"At Rome he was enrolled a member of the Academy of St. Luke, under Overbeck—the spiritually-minded Overbeck—who himself the son of a poet, has enriched his art with the divinely poetical conceptions of his own pencil. At Munich, one of his pictures was shown by Cornelius to the king of Bavaria, and purchased by that munificent patron of art at a price far exceeding the painter's expectations. At Vienna a similar success attended him, and he returned to Florence after an absence of six years, with fame, and wealth enough for the foundation of a fortune.

"From Carlotta he had rarely heard, but he knew her heart was his, and he had that faith in her character as a true woman, which made him believe that no entreaties or commands of her father would induce her to wed another. And Paul was right—Carlotta D. still remained unmarried. In her the lulling loveliness of the girl had expanded into the fuller beauty of the woman, but Talbot was sadly altered. The feverish excitement—the continued toil—the broken rest—the anxiety of thought to which he had been subjected, undermined his health, and planted the seeds of that insidious disease, which, while it wastes the bodily strength, leaves the mind

unimpaired, and the hope of the sufferer buoyed to the last. The father of Carlotta finding that neither persuasion nor coercion could make his high-souled daughter barter her love for a title, consented at last that she should become the bride of the artist; but many said the wily Florentine had given his consent the more readily, because he saw that Paul would not long be a barrier in the way of his ambition.

Paul Talbot had buffeted the adverse waves of fortune; he had gained renown in a land filled with the most exquisite creations of the gifted; he had won a promised bride. Whence, in that bright hour loomed the one dark cloud that blotted the stars from the sky? Could it be the shadow of the tomb? Was death interweaving his gloomy cypress with the laurel on the painter's brow? Oh, no, no—he was but weary—he only wanted rest, and his powers would again be in full vigor. Then, with Carlotta at his side—with her smile to cheer him on—he would aim higher, and yet higher in his art.

“And the young wife was deceived. Although a nameless dread, a dark prescience lay heavy at her heart, she yet thought the bright flush on the cheek of Paul a sign of returning health. How tenderly and anxiously she watched lest he should fatigue himself at his easel, and how gently she chid, and lured him from his task into the open air of their beautiful garden.

“One of the days thus passed had been deliciously mild, and, although mid-winter, in that heavenly climate where flowers are ever blooming in the open air, each breeze was laden with the heavy odor of the orange blossom, and the fainter perfume of the Provence rose. Stepping lightly from the balcony where Paul and she had been seated watching the piled-up masses of crimson, of purple, and of gold that hung like regal drapery round the couch of the western sun, Carlotta pushed aside the opening blossoms of the night-jasmine which intercepted her reach, and gathering a handful of rose-buds, carried them to Paul. He took the flowers from his wife, and looking mournfully upon them, said, ‘When we cross the waters to visit my native land, we will take with us some of your precious roses, beloved, and beautify my mother’s silent home; and now,’ he continued, twining his arm round her waist, and leading her to the harp, ‘sing me that little song I wrote while yet a student in old Rome.’ Pressing her lips upon his brow, Carlotta seated herself, and sung the song, which she had set to music. The air was soft and melancholy, and the sweet tones of the singer were tremulous with emotion.

Fill high the festive bowl to-night,
In memory of former years,
And let the wine-cup foam as bright
As ere our eyes were dimmed with tears.

Pledge, pledge me those whose joyous smile
Around our happy circle shone,
Whose genial mirth would hours beguile,
Which, but for them, were sad and lone.

Those hours, those friends, those social ties,
They linger round me yet,

Like twilight clouds of golden dyes,
When summer suns have set.

Then fill the bowl—but while you drink,
In silence pledge all once so dear,
Nor let the gay ones round us think
We sigh for those who are not here.

“‘My dear Paul,’ said his wife, smiling through the tears with which, in spite of her efforts to repress them, her eyes were suffused, ‘this sad song should be sung on the last night of the year, the night for which it was composed. It should be sung while the student-band of artists stood around, each holding the flower-wreathed goblet from which he might quaff in silence, while his heart-memories were wandering back to fatherland. Let me sing,’—she paused on seeing the deep melancholy depicted on her husband’s countenance—‘nay, forgive me for jesting, love, I know with whom are your thoughts to-night, and will not ask you to listen to a lighter strain.’

“A month went by winged with love and hope. Paul found himself growing weaker, but he looked forward to a sea-voyage as a sure means of restoring him to health. Carlotta was hastening her preparatory arrangements, willing to leave her home, willing to brave the perils of the deep, in the belief that old Ocean’s life-inspiring wave would prove the fabled fountain of youth to her beloved. She had never seen consumption in any of its varied and sometimes beautiful forms. She knew not that the eye could retain its lustre, that the cheek could glow with more than its usual brightness, that the heart could be lured by a false hope, until, like a red leaf of the forest, dropping suddenly from the topmost bough, the doomed one fell, stricken down in an unthought of moment by the stern destroyer.

“One morning, when Paul had remained much longer than usual in his apartment, Carlotta sought him for the purpose of whiling him abroad.

“He was lying asleep on a couch, where he must have thrown himself from very weariness, as one of the brushes with which he had been painting had fallen from his hand upon the floor. His wife softly approached. She stooped and kissed his lips. He opened his eyes, smiled lovingly upon her, and pointed to the picture.

“‘You have made me too beautiful, dearest; this must be a copy of the image in your heart.’

“‘Ah, I have not done you justice, you are far more lovely, my own wife, yes, far more lovely—my mother—my mother—’ repeated Paul, dreamily. It was evident his thoughts were wandering.

“‘You are exhausted, dear love; but sleep now, and I will watch beside you.’

Carlotta knelt down and laid her cheek on his. Afraid of disturbing him, some minutes elapsed ere she again raised her head and turned to look upon the sleeper. She took the hand that hung listlessly by his side. It was cold, and she thought to warm it by pressing it to her lips—to her cheek—to her heart. She bent her ear close to the sleeper—there was no sound; she laid her lips on his—‘oh, God! where was the warm breath? A horrible dread came over her, and unable from the intensity of her agony to utter any

cry, she sunk down and gazed fixedly in her husband's face, realizing the heart-touching thoughts of the poet.

'And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again,
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain.'

"And thus were they found by her father, who was the first to enter the apartment. Paul quite dead—Carlotta lying to all appearance lifeless at his side—and before them the unfinished picture.

"When the fond wife was restored to consciousness, and felt the full weight of that misery that was crushing out her young life, her reason became unsettled. It was very sad to see her wandering from room to room as if in search of some lost object, often stopping to unfold, and then folding again, the garments prepared for their journey. She would frequently rise with a sudden start, walk hurriedly to the window, and stand for a long time in an attitude of fixed attention, then mournfully shaking her head to and fro, would slowly resume her accustomed seat, and in a low voice repeat 'not yet—not yet—Paul still lingers in Rome.' Carlotta remained in this melancholy state during the time I was in

Florence, but a letter received since my return home informs me that after a short interval, in which reason resumed her sway, the sufferer calmly departed, coupling the name of her beloved with the rest and the bliss of Paradise.

"The wretched father was filled with self-upbraidings. But for him, he said, Paul Talbot might have been living, and his daughter living, happy in each other's love. He spoke truly. To gratify his ambition, Paul had overtaken the powers of life. The frail shrine was consumed by the flame which for years had been scorching and burning into the heart and soul of the artist. Too late had he obtained his reward. Too late had Carlotta's father consented to her union with Paul. Too late had the old man found that by his daughter's alliance with a man of genius, a greater lustre would have shone upon his house than could ever be reflected from his glittering hoard."

Here ended my friend's narration, and while with him I lamented the fate of genius, I could not forbear blaming the conduct of the wealthy Florentine. Nor could I help thinking, that too often the golden ears betray the ass, while wisdom, virtue, talent, constitute the only real greatness.

THE HEART'S CONFESSION.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

LITTLE that moves the pulse of youth and joy
My wayward heart bends downward to confess;
Little of virtue, without some alloy
To make my good deeds vain and valueless;
Though the world pass me, trusting and deceived,
Though sunny smiles glitter where frowns have been,
There is a spirit in my bosom grieved,
Before whose eyes I may not draw the screen;
And here, when I am sad, she folds her wings
To warble of lost hopes and past desires,
My heart-strings loosen as the spirit sings,
And cooling tears drop on my wasting fires.

And then I know that I have turned away
From the proud picture that my fancy drew,
That I am passing further every day
From my own standard of the good and true;
We go not to the grave as we arise
From childhood's slumbers, in the outward face,
And the soul, looking out from human eyes,
Becomes corrupt and bitter in the race.
I deemed that I should pass into my age
As I began, warm, generous and kind,
And passing here upon life's second stage,
I turn and look upon a cankered mind!

I have o'erstepped my bound—I have past by
The goal that none may pass and yet be pure,
The pole star has grown glimmering to my eye,
And meteors have become my spirit's lure—
So from one falling step we come to tread
Paths that in early youth we swore to shun.

So, from the blue sky shining overhead,
The whispering angels leave us, one by one.
I have past by the goal; 't is hard to pause.
And, but for pride, I should shake hands with Vice,
Trespass on Virtue's desecrated laws,
And with my own dishonour pay the price.

Wo to us, when our pride becomes our truth
And hollow-hearted selfishness our trust,
With age's avarice creeping over youth,
And clothing all things in corroding rust!
Pride is frail hold on virtue, yet 't is all
That blinds me to one deed of human hope;
Let me forget my pride and I shall fall
So low contempt will lose me in its scope!
How long shall this frail pride support my name?
How long ere malice o'er my head shall creep,
And touch me with the fangs of his dark shame,
And lure me, with his serpent eyes, to sleep?

I know not that I shall forget my kind,
Nor shame the form I owe to human birth;
I know not but the foaming of my mind
May leave a legacy of good to earth;
But I am saddened when I think that all
Of the world's plaudit flows from my deceit,
And that the eyes that love me would recall
Their pleasant looks, could they but trace my feet!
The heart's confession bears the curse of years,
To be without a pure thought at my side,
And if I fall lament me not with tears,
But think that time has shorn away my pride!

CHRIST WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of those that bring glad tidings," is the language of elder Scripture, and how often has the heart of man responded to the truth of the declaration, as the eye has caught the earnest smile and noted the lightness of feet that distinguish the bearer of pleasing intelligence.

The great poet of nature hath, in the spirit of the above comment, remarked that the bearer of unwelcome news has "but a losing office." And thousands of those who have been messengers of good to the great, the wealth-possessing and honor-conferring among men, have found themselves ennobled and sometimes enriched, for the simple narrative of an event in which they had no share, and of which they knew little more than the report which they had received from others and delivered where it was greatly desired.

We know that the text of Scripture which we have placed at the beginning of these remarks has allusion to tidings of greater joy, of more gladness, than all the bulletins of battles and statements of victories which the hastened dispatch bearer has ever conveyed to the awaiting monarch—more lovely and more desired than messages of love and tokens of reciprocation which the herald of man's affection and woman's deep, late-told love ever conveyed. The triumph of the conqueror of armies must be short and partial—the love of the most devoted perishes, at least with the object, if it is not quenched by its own fitful sallies. But the glad tidings which hasten and beautify the feet of those who come over the mountain of our offences is of life-long endurance, and enters into the eternity for which it prepares.

There is a picture in this number of the Magazine to which we are alluding, and to which we mean to refer when we talk of messengers of glad tidings. We know that the common reader will look at the title, and, if he recollects the narrative, he will be startled at the idea of "glad tidings," when sorrow and tears were on the face of the messenger, bodings of terrible afflictions were in his mind, and their nearness was being foretold.

Are these glad tidings? Do such messages make beautiful the bearer? Can we rejoice at the overwhelming evil that is to befall the "City of Peace," and sweep away the temple of the Most High, and give to famine, to violence, to dishonor and to death the sons and the daughters of the people of God?

But if these evils were the consequences of crimes, if the destroyer were but an instrument in the hand of omnipotent love to waste the destroyed, and to be himself the object of a similar wrath, that the "peace" which the great messenger was to bring on earth might have an abiding place, in consequence

of the terrible things which he only foretold—surely the feet of such an one are beautiful. He *brings* salvation, while he only *foretells* destruction; he makes the wrath of man, which he prophesies, the instrument to produce that love and peace of which he is the real author.

There had been much confusion in the city in consequence of reports brought to the principal ecclesiastical and civic officers, of the unusual proceedings of citizens at a short distance beyond the place, where palm branches had been strewn in the highway, and garments spread out, upon which the hoofs of the rider's animal were to tread—tokens of remarkable respect, which seemed to look treasonable to the foreign power, that directed the political affairs, and to the native priests who directed the spiritual concerns—the forum and the temple were agitated; the viceroy and the high-priest each started at such evidences of neglect of fealty. Rome and Jerusalem both felt that there was an antagonistic power operating, if not directly against, at least incidentally hostile to them; and Rome and Jerusalem—the conqueror and the conquered—joined in efforts to suppress the evil. Each would have crushed the power of the other, but both would unite to repel a power that was hostile to both. Each would have bruised the mailed arm of the other, but both trembled at what would have healed the breast of each.

There had been a scene of triumph—but He who had been the object of the huzzas of the multitude that thronged his way with tokens of obedience—head obedience, with little of *heart* in the offering—he had sat unmoved by outward demonstration of feeling for the acclamations of those who thronged his path. Another mission was his—another triumph was desired—another evidence of popular feeling was to be experienced, and in a little time he separated from the multitude, and ascending the mount, at whose base he had stood, he sat down with the four or five that were with him, and gazed abroad upon the outstretched scene below them.

It was a beautiful evening. Behind them the dust which had not yet subsided since the people had thronged the roads with songs of triumph, was reflecting the light of the declining sun. Beneath them was the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the terrible seat of *judgment* and *dread*; and beyond was the beloved city, stretched out in the repose of the evening sun, which was reflected by numerous gorgeous domes; and the busy hum of business came up to the quiet summit of Olivet, as if to bear to those who rested there the story of man's heedlessness of his life's great end.

They were Jews that thus looked out, the leader and the followers, Hebrews of Hebrews, and they loved the land of their birth and the city of their nation's boast. Every affection of the human heart was enlisted for the beautiful towns and sacred edifices, and all the outspread loveliness of the country's hills and valleys; and as the sun seemed to pour surpassing splendor upon the place, and as youth and beauty went forth to seek their pleasures, and age toiled upward toward the temple for the evening sacrifice, and all that was seen, and all that the heart suggested, appealed to the patriotic affection of the four—they looked to see whether the loveliness of the scene would not light up an unwonted smile upon the face of their Master, who was looking intently upon the city.

But there was no smile. The deep thought that rested on his brow, and the tear that glistened in his eye, showed that the past and the future were with him. That all the blessings which had been pronounced upon Jerusalem, and all the promises made in her behalf, all the sins which she had committed, and which God had pardoned, and all the negligence against which she had been warned, and for which pardon had been presented; all her thoughtlessness now, and all the uncomprehended miseries which were in her path, were in one group in his mind—and the sound of the destroyer and the desolation of the conquered stood before him—the famine that wasted the people and the fire that destroyed the temple were there, and as he remembered how He would have sheltered them from the consequences of their own follies, and how they despised his love; how he would have shielded and comforted the sons and daughters of that city of his love, but they refused, *He wept*—wept human tears—wept tears of earthly fondness, that came bursting up from his heart—deep agony marked his face when gathering the recollection of all the promises which had accompanied their probation, the glories by which they had been invited to goodness—he exclaimed, “But now they are forever hidden from thine eyes.”

What a mission was that the Master assumed—what an experience was that of his intimate followers. The many listened to his heavenly doctrine and love—many were astonished at the miracles that marked his public ministry, that made the temple and the wayside *clinics* where his divine skill was exhibited, and drew the people from their synagogues and altars, to offer at the street corners the sacrifice of enlightened hearts and the homage of soul admiration. But these, the favored few, the elders and chosen ones of his little flock stood with him in the terrible moments, when the office of his mission was not exercised on others, but came to be ministered on himself—three of them witnessed the tears at the grave of a friend—they saw with trembling awe the glory of his transfiguration with Moses and Elias—and now these stood there solemn, trembling witnesses of an agony of affliction that wrung tears for others from Him who could look down upon the garden that was to be the scene of a trial which human eyes could not witness and live—who could

look forward to the hall of infamy that was to witness his mockery, to the winding way of sorrow in which he was to bear his cross, and upward to the eminence where the work was to be consummated. The tears were not for himself. He *wept* for the misery of those who should procure the agonizing passion.

The artist has chosen this moment for his picture. It was a bold thought—but it was a good one—what the pen records may not the pencil illustrate, and is not the lesson of that most instructive hour brought closer home to the heart by the representation of the scene which the sacred historian describes? How well the artist has executed his task is not for us to say. Indeed such a picture is in its conception so full of suggestion, that we may safely leave to the painter's professional pride the finishing of his work according to the canons of his art. The moment that we recognize the subject, the moment we catch the time, the place and the office, we lose sight of all that the pen has written or the pencil attempted to delineate, and acknowledge that our hearts, our fancy have taken hold of all and borne us back to the awful hour—we do not pause to look at features or position on the canvas, but at once we kneel in imagination at a distance from the consecrated group, and as Olivet and Sinai and Calvary meet the eye, and the temple gleams in the light of the setting sun, we inquire what is the thought, the high, mighty thought that swells upward in the heart of the Master there? Alas! who shall know? Who could conceive? Eternities are in his mind, and all the vast concerns of angels and of men are before him; and yet for one city, one erring city, one little spot upon the great map of the universe, he fixes his eyes, and over its fate he weeps tears of earthly sorrow—weeps not that one stone of the temple shall not be left upon the other—weeps not that all the monuments of his nation's glory shall be wasted, and that the ploughshare of the infidel shall upturn the sacred soil. Not for these did he weep—but that those children of the Father, whom he “would have gathered as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,” should be destroyed by the sword, and the virtue of the daughters of his people should be the derision and spoil of the conqueror. They were human tears,—but divine sympathies!

And in that scene of wounded love, when the foreseeing, or the foredwelling of his higher nature made the *present* of his human exposure terrible—in that hour of sympathy and sorrow, the favored and the *intimate* were his companions. *Theirs* was not yet the gift of foreknowledge—they lived only in the present, and knew only of the past. Little indeed could they comprehend the agony of the Master, as they could not foresee the cause. Their highest gift was *faith*—they could believe—they could confide—they could listen with silent assurance—and however contradictory might appear the words of the Teacher and the circumstances of the times, they had learned from rebukes and experience to trust to the former. And as they follow with their eyes the mournful bend of the Master's gaze, as they melted

before the weeping of the sinless and loving, they bowed in meek assent to the terrible *anathema* foretold, and, not being authorized to give, or to proclaim it, they meekly sighed the *maranatha*, and left the work to God.

You see some of the multitude pressing up toward the Master, but not upon him. You see, too, in the distance, woman with her face set toward Him to whom her heart is given. Woman following but not approaching. The first evidence of personal suffering would have brought her to his side—the first chance of offering homage would have taken her to his feet. It is woman, too, in her beautiful office—her heart is with the Master—it is good for her to stand where she may be called. He may not indeed speak to her, but virtue might go forth from him and bless her—and so she had brought with her a little child. It seemed not meet to her that she should seek Jesus and her child not be led to him. She had indeed heard the Master say, in regard to some others, "suffer little children to come unto me," and how did she know, standing afar off though she might be—standing in awe and reverence—how did she know but when his moment of bitter sorrow had passed away, the Master might turn and smile on her—and take her little child in his arms and bless him—so had he done to others—and so she was willing to await, willing to stand and see what the Lord would do.

But in the immediate scene of tears and solemn wailing woman is not found. Where are those that followed his steps? Where are those who ministered to his wants? Alas! the scene was not for such hearts. It was the last sacrifice of national feeling;

humanity acknowledges the claim—for mental mortal agony at events to come there was no consolation.

It was for woman to make beautiful her mission by her implicit faith; it was for woman to minister to his *physical* wants; her humility would find a delightful office when she bathed his feet with her tears, and her faith had comforting expression when she wiped them with the hairs of her head. Woman's care provided the household comforts which humanity needed, and woman's piety sat self-abased, yet gathered strength at the Master's feet as he opened the oracles of truth. Woman wept for him as he bore his cross upward to Calvary; and woman lingered at the foot of that cross when others had fled; and it was woman that came earliest to kneel at the sepulchre. Where service was to be performed, where faith was to be tried, where physical wants were to be supplied, and physical suffering assuaged, there woman was to be found. But where the agony of mental passion was to be endured; where the unspeakable and the incomprehensible were to be exhibited, woman was not. Her mission of faith and love required no such exercise, her feelings demanded no such purification.

We have done. The picture which we give is suggestive, and we hope that it will suggest more to others than we have been able to express; because to such a scene as the artist represents, when the heart or fancy enters it is lost in amazement. A thousand thoughts crowd, less for utterance than for existence, and we feel that when there is more than earthly love, more than earthly interest, the idea must be more than human, and expression will be infinitely short of the conception.

HUMAN INFLUENCE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Oh! deem not thou canst lightly err,
And none may bear its weight but thee;
There's none on earth who stands alone,
None so devoid of sympathy,
But that each fault will wing a dart
To pierce some gentle, feeling heart.

Oh! say not that no sin of thine
Will cause another, weaker one,
To fall, or stumble by the way—
By following *thee* his soul undone—
Drawn to the very depths of shame:
Then on whose head shall rest the blame?

Oh! say not thou art far too weak
To help some brother poor and frail,
Whose footsteps falter by the way—
Whose burthened strength begins to fail—
Thy words of hope may soothe his grief,
Thy hand, though weak, may bring relief.

P perchance some weary spirit mourns,
In bitterness of grief e'en now,
That thus in bonds, by error wrought,
So strong a soul as thine should bow—
That *thou*, of all the world shouldst stray
From wisdom's straight and pleasant way

P perchance e'en now thy many faults
Stand in some wand'ring brother's road,
That but for *thee* his feet would tread
The path of wisdom and of God—
Who, but for *thee*, or for thy sin,
A victor's glorious crown might win.

Oh! none there are whose deeds and words
May not exert an influence wide,
There is no hand that hath not strength
Some wand'rer from the way to guide:
No voice with tones too weak to bless
Some hapless brother in distress.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PRISON.

GRENADA had fallen. The miserable remnant of a once powerful nation, driven from the cities of their glorious empire, hunted by an untiring zeal to destroy, crowded at length into their chief stronghold, the city of their regal power—the birth-place and the sepulchre of a long race of puissant monarchs—had endured all the miseries of siege, of famine, and of slaughter; had endured with an invincible determination to die rather than yield; and they had died by the sword, by hunger and thirst, by despair, by pestilence; and their rich and magnificent city had been sacked, plundered, ravaged, made the prey of soldiers, greedy for spoil, thirsting for the blood of an infidel foe, exasperated by resistance, and maddened by fanatical zeal. Grenada had fallen; the Moors were no longer a nation of the earth. Ferdinand and Isabella, weary of war, and satiated with conquest, were reposing in state at Santa Fe, or San Felipe, with every demonstration of triumph, every show of thanksgiving to the God of battles. The days were divided between the most gloriously marshaled tournaments and the most magnificent religious processions; the nights were devoted to the masquerade and the mas; the whole world seemed vocal, now with strains of triumphant martial music, now with the no less lofty *Te Deum*, or *Gloria in Excelsis*. All was joy and gladness, triumph and gratitude. The temporary palace was shining like the fabled palace of Aladdin, builded of the gold and gems of the gent world. In all the apartments the magic of regal magnificence was displayed in the taste of the most approved style of art. Tapestries of regal blue and Tyrian purple, broided and fringed with scarlet, green and gold, in the inimitable style of the artists of Babylon, swept from the lofty ceilings to the velvety carpets of the marble pavements which were rich with tufted work of flowers of every hue, while in the recesses of the windows, where the tapestries were looped aside with cords of the richest dyed and braided silks, entwined with strings of glittering gems, and heavy with tassels of feathery silk and drops of gold and diamonds, were placed beautifully enameled vases of the porcelain of Italia, supporting branches of artificial flowers and fruits of immense value. From the daisy, with its petals of pearl and eye of platted gold, to the rose of Damascus, formed of flashing rubies, and dewed with purest diamonds; from the rich clusters of grapes of amethyst, to the golden pear and nectarine, beryl and sardonyx. Doors opened upon seemingly interminable vistas of trees and flowering shrubs, intermingled with candelabras of gold, wrought into the

semblance of tall plants, bearing flowers of crystal and purest porcelain of every delicate tint, each of which was a lamp, burning perfumed oil, and giving out rich fragrance with its mellowed light; while birds of every clime, from the stately pea-fowl to the minutest ludy-bird, admirably imitated in enameled gold and precious stones, were fixed upon elastic sprays, awaying to every breath, and chirping forth melody from little organs, played upon by their own tremulous motions, and so perfect was the workmanship that their forms and notes were hardly to be distinguished from those of the real birds that walked or flew amongst them in the gay parterres.

Amid all this enchantment moved groups of richly habited men and women; dons and cavaliers, in their blazing military costumes, and dark-eyed donnas, in soft silks, rich velvets, and transparent muslins of India, ornamented with brilliants, plumes, or flowers, each as her fancy dictated. Some were dancing to lively music, some listening to soft melodies and songs of love; some were grouped around the beautifully imitated trees, on which ripe fruits of every clime seemed to hang in nature's wild profusion; some clustered around statues, which presented baskets and trays of the choicest viands; others again rested beside fountains which threw up jets of perfumed wine, which, as it descended in drops, displayed rainbows of inimitable splendor, painted by colored lights arranged for the purpose, while here and there a youthful couple, walking apart, and apparently unconscious of all the surrounding splendor, betrayed the tender topic of their sweet communings.

Could discontent and heaviness of heart exist amid all this wealth and splendor and apparent happiness? or do all these fail to satisfy the yearnings of the immortal mind? In a retired part of the gardens, where a few dark evergreens clustered over a natural spring of living water, stood a man apparently forty years of age, plainly habited in rich black velvet, which displayed to the best advantage a form of manly mould and exquisite symmetry. His beaver lay beside him on the turf, and his noble head thus exposed, displayed the perfection of nature's maturity. His high and expansive forehead, strongly marked and delicately moulded features, dark, piercing and restless eyes, bespoke genius to conceive, energy to prosecute, perseverance to complete achievement of lofty daring. But there was an expression of melancholy around his perfect mouth, and his dark brows had acquired a contraction which proved that he was familiar with disappointment, and the contumely of inferior souls. Wrapped in

deep thought be seemed, except that from time to time, as he lifted his eyes and glanced up the vista, there flashed from their dark depths the impatience of a mighty spirit, baffled of its aim, chained in its flight, and misunderstood in the darkness of surrounding ignorance. A figure, elastic with the buoyancy of joy, advanced toward him, a warm hand clasped his, and a glad voice exclaimed, "Courage, my friend, she has consented to see you, to listen to your plea, to weigh your arguments, and decide upon your claims to patronage. Courage, I say, for if she listen to you, she will espouse your cause." A light, intense, but momentary, flashed over the face of the dark-browed man, as he pressed the hand of his messenger, exclaiming, "Thank you—to me you are, indeed, San Angel!"

Gradually the gay groups disappeared from the scene of magnificent enchantment; the lights went out one by one, like stars at the approach of day; the voices of melody ceased amongst the pavilions, and in the echoing halls, and silence seemed resuming her natural empire over the night.

In a retired apartment of the royal palace sat Isabella of Castile, with her two young daughters. The beauty of the queen was of a style to command respect rather than admiration, obedience rather than love. Majesty was in her form and mien, pride sat on her brow, and in her tones and gestures lived an authority which none dared question or disobey. Well was it for herself and those around her that she was governed by the nicest principles of honor; that her whole life was swayed by the most fervent and conscientious devotional feelings; so that as a queen, as a wife, and as a mother, she was above reproach.

Her eldest daughter, the Lady Isabella, inherited with her mother's name, a large portion of her personal and mental qualities; but while one was a woman and a queen, the other was a young princess, proud, impatient of control or contradiction, and delighting in magnificence and admiration. Her younger sister, the Lady Joanna, though she had a fine form and regular features, with the dark, languid eyes of her country, was destitute of that grace and vivacity which is the great charm in woman's character. The warm blood never gave a living glow to the dark olive of her complexion, and it was seldom that the deep fringes of her eyelids were lifted sufficiently to allow those with whom she conversed to mark the beautiful and fitting shadows of the deep and sweet emotions of her loving spirit.

"Oh, mother!" cried the young Isabella, her whole person radiant with the spirit's light, "oh, mother, what a glorious thing it is to be a queen's daughter; to live in such magnificence, to be an object of admiration and worship, to listen while gay and noble cavaliers extol one's beauty and accomplishments; but, mother, it is my highest glory that I am your child, your namesake, and like you in mind and person. Oh, how my heart swelled last night as I heard men speak of the truly royal Isabella of Castile. But, mother, I am not quite as noble-souled as you, for I heard them tell that in your girlhood, when the

discontented nobles and people would have placed you on your brother's throne, you utterly refused to consent to his being deposed, and only allowed yourself to be declared his successor. I could not have been so moderate; oh, I long to be a queen like you."

"A queen!" murmured Joanna, who occupied a cushion at her mother's feet, "a queen," and her voice was low and sweet as the murmur of a guitar, when its strings are moved by the orange-scented breeze alone. "I would be queen of one loving heart alone. I ask no kingdom beyond a quiet home, with one to love me, dearly, truly, unchangingly, as I could love again. Oh, mother, I am weary of all this noise and show; my heart grows sick, as I mark these glorious things, and feel that they are spoils of war, relics of a fallen power, trophies of a victory achieved by bloodshed, fire, famine, and pestilence. Do not frown, dear mother, my queen; but I cannot help thinking of the loving hearts, and beautiful women, and tender babes that perished in Grenada. They were infidels, but they had human hearts; they loved, and were beloved, and, oh, what bitter sundering of holy ties was in that devoted city. I cannot rejoice in such dreadful victory; I dare not thank our merciful Father in Heaven that he has permitted our armies to inflict such a vast amount of misery, not only on our armed foes, but on their helpless and innocent families."

The queen's countenance was troubled; she regarded her daughters alternately. "Alas! my children," she said at length, "I foresee unhappiness for you both. Isabella's spirit will never be satisfied with power and grandeur; and your heart, Joanna, will never be filled with the love for which alone it asks. It is possible to be beautiful, honored, and a mighty queen, and yet be very miserable—oh, very miserable! Leave me now, my children, for the hour of audience is at hand; and I am to listen to a strange suitor and weigh a mighty project."

Queen Isabella sat in her private audience-chamber, surrounded by her nobles. There was a shadow on her brow deeper than the shade of business cares; and it was remarked by her counsellors that every article of the spoils of the fallen Moors had been removed from her apartments.

Presently San Angel and his friend, Columbus, were ushered to the royal presence. The great adventurer wore the same plain habit of black velvet, but appeared infinitely more noble in that dress than did any of the embroidery-decked cavaliers in the royal presence. Columbus was no stranger to courts and princes, yet as he bent his knee before Isabella of Castile, he felt to pay her the homage of the soul, and she thought that she had never until then looked upon true greatness.

"Rise," she said, "and speak what you have to say."

He stood before her calm, collected, and with the air of a man having full confidence in himself; and his speech, which at first was hesitating and low, soon flowed in a torrent of strong eloquence, betraying the tide of the deep spirit which thus poured out its speculative treasures.

"Madam," he said, "you behold me, a native of Genoa, a suitor to your majesty for aid, not to prosecute an idle enterprise to attain for myself gay baubles, or the yellow gold that lies like a heavy chain upon the souls of its votaries, but to prosecute a great and glorious enterprise, of the success of which I am morally certain, and which will be an inestimable benefit to the whole world, and add, if it be possible, new honors to the name of Isabella of Castile. Madam, the teachings of science, as well as my apprehension of the goodness and wisdom of our bountiful Creator, have led me to a firm conviction that all the unexplored surface of this vast globe is not, cannot be, a barren waste of waters. I know that there are vast islands, probably a great continent, sufficient to balance the lands that now compose the world, lying away in the western ocean. These unknown lands I would discover and explore. Or even if such do not exist, as we know that the earth is globular in form, I shall at least discover a passage to India through the western ocean, and so add a glory to the crown of Castile which shall eclipse the lustre which recent navigators have given to Portugal. This is the age of naval enterprise and great discoveries; let the most important exploit of this age live with the name of Queen Isabella on the historic page forever and forever.

"Madam, I know that I am no idle dreamer, no speculative theorist; I seek to confirm by actual discovery the truths which reason and religion proclaim to my mind as indisputable. And yet I have found no soul capable of understanding mine; no rich prince or noble willing to risk a few thousands for an incalculable benefit to the whole world through all the years to come, and a fame which shall live until the sun burns out in the great temple of the blue ether. You will ask why I, a citizen of Genoa, a rich and powerful state, find it necessary to solicit the aid of foreign powers. I have said I find no souls capable of understanding mine. The great ones of my dear native city have pronounced me a framer of illusive theories. I would have won for her an imperishable honor; she would not receive it at my hand. Filled with sorrow and indignation, I then turned toward Portugal, encouraged by her recently acquired reputation as a patron of adventurous navigators. Her great ones listened to my suit, amused with hopes, and delayed to give me a definite answer; and while I waited and strove to convince them of the rationality of my speculations, they treacherously drew from me all my grounds of belief in the existence of another continent, my intended method of discovery, with the direction I meant to steer, and all the information I could give concerning my projected voyage; and, indeed, madam, you will find it hard to believe such infamy, they fitted out a fleet secretly, which sailed, failed of its object, encountered storms, and returned, asserting that they had done all that navigators could do, and that my theory is false and futile. Thus I have been cheated out of three years of my existence, while my ardent soul is burning out its habitation. Then I thought of England. I sent my brother to lay my project before her royal Henry. Years have

passed, and yet he has not returned. Madam, I know that the lands of which I have spoken do exist. I know that I am able to search them out in the world of dark waters which has wrapped them from our knowledge since the world began. I know that I can reach them, for God has raised me up and endowed me as his instrument to affect these great discoveries, and he will preserve my life, and guide me by his almighty power. I have petitioned your august consort, but he is occupied by other matters, or swayed by those who would prevent me from achieving that which they dare not undertake themselves, who would withhold from me the honors which they have not courage and ability to achieve for themselves. On you, therefore, illustrious madam, now rest my ardent hopes. Surely amid all this magnificence, the small sum necessary for my outfit would not be felt. And in the event of my success, which I deem certain, would not the vast and rich territory thus added to the dominions of Castile and Aragon, bring millions of revenue for every hundred expended on my expedition. I beseech your highness, listen to my plea; I am like a strong eagle, longing to scale the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, but bound by a heavy chain in a dark and miry valley, I am wearing out my life in a vain effort to spread my shackled pinions to the glorious sunlight. Let your royal bounty remove these shackles, give me the means, and say to me go, explore the ocean, discover new worlds, and take possession in the name of Isabella, the illustrious queen of Castile. Let me go, in pity to my restless spirit. Let me go and win everlasting honors for myself and the age, and for my royal patroness.

Queen Isabella had listened with evident interest, her dark eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned with excitement. She extended her beautiful hand to the suppliant. "I grant your prayer," she said; "I will furnish funds for your voyage. This display of magnificence is not at my command. It belongs to our nobles, our chorches, our officers and soldiers. You behold here the spoils of the vanquished, which must reward the vanquishers. It is possible to be poor in the midst of regal splendor. But I have jewels which are at my own disposal, which add nothing to my power or my happiness. I will dispose of them, and give you the means to prosecute your project to discover new worlds amid the wilderness of waves, and win that undying fame which you deem within your reach."

Low on his knees fell the joyful adventurer, and poured out his gratitude in few but forceful words.

Looks of scorn, contempt, and bitter enmity were fixed upon the adventurous Genoese by the courtiers who surrounded her majesty, and it was evident that her presence alone restrained them from openly expressing their hatred of him, and disapproval of her decision. One cavalier in particular ground his teeth with rage, and muttered his vow of eternal enmity to him whose soul so overreached all that human intellect had heretofore achieved.

But Isabella's royal word was pledged, and her powerful eloquence had won her regal Ferdinand of

Aragon to espouse the cause of Columbus, and associate his name with hers in patronage of his great adventure. But the man of mighty soul had departed on his limitless voyage, and his scoffers continued to clamor against him, and predict the utter failure of his project, and destruction of his fleet and crews.

Ferdinand and Isabella were holding their court in Barcelona, when a courier arrived with intelligence that Columbus with his fleet had made the harbor of Palos, from which he sailed about ten months previous. Various rumors followed the announcement, rumors of glory, and gold, and territories, rich and blooming as the garden of Eden. Then gushed in clamorous torrents the bitter waters of envy, hatred, and detraction; but Isabella heeded not their clamors, but awaited with hope and exultation the arrival of her protégé.

At length a triumphant train approached the city. Loud shouts swelled up to heaven from the excited multitudes; the city poured out her torrents of living creatures to meet the mighty man who had wrested a world from the untraversed ocean floods.

The monarchs, in their most glorious apparel, sat upon their throne in the magnificently furnished reception hall of their palace home.

The procession approached; a herald announced the great discoverer. He entered the presence, and the monarchs arose and stood to greet him.

With him came natives of his new world, with their strange features and unheard of complexions—habited in the grotesque costume of their native clime. In beautiful caskets and vases were borne

gold, unwrought, and fashioned into curious ornaments, fruits and flowering plants, and strangely beautiful specimens of verdure and foliage, with articles of the manufacture of those far-off lands—all things strange to the admiring beholders, and different from aught that the eastern continent produced. All was wonder, admiration and delight, except in the black habitations of envy and murderous hate. But Columbus had achieved his triumph—he had discovered a new world; he had triumphed over the malice of his enemies, he had won for himself an imperishable fame; but he laid all his glories at the feet of his royal patroness, ISABELLA OF CASTILE, without whose aid the mighty soul of enterprise would have worn itself out in vain endeavors to spread its glorious pinions. Oh, that every mighty mind could find an Isabella.

Ought not the name of Isabella to be forever associated with that of Columbus, as without her aid he could never have crossed the Atlantic? Should not the honor of the discovery of the western world rest alike upon him who conceived, and her who enabled him to execute the mighty project? And yet the fame of Columbus is wide as the world, and eternal as the lands to which he opened the way across the billows; while she who gave wings to his genius and power to his arm is almost forgotten.

But I would wed her name to his forever by christening this great and hitherto nameless republic, by the appropriate and euphonious title of *Columbella*. Thus would I give honor to whom honor is due.

EGERIA.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

In a soft, still summer twilight,
 When the sunset's golden beam
 Gleaned behind the cold gray mountain,
 With a misty haze between,
 When the stars were faintly breaking,
 One by one, upon the sky,
 And the winds that whispered near me
 Were as gentle as a sigh,
 'Neath a mossed and gnarled oak,
 With its branches ivy-bound,
 Where the mingled sweets of flowers
 Threw a breathing perfume round,
 There a lovely dream stole o'er me,
 'T was life's sweetest, last, and best;
 Bright Egerin, lost Egerin,
 Thou hast left my lonely breast.

I have sought the spot full often
 In the morning, in the noon,
 In the chill and bleak December,
 In the rosy light of June;
 And when floods of silvery moonlight
 O'er the valley slept serene,
 While its pale and silent splendor
 Mocked my spirit's restless dream.

Yet I linger as of old—
 Still I seek the shadowed lake,
 And the mountains stern and drear,
 Where the Alpine glaciers break;
 There I watch the storm-god rise,
 But I wander on in vain;
 Bright Egerin, lost Egerin,
 Will we never meet again.

'Mid my deep and yearning sadness,
 With enrapturing thought I dwell
 On the scenes whose hues are melting
 Into memory's mystic spell;
 But my gladness hath departed,
 For I tremblingly pursue
 The beloved yet changing phantom
 That still fades before my view;
 Aerial music floats around,
 Aerial voices meet mine ear,
 And my sighs are oft repeated
 By soft echoes hovering near;
 And from visions half ethereal—
 Mad with hope—I wildly start—
 But thy footsteps, lost Egerin,
 Are the beatings of my heart.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN, DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 141.)

We had almost forgotten to speak of another class, important though youthful, of the saucy, petted and spoiled *pages*. They, too, are gone, and not one of them survived the eighteenth century. The Almanac of the Empire, it is true, bears the names of thirty-two pages, and that of the restoration of seventy-two; but all this means nothing, for the last page, who really was what he professed to be, and who was the most celebrated of his class, was named Cherubim, and was born April 27, 1794.

The following is his portrait.



The old Duke of Lauraguais said that the first English frock worn in France had been the death-blow of the French nobility, one of the most numerous of the grades of which had been the first to adopt it. The Marquises, with their proverbial love of change, began from that time to transform their *molets*, and effected it so rapidly that their brocade garments were soon only found on the stage, or in

the *bals-costumés*. This frock, (*fr. froc*.) which had so disadvantageous an influence, was a kind of loose gown, with pockets on the inside, and without any tightness at the waist. It was cut lengthwise with the cloth, and though first without a collar, ultimately acquired one. The dress of the age in other respects remained long unaltered, though its accessories, such as buttons, plaits, *etc.* were constantly changing. The coats first were made to button all the way up, and then only from the pockets up: finally buttons were not used at all. After some lapse of time loops were used, which clasped the narrow coat over the often portly *tournaure* in the most ridiculous manner. Waistcoats then were waistcoats, not *gilets*, but substantial coats without sleeves. The wardrobe of a gentleman also contained another garment called a *veston*, covered with lace and *broderie*, a *volant*, which was always single-breasted, various kinds of redingotes, such as the *roquelaure*, the *houppelands*, *etc.*, all of which were made of every conceivable material and color. The above are the general characteristics of costume, all the variations of which we cannot be expected to describe any more than the botanist is to count every leaf on a tree.

Black, now the *ne plus ultra* of dress, was then worn only by *procureurs*, authors, small landholders, and, in a word, all persons who were negligent in their toilette. It was the index of restricted means, and of mourning, when the most obscure bourgeois dressed himself like a count or marquis.

The greatest variety of colors were worn, and contrasts which now would seem most repulsive were every day met with. A scarlet velvet coat, with a black collar and steel buttons, sulphur-colored breeches and blue-striped hose were considered in very good taste about 1765. *Boue de Paris* (brick-dust color) and London smoke were worn in both London and Paris in 1796, and in 1788, a color known by the repulsive name of *beefs-blood* was the extremity of fashion. Waistcoats had all kinds of names, taken from operas, such as *Figaro*, *Cœur-de-Lion*, *etc.* Handkerchiefs *aux adieux de Fontainebleau* were worn; neither of these, however, seem to have differed materially from other waistcoats and handkerchiefs.

This was the age of *cravats*, made of fine lawn or baptiste richly laced, with hanging ends; *peruques à la Grecque*, with three buckles; the sword and plumed hat. Some persons also wore the stockinet breeches, by the side of which Adam's fig-leaf was decent.

The following is a group altogether characteristic of that age in which the redingote, the *coiffure à la Grecque*, and plumed hat all appear:



None now can take an interest in all the mysteries of powder and *coiffure*, with their high-sounding names à la *Brigadiers*, à la *Sartine à trois boutons*, etc., they are gone forever, and when the great Leonard fled to Russia after the execution of the king were forgotten in Paris. It will be remembered that other capitals always copied the costumes of the French capital, and that in speaking of Paris we describe the costume of Europe.

Grave reflections do not belong to the history of so frivolous a thing as costume, but any one may see that it is impossible to avoid making a comparison, not only between the costumes, but the ideas of the past and present. The decay of the luxury of the old monarchy was but the forerunner of the fall of the monarchy itself, so that rightly enough Dumourier echoed the prophecy of its ruin, made by an old gentleman-washer who saw the great Roland appear before the king with shoes with strings instead of buckles. We have brought down

the history of costume to the verge of a revolution, all the terrors of which luxury survived, and there may be those who think the crisis in the midst of which France is, may pass away, and things yet a second time resume their old state. This cannot be; the centre of fashion is destroyed, and cannot be again created. France has more serious things to attend to, and though all the world submitted to French dictation, it is scarcely probable that it will bow itself to another sceptre. France cannot resume her sway. In 1792 the dispersed court bore away with it all the splendor and magnificence of the past, and left a void which the republic could not fill. In 1800 *no less*, as a cast, had disappeared, but an opulent class yet remained, who had grown accustomed to dictate in fashion. In the year 1825 the revolution was more complete, and all have other things to do besides thinking of periwigs and shoe-buckles.

Among the causes which tended in the eighteenth

century to modify French costume, by assimilating all classes, we must in the first place mention the influence of what is now called Anglo-mania. Even as far back as Louis XV., the young nobles had become accustomed to visit England, where they acquired new habits if not new ideas. England for a time was the sovereign of fashion, and hats were worn *à la Tamise* instead of *à la Seine*. The nobles, in imitation of the English, ruined themselves by extravagance in horses and equipages. Quarrels arose about the good looks of jockeys, and princes of the blood and dukes transformed themselves into coach-drivers. Marie Antoinette even took pride in the dexterity with which she handled the whip and reins of a pony-phaeton. The revolution has naturalized in France many political phrases, but long before that French ears and the French palate had grown used to punch, or *ponche* as they called it, and both sexes had become accustomed to cover up their costume with the *redingote*, or English riding-coat. Tea canes and hats were ultimately adopted, also from England.

The revolution in England, and the round-head ideas it evolved, had much simplified English costume, and by the Anglo-mania this simplicity was now reflected back on France, and continued to as late a day as the revolution. In 1780 the English costume was frequently seen in the streets of Paris, and contributed in a great degree to dissipate the air of pretension which yet animated French society. The English boot was adopted almost universally, and gaiters became as common as in London. The loose locks of the English sailors were also imitated, and this was a severe blow on the old costume, an important portion of which was the *coiffure*. The three-cornered cocked was replaced by the jockey's round hat, a ridiculous and ungainly thing which no taste can make becoming, and no art make comfortable. The probability, however, is that it will become universal, and that some day all the world will wear this head-piece.

This mutual imitation continued until the adoption of Napoleon's Continental system, which, as is well known, separated England from all intercourse with Europe. When peace had put an end to the long wars this system had occasioned, and Englishmen again came on the Continent, their appearance struck each other as supremely ludicrous, as the apparition of one of our own grandfathers in the gigantic waistcoat and the bag wig they wore would seem to us in a modern drawing-room.

Before, however, an universal costume had been adopted the revolution came. Fortunes were swept away, palaces lost, and the people who inhabited them dispersed. We here lose sight of powdered hair forever, for both sexes cut their hair short, and shoes with strings were universally adopted. The reign of terror came, *sans-culottism* was the rage. The red cap of liberty, the *houppelande* of red worsted, or the *carmagnole* usurped the place of the plumed hat and the graceful *roquelaure*. Open shirt collars and a knotted stick, like the Irish shillelagh, were indispensable accompaniments to this dress, an

admirable representation of which is to be seen in the making up of James Wallack, senior, for one of his many admirable impersonations, called David Duvigne, in that pretty two act drama of the "Hazard of the Die." This costume is scarcely worthy of remark, except on account of the red Italian cap, a garment far more graceful than our hat, but proscribed on account of the horrors enacted by those who wore it. It, however, never was worn except in France, and we may well enough drop it here forever.

Yet people must not think there was no richness of costume during the republic! There was as much extravagance as ever, only every one dressed according to his own whim. There were fops, too, called *Muscadins incroyables* and *merveilleux*, who aped the manners of the old marquis. One great trait of these was they were all near-sighted, and could not pronounce the letter R. They were the prototypes of our own dandies, as may be seen by the following specimen :



This costume was imitated over all the world, and, except in the hat, breeches and ribbons at the knee, does not differ greatly from the dress of our own day.

[To be continued.]

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN

"WHO COULD NEVER DRESS WELL."

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

"HANG it!" I exclaimed, as I thrust the poker violently into the grate, and slammed myself into an arm-chair before the fire, "I am the most unfortunate rascal in the world!"

I had just returned from the Hon. Mrs. Scatter's squeeze. I can't imagine why it should be the case, but it seems to be my unlucky destiny either to be thrust or to thrust myself eternally into the most inappropriate places possible. What the deuce should have taken me there? I know that I have no business at such assemblies—yet, oh, Julia!"

She waltzed with that fool, Fitzcrooky. The fellow hasn't a particle of brain, but such a *moustache*! And then the style of his dress. With what elegant ease he sports his habiliments! Such perfect taste in their arrangement, and so harmonious the *tout ensemble*! Then look at me. They were whispering. He cast a sneering glance at my exterior. I know she laughed at me. Zounds, I could tear my hair to tatters!

I never could dress well. If I have a handsome and well-made coat, the vest and pants are sure to be of the most unsuitable colors. That infernal tailor, I verily believe, takes every advantage to make me appear disadvantageously; and I could swear that he pails all his unsaleable remnants upon me. Let me see how he has rigged me out for what I intended to be the victorious campaign of this evening. Scipio, wheel up that cheval glass. Gods and fishes! A purple coat with silver filagree buttons—a white satin vest—scarlet under ditto—light drab pantaloons, and a check cravat! Black silk stockings and pumps with rosettes. Jupiter and Moses! Why I look like one of Bunbury's caricatures! Tregear's shop-window never exhibited such a monster. No wonder they laughed at me. Ha! ha! By Jove, I can't help laughing at myself, and it's no joking matter, after I had laid myself out to make a deep impression.

There, Scipio, draw the curtains and go. Stay; hand me the brandy-bottle and some cigars before you make your final exit. I might as well get drunk, and by that means bury my woes in a temporary oblivion, despite of all temperance societies.

Give me my dressing-gown, and pitch this infernal coat out at the widow. Ha! here's another specimen of my undeniable taste. What man, save myself, would ever encase himself in a brocade of a pattern like a bed-curtain. No matter; your Persian says it is all *takdeer*—destiny. All this, I presume, was fore-ordained—it must have been predestined, this atrocious, villainous piece of business, and I suppose I can't help it. Scipio, go to bed.

Scipio retired, and I was left alone. The night was dark and confoundedly cold. I picked up a

volume. It was Peter Schlemihl. I lighted a cigar, and mixing some strong brandy-and-water, I applied myself to the business which the reader has been previously informed I had in contemplation.

But all would not do. I could not succeed in my intention. I smoked one *Doa Amigos* after another, and quaffed glass after glass of *Seignette*. The more I drank, in the more odious light did I appear to myself. I ruminated upon Julia's flirtation with Fitzcrooky. I attempted to analyze the causes of my abominable want of taste in the components of costume.

"Deuce take me!" at last I cried, exhausted, and half mad with vexation, "I wish to Heaven that I could exchange this unlucky carcass with some more fortunate individual, whose kinder stars may have granted him a comelier body and a more *recherché* taste in its decoration than my miserable self!"

Scarcely had I spoken these words when a gentle cough attracted my attention. I looked up. Opposite to me there sat a gentleman of the most prepossessing exterior. He had drawn up a lounge to the side of the grate, and was seated, with patient politeness, as if in expectation of drawing my attention to himself. He was attired in a neat and elegant suit of black, which fitted him *à merveille*. A dark maroon velvet vest, buttoned tightly to his chest, and falling over into a rolling collar, displayed his linen of superb make and texture, fastened by a small diamond pin. His cravat was tied with a prim precision; his boots and gloves would have driven Staub and Walker to despair. His hat was of the most appropriate block, and a cambric handkerchief, delicate as the web of Arachne, and accented with *douquet du roi*, was occasionally applied to his nose, in the most graceful manner. The contour of his face was perfect Grecian, and a mass of wavy chestnut-hair was negligently disposed over his forehead. He wore neither whisker nor *moustache*.

For some time I sat in silent amazement, wondering how my guest had procured his *entrée*, inasmuch as I knew that all the doors were locked and bolted, and that my janitor had gone to bed some hour and a half previous to the stranger's appearance. He sat in equal silence. Presently he arose, and pouring out a glass of brandy, he swallowed it in a twinkling, bowing to me with infinite gravity. He next produced a long and slender meerschaum from his pocket, lighted it with a *pastille ambree*, and resuming his seat, his eyes traveled over my attire from head to foot, with an air of well-bred curiosity. My bile began to work.

"May I ask, sir," said I, "what is the meaning of this unusual visit?"

The stranger, carelessly desisting from his investigation, expelled a mouthful of smoke, and with a kind of concealed chuckle, which I did not half like, replied,

"Pray, sir, may I, without infringing upon propriety, inquire of you, who is your tailor?"

My hand inadvertently sought the decanter, and I had a vague idea of hurling it at my visiter's head. One moment's reflection, together with a glance at the well-made and sinewy form before me, determined me to waive hostilities.

"I cannot imagine, sir," I replied, with severe dignity, "your motives in making any such inquiry."

"Oh, a mere trifle. I was anxious to become acquainted with the name of your fashioner, who, to judge from the appearance of your habiliments, must possess a most exquisite taste."

For a moment, I had suspicions that my *amis inconnu* was quizzing me. I eyed him narrowly, but the expression of his face was that of respectful earnestness, mingled with some curiosity. Not the slightest trace of a quizz could be detected upon his immovable aspect.

"If you are really anxious to know," said I, and I confess I felt naturally gratified, for it was the first compliment I had ever heard addressed to my taste, "I can refer you to Cabbage & Stickem, Oxford street."

"I could almost wish to exchange my vile taste in costume for your more original and certainly more refined style," said the stranger, without moving a single muscle of his face.

"And I," I cried, seizing him by the hand, "highly as I feel flattered by such a declaration, would willingly make such an exchange, if it were possible to do so."

"We shall find it very possible," replied the stranger. "Come, let us take a glass to our better acquaintance. I am charmed to have it in my power to confer an obligation upon a gentleman like yourself, especially when it meets so exactly with my own inclinations."

"Egad," said I, as we hob-nobbed very cordially together, "I am agreed to make the exchange directly."

I had no sooner said the word than I felt a most violent blow at the back of my head. On my recovery, for it almost stunned me, I was stupefied with astonishment, upon looking up, to behold myself sitting at my ease, and snoking with great *insouciance*, upon the very seat which I had previously occupied *in propria persona*.

"Be so good, worthy sir," said I, or the figure I saw seated in my arm chair, "to look in yonder glass, and you will discover that your wishes have been complied with."

I stepped to the cheval, and to my unspeakable amazement and joy, viewed in the reflection the person of the elegant gentleman with whom I had exchanged exteriors.

"I hope," said the personage who rejoiced in my original ugliness and odious garments, "that this exchange is entirely to your satisfaction?"

I could have hugged him, for I was almost beside myself with delight.

"How can I thank you for your kindness," I exclaimed, for my old attire looked doubly ridiculous to my new optics. "I do assure you, sir, that I am forever at your service."

"That's it," said the gentleman with a peculiar smile, which in the plenitude of my joy I did not notice at the time, although I recollected it afterward perfectly well. "And now, as it grows late, I will bid you good evening."

As he spoke, I saw my ancient figure walk quietly out at the door. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laugh a little after closing it. For my own part I was so elated, that I could not think of going to bed, so I sat drinking and singing, building castles in the air, and ruminating upon the magnificent figure which I should oppose against the fascinations of Fitzcrooky, in the eyes of Julia. I determined, with the afternoon of that day, to commence my triumphal progress in her affections. In fact, I never noticed how time slipped by, and when the entrance of some one at the door aroused me, and I collected my scattered senses, it was at least four hours after sunrise.

"Gollamighty!" exclaimed the voice of Scipio. "What de debbil we got heah? Trainge man in massa's bed-room, and be not up yit. What you want, eh? He some tief—some robber?"

"Why you old fool," said I, "don't you see it's me—myself?"

"Who me?—what dat, eh? Debbil tak me if I no b'lieve dat he has murdered massa and teal all de spoons! Help! murder!"

"What do you mean, you old villain!" cried I. "Do you want to bring in the whole neighborhood?" and seizing a candlestick, I leveled it at his woolly pate.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel, by abusing my servant?" roared a voice from the bed. I looked in that direction. There was my head protruded from the curtains, surmounted by a red night-cap, and a clenched fist was violently shaken at me from the same purlieu.

"Turn him out, Scipio!" I shouted.

"Turn him out!" repeated my *Eidolon*, if I may so term him.

"Turn *who* out!" queried Scipio, in a state of profound bewilderment.

Perfectly frantic with rage, I flew toward the bed, eager for a pugilistic encounter, when the door was thrown open, and my old housekeeper, with pallid visage, peeped into the apartment. I determined to make an appeal to her.

"Am I, or am I not your master, Nancy?" said I, in a very melancholy tone.

"You my master! Come up, mister himperence," replied Nancy. "My master is in yonder bed, young man. Run, Sip, and call a policeman. He'll wake you know your master, jail-bird."

"Ah!" thought I, "it's all up, I see. That fellow's me, and I'm somebody else, but hang tae if I know who. Well, as I don't choose to take a morning airing at Hatton Garden, I might as well abdicate

at once. But," cried I, "you scoundrel, you shall pay for this."

"Turn him out, Sip!" grunted my former voice from the bed. How hateful it sounded! "Turn him out, and don't let me be disturbed till twelve. My head aches confoundedly."

I sneaked out of my own room like a detected pickpocket, Nancy and Scipio attending me down stairs, and delivering a brace of running lectures upon the evil courses which I was pursuing, admonishing me likewise of the certain and ignominious end which awaits such depraved and dissolute characters as I was presumed to be. At the foot of the stairs, Scipio insisted upon searching me, an operation to which, crest-fallen as I was, I did not pretend to make the slightest opposition. I was then dismissed in the same manner with Master Candide from the *château* of Thunderdentronek, namely with *grands coups de pied dans le derriere*, pretty well administered by a brace of sturdy valets, whom Scipio had summoned to his assistance from a neighboring area.

This ejection from my own mansion took place about half past nine o'clock. In the first impulses of my rage and despair, I resolved to apply to my friends, in order to establish my identity by their testimonies. It was early; too early in fact to find any of them up, and I was fain to stroll the streets until the lingering hands of the clock should signify the proper and canonical hour of rising. So I patrolled Hyde Park for an hour or so, until my insides began to give me very unequivocal tokens of their desire for breakfast. Rage, as well as love and all other sublimary matters, must yield to the calls of hunger. I entered a coffee-house in Upper Brook street, and ordered my morning meal. I drank a couple of cups of tea, ate a French roll and a modicum of raw beef-steak, and walked to the bar to pay my bill. I put my hand into my pocket in search of my purse. It was not there. I tried another, and another, and yet another pocket. Horrid to relate, I could not meet with the smallest coin of the realm! The waiter began to look very black, and I could overhear the monosyllable "*bill!*" ground out between his teeth in a tone which indicated profound aversion and contempt. My hair fairly stood on end. Nevertheless I thought it best to brazen it out.

"Do you see, my good fellow," said I, and I assured you, I spoke in a very bland and courteous tone, "I have most unaccountably forgotten my purse—"

"Gammon!" was the very significant response of the Ganymede. "How d'ye know you ever had one?"

"Confound your impudence, fellow!" said I, nettled by the coolness of the query. "What d'ye mean by insulting a gentleman?"

"More like a swell out o' luck," growled the servant. "Come, young'un, this here kind of a job's no go. Post the cole, my boy, or it'll be the worse for somebody."

As luck would have it, I thought of my diamond breastpin, and taking that article of jewelry from my shirt front, I offered it to the waiter.

"Blast your Brummagem traps!" quoth that gentleman. "D'ye think I don't know a diamond from a Bristol stone, or gold from pinchbeck?"

It was pinchbeck, by Jupiter!

The waiter must have been touched by the despair depicted upon my countenance. With a grim smile,

"Come, my fine chap," said he, "if you are a bilk, it's plain that you're a new band at the trade, and I don't care about being too hard upon you. Give me your wive, and I'll let you off for this time, but you take care you does n't come the swell mob again over this 'ere house, that's all."

My heart was too full for speech. I gave him my handkerchief with a profound sigh, and throwing the pinchbeck breastpin into the coal-scuttle, I vanished with all convenient speed.

Leaving the coffee-house, I espied my crony, Dick Buffers, across the street. To join him was but the work of a moment.

"Hollo, Dick!" said I, slapping him heartily upon the shoulder. This was the irrepressible outpouring of a bosom, into which a ray of light, imparted by hope, had penetrated, cheering the darksome abode with its enlivening presence. Quickly was my joy turned into sorrow.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Dick, drawing himself up with magnificent reserve. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Come, Dick," said I, in a sort of whimper, for I was really becoming very much alarmed, "don't put a strange face on the matter. It isn't possible that you do n't know your old friend, Flashington Highflyer? Why we only parted at midnight, and dined together no later than yesterday."

"Highflyer!" said Buffers. "To be sure I know him, and very well, too. We undoubtedly did dine together yesterday, although I cannot account for your knowledge of the fact. But it will take even more than your impudence to convince me that you are the man. You must be either drunk or a fool. Flashington Highflyer! ha! ha! Your very dress convicts you of a lie."

Buffers might have spared this sarcasm.

"Upon my honor, Richard Buffers," said I, solemnly, while the tears actually stood in my eyes, "I am that most unfortunate man."

"You are? Why, the man's mad! View that looking glass in yonder shop-window, and if you hav'n't been looking into the glass too often this morning already, you will discover that your countenance bears not the slightest resemblance to that of Mr. Highflyer, that is, if you are at all acquainted with the physiognomy of the gentleman to whose name you have laid claim."

I stepped to the window. One glance was sufficient. Oh! how I cursed my super-lunatic folly, and how I longed for my former shape.

"Egad, it's true," I soliloquized. "It's all correct, as my Yankee friends have it. That rascal has got into possession of my goods and chattels, as well as of my person, and has left me nothing in return but a most confoundedly disagreeable sense of my own

individuality. What a horrid piece of business to be sure!"

I turned. Dick was gone.

"Who am I, then?" was my next very natural self-interrogatory.

It was needless to disturb my remaining acquaintance for proofs of my identity, as, indeed, if any body had demanded of me my address, I should have been amazingly puzzled to give it. I turned about, entirely reckless of whither I went. Twelve, one o'clock went by. I met many of my acquaintance, but there was no recognition. I was in despair, and could have sat down upon the curb-stone and wept. My walk procured me one thing, it is true, namely, a very good appetite; but I could have readily dispensed with that, inasmuch as I was painfully conscientious that, without pawning my coat, I was utterly unable to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

The hours rolled on. The force of habit, I presume, led me to Hyde Park once more. All the world was abroad. Beauty, rank and fashion were collected in one splendid, aristocratic mass. Carriages and four, with servants in gorgeous liveries; every variety of vehicle, from the dashing tandem to the humbler carriage and pair, tilburys, buggy-wagons, and cabs thronged and thundered around the ring. Horsemen dashed along the carriage-ways, and pedestrians crowded the footpaths. I sat down upon a bench and mechanically surveyed the scene. Every well-known face, which was wont to greet me with smiles, but which now bestowed upon me, *en passant*, but a vacant stare, struck a pang to my heart. My despair would have been uncontrollable, and I should have groveled and bit the ground with fury, but an innate self-respect, and a desire to appear to every possible advantage, qualities which I presume I gained together with my once admired, but now odiously detested figure, prevented me from making such an exhibition, although I verily believe that I was haunted with demonic incitements to perform all manner of curious antics.

The crowd was now at its thickest. A chariot, with servants in splendid liveries, which I immediately recognized as my own, whirled onward. Julia was seated in it by *myself*, or the devil in my shape. There I was, perfectly plain to behold. The face, the form were the same, but the dress euperlatively exquisite, and beautifully adapted to the figure. The turn-out of Fitzcrook dashed by at the same time. He glared furiously upon my happy representative. With matchless insinuation this latter ogled and flirted with Julia. She returned his smiles with eyeliads of incipient affection. As they passed me by, the fellow who had thus impudently usurped my figure and property winked—yes, he absolutely winked at me. My veins boiled with rage. Shrieking out a fearful oath, I seized a fragment of paving-stone and hurled it frantically at him. A scream, a rush, and I turned and fled, without stopping to ascertain the amount of damage inflicted by my missile, and ran as if the furies had been after me. But I ran not alone. A dense crowd of policemen, servants and gentleman on horseback dashed in pursuit.

Never did fugitive from the galleys exert his legs with a better will, or with more effect, than I did. *Timor addit alas*. On I rushed, amidst the clamor, and dust, and clatter of the yelling multitude, as if the avenger of blood had been behind me. I had been a sportsman, and never did a Leicestershire fox lead a squad of Meltonians such a circumbendibus as I did my pursuers. One by one they gave in—the noise died away gradually, and I was safe.

When partially recovered, I found myself within a queer, dark-looking old court, in the neighborhood of Hertford street and Brick Lane. I was surrounded by a multitude of crazy, tottering, reeking houses, apparently the abodes of no living beings, save Jew clothesmen, oyster venders, pawnbrokers, and gin dealers. A squalid, miserable, broken-down dog-kennel it was too! Tattered children ran about, dabbling in the filthy gutters, indulging in the mockery of play. Rough looking men, wrapped in heavy pea-coats and coarse jackets, with red and bloated faces, lounged about the doors of the various dealers, and haggard, wretched-looking women might have been descried entering the dens of the pawnbrokers, in hopes to raise some pittance of money for the purchase of food or liquor, by pledging paltry articles of dress or furniture. I sat down on the pavement side and stared around me. The scene was altogether dissimilar to any thing I had been in the habit of witnessing, and it was an interesting though a painful novelty. Good God! the misery, and wretchedness, and grinding poverty, deadening to the heart, which exist in large cities, within ken of opulence, of luxury and of splendor! O! could the voice of these wretched throngs be heard, in its collected wailing, what a cry of despairful agony would go up to the throne of the Everlasting! Dead souls in living sepulchres, stalking their gloomy round of poverty, neglect and wo—uneducated, ungodly, famine-stricken—what hope is there for them in this world, and, word of horror, what in the next!

As I sat in reverie, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up. A stout, heavily built man, with a pimpled and swollen face, attired in a rough drab over-coat, with leather gaiters and hob-nailed booties, stood beside me.

"Hallo, gen'l'm'n Bill," quoth this interesting personage. "Vy, vot brings you in these parts?"

I knew the fellow at first glance, but, by Jupiter, I had never seen him before.

"Well, old fellow," said I, with a hilarity that disgusted me, although Heaven knows I couldn't help it, "what news from your ken?"

"I tell thee vot," said Gabriel Sooterkins, for the gentleman was familiarly known by that appellation, "after this night, Billy, my bo, you had better change your trapp. The beaks 'ave nabbed Ikey about that 'ere job on Saffron Hill, and they say he's peached upon it. Confound the trade, say I, if pals can't be true to one another."

I recollected perfectly the matter he alluded to. It was a burglary committed upon an old miser, who had fixed his dwelling in that delicate abode, and I very well remembered, now that Mr. Gabriel Sooter-

kins mentioned it, that I had been the head and front of the offending, and that Ikey and himself were accomplices in the business.

An exceedingly reputable exchange of persons I had made.

"Well," said I, "if it's done it can't be helped, you know, and I'm off this night" although I had not the most remote idea of where I was going.

"If I'd a known vere you vos," said Mr. Sooterkins, "I'd ha' blowed this here spot o' work afore. But step in here. I've a vord or two to say to you, for I s'pose there's very little dust at the bottom of your fob."

Mr. Sooterkins plunged downward into a dingy cellar, and I followed him very obediently.

The place into which I accompanied him was a filthy diving, or slap-bang shop, in which retreat was collected as motley an assemblage as the imagination of man can conceive. A long table extended from one end of the cellar to the other, covered with powder mugs and dishes, cheap crockery ware, and knives and forks, which latter implements were chained to the table. A very satisfactory idea of the morals of the guests might be gathered from this circumstance; although, indeed, if that hint had been wanting, the variety of villany stamped upon the faces of the profligate crew which surrounded the table, gave proof satisfactory that they were not of that number who rank with the honest of this world.

Mr. Sooterkins nodded to this amiable assembly upon entering, and I obeyed his example, inasmuch as I recognized among these gentlemen some very familiar acquaintances. We were received in a remarkably bilious manner, and some of the most jovial of our friends pressed their regards rather closely, by playing off two or three practical jokes upon Mr. Sooterkins. The application of a quart pot to the head of the most forward of these wits sent him howling into a corner, and, to my unspeakable satisfaction, put a very sudden conclusion to the incipient merriment.

"Take that," growled Sooterkins, "and now, as you gen'l'mn seems to be so 'ighly delighted at this here cheerful occasion, you'll just 'ave the goodness to leave me and my pal to our own cards for a brace of minnits. You see, Bill, we must speak to Sal, and git posted up on this last score. Hollo! Sal! you old limb of Satan, move yer shanks this way, I tell ye!"

A withered crone, who seemed to be the mistress of the cellar, came hobbling forward, being thus politely conjured to appear.

"Wot?" said she, extending her wrinkled hand to me. "Gentleman Bill here! Here's a sight for sore eyes!"

"Dight your gab," interrupted Sooterkins. "Bill's here, but he'll be obliged to cut and run this darky, for the beaks are a'ter him 'bout that job of Ikey's. Now he's got no stump, and the devil a mag have I, so you must fork over, for the purchase wot come in vos fairly worth double as much nor you paid for it. Bill, and Ikey, and I, are all in fur the business, but the blackguard dare n't peach on me, 'cause if

he gits off from this scrape, I knows enough of other matters about him to bring him to a hemp crawat wery speedily. You've got the plunder, you old hag, and it's only fair as you should come down with the tin for the tramp."

"Ah, Gabe," said the old woman, "you will drive hard bargains with me. But I can't well refuse for the pretty face of him."

Singular as it may appear, I felt gratified by the compliment of the hag.

"Yes, mother," said I, "change of air is good for the constitution, and I'll cheat Jack Ketch of his fees in spite of fate for this bout."

"How much can you do vith?" queried Mr. Sooterkins, who had lighted a fragment of a clay pipe, and commenced to smoke most industriously.

"Ten pounds will carry me out to Port-mouth," said I, for the localities and resources of rogues were fast becoming familiar to me.

"Too much," grumbled the crone. Gabe was about to make a savage reply, when two females descended the ladder, and entered the cellar.

"By my forks!" whistled Gabe. "This 'ere is just wot I hoped would n't 'appen; but these cussed gals is everlastin'ly a riggerin a man, till he trots over the Old Bailey valls on a wooden oss."

"Bill!" cried one of the females, recognizing and running to me. "Is it you, Bill? I've been over the whole of this blessed town after you, for I heard that Ikey Solomon had let all out, and I feared that you were caught. But, thank Heaven, you're safe—you're safe!"

With an hysterical burst of laughter, the girl threw her arms around me and embraced me tightly. Her laughter gradually ceased, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

Amazed at first, and not knowing what she could mean, the truth began to break upon me. Poor girl! The burglar's mistress! What a world of guilt and woe are in those words! Her face was handsome, but oh! how deadly pale, save on the summit of the cheek-bones, where the fire of the hectic blazed. Her large, dark orbs were sunken, and gleamed like the reflected glow of a furnace from their deep cavities. Her apparel, which was a shade or two better than that of her companion, and her language, which showed her to be superior to the wretched assemblage around us, told a tale of sorrow—which, although a common tale, struck deeply on my heart.

"Hang it, Bess," said Sooterkins, endeavoring to push the girl away, "vot dost mean, crying and sniveling about a chap ven his wery life hangs on his speed in gettin' out o' Lunnun? Stand aside, thou foolish jade, and let me have my say out vith him."

"Stand by, Bess dear," said I, "and I will speak with you directly."

The girl obeyed.

"Now then," said Sooterkins, "As I've vormed the ten pounds out o' Sal, all you've got to do is this. Be off now, directly, and take all the by cuts till you're out o' town, snag in the fields. I've a friend as goes down on the mail in the morning, and mind,

give him this jark. He'll be down on the sly with you, for my sake. Then pull for Common Hard, and off over the Channel, till this 'ere job blows by. Lose no time, the night's dark, and make forward like the wind."

"And Bless?" said I, for the girl's affection had interested me, and the emotions of my burglar friend began to quicken in my breast.

"Pshaw!" said Sooterkins, "why canst not mind thine own affairs, and let the girl alone?"

"I must speak to her before I go, Gabe," I replied. "What she is, I have made her, and it would break my heart to leave her thus."

"Speak, then, fool, and be sly about it."

"Bess," said I, stealing my arm around the waist of the unfortunate girl, "I must be off for Portsmouth."

"Are you going, Bill?" she said, in a low and tremulous voice, as she lifted her eyes anxiously to mine; and that expression cut me to the soul, keen as a knife, "I never shall see you again."

"Hush, dearest, you must not speak so. We shall see each other soon, and live as happy days as ever."

The eyes of the young girl became suffused with tears.

"Happy! No, Bill, I never shall know happiness again. I have been weak and ill of late. I'm dying. Bill, and I know it. Before you will dare to return here, I shall be laid, in the parish shell, cold enough in the grave of a pauper. Do you remember the little cottage near the Downs? Ah! those were my happy days. Then I was innocent, but you—but I won't speak of that, dearest, for I would not distress you."

"Nay, Bess, compose yourself—"

"In the sleep of death? There is no other composure for me. You are going, and the strings of my heart snap as I look upon you for the last time. Oh! through misery and crime, Bill—and we have been miserable and criminal—I have loved you, dearer than the light of heaven! But, dearest, if you do escape and return, quit this awful life, for the sake of her whom you once vowed never to abandon—quit this den of villainy, and for God's sake, oh, never enter it again!"

The tears gushed from my eyes at this appeal, and my whole frame was shaken.

"I promise—I swear it," whispered I.

"Thank you, dearest. Take this little ring. You know its history. And now, for the last time, this kiss. Farewell!"

Her head sunk upon her breast. Bestowing an embrace upon her, I darted from her side, and sprang up the steps of the cellar. At the foot I paused for a moment. Bess had hidden her face in her lap, and the heaving of her breast, plainly perceptible through its thin covering, testified the agony of her spirit.

The labyrinths of the dark and dingy by-streets seemed familiar to me as the interior of my own house. In fact, I was becoming rapidly identified with the character, as well as with the person of the burglar. But as I sped on, the recollection of my former condition was forcibly recalled, as I came upon a tailor's shop, ostentatiously placed at the

corner of a well lighted street. The view of that shop acted as a talisman. It recalled me to a due sense, and to a most painful recollection of the transactions of the preceding night, and of my rencontre in Hyde Park with the usurper of my rights. I recollected perfectly well that I had received an invitation to a grand gala at Lord Flannery's for this evening, of which I doubted not for an instant that my representative would avail himself. Julia, I also knew, had promised to be there. Curiosity, no less than jealousy, spurred me on. I felt a strong desire to see in what manner and to what advantage I should appear. I determined to make my way to his lordship's, forgetting that if the police laid eyes upon me, I should dangle most loftily from the front of Newgate or the Old Bailey.

Onward I strode until I reached Grosvenor Square, from near which point I had started on my morning peregrinations. It was past eleven o'clock. I stationed myself in front of Lord Flannery's mansion, where the glow of lights, crowds of liveried menials, and the sound of music indicated the commencement of the rout. Equipage after equipage rolled up, and depositing their inmates at the door, drove off in rapid succession. Crowds of fashionables swarmed the apartments. I waited for Julia's arrival until my patience was nearly exhausted, and I was upon the point of giving the matter up in despair, when a magnificent turn-out drove up to the door, and Flashington Highlier, Esquire, descended from the vehicle, attired in a most *recherché* evening dress, and handed out—*proh pudor!*—the Honorable Miss Julia Adeliza Dashleish!

I was petrified with astonishment. There was the figure which had excited her laughter but the previous night, and which was evidently the present object of her favorable regard. As the pair passed me, the light from the hall shone strongly upon my features. My representative gave me, *en passant*, a most facetious dig in the small ribs with his elbow, and suddenly clapping his hands upon his pockets, exclaimed,

"There are thieves here! I have lost my snuff-box and my handkerchief?"

"Dear Mr. Highlier!" said Julia, with a winning glance.

"Secure this fellow," said the hateful scoundrel, for whose crimes I was penitently atoning, pointing to me. "He has a suspicious look. Bring him into the hall. Come, *dearest* Julia, I will attend you to the dressing-room, and will then return to examine this man."

Instantly I was pounced upon by a police officer, assisted by a dozen servants, and in spite of my cries and protestations of innocence, was dragged into the hall. Mr. Highlier was not long in making his appearance.

"Search him, officer," said he, as he drew out his tooth-pick, and planted himself in a very Lara-like style, with his back to the banisters.

"You infernal, thieving, rope-cracking black-guard!" I roared, goaded to the very verge of insanity by these accumulated misadventures.

"Gag him," said my tormentor. "Have you found any thing, officer?"

"All right, sir," replied that functionary. "Is this here vipe yours?"

Shocking to relate, the missing articles were found upon me!

"That handkerchief is mine, as well as the snuff-box. I shall appear to prosecute. Off with him to Bow Street. A p-r-o-e-t-i-y good-looking chap for a pickpocket," continued he, as he turned his head with a supercilious smile, and examined me through his eye-glass. The smile gave way to a sneer of the most diabolical description as he ascended the staircase. I had never thought myself so confoundedly ugly as I did at that moment.

Of course I was dragged off to the police-office, upon the charge of robbing myself. All that I could say would be of no avail, therefore I kept a most stoical silence. Having arrived at our destination, I was walked in before the head of the police, who, after a long and scrutinaizing survey of my person, whispered an officer, who went out. I was then desired, or rather commanded, to extend my wrists to another officer, who placed upon them a very ornamental, but not very agreeable appendage, in the shape of a pair of manacles. I had subsided into a dugged, sullen, almost unconscious state of mind, and was becoming, in fact, very careless as regarded consequences. Half an hour had elapsed, when the officer who had spoken with the chief of police, returned. He whispered the presiding functionary, who grinned approvingly.

"Well, my kiddy," said he, "the Saffron-Hill job war'n't enough for you, eh? But I've caged you now, bird, and you'll be made to sing plenty loud for that matter, outpeeping this altogether."

"I never heerd the like of this lark," said the under-strapper. "It's a righter demeanin' of the trade. Here's one of your Jimmy burglary swells come down to a-sneak of a pickpocket!"

It would be a work of supererogation to detail the variety of insults and the tortures of mind that I was forced to undergo from my appearance before the magistrate the next morning, until my final trial at the Old Bailey upon the charge of burglary. I had heard nothing of my ingenious tyrant, who was evidently, at the time I saw him last, in a very fair way to lead my lady-love to the altar. Nor, indeed, had I any opportunity of hearing from him. I saw no persons save my keeper, and a little, seedy, Jew attorney, whom I discovered to be in pay of the gang of which I was a worthy member. After various consultations with this gentleman, who informed me that he would be able, in spite of the veracious testimony of the respectable Mr. Ikey Solomons, to produce a satisfactory alibi, it was decided that I was to put in the plea of Not Guilty.

The day of trial arrived, after a weary and solitary residence within the walls of my prison of a month. None of the gang came near me, and I could never learn any tidings of Bess. At the appointed time, I was escorted into the court, and being duly arraigned, the charge was read to me, in that agreeable nasality

of tone peculiar to the clerks of all legal tribunals. During this process, to which I paid not the least attention, I espied a newspaper lying by the side of the dock. I picked it up, and was vacantly pouring over the columns, unseen by my jailers, when my attention was riveted by the following paragraph, which filled my breast with horror and despair.

"Married, by the Right Rev. Doctor Dumfungle, at St. Martin's in the Fields, Flashington Hightflyer, Esq., to the Hon. Julia Adebiza, daughter of Sir Pains Dashleigh, Bart."

The climax to my sorrows had then arrived. The whole man was quelled within me. Spectators, judge and jury were all forgotten, and the tide of my woes rushed irresistibly onward, overwhelming me in the vortex. The question was put in the usual form, "guilty or not guilty?" Life had eluded with me. I longed to occupy a resting place where I should be secure from the scorn and the persecutions of the world. The grave offered this refuge, and I gladly embraced it.

I therefore rose from my seat, and replied to the query of the clerk, "guilty."

My attorney fairly fell under the table with astonishment. The whole assemblage seemed utterly confounded at my audacity, and a voice was heard above the general buzz of tongues, which I recognized as appertaining to my acquaintance, Mr. Sooterkins,

"Well, by blazes, haint you gone and done it?"

Of course I was sentenced to be hanged. Day after day dragged on its weary course, and as I gazed at the gray walls of my dungeon, my heart seemed to harden like the stone itself. In vain did the ministers of the gospel strive to arouse me from my apathy. All was cold and dead within me. The day before that which was fixed for my execution, to my extreme surprise, Mr. Flashington Hightflyer entered my cell.

For some time indignation chained up my tongue. I experienced a choking sensation as I stared furiously upon my visitor, whose countenance was drawn out into the most hypocritical length. This did not very long continue, for the solemn visage which he had chosen to exhibit at his entrance soon gave place to a most malicious and devilish sneer.

"Well," said he, with an odious chuckle, "my fine fellow, how d'ye like your bargain?"

"Avant, fend!" I exclaimed. He certainly manifested no symptoms of departure, but jolling upon my bunk, produced a Havana from his mother-of-pearl cigar-case, and igniting it by means of a Lucifer, commenced to smoke with great sang froid.

"Pretty pleasant lodgings, those of yours, my old chap, but your wardrobe was horridly low and vulgar. In fact, I was compelled to make a bonfire of all your old clothes, before I could manage to put it into tolerable order."

"You infernal scoundrel!" I roared, goaded to madness by this last insult. "I told you that you should pay for your rascality, and, by heaven, you shall pay for it now!"

As I spoke, I rushed upon him and grappled tightly with him. He resisted strenuously, but rage had nerved me with the strength of a dozen men, and seizing him by the throat, we rolled upon the ground together.

"Ya—ya—yough! Gollamity, massa, what you do? Want fur choke Sip?—oh, murder! murder!"

I looked with bewildered eyes around me. I had upset the table, tumbled from my chair upon the floor, and had grappled poor Scipio by the throat, until his eye-balls protruded an inch from his head.

"Hollo!" I cried, "where the devil am I?"

"Why, you home, be sure, massa," replied Scipio, whimpering from the effects of the rough

salutation I had bestowed upon him, "and he broad daylight, and you no bin to bed yit."

I looked at the decanter. It was empty.

"Oh!" ejaculated I.

The odious apparel of the preceding night still decked my person and strewed the room. There was a sickening odor of stale tobacco-smoke hovering through the chamber, and, with a very clear perception that I should require a tumbler of Hock and soda to reinvigorate the inner man, I arrived at the comfortable conclusion that I was still in *propria persona*, the "man who could never dress well."

P. S. I'm off to Paris. Fitzcrocky has Julia's promise. A pea-green coat with gilt buttons, and a scarlet satin lining has done my business.

SUMMER'S BACCHANAL.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Fill the cup from some secretest fountain,
Under granite ledges, deep and low,
Where the crystal vintage of the mountain
Runs in foam from dazzling fields of snow!

Some lost stream, that in a woodland hollow
Coils, to sleep its weariness away,
Hid from prying stars, that fain would follow,
In the emerald glooms of hemlock spray.

Fill, dear friend, a goblet cool and sparkling
As the sunlight of October morns—
Not for us the crimson wave, that darkling
Stains the lips of olden drinking-horns!

We will quaff, beneath the moonlit glowing,
Draughts of nectar, sweet as fairy dew;
Couched on ferny banks, where light airs blowing,
Strike the leaves between us and the blue.

We will pledge, in breathless, long libation,
All we have been, or have sworn to be—
Fame, and Joy, and Love's dear adoration—
Summer's lusty bacchanals are we!

Fill again, and let our goblets, chushing,
Stir the feathery ripples on the brim:
Let the light, within their bosoms flushing,
Leap like youth to every idle limb!

Round the white roots of the fragrant lily
And the mossy hazels, purple-stained,
Once the music of these waters chilly
Gave return for all the sweetness drained.

How that rare, delicious, woodland flavor
Mocked my palate in the fever hours,
When I pined for springs of coolest savor,
As the burning Earth for thunder-showers!

In the wave, that through my maddened dreaming
Flowed to cheat me, fill the cups again!
Drink, dear friend, to life which is not seeming—
Fresh as this to manhood's heart and brain!

Fill, fill high! and while our goblets, ringing,
Shine with vintage of the mountain-snow,
Youth's bright Fountain, clear and blithely springing,
Brims our souls to endless overflow!

THE PLANTATION OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We present our readers this month with the first of a series of views which, by permission, we have caused to be engraved expressly for this Magazine, from Mr. John R. Smith's celebrated Panorama of the Mississippi River. It represents the cotton plantation belonging to the recently elected President of the U. S., General Zachary Taylor. It is situated on the eastern branch of the Mississippi River, in Jefferson county, Mississippi, seven miles below the town of Rodney, between the estates of James Sug-

gett, on the north, and Colonel Barker, on the south. The view embraces the overseer's house, and the cottages of the laborers, with a small portion of the broad acres which are comprised in the plantation. The spot is interesting, not only as being the property and the occasional residence of a distinguished public man, but as affording a specimen of those cotton estates, the culture of which exerts so important an influence on the commercial and financial destinies of the republic.

FANCIES ABOUT A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

WHAT is this dream that o'er me now
Comes with its bright and sunny spell,
As starlight falls on childhood's brow?
Haply this lock of hair can tell.

Ah me! how thoughts of early years
Are linked with this dear gift of thine—
The doubts, the memories, and the tears
That cluster round this bygone shrine.

The air seems filled with boyhood's flowers,
The perfume of the summer fields;
The dreams and gladness of the hours
That freshness to our pathway yields.

Times when the heart was glad and young,
A thousand scenes of love and truth,
That, rose-like, from our track have sprung,
Amid the dreamy times of youth.

Hours when each gushing fount of life
Leaped high amid this desert wild,
Come angel-like to calm the strife,
As once they did when Eden smiled.

Not often on life's benten track
Come such rich summer times,
To bring the heart's pure sunshine back,
Like old remembered rhymes.

But now I see, deep in a wood,
Two lovers 'neath the trees so hoary;
She, blushing to the solitude
Beneath his simple touching story;

Her sweet face coyly turned away,
To hide the thoughts that on her cheek
Are mantling like the awakened day
Upon the mountain's highest peak.

And he, perhaps some poet who
Had filled the world with golden dreams,
Hopes, that around his path upgrew,
As wild flowers deck the singing streams.

And thus, as hand in hand they go,
He tells her much we may not hear—

How his heart swelled to overflow
Under a sky so dark and drear—

How on the soul came *Care and Pain*,
Twin-sisters of the soulless *Real*,
The race and haggie for the gain
That those who win the world must feel.

The striving to become a part
Of that great sea whose tidings ever
Bears on its waves each manly heart,
That, struggling, droops its pinions never.

And now there is a bridal throng
Slow winding through the moss-grown aisle;
The ring, the vow, the nuptial song—
From age a tear, from youth a smile.

A cot with jessamine-covered door,
A streamlet singing all the day,
And on the dew-bespangled floor
A thousand golden sunbeams play.

Gay groups of happy children there,
The old oak and the breathless swing,
The shouts of laughter on the air,
The chaplets that the young girls bring.

All's gone! except these gushing tears,
Sad relics of the joyous past,
The shrines that memory uprears
To shield the incense from the blast.

Some sleep beneath the ocean's wave,
Some 'neath the flowers that loved once tend,
Others have found an early grave
Where stranger skies above them bend,

And she, the cherished one, she sleeps
Beneath the violet-covered earth,
Where spring-time's earliest cloudlet weeps
And roses have a dewy birth.

Enough, she sleeps—would that my dreams
Could rest forever by her side,
As peaceful as the morning beams
Are pillowed on the sleeping tide.

THE PRECIOUS REST.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Once on a lovely summer day,
I saw a little child at play,
While in a garden straying—
Till suddenly I heard him say,
"I am tired with playing!"
Then running to his father he
Laid down his head upon his knee,
And slept, oh! how contentedly!

So life is but a summer day,
And man—a little child at play—
While through the world a-straying:
And often, too, we hear him say,
"I am tired with playing!"
Till hast'ning to his Father, he
Lays down his head upon his knee,
And rests, oh! how contentedly!

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

This singular bird is found throughout the greater portion of the United States, and by the notes from which it derives its name is known to almost every farmer. The species was long considered identical with the Night Hawk; but this fallacy was fully exposed by Wilson. The Whip-poor-will appears in the Middle States toward the end of April, when its low, sad wail, may be heard at evening along the creeks and by the woods of the country. So peculiarly mournful is this sound that the ignorant almost invariably consider it an omen of approaching evil. By the Indians it is regarded as a spirit-voice, boding death or perhaps national calamity. The bird articulates pretty distinctly the syllables *whip-poor-will*, the first and last being uttered with great emphasis. A kind of chuckling sound sometimes precedes the principal tone. At these times the bird is generally on the wing, flying close to the ground in the manner of swallows, and sometimes skimming around houses. The notes of the Whip-poor-will are continued until about midnight, and on fine moonlight nights until morning. The shady banks of creeks and rivulets are favorite haunts. During the day they remain in the darkest parts of the forest, hushed to silence like owls, and apparently annoyed at the presence of sunlight. The cry of the Whip-poor-will is not heard after the middle of June; and early in September it departs for the south.

The Whip-poor-will is nine inches and a-half long,

of a beautiful mottled-brown, relieved by other colors. It is noted for an extravagantly large mouth, beset on each side with thick bristles, and for a very strong bill. The female is less in size than the male, and rather lighter colored. She begins to lay toward the middle of May, choosing for this purpose a dry situation, covered with brush, decayed leaves, etc., but building no nest. The eggs are two in number, dark and mottled. The young appear early in June.

The Goatsucker, Night Hawk and seventeen other species belong to the same genus as the Whip-poor-will. Of these fifteen belong to America. Nuttall has the following remarks on some of these.

"But if superstition takes alarm at our familiar and simple species, what would be thought by the ignorant of a South American kind, large as the Wood Owl, which, in the lonely forests of Demerara, about midnight, breaks out, lamenting like one in deep distress, and in a tone more dismal even than the painful hexachord of the slothful Ai. The sounds, like the expiring sighs of some agonizing victim, begin with a high, loud note, 'Aa, Aa, Aa, Aa, Aa, Aa, Aa!' each tone falling lower and lower, till the last syllable is scarcely heard, pausing a moment or two between this reiterated tale of seeming sadness.

"Four other species of the Goat-sucker, according to Waterton, also inhabit the tropical wilderness, among which is included our present subject. Figure to yourself the surprise and wonder of the stranger

who takes up his solitary abode for the first night amidst these awful and interminable forests, when, at twilight, he begins to be assailed familiarly with a spectral equivocal bird, approaching within a few yards, and then accosting him with '*who-are-you, who-who-who are you?*' Another approaches, and bids him, as if a slave under the lash, '*work-away, work-work-work-away!*' A third, mourn-

fully cries, '*willy come go, willy-willy-willy come go!*' and as you get among the highlands, our old acquaintance vociferates, '*whip-poor-will, whip-whip-whip-poor-will!*' It is, therefore, not surprising that such unearthly sounds should be considered in the light of supernatural forebodings issuing from spectres in the guise of birds."



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

This lively and beautiful bird is widely diffused through the United States under the names of Orioles, Hanging-Bird, Golden Robin, Fire Bird, and Baltimore Bird. According to Catesby, the latter name originates from the colors of its plumage being the same as that of Lord Baltimore's livery. It is seven inches in length. The head, throat, and upper part of the back, are black, and the remaining portions bright orange, inclining to vermilion on the breast, with some white among the feathers of the wings. The colors of the female are less bright than those of the male, and she is somewhat smaller. The male does not acquire his full plumage until the third spring, undergoing in the intermediate time many singular changes.

The Oriole family are distinguished for the singular manner of building. "For this purpose," says Wilson, "he generally fixes on the high-bending extremities of the branches, fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width of the nest. With the same materials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he

interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances well interwoven with the outward netting, and lastly, finishes with a layer of horse-hair; the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural pent-house or canopy of leaves." The solicitude of the Baltimore to obtain proper materials for his nest, often leads him to commit depredations on the farmer's hemp, or the thread and silk of the housewife. Skeins of these materials have been found in the nest after its being deserted by the young.

According to Nuttall, the Oriole possesses a propensity to imitate other birds. He is particular in describing their natural notes. "The mellow-whistled notes which they are heard to trumpet from the high branches of our tallest trees and gigantic elms, resemble at times, *tshippe-tshayia too too*, and *tshippes-tshippes, too too*, (with the two last syllables loud and full.) These notes are also varied so

as to resemble 'tsh, 'tsh 'tshheetshoo tshoo tshoo,* also tsh, 'tsherfä 'tsherfä tshoo and 'k'tufäuf a tüf a ten kerry.† Another bird I have occasionally heard to call for hours, with some little variation, tu too too too, in a loud, querulous, and yet almost ridiculously merry strain. At other intervals, the sensations of solitude seem to stimulate sometimes a loud interrogatory note, echoed forth at intervals, as k'rry kerry? and terminating plaintively k'rry k'rry tu, the voice falling off very slenderly in the last long syllable, which is apparently an imitation from the Cardinal Grosbeak, and the rest is derived from the Crested Titmouse, whom they have heard already in concert as they passed through the warmer states. Another interrogatory strain which I heard in the spring of 1830, was precisely 'yip 'k'rry, 'yip 'yip k'rry, very loud and oft repeated. Another male went in his ordinary key, tsherry tsherry, tshipee

* The first three of these notes are derived from the summer Yellow Bird, though not its usual notes.

† The last phrase loud and ascending, the *ten* plaintive, and the last syllable tender and echoing,

tsh'rry, notes copied from the exhaustless stock of the Carolina Wren, (also heard on his passage,) but modulated to suit the fancy of our vocalist. The female likewise sings, but less agreeably than the male.‡

This particularity in describing sounds which are almost indescribable may seem frivolous to some of our readers, but those who have ever listened to the melting notes of the Baltimore Oriole will pardon this accurate observer of nature the attempt.

The common food of the Oriole is insects, especially a species of small beetle. They are said to love the honey in the blossoms of trees. If domesticated, they must still be fed on animal food, principally minced meat, soaked in milk. When adult, they will also eat fruit-cakes and meal. They are not difficult to tame, and form a pleasant pet. Their eggs are four or five in number, white, with dark lines and spots. In the Southern States they sometimes raise two broods; but further northward only one. The Oriole extends over the continent as far south as Brazil, where hundreds of nests are found in every forest.

THE PINE-TREE.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

How dear to my heart and ray memory
Is that old majestic evergreen tree!
It stands like the guardian of our cot
Time-honored friend! it shall ne'er be forgot,
For I've spent bright hours of glee,
And of quiet rest
More deeply blest,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

A rose-tree lived 'neath this aged one,
Concealed from the noontide rays of the sun,
And 'twas sweet to mark in his resting hour,
(The only time he could look on the flower,)
How he smiled on her lovingly,
Till her rosy hue
Still rosier grew,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

Up by its trunk I would stand and lean,
Gazing with rapture upon the soft scene,
(On the feathery-outlined isle that lay
Where the river and stream together play.)
For beauty and love seemed to be
Everywhere felt,
The spirits that dwell
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And, laid at its feet, I oft tried to read,
But the breeze would play with my book, and plead
For my heart and ear, in a witching song
Which I could not resist, for 't was never long,
And plaintive as plaintive could be;
So I listened, and sighed
When the sweet breeze died
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And there in the quiet I fain would rhyme,
And weave loving lays with a measured chime,
But my thoughts, as wild as the birds, would fly
From the beautiful earth to the beautiful sky,
Unfixed, unfettered, and free,
In a dreamy joy
Which naught could destroy,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

I loved to be up on a merry May morn,
When musical sounds and bright clouds were born,
And join in the earliest chant of praise,
Which all that had life seemed glad to raise,
The clear carols of gushing glee
The birds would make,
Just at day-break,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And I loved in the summer twilight dim,
To sing with my sister some holy hymn,
And watch the green shades as they deeper grew,
And a strange mysterious darkness threw;
And most dearly I loved to see
O'er the wavy grass
The night-wind pass,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

Then since I have loved both in shade and shine
Under its sheltering bows to recline—
Since what I once love I love to the end,
Be it tree, bird or flower—book, music or friend—
When death cometh I fain would be
There laid to sleep,
Lowly and deep,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY MRS. GORE.

But few of those who examine the reminiscences of their own hearts, and the incidents of their own lives, will deny that scarcely a given moment of their youth admitted of swearing to a solitary object of attachment? Till the heart throbs with the master-passion which impels a man to seek a partner for life by an impulse as overmastering as that which prompts an heroic action, or generates a *chef-d'œuvre*, it is pretty sure to experience a succession of feverish spasms; the commencement of one of which is as hazily interblended with the conclusion of another, as with nocturnal darkness the glimmerings of a summer-day dawn, when "night is at odds with morning, which is which."

BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON, ESQ.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

I was a bard—she listened to my lay
As there her questioning soul had answer found.
She stooped to pluck my wild-flowers on the way,

Fancies that teem from the prolific ground
In the heart's solstice—in whose inner light
Through all the pleasant paths of earth we wound.

And sometimes through her music of delight
An undersound of sadness softly stole,
And floated 'twixt the fountain pure and bright

Of her deep joy and heaven—a cloud of dote
That almost seemed relief—for aeres below
The noon of rapture is allowed the soul.

Hence even in life's summer sunbeams throw
Shades on the very path they glorify—
And ecstasy would perish but for wo.

I asked not if she loved me; for reply
To every doubt, I read her glance and tone,
And made them oracles of destiny.

They whispered love—I deemed that love my own:
Nor guessed that in the mirror of my song
She saw an idol face to me unknown.

Nor that the chords of my devotion, strung
To feeling's highest tension for her sake,
And on whose notes with breathless hush she hung,

Were prized for memories which they did awake—
To her an echo what to me was life.
O God, the strings that quivered would not break!—

He came! Can I forget that inward strife
Which made me calm?—The mightiest grief is dumb.
They met!—he clasped her—called her plighted wife!—

A frost was in that moment to benumb
My very sense of anguish—and I smiled.
Freed by despair—what after-pang could come?

She was his own—both Love's. They roamed the wild,
And knew not it was bleak!—the wooded dell
They called not fair, for love had reconciled

And blent all difference. From their spirits fell
A glow that bathed creation. Where they stood
Light was their shadow:—bliss unspeakable

Became at once their being and its food:—
The world they did inhabit was themselves;
And they were Love's—and all their world was good!

As o'er a barren reef that sea-ward shelves
Waves dash, their gladness sported o'er my fate;
But in the abyss no line of pity delves

Lay the wrecked hope which naught could re-create—
At least I deemed so then: and yet we parted
With blessings, and her eyes were dim with tears.

She told me I had been her friend true-hearted—
The friend she would recollect in other years.
These came; and when the storm was spent there darted

Over my sombre deep as from the spheres,
The memory of those words, at first revealing
More present gloom from all the past endears.

In time, their light and beauty o'er me stealing,
Softened despair to grief; and in its dew
My withered heart put forth one bud of feeling.

I dared not hope its life:—fierce tempests blew
From the cold east of Youth in day's decline,
And shook its tender petals:—still it grew!

It grew and blossomed to a hope divine:—
I might be like her in her nature's worth;
I might live for her though she was not mine!

From her each better impulse should take birth—
For her my song should raise and cheer mankind,
And I would sow her influence through the earth.

And, as by great attraction are combined
All kindred essences—in waters blend
With waters, flame with flame—and though confined

By bounds material, each to other tend—
Released from the division of our clay
Again might be united friend with friend.

For then, immortal and beyond decay,
The store of love partaken richer grows:
The torch that burned for one—for all, a day!

Oh, ye whose hearts in happy love repose,
Your thankful blessings at its footstool lay,
Since faith and peace can issue from its woes!

BY MISS MARIA J. McINTOSH.

With most of us it is only when we are nigh unto death that we learn what it is to live. We talk of acquainting ourselves with the lives of eminent persons, when we read a record of the events through which they have passed; we call our own lives desolate, because events of a painful nature have befallen us; but these are not our life. Life—the principle which makes us sentient, intelligent, active beings; the principle by which we hold converse with the living spirit of beauty and goodness, by which—if we pervert not its heavenly aims—assimilating with that spirit incarnated in the adorable Saviour, we rise from the finite to the infinite, and, resting on the bosom of love, find blessedness when that which made our happiness has vanished from our grasp; this life no events can make desolate. Sorrow may darken our sky, but the loving, trusting child of God rises above its gloomy cloud, and there shines his life supremely bright.

Who shall penetrate into the spirit's mysterious intercourse with Him, who inhabiting eternity, yet dwelleth with the humble and contrite heart? Reverently and humbly to illustrate this precious truth, to show that in His presence earth's discords are harmonized, and peace and strength arise where all was disorder and weakness may be permitted—but there let us pause, lest we be as the fools who “rush in where angels dare not tread.”

BY G. A. BERTIE.

STANZAS.

I am not what I was—the time's gone by
When, bright and cloudless as the summer's sky,
My day of life began;
When all was music to my raptured ear,
And, bounding onward, without grief or fear,
Eager my course I ran.

I am not what I was—the sense of youth,
And hope, and joyous feeling, and the truth
Of earth, hath passed away;
The heart that once throbb'd high with health and life
Beats faint and wearied with the ceaseless strife
Which there has held its way.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Long experience of any thing existing, has shown mankind all its benefits and all its evils; but beside this, there is an indirect advantage in retaining that which is, namely, that it has adjusted itself to the things by which it is surrounded; and there is an indirect disadvantage in change, namely, that one can never calculate what detanglements of all relations may take place, by any great alteration of even one small part in the complicated machine of any state or society.

It is difficult to find words to express the infinite; and although it may seem a pleonastic expression, I must say that all the varieties of human character have infinite varieties within themselves. However, the easily-impressible character, that which suffers opinions, feelings, thoughts, purposes, actions to be continually altered by

the changing circumstances around—the chameleon character, if I may so call it—is, perhaps, the most dangerous to itself, and to those it affects, of any that I know. It goes beyond the chameleon, indeed. The reptile only reflects the colors of objects near, retaining its own form and nature. The impressible character, on the contrary, is changed in every line, as well as in every hue, by that with which it comes in contact. Certain attributes it certainly does retain. The substance is the same, but the color and the form are always varying. In the substance lies the permanence and the identity. All else is moulded and painted by circumstance.

The pure, ingenious, open-hearted candor of early years, would be a better friend to man, if he did but cling to it with affection, through life, than all the worldly friends we gain in passing through existence—shrewdness, caution, prudence, selfishness, wit, or even wisdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.”

A high, pure earthly love is powerful above all other earthly principles for overcoming evils; but even in its highest purity, it has not sufficient power to lead to full perfection. It is from Heaven, but it is not Heaven itself; it is but as an angel messenger, and fails in its office if it does not lead on to love, perfect, unchangeable, divine.

BY MRS. GREY.

Is there a woman to be found who is not insensibly flattered, even against her better reason, by devoted incense to her charms?—Very few, we fear!—poor human nature is full of vanity. A woman will indignantly spurn such love—her sense of right will make her shrink with shuddering from such feelings; still there is too often a latent, lingering spark of gratified self-love hovering about the heart; although the spark is prevented from spreading into a flame, by the preponderating influence of strong principle and purity of mind. It is, as we before said, *human nature*—and this same nature is miserably full of weakness and vanity.

TO MY LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA L. COLEMAN.

I WATCHED a rose, one lovely morn,
Parade herself a summer queen,
While by her side a bud, new-born,
Lay locked in leaves of softest green:
As that fresh bud to beauty blew,
That rose lost all its scent and hue:
Alas! I cried, that this should be!—
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me.

I watched a parent bird that fed
Her fledgling many a vernal day,
Training his dainty wings to spread
And lightly flit from spray to spray:

Away—afar—I marked him soar,
Never to own fond guidance more.
Can care and love thus wasted be!—
Sadly I thought of thee and me.

I watched the moon rise sweetly bright,
With one fair star that lay below,
Each lovelier shone from mutual light,
As hearts united gentler flow:
Though moon and star in heaven divide
Time brings them ever side by side.
Glorying I spoke, thus may it be!—
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Merry-Mount: A Romance of Massachusetts Colony. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

This novel is the production of a New England writer of fine talents and large acquirements, but of talents and acquirements which have not been as bountifully expressed in literature as the Public, that exacting leech of intellects raised above the mass, had a right to demand. The work, with some obvious defects, evinces a range of characterization, and a general opulence of mind, which place it above many novels which can claim more felicity in the evolution of a story and more variety of incident. The scene is laid in the early history of Massachusetts, commencing about eight years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and its peculiarity consists in vividly reproducing to the imagination a period which even the drest annalists have hardly touched. The novel might with propriety be called, "The Cavaliers in Massachusetts," for its originality, as an American story, consists in bringing together Cavalier and Roundhead on New England ground. The hero, Morton, is a loose, licentious, scheming, good-natured, and good-for-nothing English "gentleman," engaged in a project to outwit the Puritans, and to obtain the ascendancy in Massachusetts of a different code of principles and a different kind of government from those which the Puritans aimed to establish. Connected with this reckless Cavalier is a deeper plotter, Sir Christopher Gardiner, a villain half after James's and half after Bulwer's heart, pursuing schemes of empire and schemes of seduction with equal ingenuity and equal success. These two, with the followers and liege men of Morton—a gang of ferocities, rascalities and un-moralities from the lowest London taverns—constitute the chief carnal ingredients of the novel. Opposed to these we have grand and life-like portraits of Miles Standish, Endicott, Winthrop, and other Puritan celebrities, with only an occasional view of the Indians. The business of the affections is principally transacted by two persons—a pure, elevated, large-hearted and high-spirited woman, and a noble-minded but somewhat insensible man; and this portion of the novel has the ecstasies and agonies which are appropriate to the subject.

We think the novel a real addition to American literature, whether considered in respect to the amount of new information it conveys, or the splendor, vivacity and distinctness of its representations both of character and scenery. A dozen passages might be extracted, which, viewed simply as descriptions, are grand enough to establish a reputation. But the author's great merit consists in having as clear and distinct a notion of the Cavalier, in his daily life and conversation, as of the Puritan, and this merit, rare in an American, he could only have obtained from a profound study of the elder dramatists of England, and a vivid insight into the very heart of their characters. Out of Scott, we do not know where to look for finer representations of these two great classes of English society, as they must have appeared when brought into opposition to each other. No one familiar with Marston, Decker, Beaumont and Fletcher, or any other dramatist in whose plays the ballies and minor reprobates of the Elizabethan age appear, will cail even Bontefah, Cakebread and Company, improbable or unnatural.

The leading defect of the novel is the lack of a steady, orderly and artistical development of the plot. The nar-

rative wants rapidity of movement; the rich materials of the work are imperfectly fused together; and occasionally things good in themselves seem to be in each other's way. All those faults which beset the creations of the most fertile intellects, when they aim to give great variety of incident and character without having a grand, leading, ever-present conception of their work as a whole, are visible in this novel, and mar its harmony as a work of art. But these defects inhere in many romances which are read with delight by thousands, and though the splendid talents of the author of *Merry-Mount* may not always hide the heterogeneousness of his plan, they are amply sufficient to prevent it from interfering seriously with the interest of his novel, and sufficient also to delineate persons and scenes which leave on the reader's mind a strong impression of power and beauty.

The Female Poets of America. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8mo.

In the space of four hundred closely printed pages, Mr. Griswold has here brought together some ninety of our female poets, and introduced them with critical and biographical notices. Of all Mr. Griswold's various works, the present evinces the greatest triumph over difficulties, and best demonstrates the minuteness and the extent of his knowledge of American literature. Very few of the women included in this collection have ever published editions of their writings, and a considerable portion of the verse was published anonymously. The labor, therefore, of collecting the materials both of the biographies and the illustrative extracts, must have been of that arduous and vexatious kind which only enthusiasts for the subject could have sustained. The volume is an important original contribution to the literary history of the country, and nobody, whose mind is not incurably vitiated by prejudice, can make dissimilarity of opinion with regard to some of the judgments expressed in the book, a ground for denying its general ability, honesty and value. Most of the materials are strictly new, and this fact of itself is sufficient to stamp the work with that character which distinguishes books of original research from mere compilations.

Mr. Griswold has given us a fine preface, in which he nobly vindicates and acutely limits the genius of women. The biographies and extracts which follow, commence with Mrs. Anne Bradstreet and close with Miss Phillips. Between these two he has included an amount of beautiful and touching poetry which will surprise even those who are inclined to take the most elevated view of the intellectual excellence of their countrywomen. We have here the lofty and energetic thought of Miss Townsend, the bright fancy and primitive feeling of Miss Gould, the impassioned imagination and deep discernment of Maria Brooks, the holy and meditative spirit of Mrs. Sigourney, the tender and graceful sentiment of Mrs. Embury; Mrs. Whitman, with her grasp of all literatures, her keen thought which pierces through nature's most mystical symbols, and her ethereal spirit resting on every object that light "which never was on sea or land;" Mrs. Oakes Smith, with her constant sense of the pure and the good, her daring and shaping imagination, before whose creations and revelations her soul shrinks awed and subdued, and her deep feeling of the spiritual significance of things—a woman worthy to be the companion of Plato; Fanny

Osgood, the most brilliant and graceful of poetesses, with her quick decisive acuity, and her teeming and ex-haustless fancy, eloquent of love and romance, and high-heartedness in every relation of life; Miss Lynch, simple, austere, bold, despising ornament as ornament, and keeping her raised eye fixed on the vanishing features of the elusive thought she aims to shape into almost sculptural form; Grace Greenwood, with her fine combination of the tender and the impassioned in feeling, and the subtle and grand in thought, "with a heart in her brain and a brain in her heart;"—all these, and many more whom we lack epithets to characterize rather than desire to celebrate, appear in Mr. Griswold's volume in all the royalty of womanhood. To proceed further in description would be merely to enumerate names, without being able to suggest things. In addition to the nobles, whose names are known to all readers of the magazines, Mr. Griswold has included in his collection, many a timid violet and daisy of womanhood, too modest and sensitive not to feel the fear of notoriety, and has transplanted it to his book with a delicacy so commendable as the mate which dictated it.

In conclusion, we have only to observe that a volume, so complimentary to the genius of our countrywomen, can hardly be read without a feeling of exultation and pride. We trust it will meet that wide circulation it so richly deserves.

Acton: or the Circle of Life. A Collection of Thoughts and Observations, designed to delineate Life, Man, and the World. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This beautiful volume is the result of a life of observation and thought. The author has traveled in every part of the globe, and viewed mankind in a greater variety of aspects than most of those who mediate as well as observe. He has thrown his reflections into a somewhat quaint form, and has but a few words for even the greatest topics, but whatever he touches he either adorns or illuminates, and his book furnishes numberless texts for essays. Like most writers of maxims, he has a sardonic element in his mind, and occasionally disposes of an important matter, deserving serious discussion, with a gibe or a sneer, and sometimes descends even to flippancy and impetuosity; but these are the almost inevitable vices of the form of composition he has chosen, and he has fewer of them than might be expected. A good part of the raciness of such books as *Acton* comes from the occasional submission of the writer's impressions or prejudices for general truths. The didactic tone of such compositions is in this way relieved, and a paradox or a piece of acute nonsense thrown in, here and there, reminds us that it is a person who is thinking, not a moral and reasoning machine. The author of the present work has been especially successful in giving an individuality to his general remarks, and preserving them from the abstract and "done-good" character of impersonal morality.

The volume is so laden with striking thoughts and observations, that it is difficult to fix upon any deserving special quotation. As a specimen of the writer's manner, the following on Genius and Talent may serve:

"Talent is strength and subtlety of mind, genius is mental inspiration and delicacy of feeling. Talent possesses vigor and acuteness of penetration, but is surpassed by the vivid intellectual conceptions of genius. The former is skillful and bold, the latter aspiring and gentle; but talent excels in practical sagacity, and hence those striking contrasts so often witnessed in the world, the triumph of talent through its adroit and active energies, and the adversities of genius in the midst of its boundless but unattainable aspirations.

"Talent is the Lion and the Serpent; Genius is the Eagle and the Dove.

"Or the first is like some conspicuous flower which flaunts its glory in the sunshine, while the last resembles the odoriferous spikenard's root, whose sweetness is concealed in the ground.

"The flower displays itself openly, the root must be extracted from the earth."

Here is a piece of verse, in a different vein, on a very common dispensation of Providence, the Mean Fellow. We fear that few are so fortunate as not to be able to apply it to some acquaintance or enemy:

"Born but to be some snarl or plingue,
Vile product of a rotten egg,
In every feature of thy face,
A want of heart, of soul, we trace;
By every honest man contem'd,
By your own looks betray'd, condemn'd—
Of shame in front there is no lack,
And curses ride upon your back."

The Sacred Poets of England and America, for Three Centuries. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Illustrated by Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 6to.

There is a strange impression current even among people who ought to know better, that religious poetry is a form of composition confined to poets of the third or fourth class, and chiefly valuable for Hymn Books. The existence of any verse, instinct with the finest essence of poetry, and glowing with the rapt and holy passions of the religious bard, is practically denied. Now nothing is more certain than that poetry, impassioned imagination, is essentially religious both in its nature and its expression. It springs from that raised mood of mind in which the object present to thought is worshiped. This is true even in poetry relating to the senses and to human passion, for if we scrutinize it sharply, we shall find that the object which fills the poet's mind, however low in itself, is still deified for the moment, and made the exclusive object of his adoration. In this way bards often make gods of persons and things very questionable in themselves, but this is owing rather to the direction than the nature of the poet's powers. If these powers instead of being devoted to the idealization of appetite or destructive passions, be directed upward to the true object of worship, the poetry will be really more beautiful and sublime than if it were merely confined to spiritualized sensations.

No one can glance over Mr. Griswold's beautiful book without feeling how rich is English literature in song, celebrating the beauty of holiness and the infinite perfections of God. The compilation comprehends the early as well as the later English poets, and contains some exquisite but not generally known extracts from Spenser, Gaaucigine, Dryden, Sir Henry Wotton, Davies, Cresser, Ben Jonson, Drummond, Fletcher, Donne, Sir John Beaumont, Wither, Herrick, Quarles, Vaughan and Herbert. The holy poets of a later date, both of England and America, are likewise profusely quoted, and the whole collection is well deserving a place in every family library in the country.

Benjamin Franklin: His Autobiography. With a Narrative of his Public Life and Services. By Rev. H. Hastings Wild. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Harpers are publishing this work in numbers, to be completed in eight. It is illustrated with numerous engravings after designs by Chapman, and is printed in large type on fine paper. The edition promises to be altogether the best which has been issued in the country, and will

tend to make more familiar to his countrymen the great American philosopher's genuine character and real services to the world.

The Harnned Man. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This new Christian story by Dickens is hardly worthy of him, though it might be considered a triumph to almost

any body else. It has a jobby air, as though it had been written in accordance with a contract, and without any especial inspiration. The materials are, in great part, the old capital of the author, and repetition is stamped on almost every page. The Tetterbys and the baby, however, and Mrs. William, are full of beautiful humor and pathos, and succeed in saving the book from positive condemnation and failure.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

MY DEAR JEREMY,—Your name would be euphonious in the stock-market, at times; but I believe stocks are maddened waters in which you seldom dabble. You are wise. But do you find yourself at all in the *reus* speculative, particularly now, when the streams of that new El Dorado, California, sparkle invitingly with yellow pebbles? and its many broad acres spread themselves out temptingly, with their bowels of unadged gold, begging for pickaxe, shovel and basin? How many ears heretofore closed to the artifices of the speculator, are pricked up, or belie their masters, at the all-enchanting sound of the word *Gold!* With all the close calculation and keen spirit of inquiry which mark us as a nation, I fear me that Jonathan has his weakness, and that his soft side is metallic. There is something in the clinking of gold and silver that sets aside his ordinary caution and shrewdness, and leads him to do very silly things to get at it. It belongs to his nature to be impetuous, and continued success leads him into very rash ventures. A more interrupted fortune would, in this case, have allowed him breathing time to make a "calculation;" and when Jonathan does that coolly, he is seldom overreached. But he has begged the Mexicans, taken the territory that he wanted—as he knew he would—and he is ready now to believe that the golden pavements of the Incas were no fable, and that the streams in California are walled in with gold, if you will. At least he will believe it until he sees for himself. He is a little taken by surprise with this glittering bait, and no trout dashes at a tempting fly with a more ravenous bite than he does at these shining "pleasers." What cares he for the thousands of miles that intervene; for the storms of winter that howl around the Horn, and threaten danger and death! At the first glimpse of the prospect, a thousand sails are set, and whitening the ocean, bear him to fortune. No ordinary comforts, no moderate success here, restrains his keen thirst of adventure. Were home a paradise, and California a desert, with its shores bristling with opposing bayonets, and parked with roaring artillery, he would go. Yes! he would, perhaps, rather go then than now. The glory of the achievement would enhance the value of the wealth. The founder of Nations—he must work out a prophecy. Already the cry of a great people goes up with a shout from the once desolate hills, and ardent, panting thousands, answer the cry with, "we come!" and the shout swells with a louder triumph, a more emphatic joy, for "a nation is born in a day!"

The impetuous rush to that far-off land is not in itself striking or marvellous. Other and feebler nations have shown the same avidity for gold. The Spaniards have dared more, to quench the same insatiate thirst. But the Anglo-Saxon del, upon that soil, seals its greatness and

proclaims its destiny. From every wooded hill-side and babbling stream—from the snow-capped mountain to the fertile valley—yes! even over the great desert plains, where the footstep cracks the crisp soil, a voice has gone forth, which the Nations hear and obey, proclaiming—*DEUS VIZ!*

Do you not think that the abandoning of all domestic and personal comfort, surrendering of all social and friendly ties, and rushing into the doubtful companionship of California, for the mere sake of gold, is a pretty accurate data from which to estimate a man's heart, or brain, or both? Is it not something so absolutely world, that one cannot help losing a little of the respect heretofore entertained for a friend who is seized with this yellow fever? As if life had nothing to mitigate the evils of existence but wealth—indeed, as if we were born only to worship that as a god—upon whose shrine we are to sacrifice time, friends, health, and even life itself, to be the masters of so much tinsel as you can clutch at the altar. Beh! Is there not in home enjoyments and the society and friendship of men who know us well, and love us truly, more real wealth than all that will ever be obtained by the slaves who sweep the dirt from the streams in California—live upon frogs and beetles, and fill the air with curses. Think of men, of even the most ordinary sense of decency, herding—for any sum—for months and years with the scum of every clime; with souls sickened and minds defiled with their abominations; to be of them, "or not to be" at all—is there any consideration that could tempt your avarice or mine? None that I can think of, unless to gratify some darling revenge, vigilant and sleepless for years, which men sometimes cherish for wrong, and which nothing but gold could furnish the means of satisfying—even in that case it would be the *last resort*.

If any friend of yours is solicitous to enrich a patch of soil, two feet by six, I think I can recommend an Undertaker who will arrange the thing nicely for him here; it is not worth while for him to go to California with his benevolence. For you, he would be reasonable, as you are *Short*.

But, my dear Jeremy, I had no intention of wandering from my purpose, of giving you a reminding hint of "Copper Mining" as a sort of sedative to the gold "pleasers." Some of Jonathan's younger sons were then severely bitten, and were so thoroughly inoculated with the virus, as to have rather a sharpened recollection of metals. The most of them, I should think, would be safe from this later disease, even in its most violent and contagious forms. Yet there is something very attractive, and most dangerously seductive, in delving for minerals, counting each shovelfull as so many guineas coined, and already in your pocket. There is no enthusiast more dangerous than your professional miner. The gentle mad-

ness is so infectious that his example may turn the heads of a whole district. Yet his bite is not half so venomous as that of another species—a kind of ground-shark—who affects the same sort of insanity, and while digging below ground, puts his "placer" on the "Stock List."

It is astonishing, too, that we will be caught once in a while in this way, while there are people all around us, *anxious friends*, who exclaim, "I knew it!" but who never hinted a word about the matter. Did it ever strike you that we live in a very sagacious and knowing world—the mind of each man being simply the reflection of that of another? Our brightest successes are but the suggestions of other people's brains—our good fortune in life is always known beforehand—our reverses have always been most indubitably predicted by parties, who confirm their sagacity with a consolatory—"I told you so." We are, after all, then, but the mere creatures of the impulses of other people—our destiny it is to work out their predictions. The iron energy, the indomitable perseverance, sleepless vigilance, untiring industry—have all been weighed beforehand—duly appreciated and predicted. There is no such thing as surprising any body. It is all perfectly understood.

W—, by a keen sagacity in detecting, and ready tact in managing a new business, has struck the tide that bears to fortune. But he has made no discovery. Forty other men, with scarcely brains to comprehend, much less originate a plan, knew all about it. *They told you so!* W— goes on, originates new combinations of trade, enlarges business ideas, and still succeeds. But *Told you so* knew it, and was indifferent.

SHARP has his eye upon W—. "Ah!" says he "there is a man who has a seal above buttons—a genius for business. Every thing he touches turns to gold."

But W—, with his multitude of irons in the fire, incautiously takes hold of the hot end of one of them, and is burned. "BURN!" says Sharp, "I knew how it would be! He was always rushing business up against the stream. Bound to fail—*Told you so!*" And yet nobody ever knew Sharp to originate, or succeed in, any thing—but he *knows*—and that must be some consolation to a monkey.

But, Jeremy, not to imitate the folly of this world in regard to the past, nor to affect the wisdom of the next, to tell of the future. I have a story about mining to give you in my next, in which you will find both Sharps and Flats, which I think will induce you to believe with me—that people who have cultivated a dangerous intimacy with Copper-Heads ought to be cautious, and particularly shy how they *now* run after Gold-Bugs with a lum.

C. has been in town, and I passed an evening with him since last I wrote you. He has still the same joyous laugh, that used to set the table in a roar, and it is quite as contagious. At every jest he would burst out with a sort of a shout in his hearty guffaw, which, if practiced at home, must wake the echoes of his native mountain. I was thoughtful over the past, and became partially a convert to your theory, in regard to the chilling effects of extra city refinement; and your beautiful picture of country life, with its honest, hearty friendships, came to my mind forcibly. It must be true, for I confess I *felt* that I had grown colder, and colder, too. Can you, Jeremy, laugh as of yore—as loud and as long!—with the same hearty good will and utter abandon. Or is your mirth choked and clogged with bitter remembrances, which will steal upon the heart even in its gayest moments? Thought! is it a companion with which you can entertain hilarity? Or is your joy overwhelmed with the darkness of evil that has been, or that you anticipate, you scarce know why? I cannot experience the light-heartedness we had

formerly. Perhaps it is that I attempt its cultivation. It must come of natural buoyancy of spirits, I think, to be genuine. It is else but a hot-house plant in a snow-storm—its leaves torn off by the blast or shriveled in a frosty embrace. I doubt much whether our intellectual pleasures, as we proudly call them, are half an exhilarating, and deeply steeped in genuine happiness, as were those more animal sensations which we experienced when boys, as we went hallooing and shouting along in the very exuberance of our spirits, with a gay, glad, spirited defiance of care and all its ills. This was the riches of the heart and not of the pocket. Was it not? We had no gold in those days, so it could not have been *that!*

G. B. G.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—Our number for the last month has been pronounced, everywhere, the very best of the Magazines for the month, and has thus far so largely increased our sales, that we shall be obliged to issue a very greatly increased edition of future numbers. The year 1849 seems to have opened with most unparalleled promises for magazine literature; and while our own sales have augmented on all sides, we have the gratification, in our good fortune, to feel that we are not impairing the prosperity of our neighbors. Indeed, the Philadelphia magazines, high as they have heretofore stood before the country, and widely as they have been circulated, seem just now to have made a bound in popular favor that savors of romance. Fifteen or twenty thousand copies of a monthly magazine was formerly regarded as the highest point of success to enterprising publishers, and ambitious editors, but the dawning of this brighter day promises such results as a simple matter of *increase* on the year's business. We hope that our readers see, in the growing improvement of "Graham's" disposition to impart a higher value to the book, as patronage increases, and a careful catering to taste, which shows no falling off in efforts to please, as well as to instruct our literary household. Our aim has been to furnish our readers with a work, in point of literary excellence, that is unsurpassable, and in pretorial beauty at once chaste and elegant. We could multiply, *ad infinitum*, second rate articles and engravings, but we feel that we are consulting both the reader's taste and interest in adhering rigidly to the course we have adopted, and we certainly have sufficient evidence of its good policy, in the ample support we have received.

The March number may fairly challenge a rigid scrutiny, and we invite a comparison between the literary matter and that of the other magazines. The embellishments are all most beautifully executed; but the plate of "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem" is a gem in the way of engraving, and we refer to it with a conscious pride that it can neither be successfully imitated nor excelled. Our eyes linger over it with something like exultation, as we present to our readers a plate of such exquisite beauty. In this effort even Tucker seems to have surpassed himself.

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.—This is one of the cheapest and best of the weekly newspapers. Its circulation is equal to its deserts, numbering now some sixty thousand readers. It has no long held its position before the newspaper world, and is so widely and well known, that we but endorse the general opinion, when we say that it is one of the best Family Journals in the nation. How the enterprising publisher can furnish it at a dollar per annum is a wonder to us, and we have no doubt to the thousands of subscribers. A specimen copy is furnished to any person who may wish to see it, by application, post-paid, to the publisher.



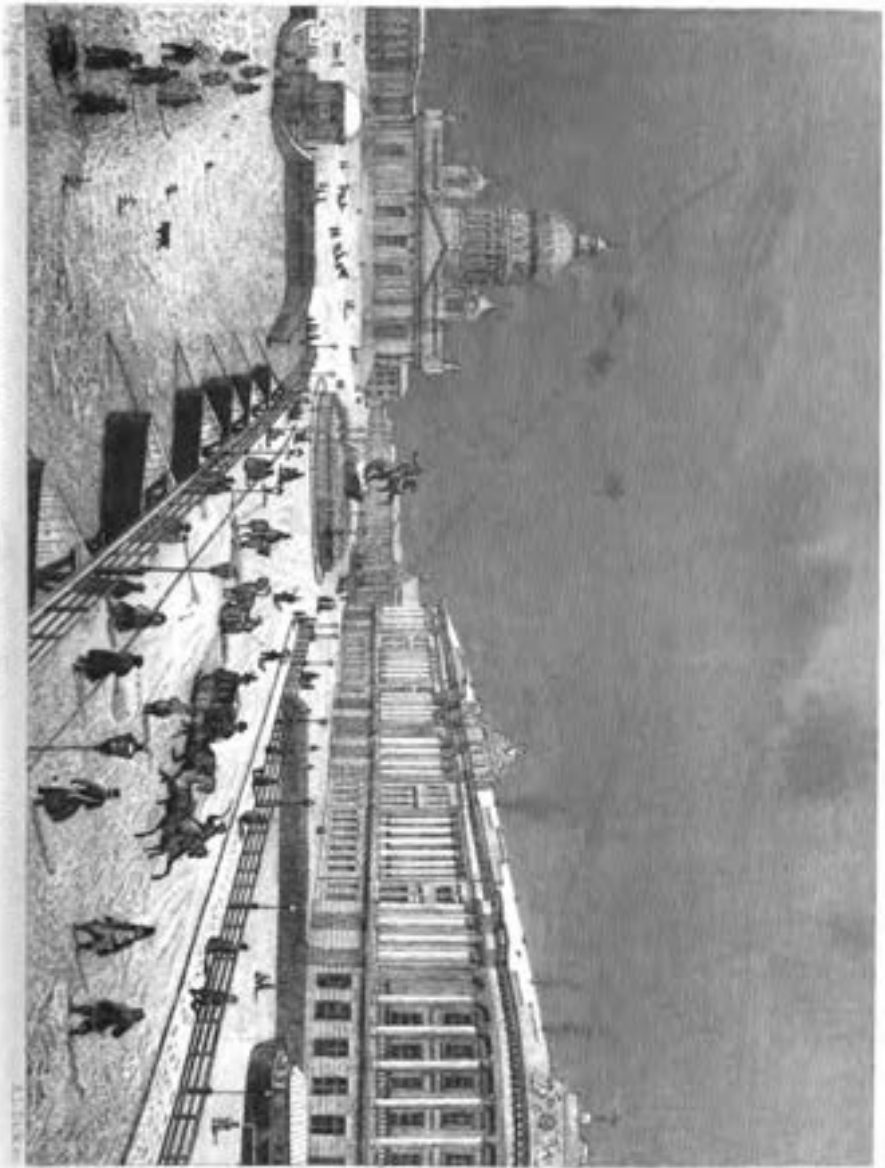




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1912

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THE BRIDGE & COURSE OF ISAAC,





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and—*empty pockets*, comes before them! With what contempt is his essay cast aside, not worth the reading!

Sorely vexed, therefore, was poor Li—and what wonder—to know that he might safely cope with any

where he may obtain a suitable company.

First conducting Li to an inner apartment, he presented him with a magnificent robe richly embroidered, together with every article necessary to complete the toilet of a person of distinction, and when thus appareled, introduced him into the presence of

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

THE POET LI.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE CHINESE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER, AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA," "MAID OF CHE-KI-ANG," ETC.

PART I.

Do not draw upon you a person's enmity, for enmity is never appeased—injury returns upon him who injures—and sharp words recoil against him who says them.

Chinese Proverb.

On the green and flowery banks of the beautiful Lake Tai-hoo, whose surface bears a thousand isles, resting like emeralds amid translucent pearl, dwell Whanki the mother of Li. *The mother of Li!* Ah happy distinction—ah envied title! For where, far or near, was the name could rank with Li on the scroll of learning—receiving even in childhood the title of the "Exiled Immortal," from his skill in classic and historical lore!

Moreover, he was of a most beautiful countenance, while the antelope that fed among the hills was not more swift of foot. Who like Li could draw such music from the seven silken strings of the *Kin!* or when with graceful touch his fingers swept the lute, adding thereto the well-skilled melody of his voice, youths and maidens opened their ears to listen, for wonderful was the ravishing harmony.

Yet although the gods of learning smiled upon this youthful disciple of Confucius, poverty came also with her iron hand, and although she could not crush the active mind of Li, with a strong grip, she held him back from testing his skill with the ambitious *literati*, both old and young, who annually flocked to the capital to present their themes before the examiners. For even in those days as the present, money was required to purchase the smiles of these severe judges. They must read with *golden* spectacles—or wo to the unhappy youth who, buoyant with hope and—*empty pockets*, comes before them! With what contempt is his essay cast aside, not worth the reading!

Sorely vexed, therefore, was poor Li—and what wonder—to know that he might safely cope with any

candidate in the "Scientific Halls," yet dare not for the lack of *sycee* (silver) enter their gates, lest disgrace might fall upon him.

Yet Li was of a merry heart—and, as all the world knows, there is no better panacea for the ills of fortune than the spirit of cheerfulness. Thus, although poverty barred the way to promotion, it could not materially affect his happiness—no more than the passing wind which for a moment ruffled the surface of the lake, yet had no power to move its depths.

Now it happened that one day taking his nets Li went down to the lake, and as he cast them within the waters, not knowing any one was near, he broke forth into a merry song, which sent its glad burthen far off to the tips of mocking Echo, like Ariel, seeming to "ride on the curled clouds." Now it also chanced, that within a grove of the graceful bamboo, which skirted the path down which Li had passed on his way, walked the great Mandarin Hok-wan.

"*Hi!*" by the head of Confucius the fellow sings well!" he exclaimed, as the song met his ear, (for, as we have said, Li had a voice of rare melody,) and forthwith issuing from his concealment, Hok-wan seated himself upon the bank and entered into conversation with the young fisherman.

If the mere melody of the voice had so charmed the mandarin, how much more was he captivated by the wit and learning of the youth, who, thus poorly appareled, and humbly employed, seemed to share wisdom with the gods! Hok-wan stroked his eyebrows in astonishment, and then bidding Li leave his nets, he bore him off as a rare prize to his own house, where he that day feasted a numerous company.

First conducting Li to an inner apartment, he presented him with a magnificent robe richly embroidered, together with every article necessary to complete the toilet of a person of distinction, and when thus appareled, introduced him into the presence of

his guests. And truly Li walked in among them with all the stateliness and hauteur of a man who feels that he is conferring an honor, instead of being honored, as no doubt Li should have considered himself, in such an august assemblage of grave mandarins. With what an air he seated himself at the sumptuously loaded table! where, according to Chinese custom of the higher classes, the various dishes of meats, soups, fish, preserves, etc., were all neatly hidden by large bouquets of beautiful flowers, and pyramids of green leaves.

And now no sooner had Hok-wan delivered with all customary formality the speech of welcome, and drained to the health of his guests the tiny goblet of crystal, embossed with gold, than rising to his feet, and joining his hands before his breast, in token of respect to his host, Li called a servant, and bidding him take a part from all the good things spread before him, said:

"Carry these to the dwelling of Whanki, the mother of Li. Say to her that as the sands on the lake shore, countless are the blessings of the gods, who have this day smiled upon her son. Bid her eat—for although from hunger he should gnaw his flesh, and from thirst drink his blood, yet not one morsel of this banquet shall pass the lips of Li unless his aged mother be also sustained by the same delicacies."

At hearing which, all the mandarins, and Hok-wan himself, loudly expressed their admiration. Such is the esteem which the Chinese entertain for filial piety.

This duty discharged, Li attacked the dainties before him like a hungry soldier, yet seasoning all he said and did with so much wit and humor, that the guests laid down their chop-sticks and listened with wonder. With the wine, Li grew still more merry—his wit cut like hail-stones wheresoever it lighted, and at his jovial songs the grave dignitaries forgetting their rank, (somewhat washed away by copious draughts of *sam-shu*,*) snapped their fingers, wagged their shorn heads, and even rising from the table embraced him familiarly. At length, when after an interval of a few hours their hilarity was somewhat abated, during which the guests walked in the beautiful gardens, or reclining upon luxuriant cushions, regaled themselves with their pipes, or in masticating their favorite beetle-nut, Li made bare his bosom before them, and to their astonishment they found it was only a needy scholar whose praises they had been shouting.

A needy scholar!

How firmly they clutched their fobs, lest a *cauldron* might jump into the pocket of the needy scholar. But of advice they were as profuse as grasshoppers in August.

"Go to the capital—go to King-fu" (Nankin the ancient capital of the empire,) "thou wilt perplex the learned—thou wilt bewilder the ignorant!" said one.

"Hi! this fellow Li will yet stand with honor before the emperor," cried another.

* A deleterious liquor distilled from rice.

† A Chinese coin.

"Appear boldly in the 'Scientific Halls' before the Examiners," said a third, "and never fear but thy name shall be cried at midnight from the highest tower in the city,* as the successful Li, with whom no other candidate can compete!"

"When the wind blows over the fields does not the grass bend before it!" said Hok-wan. "When the great Ho speaks will not inferiors obey! the learned academician Ho is my brother—to him then you shall go—one word from him, and even the judges themselves shall cry your name."

"Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth, or gold from brass clippings," thought Li, as he listened to these remarks—"a few candareens now would be better for me than all this fine talk—truly I must be a fool not to know all this stuff before. Yet by the sacred names of my ancestors, I will go to the capital, and that, too, ere another sun ripens the rice-fields—furnished with a letter to the illustrious Ho, I may dare admittance."

Giddy with wine, and with the excitement of high hopes for the future, at a late hour Li was borne in a sumptuous palankeen to the humble dwelling of Whanki.

The poor old soul at first knew not the gay gallant who stood before her, so much had the gilt-ropes of the mandarin changed his appearance.

"*Heigh-yah!* but, Li, thou art as fine as a magpie," quoth she, raising her head from the pan of charcoal, over which she seemed to be simmering something in a small dish—"Heigh—and now I look at you again, I see you have drunk of that cursed *sam-shu*—forever abhorred be the name of I-tih!† with all thy wit dost thou not know the wise saying of Mencius—"Like a crane among hens is a man of parts among fools" (It may be inferred, I think, that the good old Whanki was something of a scold.) And while thou hast been guzzling, see what I have prepared for thee—what had I to do with birds-nest soup, and with shark's fins, and with pigeon's eggs from the table of Hok-wan! My poor Li will be too modest to eat with the great company, I said to myself, and I will not eat them, but warm them up to comfort him when he comes back—look, here they are," (lifting the dish from the fire) "and yet thou comest home like a well-fed, stupid swine!"

"Now tu-h, mother," answered Li, "if thy son has been drinking with fools, they wore fine feathers—and now embrace me, for I am going to the capital."

"Li, thou art drunk—go to bed—the capital indeed! Ah cursed, cursed I-tih!" exclaimed the old woman.

But when at length Li convinced her that he was neither drunk nor crazy, but in reality about to start for Nankin, as a candidate for honors in the Scientific Halls, and with a letter to the great Ho in his pouch, Whanki knocked her head reverently before the shrine of the household gods in token of gratitude.

The remainder of the night was passed in prepara-

* The custom of announcing the names of the successful candidates at the examination.

† The god of intoxicating liquors.

rations for the journey, and just as the golden ripples of the lake danced in the rays of the rising sun, Li tenderly embraced his aged parent, and set forth on foot for Nankin, more than a hundred miles distant.

"Ah, the blessed bug," quoth the old woman, gazing after him so long as she could catch a glimpse of his large bamboo hat, "he will not want for rice any day—no *eyes* has he in his pockets, but such a tongue in his head, as will bring him food and honors."

Whanki was right. In every hamlet he passed through—in every cottage by the wayside, Li found a shelter and a welcome—the good people considering themselves amply repaid for their hospitality if the young stranger would but touch the strings of the *pipa*, or recite to them odes from the Shoo-king.

In this manner he reached the capital, and crossing the marble bridge over the great canal, upon the eastern side, entered the city at the Gate of Extensive Peace. Going into the first barber's shop which offered, Li carefully plucked out his beard, (hear this, ye exquisites of modern days!) shaved his head anew to the crown, and platted his long black hair with red ribbons. Then entering an adjoining tavern, he exchanged his dusty, travel-worn garments for the rich dress presented him by Hok-wan, which he had preserved with great care for the occasion, and holding up his fan, to shield his eyes from the sun, stepped forth into the busy streets, to look for the dwelling of the illustrious Ho.

And next, within the Hall of Ceremony, in the elegant mansion of Ho, behold Li in the presence of the great man himself—for with the same audacity which marked his behavior at the dinner of Hok-wan, had Li given the door-keeper a vermilion card, leading Ho to expect a visitor of rank. Advancing three steps to meet him, Ho bows low to his stranger guest—then with graceful ease Li also advances three steps, and bows still lower—Ho again gravely steps forward and makes another salutation—upon which Li again does the same—with a still lower bending of the body, Ho once more advances—whereupon Li, nearly touching the marble pavements with his forehead, steps forward yet another three steps! By this time their united and solemn paces had brought them near the couch upon which visitors are expected to repose themselves. And here again the same formalities were gone through with, as to who should first be seated thereon. But *bring* seated, Li at once burst forth with such a flow of wit and fancy, that Ho was completely captivated ere he knew the name or business of the daring youth!

Now this was a capital stroke of Li. For the academician cared not so much for any dignity under the Emperor Supreme, as he did for a man of learning, or even for one who could tickle the moments as they flew with witty jests, provoking laughter. Ho saw at once that Li not only possessed this recommendation, but that his knowledge could also ring on as many topics as there were bells to the Porcelain Tower. When, therefore, he had perused the letter of Hok-wan, which, after securing his ground, Li put into his hand, and after having listened

to the history which the youth gave of his hard struggles, of his poverty, and earnest desire to come before the judges on the day of examination, than Ho, embracing him, bade him be of good cheer.

"Now, by the sacred Buddha!" he exclaimed, "learning like thine shall win its crown without the aid of propitiatory gifts, save to the gods themselves. Know, O Li, that Yang and Kau, who enjoy the smiles of the great emperor, are this year the examiners. To them shalt thou go, with no favor but my name—humble as it is, it shall cause thine to be enrolled among the *literati* of the Imperial Academy!"

No doubt Ho manifested great vanity in this, in so much as hinting that his "*humble*" name could balance with gold in the scales of avarice! Nevertheless Li was delighted, and immediately set about piling up such a cloud of glory as spread over his whole heaven of glory.

And now the day of examination approached, and confident of success, Li boldly presented himself for admission.

Offering the memorial of Ho, which was to insure him, as he supposed, the favor of the judges, he was much surprised to see those great men, Yang and Kau, after turning over the missive with elevated noses, expressive of their contempt, cast it from them with scorn.

"Heigh!" the academician Ho thinks to cheat us with bubbles! He sends us a scrawl devoid of meaning, to bespeak our favor for an upstart without degree or title! Yes—we will remember the name of Li!" Saying which, they cast looks of bitter disdain upon the needy scholar.

Then commenced the tedious formula of the examination. The candidates, hundreds in number, were all obliged to undergo the strict search of the officers in attendance. Their robes, pockets, shoes, and even their nicely platted queues were examined, to see they had not secreted some essay or composition of some kind, which they might substitute for one written on the spot without preparation, when the examiners should command them. This done, they were all seated on long benches with their paper and pencils ready for the trial—the doors and windows in the meanwhile being closely barred and guarded, that no one from without should have the power of smuggling any written paper into the hands of the students.

At a signal-gun the theme for composition was given out, and, like the velvet feet of butterflies, the pencils of the rival candidates glided smoothly and fleetly over the tinted paper. With perfect composure and ease, Li wrote off his essay in the most beautiful characters, without a single erasure or omission—handling the subject with great skill and judgment, and gave it into the hands of Yang.

"Heigh!" said Yang, without giving himself even the trouble to glance over it, but drawing his pencil derisively over the fair and beautiful characters, "I remember the name of Li! What stuff is here—why the fellow is only fit to grind my ink!"

"To grind your ink!" quoth Kau, "say rather he is only fit to face my buskins!"

And laughing loudly at their own wit, the great judges Yang and Kau turned their backs upon the unfortunate Li.

Overwhelmed with mortification and rage, he rushed to the lower end of the hall, and there was obliged to remain until evening, as not until then could the doors be thrown open to give egress to any one. Here he had the vexation of listening to the jibes and sneers of those around him, and of seeing others promoted to honors, who were as far inferior to him as owls to eagles! What a bitter day for poor Li! and when at length dismissed with renewed contumely from the Scientific Halls, he rushed into the presence of Ho, swearing loudly that he would one day ride over the necks of the proud Yang and Kau, "and by the head of Confucius when I do—*Yang shall grind my ink, and Kau lace up my buskins!*" he cried with bitterness.

Ho was terribly indignant at the treatment of his protégé, as well as incensed for the insult he imagined his own dignity had received. But, although he was himself high in favor with the emperor, Yang and Kau stood still higher, therefore he dissembled his anger, lest his head might pay the forfeit, should those two powerful courtiers incense the emperor against him.

When he found Li preparing to return home, he embraced him kindly, and bade him tarry yet another year in the capital.

"In the end thou wilt surely succeed, O Li. The next year the examiners will not be the same, and thou may'st then be certain of success," said Ho. "Remain with me until the time comes round—thy days and nights shall roll off bright and rosy as morning clouds—wine, wit, and music, yes, and the smiles of women, shall make thee forget the insults thou hast received."

But Li remembered his aged mother, sitting solitary in her humble home by the side of the lake, and his resolution strengthened.

"Know, O Ho, that an old mother waits for Li afar off. Summer and harvest will come, but Whanki has no one to sow her rice, and desolation will sit in her dwelling. The fish sport and gambol amid the waters of the lake—Whanki has no strength to draw them forth, therefore hunger and death will await her! What profit, O wise Ho, should I gain if my aged parent suffered! Would not the gods curse the race of Li!"

"Noble youth, take this purse—it is heavy," exclaimed Ho—"hasten to relieve the necessities of thy mother—a happy mother is so dutiful a son—then return without delay and await the examination. I promise thee, thou shalt not this time lack a present for the greedy judges—though, by Buddha, I would like to give it them at the dagger's point!"

Accordingly Li bade farewell to his generous friend, promising to return as speedily as possible.

PART II.

A man who has a tongue may go to Rome. *Chin. Proverb.*

Within the "Tranquil Palace of Heaven," Hwant-

sung sat upon the Dragon's Throne, with all his court prostrate before him.

There was evidently "something rotten in the state of Denmark," for the clouds which veiled the august features of the Celestial Monarch were black as night—thunder might soon be expected, and low in the dust his humble courtiers awaited the outpouring of his terrible wrath.

Before his footstool knelt the Premier Yang, bearing in his hand an official document inscribed with curious hieroglyphics.

"By my ancestors," exclaimed the emperor, with a wrathful look from one to the other of his trembling courtiers, "a wise court is sustained by the bounty of Hwant-sung! say rather a pack of idiots, asses, dolls, fatted dogs! What! shall we become a jibe in the mouths of foreign nations! Shall barbarian kings mock the court of Nankin! *Hi!* Is there not one then of my learned counsellors—not one of my renowned warriors can decipher me this scroll! Tremble, then, ye hounds! Yang, I command thee to make known to us the purport of the missive which the foreign ambassadors have brought to our court."

At this order well might Yang turn pale—for there was no more meaning to him in the characters on which his eyes were fixed, than in the slimy trail which the green lizard draws upon the sand. Over and over he turned it—now on this side, now on that—watched narrowly and jealously meanwhile by all around—for when was one high in favor with princes also the favorite with the mass! At length, nine times reverently knocking his head before Hwant-sung, Yang said:

"Let not the displeasure of Earth's Glory, before whose frown the whole world stands affrighted, annihilate his slave that the gods have not granted him power to do the will of his majesty in this thing. He cannot read."

Then did Hwant-sung call up one after another of those whose scholastic lore was famed throughout the empire. In vain. Not one could understand the mysterious scroll. At which, becoming exceeding wroth, Hwant-sung swore that unless within three days his ministers could make known to him the signification of the embassy, their offices and salaries should all be taken from them—and if in six days they were still in ignorance, their death should release the empire from so many stupid owls!

Then did the academician Ho humbly present himself at the foot of the throne.

"Will the emperor deign to open the ears of graciousness while the humblest of his slaves speaks? Know then, O mighty sovereign, there arrived last night at my house a man in whom all knowledge seems to centre. His mind, keen as the lightning, penetrates the most hidden mysteries—there is no science, no art, which he hath not already mastered. Command then that he appear before thee to make plain that which doth perplex thy majesty's servants."

Hwant-sung rejoiced greatly at this information, and bade Ho bring the learned scholar at once into his presence.

But when Ho, eager with joy, related to Li the good fortune he had secured him, that audacious youth positively refused compliance with the commands of the emperor! offering as an excuse, that as he was but a poor scholar, without title or degree, he dared not presume to appear before so much majesty.

With this answer then the unhappy Ho returned to the palace, not doubting but the rage of Hwant-sung would vent itself not only upon Li, but also upon himself.

Kneeling before the monarch, Ho exclaimed reverently—

“Will your majesty once more graciously listen. At the last examination, this man of whom I have spoken was turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace—his essay rejected by the Premier Yang and the General Kau. Will it then please thee to bestow some favor upon Li, that he may with more propriety come into this august presence?”

“It shall be done,” exclaimed the emperor. “We confer upon Li the title of Doctor of the first degree, together with the purple robe and yellow girdle. Go bring him before us.”

With this mark of royal patronage, Ho retraced his steps with all the alacrity of a lover, and made known to Li the gracious favors of the emperor, supposing, doubtless, that the student would rejoice as one long blind now suddenly restored to light, or as a famished man at a feast. But lo! coolly putting on the robes of office, as if he had but just cast them aside, with the air of a prince, Li signified to the great academician Ho his readiness now to obey the mandate of the emperor.

Entering the hall of audience with all the grace and ease of a man bred in courts, Li advanced to the throne, and after paying the customary homage, rose to his feet and looked proudly around upon the assembly of grave men and gallant courtiers.

The knees of the Premier Yang smote each other, as he recognized the youth he had treated with so much contumely now suddenly brought into notice—and well did Kau now remember the name of Li— and it seemed as if hot pins tore his flesh, into such agitation did that name now throw him.

Hwant-sung received the new doctor with condescension, and placed in his hand the document which he was required to make plain.

But Li, casting a meaning glance upon Yang and Kau, said:

“Can an indifferent scholar like myself presume to know more than these learned men! Know, O mighty emperor, thy servant was deemed unworthy of favor by thy commissioners Yang and Kau—surely, then, they must be more wise than Li.”

Charmed with the boldness of the youth, the emperor graciously smiled upon him, and motioned the two mortified examiners to withdraw.

Then standing erect, his head thrown back, yet in an attitude of careless ease, Li opened the important missive, and without even glancing his eye over it to understand more fully its nature, read it aloud from beginning to end, in a clear, melodious voice.

It proved to be a demand from the king of Po-Hai,

couched in the most insulting language, requiring the emperor to restore a part of Corea, consisting of no less than a hundred and eighty towns, and also demanding tribute from the time of its “*usurpation*” (as the memorial expressed it) by the Emperor of the Tang Dynasty. Thus, but for the skill of Li, the empire would have been plunged in irretrievable disgrace through the ignorance of its ministers.

The countenance of Hwant-sung grew black as midnight as he listened to this insulting claim, and but for the bold remonstrance of Li, he would have ordered the bearers of the embassy to instant death.

“May it please your majesty to summon the boorish ambassadors before us,” cried Li boldly, “I will myself confer with them, and teach them how to respect the mighty Emperor Hwant-sung.”

Immediately, therefore, the ambassadors were brought before Li, who conversed with them in their own language with the same haughty bearing as if he himself were emperor, interpreting as he did so to the indignant Hwant-sung. At length Li dismissed them, saying:

“To-morrow his sovereign majesty, to whom your price is but an earth-worm, will indite an answer to your insulting embassy. Retire—and tremble as ye walk! Thank the gods that the gracious emperor deigns ye to live.”

The audience chamber rang with acclamation, as the ambassadors obsequiously withdrew in compliance to the orders of Li, and all the courtiers pressed forward to compliment the young doctor—while the emperor, embracing him, conferred upon him at once the rank of academician, and ordered apartments to be prepared for him in the palace of the Golden Bell.

With continued graciousness, he also directed a sumptuous banquet to be got in readiness, and at which all the learned men and wits of the court were expected to appear. Wine was poured for the guests by beautiful young girls of the “*golden lilies*”^{*}—ravishing music swept around them, while at intervals of the feast, the emperor rent from his own apartments a choice theatrical corps for their entertainment.

Now did it seem that all the trials of Li were over, his poverty but a dream long past, and that now upon the pinnacle to which his ambition had pointed from early youth, he stood ready to hurl back in the teeth of his enemies the disgrace which, only a few months before, they had heaped upon the name of Li.

The feast wore on even into the night—the wine circulated freely, and in the same breath the courtiers exalted the name of the emperor and of the young academician. What wonder that under the attendance of such charming cup-bearers Li should have drank more freely than was consistent with his new dignity! How from such hands could he resist the tempting goblet!

The result was, that when the next morning the emperor repaired to the Hall of Audience to treat with the embassy from Po-Hai, the academician Li was not in attendance—nay, did not make his ap-

* Small feet.

pearance until after being twice summoned by royal mandate!

The courtiers whom Li had feasted the night previous, shook their heads and looked significant. The Premier Yang and the General Kau resumed their usual boldness of demeanor, for no doubt this upstart, this vagabond Li, would find the anger of their Celestial Monarch more than his head was worth—decapitation would certainly follow such contempt of royalty!

To be twice summoned—what audacity!

At length Li walked carelessly into the hall—his dress somewhat disordered, and his feet thrust negligently into slippers. But for those who were hoping his ruin, what rage to see the emperor not only extend his own royal hand in signification that he would raise him from the ground, but also condescend to inquire after his health!

"I think, learned doctor, the wine was to thy fancy, yet methinks the fumes are still troubling thee! Ere we proceed to our public duties I would have thy wits clearer."

Saying which, Hwant-sung ordered a plate of hot-spiced fish-broth to be brought from the royal kitchens, that its effects might dissipate the evils of last night's debauch.

And when with unprecedented condescension their sovereign even took the chop-sticks, and himself cooled it for the palate of Li, amazement almost turned them to marble.

When his majesty deemed the senses of his new favorite sufficiently restored, the ambassadors were summoned into the hall.

Upon the top of the platform, near the foot of the "Dragon's Throne," was placed, by the order of Hwant-sung, a cushion or divan of the Imperial Yellow, embroidered with gold and silver, and upon a tablet formed of mother-of-pearl, and richly set in a band of emeralds, was a cake of perfumed ink—a sheet of flowery paper—a hair-pencil set in a gold tube, together with a small jade stone, with which to rub the ink.

Waving his hand condescendingly to Li, the emperor spoke: "Ascend the platform, learned doctor, and repose thyself upon the cushions at my feet, while I indite to thee our answer to these slaves."

"May it please your majesty," replied Li, "my feet are not in proper dress to approach so near the 'Glory of the Earth.' Will it please thee to command new buskins to be brought thy servant, that he may with decency ascend the platform."

This bold request was no sooner proffered than it was granted. And then, with a significant glance to the spot where stood Yang and Kau, pale with rage and envy, the audacious Li again addressed the emperor:

"The humblest of thy slaves would not be officious—but he has one more request to lay at the feet of

his gracious sovereign. At the examination this year, thy servant was repulsed by Yang, and turned from the Scientific Halls in disgrace by Kau! Will it therefore please thee to command the Premier Yang to *grind my ink*, and the General Kau to *lace my buskins!*"

Never, perhaps, was an audience-chamber so insulted! Even the awe which, in the presence of the Celestial Monarch, rendered the courtiers less men than jackals, failed in this case to suppress a murmur of indignation which passed from one end of the hall to the other.

But Hwant-sung, well pleased to punish the injustice of his commissioners, immediately ordered them both to approach and do the bidding of Li!

To disobey was death. They wanted courage to die, therefore preferring disgrace, they obsequiously advanced. Kneeling, *Kau laced the buskins of Li*, who then ascended the platform, and while reclining at his ease upon the soft cushion at the feet of the emperor, Yang stood at his side assiduously *rubbing his ink!*

Thus did Li accomplish his revenge, and triumph over his enemies!

Taking the pencil, he now, with rapid and easy strokes, proceeded to indite the answer, which the emperor vouchsafed to the Po-Hai embassy, and while he did so, Hwant-sung bent over him in astonishment, beholding the characters which he traced with so much rapidity to be identical with those which had so perplexed his court.

Then standing erect upon the right hand of the "Dragon's Throne," in clear distinct tones, Li read aloud the imperial answer—the ambassadors trembling with fear as they listened.

"And now return," exclaimed Li, "and teach your king that foxes may not war with lions, nor the cuckoo steal into the eagle's nest! He is like a vexed grass-hopper striving to combat the mighty chariot about to crush him, or like a fly in the jaws of the dragon! When the mighty Hwant-sung, at whose name fear sits in the hearts of all nations, shall send a handful of men to seize upon the petty territory of Po-Hai, blood shall flow a thousand li!"*

Kneeling reverently before the throne, and knocking their heads in token of submission, the ambassadors then withdrew to relate to their king that the "Celestial Empire was upheld by an Immortal from the skies!" who stood ever by the throne of the Dragon, and to whom all men did reverence.

From that day the star of Li was in the ascendant, and for many years he enjoyed the undivided confidence of the emperor, and attained a rank in the scale of letters, which renders the name of Li celebrated in Chinese literature. Many volumes of his beautiful poems and other works are still preserved in the Imperial Libraries.

* Leagues.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

(Continued from page 164.)

Mr. GILLESPIE and his daughter had retired below when the sweeps were gotten out, and had now returned to the deck. Unconscious of danger, they looked admiringly upon the shining and beautiful scene. Nearly abreast the island of Porto Rico, in full view, lay basking in the beams of the setting sun, the dark, rich green of its luxuriant growth of cane, here and there varied by groves of the cotton-tree, amid which were seen clustering the settlements of the planters. Astern, but farther distant, Cape Engano stretched far to seaward, while inland, ridge over ridge, wooded to their summits, rose the picturesque mountains of St. Domingo. The numerous vessels in sight, mostly running before the wind, varying in size, in rig, and in the color of their canvases, enlivened the view, while nearer, the frigate in her towering proportions was borne majestically toward them.

"Oh, Edward! what a glorious sight!" said the maiden to her lover, who had stepped to her side, as she gained the deck. "Look, father! look at that splendid ship, does n't she cleave the waters 'like a thing of life?' But what is the matter, Edward? You are silent, and seem dejected, do tell me?"

"In a moment, dearest," he whispered, as he left her to approach the captain, who had beckoned to him.

"Mr. Talbot," said the last, "my little craft is in great peril, and less than an hour must decide her fate. The Spaniard will not be silent much longer, and I advise you to get the passengers below."

"I was about to propose it," replied Talbot, and returning to Miss Gillespie's side, said, "summon your fortitude. Mary, the ship which you admire so much, is a Spanish frigate, and is endeavoring to capture the vessel we are in."

"Oh, how unfortunate! and will they harm us? Can they hurt you and father and Frank? Good God! what is that?" and she shrieked as the ship luffed to the wind, and fired a shot, which went plunging across the bows of the schooner.

"Come below, dearest! come quickly! Help me, Mr. Gillespie, for she has nearly fainted."

The maiden and her father were conducted to the most secure place below, when, resisting the entreaties of his mistress, Talbot returned to the deck, which Frank had refused to leave.

At the first report of the frigate's gun, the captain had called out, "Edge her away, quarter-master, keep her off a point; let the guns alone," he added, addressing some of the crew, "let them be, it would be worse than useless to fire them—the 'Bird' must now trust to her wings alone."

The little vessel was in fact at the very crisis of her fate. The last shot had told that they were

within reach of the guns of the enemy; they felt that their only avenue of escape was through a gauntlet of fire, and that the loss of a single spar would certainly insure their capture. It seemed perfect madness for such a wee thing to abide the wrath of the huge leviathan, panoplied in thunder, and possessing almost the power of annihilation. But, in the forlorn and desperate hope of sustaining the enemy's fire for a few moments, without material injury her captain steadily pursued his way, but cut his anchors from the bow, and threw four of his guns overboard. If the wind had been light, the schooner's chance would have been a fair one; but the breeze instead of lulling, seemed to freshen as the sun went down. As it was, however, there was a bare possibility of escape, for already the little vessel, lightened of so much weight, began to increase her velocity—still there was an abiding, a stunning fear of being sunk or disabled by the broadside of the frigate. The latter had already opened her fire, and near the chase, the fierce, iron hail had fairly lashed the water into foam, but the schooner was yet materially unharmed, when a voice more potent than that of gunpowder, hushed the loud artillery.

Unobserved by either, a light and fleecy speck, more like a wisp of smoke than a fragment of a cloud, had risen over the land, and swift as a meteor shot across the sky. It was what sailors term a "white squall," and it had caught the chaser and the chased wholly unprepared. Almost simultaneously it struck them both. The frigates fore-mast and main-topmast went by the board, and every sail that was set, was blown into perfect shreds. The "Humming Bird," light and resistless, felt the blast but to succumb before it—she was whirled over and capsized in an instant. A number of the crew, entangled in the sails and rigging were immediately drowned. The remainder clambered to the upper-rail, to which they clung with the tenacity that endangered life. In a paroxysm of anguish, Talbot had thrown himself down the cabin-hatchway as he felt the vessel going over, and at imminent hazard had rescued Miss Gillespie, but her father and the servant-maid perished. Frank had been saved by one of the seamen, who held him firmly with one hand, while with the other he clung to the shrouds.

As soon as the survivors were assured of their immediate safety, they looked around to see if there were any hopes of being rescued from their position before the night set in. The frigate had driven past them, and under a single after-sail was hove-to, clearing her hull of the wreck. To the westward, distinct in the reflected light of the sun, which had descended, were several vessels again unfolding

to the breeze the canvas which they had wisely furled to the passing gust. Some of the larger ones were again standing boldly out to seaward, while the others like affrighted wild-fowl, were hovering toward the shore. They were all too distant, and the air was fast becoming too obscure for them to see the wreck, or the unfortunate beings who were perched upon it.

On the first recovery from her swoon, the grief of Miss Gillespie for the loss of her father was almost inconsolable. It required all the endearment and entreaties of her lover and her brother to prevail on her to struggle against the spasms which threatened her very existence.

The survivors strove to cheer each other, but the indiscreet cry of one that he saw the fin of a shark cleaving the surface of the water, led them to fear that they were environed by yet greater peril. In about two hours the moon arose, and her clear, chaste light silvered the crests of the waves, as they curled to the now gentle breeze. She had risen scarce more than her diameter, when the watchers on the wreck discovered two or three dark objects which seemed to creep upon the water. Their hopes and their fears were equally excited, but presently they heard the splash of oars, and they knew them to be boats from the frigate. As eager now to be taken as before to escape from capture, by shouts and cries they attracted the notice of those who sought them. They were soon removed to the frigate; the lady and her brother being led to the cabin, and the remainder, including Talbot, promiscuously confined on the lower deck.

Under jury-foremast and new main-topmast, the frigate was the next morning standing under easy sail, along the southern side of St. Domingo.

Repeatedly but ineffectually Talbot had endeavored to convey a message to Miss Gillespie, and spent the night in sleepless anxiety on her account. He knew not into whose hands she had fallen, and whether her youth and beauty might not, in the hands of unprincipled men, tempt to ruinous treatment. Her brother was with her, it was true, but although spirited, he was young and feeble compared to the strong men around him.

Early in the morning, Talbot had asked to see the officer of the watch. He was told that he could not communicate with any one but through the officer of the marine guard, who would not make the rounds for three or four hours. Talbot impatiently waited for him, and it seemed an age before he made his appearance. When he did so, and was told that Talbot wished to speak to him, he superciliously asked, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I wish," replied Talbot, "to communicate through you to the commander of this ship, that I hold a commission as lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and that with the family of Mr. Gillespie, I was a passenger on board of the privateer."

"This is a singular tale," remarked the other, incredulously; "have you any proofs of your identity—where is your commission?"

"I haven't it; with all my baggage, it was, unhappily, lost in the schooner."

"This seems incredible," said the officer, "your dress, too, does not indicate the position you claim."

"I am aware of it," replied Talbot, "for I scrupulously avoided wearing any part of my uniform, that in appearance even, I might not be classed among the complement of that unfortunate vessel. But here is her commander, who, as well as his crew, will bear testimony to what I say."

"Let them answer for themselves," was the abrupt reply. "If they escape being hung as pirates, they will fare well." After a moment's hesitation, he added, "I will state what you say to Count Urcuña, our commander, although I do not myself believe it; but let me advise you not to rely upon the evidence of these wretches," pointing to the prisoners, "if you have no other proof you will fare badly." As he said this, he turned upon his heel and walked away. Talbot with difficulty restraining himself from throttling him for his coarse, unfeeling rudeness.

Again, hour after hour passed away in fruitless anxiety. Every step upon the ladder which led from above, exciting a thrill of hope, only the instant after to be crushed in bitter disappointment. At length, about 2 P. M., an orderly, with a file of marines came to conduct him to the commander. With alacrity he obeyed the summons, and when he reached the gun-deck, from habits of association, he felt cheered at the sight of the long lines of massive artillery, the stacks of muskets here and there, surmounted with their bristling bayonets, and the bright sheen of the sharpened cutlasses. As the cabin-door was thrown open by the sentry stationed there, he cast a quick and searching glance around the apartment, in the hope of seeing his betrayer. She was not there, and but for the guns projecting from either side, he could not have realized that he stood in the cabin of a man-of-war, so rich was its furniture and so gorgeous its decorations. Gracefully festooned across its entire width, and partially concealing the white and highly polished lattice-work of the after-cabin, was a deep curtain of crimson embroidered and fringed with gold. On either side, in the recesses between the guns, were magnificent couches canopied and covered with the same material, intertwined with white. Between the forward and the after gun, on each side, were collections of flowers and fragrant plants. A large mirror in an arabesque frame, was inclined over a rose-wood sideboard, laden with massive plate and a profusion of crystal. A richly chased silver lamp was suspended over a table, the cover of which was of white cloth, like the curtain, fringed with gold. Around were a few rose-wood chairs, and from several cages were heard the cheerful and melodious notes of canary-birds. The deck was covered with the finest matting. On the couch, in the recess to the left, was seated a man of middle age and rather delicate features, except the chin and under lip, which were massive and sensual, and a peculiar glance of the eye, which gave a sinister aspect to an otherwise singularly handsome countenance. He was spare in figure, and to a casual observer, even as he sat, it was perceptible that he stooped, and his whole appearance indicated a frequent participant

in the orgies of dissipation. Before him stood the officer of marines, who had just made his official report. At a signal from the latter, a boat advanced toward the count, who said, "I understand, sir, from the officer of the guard, that you declare yourself to be a lieutenant in the navy of the United States, but that you have no evidence to sustain you. How can you expect me to credit the assertion of a stranger under such suspicious circumstances as you must admit your present position to be."

"You have a lady on board, sir, my affianced bride, who, with her brother, is here under the same circumstances with myself, they will tell you that I am not an impostor."

"Your affianced bride," said the count, not heeding what he had last said, "you are then the friend for whom she has been so restless and uneasy?"

"I knew that she would be so," replied Talbot; "may I ask now to see her, that she may corroborate what I have said?"

"Not so fast," exclaimed the count, "that you have gained the affections of the young lady is no proof of your being what you profess, indeed, you may have won them under an assumed name and character."

"It ill becomes you, sir," cried Talbot, highly incensed, "it ill becomes you to insult a man who for the time being is in your power; but I warn you that if I, or those with me, are unnecessarily detained or harshly treated, you will be held to a severe accountability."

"And by whom, sir," exclaimed the count, turning pale with rage, "by a man who has no other vouchers to a most improbable tale, than a horde of pirates, a mere boy, and a love-sick maiden?"

"The proofs are sufficient, sir, for any impartial mind, but I see plainly that you have some purpose in seeming to disbelieve them—what that purpose is your conscience best can tell."

"What mean you, sir, by this insolence; but I know how to curb and to punish it!"

"Insolence! and punish!" contemptuously answered Talbot, "those are words used by cowards when addressing slaves. I defy alike your malice and your power. You may maltreat me, but a day of reckoning will surely come. I demand to see Miss Gillespie and her brother," he added, as his ear caught the sound of stifled sobs in the after cabin.

The count pulled a bell-rope by his hand, and at the summons, the sentry who had admitted him, opened the door and looked in, while from another door, the steward entered and stood obsequiously by his master. The latter, pointing to the door, said,

"Mr. Manuel, take out your prisoner and confine him apart from the rest; sentry, let them pass."

Talbot hesitated a moment, and then said, "I am unarmed and helpless, and it would therefore be madness to resist you—but, in the name of humanity, I ask you, can you listen unmoved to the distress of the unhappy lady within there; as a man, an officer, and a nobleman, I appeal to you in her behalf. She has recently lost her father, as you know, and, save myself, her young brother is now her only protector."

"She will be sufficiently protected, sir, without your interference—take out the prisoner, Mr. Manuel."

The above conversation had taken place in Spanish, which Talbot spoke fluently, but when he found that for some sinister purpose, he was not to be permitted to see Miss Gillespie, he advanced toward the lattice-work and called out in English, "Mary, dear Mary, be upon your guard! Frank, do not leave your sister for a moment; I fear that she is in the hands of a villain."

"That I will not," cried the boy, who vainly tried to force the door, while his sister sobbed convulsively.

The count, who, although not understanding the language, comprehended the import of the words, with a gesture of frantic impatience, motioned the officer to lead his prisoner away.

Talbot, satisfied that the danger was lessened by the timely warning he had given, without resistance, submitted to be led from the apartment.

When left alone, the count remained for some time in a thoughtful attitude. "If I could but speak their horrid language," he said, soliloquizing with himself, "or if she understood mine, I should certainly succeed, for as to this would-be bridegroom, I can easily get rid of him, and of the brother also, if he prove intractable. Let me see! can I trust Gonzalez? From the expression of his eye sometimes, as well as from his never speaking of her, I fear that she knows all about his unhappy sister; and yet I must trust him, or abandon all, for he is the only interpreter we have. There is no help for it; I cannot give up the game so freshly started—but I will be wary and watch him closely." He slightly touched the bell, "Send Gonzalez to me," he said to the attendant, who obeyed the summons. A few moments after, a young man of 23 or 24 years of age entered the apartment, and bowing to the count, awaited his commands in silence. From his spare figure, he looked taller than he really was. His hair and moustaches were glossy black, curling in their rich luxuriance. His eye-brows, thick and bushy, formed one continuous arch, and the eyes beneath, black and lustrous, was soft and subdued in its ordinary expression, but at times, in a single glance, would convey a startling idea of latent but indomitable energy. His features were almost femininely regular, and his voice musically clear and sweet. The count's fears were not without foundation; his secretary, for such was the position of Gonzalez, knew his sister's wrongs, and like a true Spaniard, thirsted for an opportunity to revenge them. His commander scanned him closely where he stood for some minutes, the young man at first returning his gaze with a look neither too humble, nor yet audacious, and then deferentially turned his eyes in another direction.

"What is the matter, Gonzalez? You seem of late unusually taciturn and moody."

"I think, señor, that my health is suffering from long confinement to the ship. I need recreation on shore."

"What mean you by long confinement—were you not on shore repeatedly last month in Havana?"

"No, señor! If you will recollect, I applied several times to go, but on each occasion you had important letters or despatches to write."

"Did you hear from home before we sailed," and the count's look became intensely riveted upon him. The young man slightly colored, "I heard indirectly, señor, that all were well."

"From whom?"

"From a muleteer who resides in the adjoining village."

"Did he give you any particulars?"

"None, señor, worth relating."

The count paused. He was dissatisfied, yet feared that by further questioning he might excite the very suspicions he wished to repress. Assuming a bland and conciliatory tone, he said, "I have been to blame, Gonzalez, and will make amends. When we reach port, you shall have ample opportunities to recruit on shore. Should you need funds, consider my purse at your service."

"Thanks, señor! my salary is more than sufficient for all my wants."

"Well, should you be in need, remember my offer; but come nearer, I have now something confidential to impart. You are aware that the lady brought on board last night is now in the after-cabin."

"I am, señor."

"One of the prisoners, doubtless an impostor, assumes that she is his betrothed. I wish you to see her and ascertain how she is affected toward him."

"It is needless, señor. At the invitation of Lieutenant Flores, I accompanied him in his boat last night, and in rescuing the prisoners from the wreck, witnessed how tenderly that lady clung to the man you speak of."

"It may have been the convulsiveness of fear!"

"If so, señor, it would have subsided with the occasion that gave it birth; but it continued to the last, and while she evinced for the lad the solicitude of an elder sister, she seemed to regard the American as her chosen and sole protector."

"How were they separated?"

"I understood, señor, by your order," replied the youth with an air of surprise.

"I mean," said the count, somewhat confused, "how did they bear it?"

"He was at first disposed to resist, but a moment after submitted with an air of stern resignation."

"And she?"

"She at first seemed bewildered, and could not comprehend the purport of the order; when she did so, she implored her lover, for such he must be, not to desert her, but after he had whispered a few words to her, she too submitted, and with such meek gentleness as moved the hardest hearts to sympathy."

"Sympathy," exclaimed the count, reddening; "where there is no real distress, there can be no occasion for its exercise. In common humanity, I am bound to protect her from the acts of an impostor." There was a slight twitch of the secretary's upper lip, but he said nothing.

"At all events, I wish you to converse with her, Gonzalez. Try if you cannot reconcile her to a short separation from her lover, and assure her that as soon as I am satisfied that he is what he represents himself, he shall be free."

The secretary bowed in acquiescence, and the count rising, led the way into the after cabin. It was fit for the boudoir of a queen. A carpet of the richest Persian dyes and softest texture was under foot. Except in front, the whole apartment was lined with fawn-colored tapestries; the windows framed into the after ports had party-colored curtains of fawn and cherry colors. An ottoman and several chairs were covered with embroidered damask corresponding to the tapestry; a small, richly-carved book-case was filled with handsomely bound books. There was a pair of globe-stands, and a harp, a guitar, mirrors and candelabra, with a few small but exquisite paintings completed the equipment of this cell of a Sybarite.

With disheveled hair, and eyes inflamed with weeping, in all the abandonment of grief, Miss Gillespie lay with her head upon her brother's breast, who, as the door was opened, threw his arms around, as if more perfectly to protect her. With a courteous air, and all the finished breeding of an artificial gentleman, the count advanced and paid his respects through the medium of the interpreter. "Had she sustained no injury from the accident of the night before? Had she recovered from her alarm? Had she slept well? Could he do any thing for her?"

The three first questions she answered in monosyllables. At the fourth, she made an effort to speak, but maiden bashfulness overcame her, and she looked imploringly to her brother. The youth construed her feelings rightly, and said,

"We wish, sir, to see our friend, Mr. Talbot, who was, with us, a passenger in the schooner."

"At present it cannot be," answered the count, "but when we reach Havana, he will doubtless prove his character, and then you can be again united, but," addressing her, "so much beauty should not be marred by untimely grief. A few days more and your friend will be restored to liberty. Here I cannot make any distinction between him and the other prisoners. Let me therefore entreat you, Miss, to dry up your tears, and let a smile once more wreath itself upon your lovely cheek."

"Say to him," asked Miss G., of the interpreter, "that I am in deep affliction. Yesterday I lost my father, and now, when I am most helpless, I am by his act" (she looked toward the count) "separated from the friend whom that father had chosen as my protector through life. I am therefore in no mood to listen to compliments, which would be ill-timed from any one, most of all from him."

The count stifled his vexation and said, "I beg pardon for this intrusion. I will await a more reasonable time to express my sympathy and make a proffer of my services;" so saying, he withdrew, desiring Gonzalez to remain and gather the particulars of their history.

An unprincipled man, in his sphere possessing almost unlimited power, he felt himself baffled by an unarmed prisoner and a helpless maid. "Till now," he said to himself, "I thought Dolores beautiful, but her features want the intellectual grace and harmony of this northern hour. At all hazards, she must be mine. If all else fails, the drug must be resorted to. It is certainly the speediest and I know not but that it is the best; but I am neglecting my first precaution. He rung the bell for the steward, a dark, swarthy Italian, with the body of a man surmounted on the legs of a dwarf

"Domingo," said his master, go into the secret passage and watch Gonzalez, who is now with the lady. Note every thing that he does, and try to gather the meaning of what he says."

The steward obeying, disappeared through a panel that opened with a spring.

In about half an hour, Gonzalez came forth from the inner cabin, and stated what he had learned of the prisoners, which, as there was no concealment, is precisely what is known to the reader. When he had retired, at a peculiar signal from the count, the panel noiselessly flew open, and the steward reappeared before his master. His account was any thing but satisfactory, and the count's brow was darkened with deep mistrust, as he listened to the recital.

About sunset, Miss Gillespie, aroused by some incentive, sent to ask if her brother and herself might be permitted to walk on the upper deck. Assent was most graciously given, and the count himself escorted her. Finding that she would not converse, and that his presence was evidently irksome to her, he smothered his chagrin, and after a few turns, left the orphans to themselves.

It was an hour and a scene fitted to captivate the eye and refresh the soul; and such was its soothing influence, that Miss G. frequently found her mind wandering from the contemplation of the perils which environed her. The night previous, the ship, driven before the blast, was whirled with resistless velocity along a bed of seething foam. Now, the gentle wind borne from the land, wafted fragrance on its wing, and the sea, slightly ruffled, seemed to enjoy the refreshing embrace of its sister element; the ship, too, under a cloud of canvas, snow-white and full distended, pressed majestically on, the spray, like fairy fret-work curling and combing beneath the bow and the rippling wake sparkled in the rays of the setting sun. The gorgeous western sky was tinged with the hues of crimson and gold; the south was a boundless expanse of blue, the island of St. Domingo, lofty, picturesque and beautiful, bounded the northern and eastern horizon. The land, but little cultivated, seemed fertile in the extreme, and was covered with lofty and umbrageous trees, the tangled and luxuriant undergrowth seeming so interlaced as even at high noon to intercept the light of the sun. The near mountains were covered to their very summits with verdure, not the tawny verdure of a northern clime, but the brilliant green of the tropics, while the loftier mountains wreathed their bald and craggy tops with the clouds that floated in the distance.

The sun had gone down and the moon was up; still Miss Gillespie paced the deck with her brother. It was evident that she had some purpose in view, and by those who watched her, she was observed to cast frequent and furtive glances around. At length a figure that had been stealthily gliding along under the shadow of the bulwarks to leeward, suddenly stepped beside her, and whispered, "Lady, I have endeavored to see him, but failed. Some time to-night I will surely succeed. In the meantime there is but one resource. Take this powder, and when you go below, dissolve it, and take a part yourself, giving the remainder to your brother. If you would be safe, neither of you should sleep a wink to-night. Be careful of what you eat or drink. But, hush! there is a man's head raised above the rail—he has been observing us. I must away—but do not forget this." He handed a small folded paper as he spoke, and immediately disappeared.

Miss Gillespie had brought a book on deck with her, and by occasionally seeming to read it, had at first given a pretext for remaining. Into this book she inserted the paper, and soon after turned to leave the deck, when some one brushed rudely against her, and the book fell. The person, who, in her confusion she did not recognize, instantly picked it up, and in seeming eagerness to return it, let it fall a second time. Frightened almost beside herself, Miss G. now snatched it up and hurried below. Unfortunately, the paper was not to be found. So dreadful seemed the fate before her, that with difficulty she restrained herself from shrieking aloud. Frank cheered her all he could, although he had but a faint conception of the danger. They determined to deny themselves food and liquors of every description, hoping thereby to avoid the administration of an opiate. Alas! they knew not the infernal arts of the demon in human shape, who had them in his power.

That evening, as was his wont once a week, the count supped with his officers in the ward-room, and he remained until near midnight; but in the meantime his diabolical agent had not been idle.

About 11 o'clock Frank and his sister were sensible that they were inhaling an aromatic and fragrant vapor. At first they enjoyed it; but it soon occurred to them that they were fast becoming drowsy. With desperate exertions they endeavored to force the doors, or to obtain assistance by their loud and vociferous outcries. The breeze had unfortunately freshened on deck, and there was much tramping and running overhead, so that they were unheard, or if heard, unheeded. One would suppose that this agitation and fear would have proved an antidote to the insidious effects of the drug; but not gently, imperceptibly, they felt their systems relax; they soon began to wonder at their alarm; a delicious languor enthralled them, and as volume after volume of the scented vapor rolled into the apartment, they surrendered themselves to its influence, and preaved in each other's arms, were soon wrapped in a profound and insensible sleep.

About an hour before, Talbot, to whom the night

previous had been a sleepless one, although racked with anxiety, had fallen into a light and fitful slumber, when he was instantly aroused by a hand being laid upon his chest, and a voice whispering in his ear, "Do not speak, but follow; imitate my motions as exactly as you can. For God's sake be cautious, you know not how much is at stake."

The speaker, who was lying beside him on the deck, then rolled over toward the hatchway; but when the sentry turned in his round, he remained perfectly still. This he repeated, slowly and cautiously; Talbot followed his example, until they reached what sailor's term the combings of the main-hatch, i. e. the elevated pieces around it, to prevent the water from running into the hold. He there waited for some time until he saw the sentry loiter at the furthest end of his round, when he quickly threw himself down the hatch, and crept on one side out of sight. As soon as Talbot had done the same, he led the way among the casks and barrels. When they had proceeded a little distance, he whispered, "The master's-mate of the hold, who is a fellow-townsmen of mine, had this passage opened for me to day. Had he refused, and he hesitated for a long time, that villain in the cabin would inevitably succeed in his plans."

"What plans," eagerly asked Talbot. "I know not who you are, or whether you are leading me—explain."

"You will soon know me; but let it content you now that I lead you to save your mistress. But that I feared the interference of that ruffian, the steward, I would have gone alone."

"Lead on, then! lead quickly!" said Talbot, his fears strongly excited.

They resumed their way, groping along in the dark, and taking every step with the greatest caution. In a short while they distinguished the faint light admitted from the deck above through the fore-hatch. As soon as they had gained this opening, Gonzalez, for it was he, taking the opportunity when the sentry was furthest off, and had his back toward him, sprung quickly up, and blowing out the light in a lantern which hung to an upright timber, immediately returned to Talbot's side. As was anticipated, the sentry, supposing the light to have been extinguished by a flurry of wind, took the lantern down, and proceeded to the main-hatch, to relight the lamp. As he did so, they both, unperceived, succeeded in gaining first the gun and then the upper-deck. Then separating, each one quietly and undetected reached the quarter-deck, and again rejoining each other, they slipped through a port-hole to a narrow platform outside, called the main-chains, and there, in intense anxiety, concerted their future movements, for the most perilous part of their enterprise was yet before them.

CHAPTER III.

The convivial party in the ward-room had been broken up by a squall, and with the other sea-officers, the count had repaired to the quarter-deck. For a short time the wind blew with violence, and was suc-

ceeded by a heavy fall of rain. In less than an hour there was a perfect calm, and the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts as the ship moved with the undulations of a light ground-swell.

In the cabin, the solitary lamp, suspended from a beam, through the gauze-like vapor shed its soft light upon the rich and costly furniture, and revealed the forms of the sleepers, whose deep breathing alone proclaimed their existence, so immovable was their position—so much deprived did their bodies seem of the watchful guardianship of the spirits within them. The faint and silvery light, the attenuated vapor, the fragrant odors wafted from the flowers in front, the boy, with his noble brow undimmed by sin or sorrow, the lovely maiden, one arm upon her breast, and one clasped around her brother, formed an atmosphere and a group in and around which angels might love to linger. But a serpent had stealthily glided in, and the count, with maddening pulse and gloating eye, looked upon his unconscious victim. Incapable of any feeling but that of a hardened libertine, no thought of the dire ruin he was about to inflict for one instant stayed his purpose. As the spider, after weaving its web, contemplates the struggles of the entangled fly, before clutching to devour it, so he stood, reveling in anticipation on the sensual feast before him. At length he approached, he gently touched, then breathed upon, and called them by their names, and then more rudely shook them. As he anticipated, they neither heard nor heeded him. The stillness was death-like and profound. He removed the boy from the girl's embrace, and she lay resistless at his mercy. For an instant longer he paused; he fondled her hand, he played with her tresses; he stooped to kiss her moist and parted lip.

The fiend-like purpose was frustrated: a crushing blow descended upon his head, and he rolled over and fell senseless on the deck. With one foot upon the prostrate form, and the massive bar again uplifted, Talbot stood over him, while from the doorway Gonzalez looked on.

"Hold!" said the last, as Talbot was about to repeat the blow, "Hold! another stroke may finish him, and that is a task reserved for me alone." He advanced as he spoke, and proceeded to examine the wound. "It is a very severe contusion," he added a moment after, "and if it had fallen a little more direct, the blow would have been a fatal one. He is now wholly insensible, and unless my skill in surgery fails me, he will remain, for some days at least, in a perfect stupor. It is most fortunate. We need not now attempt an escape, for no one can suspect us, and before he recovers, we shall probably be in Havana. Let us place him in his room and retire; the vile, pandering steward will not dare to enter during the night, and in the morning, I will be hovering near. It is useless, no human efforts can awake them now," he added, as he saw Talbot endeavoring to arouse the maiden: "but they are safe, and that they may continue so, we must not lose a moment."

With a sigh, Talbot relinquished the hand of his mistress, which he had clasped within his own, and pressing his lips to her fair forehead, turned to ascend

Gonzalez in removing the wounded man. They then effaced all traces of their presence, and retired as they had come, through the window of the quarter-gallery.

The next morning the table in the forward cabin was spread for breakfast; the steward, in passing to and fro, glanced leeringly as from time to time he looked toward the after cabin. One of the midshipmen of the watch came to report 8 o'clock. The steward tapped lightly at the state-room door, but receiving no reply, and not presuming to disturb his master, took it upon himself to report to the officers that the count said "Very well"—the usual reply. By 9 o'clock, he began to be uneasy, not that he apprehended any thing to have happened to his master, but that the lady might awake before the count had left her apartment. At the lattice-work, and to the key-hole of his master's door, he alternately placed his ear. At the last he thought that he distinguished a deep and smothered breathing; at the first he could hear no sound whatever. Satisfied that his master was in his state-room, he felt more easy.

At 10 o'clock, the wonted hour, the drum beat to quarters for inspection. When the first lieutenant came to make his report, the steward intimated that the count was indisposed.

"Has he directed that he should not be disturbed?" asked the officer.

The steward admitted that he had not.

"Have you been summoned to him in the night?"

"No, sir!"

"Then I must make my report." He advanced to the door and knocked, at first gently, and then louder and more loudly still. There was no reply; and the officer, turning the bolt, to the surprise of the steward, the door yielded to his push, and flew open. (That their mode of entrance might not be suspected, Gonzalez had unlocked it before retiring.) The count was found with his wrapper on, lying in a profound stupor, the blood clotted thickly over the wound he had received. The orphans were buried in a sleep which the surgeon pronounced unnatural; and the steward was suspected of having drugged them, and afterward attempted the life of his master. This miserable wretch was thrown in irons as the supposed murderer of the man in whose contemplated villainy he had been a willing and a free participant.

Light and baffling winds detained the frigate, and on the evening of the fourth day after the incident above related, she had just cleared the windward passage, and with Cape la Mole astern, was standing along the northern shore of Cuba, for the port of Havana. The count had laid in a comatose state since his accident, and his constant heavy breathing and frequent moans, showed how much pressure there was upon the brain, and how much he suffered. In the course of this day his respiration had become more regular and less oppressive, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he awoke to consciousness and a sense of pain. By degrees his recollection returned, and after making a few inquiries, to the surprise of every one, he ordered the steward to be released,

and again summoned in attendance upon him. These two, the master, just rescued from the grave, and the servant who would have found an ignominious one had his master died, conferred for a long time together. After questioning his steward closely, the count said, "I am satisfied, Domingo, that it was not from your hand that I received the blow. I left you in the forward cabin, you could only have entered on the starboard side, and in that direction my head was turned, and I must have seen you. The blow was on the other side—probably from some one secreted there. Were you at any time absent from the cabin, after I went to the ward-room?"

"Not an instant, señor!"

"It is strange! Could he have entered by the quarter-gallery?"

"It must have been so, señor, although I can discover no marks."

"I suspect Gonzalez," said the count; "indeed, I am sure that he has been concerned, but then he had not the vigor to deal such a blow. That hateful American must have been the man. I will be deeply revenged!"

Late that afternoon, as Talbot, sitting aloof from the other prisoners, was grieving that Mary's persecutor had recovered his faculties before the arrival of the ship in port, and from which he feared the most serious consequences, he was accosted by the master's-mate, who said, in passing, "Courage, my friend, you will soon be at liberty—take a cigar to cheer you."

Talbot thanked him, and was about to decline, when he caught the eye of the officer, and noticed that he pushed a particular one out from the small bundle he held in his hand; Talbot took it, and watching his opportunity, opened his cigar unobserved. It contained a small slip of paper within its folds with these words. "We are strongly suspected, if not discovered; I know it from the searching examination I have undergone. We must fly and reach Havana before the ship if possible. Be on the alert for any opportunity that may present to slip up the main-hatch ladder, near which I will be hovering. Do not hesitate! Here you are absolutely within the power of the tyrant. He will throw you into the Moro Castle as soon as we arrive, and before your case can be investigated, months must elapse, and in the meantime, the lady will be lost to you forever."

This note agitated Talbot exceedingly. It was agonizing to think of leaving Mary and her brother in the hands of their unprincipled captor; and yet, from his own experience thus far, he felt sure, that if he remained, he would be kept separated from her, and most probably confined in a dungeon until her ruin was completed. His only consolation was, that the count could not recover sufficiently to renew his nefarious designs before the ship had reached her port of destination. This consideration determined him to make his escape if possible.

There had been some water heated in the coppers, (anglice—boiler,) for the purpose of giving the count a prescribed bath. It so happened that while the cook's attention was drawn another way, a piece of

meat was thrown in, which rendered the water greasy and unfit for its destined use. The master's-mate was therefore directed to have more drawn from the hold. Accordingly he came upon the lower or birth-deck, and as he stepped from the ladder, said, sufficiently loud for Talbot to hear, who was reclined beside it, "Look out!" and passed immediately on. The latter, taking the hint, but uncertain how to apply it, remained for a few moments in great suspense, when the master's-mate called the sentry forward to hold the light for him. As the latter moved forward, Talbot availed himself of the opportunity, and instantly hurried up the ladder, although yet uncertain if such were the plan concerted by his friends. He was very soon assured, however, for nearly abreast of him, from the shadow between two of the guns, a figure advanced a few steps and immediately retired again. It proved to be Gonzalez, and together they clambered out over one of the guns, and found themselves by the small skiff of the privateer, which had been saved and hoisted up immediately under the anchor in the waist. Fortunately, the wind had hauled nearly ahead, and with the yards sharp-braced up, the ship was sailing sluggishly along, with her head rather diagonally inclined toward the shore.

"We must remain quiet here," whispered Gonzalez, "until some movement be made on deck, in the noise of which we can lower the skiff undetected."

The wind was gradually freshening, and the ship began to plunge with the increasing swell. After a while the topgallant-sails were taken in, but it was an operation so quickly performed, that before the boat was lowered half the distance it was suspended from the water, the noise ceased, and they were obliged to hold on. In about half an hour after, which seemed to them an almost interminable space of time, they were cheered with the welcome order,

"Man the main clew-garnets and buntlines," preparatory to hauling up the mainsail. As the men ran away with the ropes, and cluded and gathered the large and loudly flapping sail to the yard, Talbot and Gonzalez lowered the boat, and casting her loose, the ship passed by without any one observing them and was soon lost to view in the obscurity of the night. They had exchanged apprehended evils from human malignity for instant and appalling danger. The moon, struggling through a bank of clouds and shorn of her brilliancy by the opposing mist, cast her furtive beams upon the fretted sea. Instead of the prolonged and easy swell of the mid-ocean, the gulf, as if moved by adverse tides, whirled its waves about like some huge Briareus, tossing his hundred arms in the wildest and most furious contortions. The skiff was so light, so frail, and so difficult of trim, that they were every moment in danger of upsetting.

The swell rapidly increased, and as they sunk into the trough of the sea, and shut out the faint horizon, the succeeding wave overshadowed, and its crest seemed to curl in anger above them. Sometimes a wave, like some monster rising from the deep, looked down black and threatening upon the tiny boat, and then rolling its seething foam along the sides, it rushed ahead, and gathering into a mass, seemed to await her coming. Thinly clad, and soon wet to the skin, as they rode upon the tops of the waves, they suffered bitterly from the coldness of the wind. In the hollow of the sea, they were sheltered one moment only to be more exposed the next. Sometimes riding upon the broken crest of a wave, they felt upon their bed of foam, as insignificant and far more helpless than the gulls which, disturbed in their slumber, screamed around them. The oars were of little service, save to steady the boat in the dreadful pitchings and careerings to which it was every instant subjected. One managed the oars, or sculls rather, while the other steered and occasionally bailed. There could be no transfer of labor, for it was certain death to attempt a change of position. Although the current set along the land, the wind and the heave of the sea, drove them indirectly toward it. After five hours incessant fatigue, cold, cramped and wearied to exhaustion, they reached the near vicinity of the shore, and running along it for about a mile, in increased danger, for the boat was now nearly broad-side to the sea, they made the mouth of a small harbor, into which, as their frames thrilled with gratitude, they pulled with all their might. As the peace and the joys of heaven are to the wrangling and contumelious of this world, so was the placid stillness of that sheltered nook to the fierce wind and troubled sea without. The transition was as sudden as it was delightful, and with uncovered heads and upturned gaze, each paid his heartfelt tribute of thankfulness.

On one side of the sequestered little bay, through the dim and uncertain light, they discovered two or three huts, embowered and almost concealed by groves of the umbrageous and productive banana, whose large pendent-leaves waving in the wind, seemed at one time to beckon them on, and at another to warn them from approaching. It was evidently a fishing settlement, for there were some boats hauled up on the shore, and a long seine was bung upon a number of upright poles. Pulling toward what seemed the usual landing, their light skiff grated upon the pebbly beach, and they leaped, overjoyed, upon the silent shore—silent and mute in all that pertains to human action or the human voice, but eloquent, most eloquent, in the outpourings of a rich and teeming earth, and the gushing emotions of thankfulness it awakened in the bosoms of those two weary and persecuted men.

[To be continued.]

VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

To-day, with loud acclaim the welkin rings
In praise of deeds the shout of VICTORY brings:

To-morrow, not e'en Echo will repeat
The praise of deeds then canceled by DEFEAT.

TO MOTHER.

BY ANNIE GREY.

Oh! wake, my mother! wake! and hail
With me this dawning day;
Oh wake, my mother! wake and list
Thy daughter's fervent lay.
She comes to seek thy blessing,
And to whisper in thine ear—
That warmer glows her love for thee
With every added year.
Wake, mother! wake! while faintly steal
The sunbeams pure and bright,
And playful throw around thy couch
Their most bewitching light.
For this is a hallowed day, mother!
A hallowed day to me;
'T was at its dawn, four years ago,
That first I greeted thee.
We love the sunbeams, mother,
And wheresoe'er they rest,
We feel their sacred influence,
As though some angel guest
Concealed itself mid golden rays,
That from God's holy shrine
Fall as night-dews or summer-showers,
Refreshing and divine.
We love the sunbeams, mother!
What beauties they awake,
When first from the clear eastern sky
All gloriously they break.
Oh! how the flowers delight to feel
Their warm kiss from above,
And brighten 'neath it as the heart
Beneath a kiss of love;
And merrier dance the waters,
When every ripple shows
A sparkling crown like diamond gems,
As carelessly it flows.
But wake, my mother! wake and list
The strain I have to sing;
'T is not of these glad sunbeams,
Though joy around they fling,
But of a sunbeam brighter,
That cheers me all the while,
And never knoweth change, mother!
The sunbeam of thy smile.
How often, oh! how often,
When my heart feels lone and drear,

Its thrilling presence banishes
All thoughts of grief or fear.
How often, often, mother!
When I've mourned, but scarce knew why,
I've hailed its light, and soon forgot
The tear-drop and the sigh.
For thoughts of sadness will intrude
Upon my soul oft-times;
They come and bid me ne'er forget
That there are purer climes.
And still I trust its radiance
May fall upon my soul
Through all my future hours and days,
As onward still they roll.
And, mother! oh, my mother!
When this dream of life is o'er,
When God calls back his wandering child
To Heaven's unclouded shore,
Amid the pure and golden beams
That fall around me there,
The gentle stir of angel wings
And harp-strings softly fur,
I'll not forget thee, mother!
Though fleeting years have flown,
But come sometimes and watch o'er thee
When thou art all alone.
Thou wilt not see me, but I'll come
Upon the summer breeze,
Or hidden lay amid the shade
Of young, green summer leaves,
And whisper in thine ear, mother,
Of what I feel too well,
But words of mortal dialect
Can never, never tell.
I'll whisper of my fervent love,
And breathe low thanks to thee
For all the tenderness and care
Thou hast bestowed on me.
And I shall hope to meet thee
In the sinless land on high,
Where we can lip in tones of love
The language of the sky.
Oh! I shall be waiting, mother dear!
And watching all the while,
To greet again, with happy heart,
The sunbeam of thy smile.

ON A DIAMOND RING.

BY CHARLES F. TRAIL.

RARE is the diamond's lustre, and the mine
No richer treasure hath than yellow gold;
Yet were its jewels of a price untold,
Still dearer charms this little ring doth shrine.
Circling thy taper finger, how divine
Its lot; oft to thy fair cheek prest,
And by such contact past expression blest,

Or sparkling mid those sunny locks of thine!
Oh! these are uses which might consecrate
The basest metal, or the dull, vile earth;
Enhance the diamond's price, or elevate
The clod to an inestimable worth.
Would that so dear a gem, which thus hath shone
Upon thy snowy hand, might ever bless my own!

THE RECLUSE. NO. I.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the series of papers (and they will have the rare merit of being short) which I am about to offer to the reader, I shall not so far follow the ill fashion of the day as to strive to be "original." I do not mean by this remark to signify that I shall not give my own thoughts in my own way. But I shall not twist the English language out of all shape and comeliness; I shall not Germanize and Frenchize and Italianize; I shall express my ideas in the simplest possible words; I shall always choose the Saxon rather than the Norman; I shall endeavor to write so that "he who runs may read." Were I a teacher of youth, I should recommend as the best models of style Swift and Southey, Addison, Steele, Channing, Sir James Macintosh, Irving, not Carlyle, Gibbon, Johnson, Emerson. I set plain Nature above gorgeous Art. The epithet "natural" conveys to my mind the highest praise of verse or prose. A style may indeed be eminently artistic, but still appear to be natural.

I have said enough to show the manner in which I shall try to convey my ideas. Fewer words will set forth the character of my matter.

I have no subject. I think, in my solitude, of many things. As thoughts occur to me I put them down. Though a Recluse, and having but little society except that of woods and fields, rocks and waters, I am fond of contemplating the events of the hour. Many of my topics will therefore be of immediate interest. They will at least have the charm of variety, and my "mode of treatment," to use an expression of physicians, the merit of brevity.

This is sufficient introduction. Courteous reader, I salute you.

I.—THE CROTON CELEBRATION.

Of all public displays, that which affected me most deeply was the celebration of the opening of the Croton river into the great city of New York. A day had been appointed by the powers in being. Arrangements were made for a mighty civic procession. It was a jubilee of Cold Water. The Temperance Societies figured chiefly on the occasion. Those trades which best flourish by the practice of temperance were numerously represented, bearing before them their symbols and instruments. I remember a printing-press on a platform, borne triumphantly along, working as it went, throwing off handbills, on which odes were printed, to the eager and smug crowd on both sides of the way. By the side of that printing-press sat, in smiling dignity, Colonel Stone, as everybody called him, then editor of the Commercial Advertiser. Kind-hearted, conscientious, hospitable, credulous, verbose gentleman! thou art sleep-

ing as silently as those aboriginal lords of the soil whose lives thou commemoratedst!

I have seen a great many multitudes, but never so quiet, so orderly, so well-dressed, so happy a concourse as that which filled the windows and balconies and door-steps, and absolutely covered the sidewalks, on the morning of the Croton celebration. Throngs of gayly clad women and children moved merrily about; for there was not a solitary drunkard that day in all the streets of the city to molest or make them afraid. An individual under the influence of any liquor more potent than that which was gushing from a thousand fountains, would have been an anomaly too hideous to be borne. Braver than Julius Cæsar or Zachary Taylor must he have been who dared to look upon wine red in the cup on such a day as that.

I well remember the reflections which passed through my mind as I stood gazing on that happy and soul-comforting scene. The treaty of peace, as it might well have been called, establishing the North-Eastern boundary of the United States, settling a *questio verata* of long continuance, which had again and again threatened war, had just been concluded between this country and Great Britain—thanks to the pacific dispositions and noble talents of the negotiators. Thinking of this, as I looked at the mighty civic array, at the procession, which was like an endless chain of human beings, the head of it, after having traveled through six miles of streets, meeting the tail of it, which had not yet drawn an inch of its slow length along, below the Park—as I looked at the smiling faces and the sporting fountains—I exclaimed to myself How glorious a scene is this! How much worthier of a free people than the martial triumphs of old! A great good has been done. Energy and Skill have effected a stupendous work. Thousands and thousands are met together on an appointed day, to commemorate an achievement which shall prove a blessing to many generations yet unborn. Indeed, indeed this is more to be desired than the most complete of victories.

I went on thus with my cogitations. Let me suppose that these negotiations between two nations, strong in men and the resources of warfare, negotiations skillfully conducted to a most fortunate issue, and the establishment of a peace in which all the world is interested, had proved to be unsuccessful. Suppose that war had been declared, that we had no longer ago than yesterday received intelligence of a conquest on the sea, that a fierce battle had been fought, and that our ships had come into port laden with spoils and crowded with prisoners. How different to-day would have been our rejoicings! The outward demonstrations might, in some respects,

have been the same. The streets would have been filled with multitudes of men; the bells of the churches (oh sacrifice!) would have pealed long and loudly; the flag of our country would have waved from many a house-top and "liberty-pole"—yet, in the midst of all this, there would have been distinguished the trophies of war and of disaster. The cannon, which had dealt death to the brave, would have been borne through the streets, and the banners of the conquered trailed in the dust. Execrations would have mingled with shouts, and frowns of hatred with smiles of joy. Sorrow and anguish would have been comates with exultation and delight, and the hilarity of all hearts deeply subdued by the sad faces of many mourners.

And how different would have been our inward emotions! Instead of "calm thoughts regular as infant's breath," we should have experienced a tumultuous rapture, a demonic triumph, an uneasy and restless joy, a trembling pride, a satisfaction with the present embittered by fears for the future. Now we rejoice with cheerful consciences. No "coming events cast their shadows before" to cloud the horizon of hope. We look upon a cloudless firmament above us and around us. We are indeed proud of the task which has been accomplished; but ours is a pride unmixed with any baser emotion—a pride honorable to humanity. Ah, how much more glorious is this than a victory! It is a sight to make the old young—a sight worthy of perpetual commemoration. It will be always recollected. We shall tell it to our children's children. From time to time our authors shall write of it—so that it may always live in the memory of the age.

II.—ON A BIBLE.

Could this outside beholden be
To cost and cunning equally,
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxury of curious eyes—
Yet would I have my dearest look
Not on the cover, but the Book.

If thou art merry, here are airs;
If melancholy, here are prayers;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit;
If hungry, here is food divine;
If thirsty, Nectar, Heavenly wine.

Read then, but first thyself prepare
To read with zeal and mark with care;
And when thou read'st what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept read shall be,
First in the Book, and next in thee.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them therefore with a song;
And, that thy music praise may merit,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit,
That, as thy voice doth pierce men's ears,
So shall thy prayers and vows the spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee
The very earth a Heaven shall be;
If thus thou redest, thou shalt find
A private Heaven within thy mind,

And, singing thus, before thou die
Thou sing'st at thy part to those on high.

I have modernized the orthography of the foregoing quaint and beautiful stanzas, from the dress in which they are clothed in the second part of the *Diary of Lady Willoughby*, just published by John Wiley, bookseller, in New York. They are happily imitative of the style of the poets of olden time. They remind one of George Herbert—that "sweet singer in the Israel" of the English church, of Donne, of Wotton, and of other lyrists, who chanted the praises of our God. To my ear, much dearer are such simple, tuneful verses than the grandiloquent outpourings of the more modern muse. They come home, as it were, to one's child-like sympathies. They awaken the thoughts of "youthly years;" they freshen the withered feelings of the heart, as heaven's dew freshens the dried leaves in summer.

Let me recommend this most tender, most soul-touching of "late works"—these passages from the *Diary of Lady Willoughby*. It is not a *real* "sacred book," but an imitation; yet, like certain copies of a picture by an old master, it may boast some touches better than the original. Chatterton's forgeries were not more perfect in their way, though this be no forgery, but what it pretends to be—namely, an invention. I feared, when I took up the second part of this remarkable production, that it would deteriorate in interest, that the hand of the *artist* would become manifest. But it is not so. Here, throughout, is the *ars celare artem* in perfection.

How touching a lesson do the feigned sorrows of the Lady Willoughby present to her sex. What absence of repining! What reliance on the justice and mercy of God! What trust in the merits of her Redeemer! Her faith is never shaken. Her soul is never dismayed. With an expression holier than Raphael has imparted to his pictures of the Madonna, she looks upward and is comforted. Ever into the troubled waters of her soul descends the angel of peace. Perfect pattern is she for wives and mothers. Excellent example of a Christian woman.

III.

Are not some of the prophecies being fulfilled in these latter days? Trace we not in the decay of old empires the tempest of God's wrath? Is not the arm of the Lord stretched out over the people ~~and~~ over the nations of the earth? Breaks he not thrones to pieces as if they were potter's vessels? Where are the kings and princes who were born and chosen to rule over men? "How are the mighty fallen!" Even now, as by the mouth of his holy prophet, Isaiah, may the Lord say, "Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen. To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdened, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

Truly has my mind, shut out as I am from commune with the busy world—truly has my mind been deeply, solemnly affected by the wondrous events which are passing in those realms, the pages of whose history are printed in blood. I see the hand of God in all. I trace the fulfilment of prophecies

contained in the Book of books. I am oppressed by a sensation of awe as I read the words of inspiration and discern their truth in these latter days.

Was not the heart of Louis Philippe before his sudden and terrible overthrow as stout as the heart of the King of Assyria? Did not he, too, say of his monarchy, his rule and his riches—not only to himself, but even to the stranger in his land—

“By the strength of my hand I have done it and by my wisdom; for I am prudent; and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed

their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man; and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people.”

And was he not likewise cast down? Was not a burning kindled under his glory like the burning of a fire? “And behold at evening-tide, trouble, and before the morning he was not.”

“This is the portion of them that spoil us,” shouted the people of France at the overthrow of the family of Orleans. “This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us.”

ROME.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

In the heart of Rome eternal, the Coliseum stands sublime,
Lodged in the midst of ruins, like a temple built to Time.

Vast, colossal, 'tis with piles of broken arches reared on high,
But the dome is gone, and nothing roofs it but the summer sky.

And the walls are rent, and gaping wide, and crumbling fast away,
And the columns waste, but moss and grasses cover their decay.

When the sky of June was bluest, melting as the eye of love,
And the breezes from Campagna bore the city's hum above;

Poring o'er the rich and classic authors of the Age of Gold,
Virgil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, Livy and historians old,

I imagined Rome restored as in the glorious days of yore,
Peopled by the great and mighty, as it shall be nevermore.

I beheld the Past before me, and the fallen circus rose,
And the leaning columns righted, and the ruins seemed to close;

Flags were streaming on the lofty walls, and standards of renown,
Plucked from out some hostile army, or some sacked and burning town;

Proud patricians filled the boxes, judges, senators, in white,
Consuls from remotest provinces, and hosts of ladies bright;

And the emperor sat among them, in his regal purple proud,
And below a countless sea of heads, the common plebeian crowd;

Wrestlers struggled in the ring, and athletic and equestrians bold,
And the steeds and dashing chariots raised a cloud of dusty gold;

Troops of sworded gladiators, Dacian captives, fought and bled,
And the lists were strewn with wretches lying on their bucklers dead;

And in the arena Christian saints and martyrs, old and gray,
Were trampled in the dust, and torn by savage beasts of prey.

Sick of this, I turned and looking out the arches in the street,

I beheld a mighty multitude, a crowd with hurrying feet;

Nobles with their flowing togas, simple artisans bedight
In their holiday attire and badges, maids with eyes of light,

Waving hands to lovers distant, and the little children clung

To their mother's gowns, and nurses held aloft their infants young,

And afar and pouring through the city gates a long array,
And in front, in his triumphal car, the hero of the day;

And his coursers champed their frosted bits and pranced,
but all in vain,

Braced he stood, with streaming robe, and checked them with a tightened rein:

And a mournful group of kingly captives, dusty, drooping low,

Followed, fettered to his chariot, gracing his triumphal show;

Augurs and soothsayers, Samen, tribunes, victors bearing rods,

And gray-bearded priests, with olive boughs and statues of the gods,

Shaking from their brazen censers clouds of incense to the skies,

Leading lowing steers, in wreaths and garlands decked, to sacrifice.

Sacred nymphs from temples near, in spotless white, and vestal throngs

Followed solemn, dancing mystic dances, singing choral songs.

Cohorts of the Roman soldiers conquering legions marched behind,

With their burnished armor shining and their banners on the wind;

And, with distance faint, the brattling drums, the trumpet's mighty blast,

And the clarion rang and sounded like an echo from the Past.

All at once the glorious vision melted, faded in the air,
Like a desert exhalation, leaving all its rum bare.

And, in place of glory and the beauty of the olden day,
I beheld the Queen of Cities wasted, fallen in decay.

THE MISSIONARY, SUNLIGHT.

BY CAROLINE C.

"Her presence makes thick darkness light—
Hope's rainbow spreadeth o'er her path;
Through her, weak souls are filled with night,
And Mercy triumphs over Wrath."

A SWEET Sister of Charity, a faithful, never-wearying missionary, is the beautiful Sunlight, daughter of the proud monarch who reigns supremely over the broad dominions of the "upper blue!"

Six long, tedious months in her father's gorgeous palace, had the lovely maiden been constrained to mingle in the festal scenes which enlivened the monarch's dwelling during that dreary time when the poor earth lay helplessly beneath the iron hand of winter. How often from the palace-windows had she looked with eyes dimmed with tears, and most melancholy glances on the world that was subject during all those months to a *natural* kind of heathenish slavery! Despoiled of their rich garments the old princes of the forests stretched forth their naked arms toward her in supplication of her presence and charitable aid. A voice, to no ear audible save her own, crept up from beneath the wind-sheets which envelopes streamlet and river; and a wail that broke forth from the poor in their agony and want, reached her gentle heart, and her tears fell afresh. And even the children of gayety and fashion felt an irresistible yearning in their hearts to listen once more to her soft and gentle teachings!

But " 't is always the darkest the hour before day;" and while Sunlight was half-despairingly revolving in her mind all possible means by which she might again, without the utmost danger of sudden death, be enabled freely to wander over earth to beautify and bless it, the discerning old king, her father, saw how pale her cheek was growing, and how dimness was creeping over her bright eyes. He knew she wearied of, and longed heartily to escape from the heartless pomp and magnificence which surrounded her; so he resolved to carry into immediate execution a plan he had long been contemplating. He would make a sudden and strong attack on his old foe who was lording it so magnificently over earth! He would teach the rough, boorish chieftain, in a way he could not mistake, that there were other and mightier powers in existence than his own.

So he fought long and valiantly, and won the victory—a glorious one it was, too. In a few days many sharp, fierce conflicts had taken place, the glittering crown of winter was broken, his staff of office taken from him, and the disagreeable old gray-beard was forced to skulk away in silence and shame and confusion of face, to his bleak and fitting home at the North Pole.

(Would he were wise enough not to attempt again

another short-lived triumph! But he is so Napoleon-ish in his nature, we may well have our fears on this point.)

When the king had returned to his palace the night of the last decisive victory—after he had thrown aside his golden armor, though weary from the conflict, he paused not a moment to rest till he had summoned his young daughter to his presence, and thus made known to her his will.

"To-morrow, my child, put on thy most beautiful and radiant garments, and let the bright smile come back once more to thy face, for I have work for thee to do. I have subdued the army of King Winter, and now it shall be thine to make joy in the place where he has sown desolation. It is thine, to restore order and comfort and happiness and beauty in the dwelling place where he reigned in such a rude, uncivilized, mobocratic manner. Ah! that light in thine eye tells me it is no ungrateful task I set for thee! it is very plain now, the cause of all thy sighing and tears for so long back; the old bloom will revisit thy cheek again I see. But remember, thy mission is one all-important. Do all things well, and nothing hastily—and now to rest! This shall be no gala-night, thou needest all thy strength for thy work; so haste to thy couch, and be stirring early in the morn."

When the maiden was thus assured of the fulfillment of her greatest hope, she bended down at the king's feet and said, joyfully, "Oh, my father, I bless thee for thy goodness. The dear earth, she shall swiftly know thy mercy, and array herself in glorious garments in which to honor her deliverer! To-morrow, to-morrow shall see that if thou, my father, art strong to make free, thy daughter is loving, and patient, and full of good-will to help and adorn the miserable captives thou hast delivered from bondage."

And early the next morning the lovely princess went forth alone, rejecting all offers of a body-guard, a most devout and devoted missionary, whose end and aim was to make glad the waste-places, and to cause the wilderness to blossom.

There were as yet, here and there, stubborn patches of snow on the ground, and a vindictive, sharp-voiced wind, a wounded straggler belonging to the white king's retreating army, and his chief object seemed to be to exhaust the patience of all who were within hearing wherever he moved, by his rude insulting speeches. But totally unmindful of him, and maintaining a most dignified silence, Sunlight passed by him, well knowing that he too would

speedily be compelled to follow whither his master had gone.

Sometimes dark, threatening clouds would fit before her eyes, for a moment totally obstructing her vision, but a brave heart was that maiden's, and when these petty annoyances were passed, she continued on her way patiently and hopefully as before. An apparently hopeless and endless task was that Sunlight had undertaken. She must, as it were, perform the part of resurrectionist. She must breathe life into a breathless body, and call the seemingly dead forth from their graves. The labor seemed too vast for her gentle hand, it appeared almost impossible that she should accomplish it. She was alone, too, in a strange, unpleasant kind of silence. There was not the voice of even a bird to cheer her on, and stiff and mute the brooklets lay in their coffins of ice.

But she is very far from despairing. And her strength is, indeed, perfectly wonderful. Stealing with quiet steps along the banks of the little streams, she speaks to them some words apparently powerful as the "open sesame," for the waters begin to open their eyes, faintly the pulse begins to throb, and the heart to beat, and ere long they have wholly thrown off that cold shroud which enveloped them, while it in turn becomes part and parcel of their own rejoicing life. Then they set forth rejoicing in their strength, and glorying in their newly-gained liberty, careering through the just awakening fields, and astonishing them by the beautiful soft songs of thanksgiving they unremittingly sing. The princess is not alone then—one class of prisoners she has released, and their glad voices cheer and encourage her in her work of love.

Day after day she returns unweariedly to the great field of her pleasant labor, and day by day perfects the evidence of her progress. A most efficient co-worker whom she arouses and entices to join her in her work, is the gentle spirit of the summer wind. Encouraged and excited by her smile, he takes the oath of fealty, and heartily strives to aid his mistress. From the brow of earth he wipes away the tears the stars have wept, and multitudinous are his kind unceasing offices, for she has promised him a dominion which shall spread over many rejuvenated forests, and freshly garmented fields!

In the old woods she lays her hand upon the myriad branches, and on the softening ground beneath which lie the buried roots. From every bough she calleth forth the tender buds, and ere long she spreads with kindly hands a rich, green mantle over all the forests. And in those "leafy-pavilions," the returning birds she has summoned from the south, build their nests, and sing merrily through the long, happy days.

Quickened into life by her presence and word, over all the barren fields the soft and tender grass springs up; the moss becomes aspiring, too, even the humble moss, and disowning its gray garments, it dons the more beautiful and universal green livery. A thousand thousand insects spring into sudden existence—the voice of the croaking frog is once more found in tune. Violets bud and blossom, the air grows increasingly more mild; even the wind learns a sweeter

song; the heavens finding it impossible to resist the general rejoicing which follows the most successful labor of the missionary, put on a brighter and a more resplendent garment, and the dear Sunlight is filled with unfeigned rejoicing when she sees how speedily the regenerating influences of her glance are recognized.

It is spring-time then!

Weeks pass on, but Sunlight does not tarry in her work; the grand commencement she has made, but the work of perfecting is yet to be done.

Gradually she spreads a richer green over all the meadows; all along the banks of streams and lakes the grass grows long and soft—the leaves hang heavier and fuller on the forest boughs—a softer voice whispers through the day-time and the night—flowers blossom more richly and abundantly, and the air is filled with their fragrance. Sunlight has spread the perfection of beauty over earth, and filled with unutterable affection for the world she has beautified, more warm and tender grow her embracings—and in return the voices of all the earth go up in a fervent declaration of love and gratitude to the fair missionary who has so generously, so gloriously labored for them. The good, beautiful Sunlight! no wonder all creation loves her, and blesses her; no wonder that innumerable objects, on all other subjects dull and voiceless, discover a way in which to sing her praises!

It were idle to attempt a detail of all the *homes and hearts* that even in one day she blesses and enlivens by her presence; but let us for a few moments follow her in her wanderings, perhaps thereby we may gain a proper appreciation of the labors of this good angel.

It is morning, and she has just alighted on the earth; and see now where her light feet are first directed. On yonder hill there stands a lofty building—secure as a fortress, made of stone, and brick, and iron. It is a gloomy, comfortless looking place; the windows, though it is a warm summer morning, are fast closed, and bars of iron stretch over them! It is a prison-house; but, though its inmates are guilty criminals, the pure and high-born Sunlight does not disdain to visit them. She is looking through all those grated windows fronting us—will you also look in?

There is a criminal condemned to death—a hardened villain, whose unbridled passions have worked his ruin. He is yet far from old, not a gray hair is there in all that thick black mass which crowns his head! From his youth up his life has been a life of sin, and little remorse. Heaven has at last overtaken him, and he will soon fearfully expiate, in part, his guilt.

Yesterday, justice delivered to him the sentence; he listened to it as though he heard it in a trance, and ever since they brought him from the presence of the excited court, he has sat on that hard pallet, immovable as now. His food is untouched—he has no time to feel the wants of nature; his arms are closely, convulsively folded upon his breast; the black, large eyes, have a fixed and stony glare, in which it would seem few tears had ever gathered; firmly compressed are the pale lips; no prayer or

sigh, or moan shall issue from them! He knows there is no way of escape for him—that on such a day, at such an hour, he will perish by the executioner's hand; and that dreadful fact it is which is constantly staring in his face, and writing such a record of shame and terror in his heart.

He feels no penitence—nothing but anger, that he has stupidly suffered himself to be overtaken by the hand of the law—that his crimes have been detected. It is not the fear of God that is before his eyes; it is not dread of the hereafter which so overpowers him, but hatred of his fellow men, and a desire to wreak his vengeance on them who have brought to light his guilt!

Through all the long, dark hours he has rested on his hard bed, listening to the "voices of the night," and not one softening thought has entered his heart, not one repentant sigh has he breathed. It seemed then as though nothing could arouse him as he so coldly beheld the reality, death staring him in the face. But now see, there is a faint glow on the narrow window-pane, and it grows brighter and brighter. Creeping slowly along the wall it reaches him at last—it falls upon his breast—it glances over his hard face, where sin has written her signature with a pen, as of iron—it looks into his stern eyes—that light arouses him, and while he returns the piercing gaze of the sunbeam, human feelings are aroused in his breast once more. He rises from the place where in his rage he had flung himself—he gazes round the contracted, miserable cell in which he is secured! Alas! and he has fallen so far that humanity acknowledges the justice of immuring him in a prison! and as he gazes on the gentle spirit whose presence fills his cell with light, the recollections of his far-off, innocent childhood—of his early home, from whence not a great many years ago he went with the blessing of his old mother sounding in his ears, steals over him—his heart is softening—his lips tremble—the stolid, hardened look has passed from his countenance—he is human again—he weeps! Blessed Sunlight! Fairest and holiest of the missionaries, who come from the halls of heaven to purify the earth, she has subdued him! Oh, we will hope that now, since the heart of stone has been changed to one of flesh, the good, redeeming work may not stop there; we will hope that when he is standing in his last hour upon the scaffold, when she comes to him again, it may be with a faith-supported heart that he will behold in her brightness a token of the blissful rest which awaits his repentant, pardoned spirit!

Close adjoining this cell there is another which likewise has its guilty inmate—a miserable, abandoned woman. She is sleeping. For her violation of the laws both of God and man she is now imprisoned.

She is sleeping, but hers is a troubled slumber, for conscience is at work night and day in the mind of that woman, accusing and condemning—yet she sleeps. She is dreaming of the husband of her early years—of the child in whom, when she was young and innocent, and of contented mind, her hope and

joy centered; she is dreaming of her maiden home—of her bridal mornng. The voices of her former, youthful friends are ringing in her ears; the innocent thoughts and hopes of girlhood fill her heart again. She awakens weeping—for in imagination she is standing once more beside the death-bed of her mother, listening to the words of warning and counsel that mother forces herself to speak when she beholds with all a parent's agony that the girl of her hopes is treading in the wild paths of shame and sin.

She awakens in tears, with a strange feeling of contrition that she has seldom or never felt before agitating her bosom, to see the Sunlight looking down with pitying glance upon her—to see the good spirit whose mission it is to make glad and bright the earth, deigning to creep through those prison-bars to speak a word of counsel and hope to her. Thoughts of her husband, on whose honest name she has cast such dishonor, and of her deserted, innocent child, come to her full of most sorrowful reproach. A longing for the restoration of her lost virtue—a conviction of the peacefulness and happiness and exceeding reward attending goodness, ever make her unsealed tears flow more freely. Beside that narrow bed, on the stone floor of her cell, she kneels down in her sorrow and contrition, and on her knees she breathes forth such a prayer as never before went from her heart. And the dear Sunlight is witness of that prayer! She looks upon the kneeling penitent with joy—and from that now hallowed place she does not steal forth hastily, leaving the cell dreary and comfortless as before; she is there when the woman rises from her supplication, as though to assure of the smile of Heavenly forgiveness, which may yet await her. She remains to give encouragement to the hope that the corroding stains now resting on her soul may be ere long effectually wiped away—that reconciliation and love and peace, are yet for her on earth.

Near this woman's cell there is another where a youth, unjustly accused, singularly blameless and innocent in his life, is singing a morning hymn of praise and adoration. Hemmed in as he is by the prison-wall, deprived of that freedom which is the good man's best possession, confined with guilty men, and bearing himself the heavy imputation of crime, yet is he supported by the comforting knowledge of his innocence, and by the assurance that the eye which is strong to pierce the secrets of the heart, knows his innocence. The dreariness of his confinement does not fill his soul with terror; his faith is strong in the power and goodness of his Maker, and so it is with patience he performs the labor apportioned him, looking confidently for the hour of his release, and the honorable conviction of his uprightness in the minds of all honest men.

And when the kindly Sunlight appears before him, her presence but serves to foster these hopes. It is a sweet message of patience and faith she whispers to him, and after she has departed, through all the long day its remembrance strengthens and cheers him. Blessed be the good spirit who remembers to visit these sad, afflicted, guilty ones in the hour when

they are well-nigh forgotten of all the world, and by their own kin!

Beyond the prison, on the same range of elevated grounds, just without the city, there is a cemetery—a quiet place where the dead sleep in peace. And thither Sunlight bends her golden, sandaled feet. How brightly her shadow lies on the white monuments, and on the grass and flowers. How quiet and holy is this place, there is no sound of the tread of living feet to disturb the rest of the slumberers; no human form at this early hour is treading in this solitary place to muse on the “vanity of all earthly things,” or to weep over the departed! Oh, yes! there, by that newly-made grave, where the sod has been placed so recently, there, where the print of the feet of the funeral-train is yet fresh on the loosened ground, there stands a child with flowers in her hand; she has come to lay them on the grave of her mother! The Sunlight knew that she would meet her there, for every morning since the day the funeral-train paused there, and laid the loving mother in the dark, cold, “narrow house,” the little girl has visited that grave, bringing with her to beautify it, and make it seem a rest more sweet and cheerful, the flowers from her little garden, which early in the spring her mother planted there. When the child goes back to the city, the vast crowds of life will have awakened, and the rush, and jar, and strife, will have begun; happy were it for all those multitudes, if a voice, gentle and holy in its teaching as has spoken to that young girl, whispered also to them, ere they mingled in the whirlpools of business and pleasure!”

Then amid the dwellings of the city Sunlight wanders next. And by no means is she sure to honor first with her presence the mansions of the rich; for at such an early hour she would hardly receive a welcome there; perhaps, however, this is not the sole reason why the very first place which she chooses to enter is the cot of the humble laborer. Gently does she lay her fair hand on his rude, weather-worn frame, and tenderly she kisses his hard-browned face, as a loving mother embraces her infant. And if the man does not at once awaken at the call of her royal highness, she does not go away and leave him in *humane* anger, but yet more lovingly does she caress him, thinking meanwhile to herself, “poor man, he was worn out by his hard work yesterday.” And so at last by her patient gentleness she succeeds in awakening him—and when he rubs his eyes, and sees her waiting for him there, with her soft hand, on which the regal ring is glistening, resting so lovingly upon him, how he reproaches himself that he has dared to sleep while she was honoring his poor roof by her presence! and how fervent is the blessing with which his heart blesses her, as he hastens away to his labor with a light heart and renewed courage.

Later in the day, peeping into the small windows of the unpretending school-room, she beckons to the little children to come out and ramble with her among the fields, to hunt for the ripe strawberries in the grass, and to gather the violets, and lilies, and wild-geranium flowers which grow in the shady woods.

A beautiful song she sings to the merry youngsters—a song whose burden has more of wisdom in it than many gather from their books in the course of years—a lesson of reverence of freedom, and of innocent love for nature.

Sunlight is not content with merely resting like a *visible blessing* on the head of the gentle girl whose breast is throbbing with a “love for all things pure and holy,” she steals into her guileless heart, and makes *that* glorious by her smiling there; and the little one laughs while she lingers, because she fancies that all the future to which she looks forward, will prove as bright and joyous as the unclouded present. And as for the king’s daughter, she knows when she hears that joyous ringing laugh which always welcomes her presence, that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive!

The bright-eyed maiden *loves* children, with all the earnestness of her soft, true heart, and how earnestly they return her love, let every man and woman and child answer! She is, indeed, like a kind and gentle elder friend to them—like a friend whose heart has not grown cold or hard from much mingling with the world, who knows how to sympathize with them in their simple joys, who listens to their merry voices with a tender interest, which time has not been enabled to make cold or false.

Well may the children love her, whose smile is the grand main-spring of their joy—the constant inspirer of their never-ceasing hope!

Look for a moment into this *alms-house*. Poor people, the wretchedly poor, who were rendered at last, by long destitution utterly unable to work with the rude elements of life, which lay like broken useless tools around them, are gathered here for rest, that they may gain strength for a renewal of their conflict! For a few weeks, and perhaps a longer time, they may dwell in this comfortable shelter, and partake of food, *not* gathered from the refuse of rich men’s tables—they may partially rest from their hard, unsatisfactory, unproductive labor. Let us hope that Sunlight may not speak vainly to them now, as every day she livens up their new home, let us hope they may understand the cheering messages she brings to them, and as they learn more of the goodness and justice of their Creator *than they have ever yet had time* to learn, perhaps with more of hope and resignation they will endure their burden. It were well to go through necessity to a poor-house, even if we can find no other school in which to learn the grand lesson of endurance and continuance in well-doing; there, perhaps, it would not be impossible to understand the messages dear Sunlight delivers every day to our unappreciating, slow-bearing minds.

Notwithstanding all our boasted democracy, there is scarcely a being on the face of the earth who embraces with quite such heartiness its principles, and so understands its precepts as—Sunlight. How graciously her hand is laid on the matted locks of those children of want; how lovingly and earnestly is her kiss imprinted on their toil-grimmed faces—how radiantly her smile envelops them. Ah! well-a-day! would there were in human hearts as much of genuine

love! No sham-tenderness, nor aristocratic, cold-blooded, *repelling* fondness, is there in her embracing, stronger than a *human* heart's beating is that which proclaims the life that is in *her*!

See now in this other place, where helpless orphans are collected and cared for, children whose parents have died and left them helpless and dependent on the bounty of the world; Sunlight has not forgotten them either. Kindly hands and charitable hearts have gathered these little ones from hovels of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and nurtured by the good and the wise, in early manhood and womanhood they will be prepared to struggle for themselves, and to bear their own life-burden.

Day after day the affectionate Sunlight visits these assembled little ones, and adds her cheerful blessing to that which God has already pronounced on them, whose love has prompted them out of their abundance to support and comfort the destitute and friendless.

And there is another place teeming with human life, where this good friend of earth and her children comes daily, but where there are very few who may welcome her smiling approach, but few to know certainly of her departure when she is gone. This is the home for the blind.

How many are the fair young faces and graceful, gentle forms and innocent hearts, how frequent are the kindly words in that place; and yet, alas! how small the power to see and know the beauty of the world; how few the eyes to behold the approaching of the fair daughter of the sun! The blind live there, but Sunlight does not shun them! When she enters their dwelling-place unsummoned, and only attended by that glory with which God has adorned her, they may, it is a fact they often do, know that something blessed and heavenly is nigh, because they feel it in their enlivening senses, in the warmth of her caressing. But they may not touch her hand; and when they speak to her she does not answer them; and so they know she is not a mortal, but a spirit who may not speak with an audible voice to them—a spirit though which loves and blesses them!

Let us follow on further in her path, where polished doors are fastened against the intruding world. It is a home of fashion, but from the parlor windows no token of life are seen. The blinds are closed—the dwelling looks uninhabited. But there is life within, ay, and death, too! Around the silver door-knob, and circling the door-bell handle, where the hands of the wealthy and gay have so often rested, (but very rarely those of the poor and needy,) there is wound a scarf of crepe, and mournfully the death-token flutters in the morning air. For two days scarcely a form has entered those doors; the sufferers within, however much they may have rejoiced in display in former days, have no wish that there may be spectators to their sorrow.

Yet there is one—a not often heeded guest, though a seldom failing one—who comes to them now they cannot shut her out; she longs to utter some soothing and consoling word. She penetrates to the very scene of their grief. She looks into the silent chamber where the father and mother are weeping over their

only child—the child of whom they had made an idol, whom God, who hath said "thou shalt have no gods but me," hath taken away from them. They have with their own hands laid their child in her coffin, ere long they will see her borne away from them forever; so it is with unutterable sorrow they stand beside that little one and gaze on her pale face. The blinds are closed, and the curtains partly drawn, but through an open shutter the Sunlight enters the darkened room, and drawing near to the bereaved parents, she lays her hand, oh, so gently on the forehead of the child!

The clustering curls which fall upon that brow seem almost illumined beneath the pressure of that hand—and the mother's tears fall faster as she looks on the beautiful little one that will be so soon hidden away from the pleasant day-light and the hopes of life. But as the father looks, his sorrow is abated, his voice is lifted up, there is hope in its tone, he says, "Mary, let us weep no longer over our child, her spirit has already won a brighter crown than that the sunlight lays upon her head."

And the mother's grief becomes less wild, and humble is the voice with which she makes answer,

"God help us, it was his to take away who gave."

And now with more of submission under their affliction, with much of hope that cheered even in the midst of their bereavement, they will see their child laid in the funeral-vault to meet their eyes no more until the resurrection morning—and with chastened hearts, and more thoughtfully they will tread the path set before them, feeling convinced and thankful that sorrow has taught them a lesson of wisdom they never could have learned in a life like that they had lived.

Through the opened Gothic windows of the old church she is speeding, for what? To make beautiful by her presence the temple of the Lord. See! before the altar there is gathered a little group, and a maiden and a youth are answering the bidding, "I will," to a question than which none more fraught with deep and solemn meaning was ever propounded to mortal man and woman.

The bridegroom has placed upon his companion's finger the unting ring—she is his wife. You see she has arrayed herself gayly; it is the great festival of her life—may it not prove the adornment has been for the ceremony of the sacrifice of all the dearest and best hopes of her trusting young heart! Around these happy ones are gathered their most familiar, dearest friends; before them the "solemn priest," and, hark! with mingled words of warning, and of counsel, and of blessing, he pronounces them now man and wife. And upon the newly-wedded ones is resting the congratulatory smile of Sunlight! She bids them joy in their love, and gives the bridegroom the comforting assurance that his will not prove a cross and turbulent bride, for his wedding-day is calm and bright, and over all the sky there is not one speck of cloud!

But why does the Sunlight linger when the bridal party has gone forth? She is about the altar and chancel, as though there were others yet who would need her presence and her blessing there.

Ah! there are steps—another group is approaching the awaiting "holy man of God." A woman comes, bearing in her arms a child for baptism. The font containing the regenerating waters is there in readiness. Troops of invisible angels are nigh to listen to and make record of the solemn vows now to be made, and the spirit of the living God is there also, a witness, merciful in his omnipotence.

There are but few who accompany the woman—she comes in no pomp and state to dedicate her child to God in baptism; neither is the offering she brings adorned with the pride of wealth. The mother is poor—the child an heir of poverty. But will He therefore spurn the gift? "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The father of the child, the husband of the mother is dead—and her widow's weeds but "faintly tell the sorrow of her heart." Therefore it is with so much the more trustful confidence she has come with her child to the altar, she will give him into the watchful care of the Almighty Father of the fatherless! With what a solemn earnest voice she takes upon herself, for the child, the vow of renouncement of the world and its sinful desires; and when the sign of the cross is laid upon the brow of her infant, and the holy waters which typify its regeneration are poured upon his head, it is with heartfelt gratitude she lifts her heart to heaven, with heartfelt confidence she implores his watchful love and care. And all the while on the uncovered head of the child the glance of the sunlight has rested, as if in token of the acceptance of the offering the mother has made, in token that the blessing and mercy of God would be upon that child for whom a holy vow was registered in heaven, which he must one day redeem, or else pay the fearful penalty.

And now the mother with her child and friends have left the church, and a sacred quiet reigns there once more; yet the priest's fingers by the altar, still arrayed in his robes of office, and Sunlight also remains.

And, hark! once more the "deep-toned bell" is ringing now—tolling mournfully—no wedding-peal of joy is that, from out the heart of the strong iron is rung the stern tale that another mortal hath put on immortality! Now they come, a long and silent train, and foremost move the bearers treading heavily; "it is a man they bear"—an aged man, the measure of whose cup of life was well filled, reaching even the brim; and following after them are the children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the deceased, and the procession is closed by his many friends and neighbors. Of all that lengthened train there is not one who set out on the path of life with the dead man. One by one his early companions passed away, there are none who retain a recollection of that aged face when it was smooth, and of those locks now so very white and thin, as they were in earlier years; not one who shared the hopes of his childhood with him—few who mingled with him in the scenes remembered now as of the old, old time. Yet the mourners weep, and the bells toll mournfully.

The old man has finished his course with honor

and with joy. Reverenced and loved, he has gone down to the grave—no, I must not say that, he has gone upward to rest on the bosom of his Father! In boyhood he was wild, and fearless, and reckless—his manhood, generous and upright, nobly redeemed his early days—and happy, and peaceful, and honorable, was his "green old age." And now he has "gone to his reward"—his race well run, his labor all fulfilled, it seems strange that any should weep. They have laid back the coffin-lid that the assembled people may once more look on their venerated friend. Oh, how peacefully he sleeps, and lovingly, as on the unconscious infant, the Sunlight, that messenger of consolation, looks upon the calm, cold face, and the mourner's grief is stayed as they behold the brightness which once more illuminates those lifeless features.

Upon the infant, dedicated to God in the days when he lies helplessly at the portal of life, on the maiden and the youth, entering on a state of existence, either supremely blessed or supremely cursed in its *circumstances*, and on the dead old man, whose race so long, and of mingled pleasure and hardship, is over at last; on these the faithful Sunlight has pronounced her blessing within the walls of the old church. But now all the human beings have gone away, the minister with the funeral train to the burial, and the sexton has fastened the church-doors and gone too; but still the Sunlight remains, and it seems as though she were kneeling before the altar now, craving God's blessing on all those who have this day stood within His courts, and before His altar, brought there by joy or sorrow to rejoice or to weep.

Not, however, within the sanctity of walls alone does the Sunlight make herself visible. Through by-ways, and in the open street, where the stream of life goes rushing on violently, does she tread, brightening up by her presence dark and dismal corners, and enlivening the gloomiest and dreariest places.

In the intervening places between the high brick dwellings and stores she stations herself; there, like a priestess, she stands to pronounce a benediction on all who pass by her. On the blind old beggar, led by a little child, who pause a moment to rest in the sunshiny place, for they have walked on wearily amid a heartless crowd, that had but little feeling for the poverty-stricken old man, whom Heaven deprived of sight; and on the gaudily decked form of the shameless woman, as a reproach and condemnation; on the proud, hard man, whose haughty head and iron heart care little for the Sunlight or for Sorrow, whose honorable name has safely borne him through the committal of sins and crimes, which, had he been poor and friendless, would have long ago secured for him a safe place among convicts and outlaws! Little reck he of Sunlight. A blessing so freely bestowed on all, as is her smile, is not what he covets; so through shade and light he hastens, and soon enough he will arrive at the bourne. What bourne?

There go by the wandering minstrels, men from Scotland with their bagpipes—Italians with burdygurdy—girls with tamborines, and boys with violins

and banjos—there are professors of almost all kinds of instrumental music, and vocal too, a great many of them there are, but sure, almost all of them, of winning coppers from some who would bribe them into a state of quietude, and from other some, harmony-loving souls, who delight in the dulcet sounds such minstrels ever awaken and give utterance to! And Sunlight blesses them!

And here comes an humble, tired-looking woman—a school teacher she is, whose days are one continued round of wearying, and most monotonous action. You would scarcely err in your first guess as to her vocation—it speaks forth in her “dress a little faded,” but so very neat, but more loudly still in that penetrating glance of her eye, and in the patient expression of her features. Though she is evidently hurried, for she has been proceeding at a most rapid pace along the streets, you could tell she has some appreciation of the glory of Sunlight, for how she lingers whenever she comes near the places enlivened by her presence! Her feet, too, press less heavily the pavement, perhaps she feels as though she were treading on sacred ground!

Then, there comes another, a little, frail, youthful creature, with bright, black eyes, (which have obviously a quick recognition power for “every thing pretty,”) a person of quick and nervous movement, a seamstress. She has not time often to pause and take note of the beautiful. Her weeks have in their long train of hours only twelve of daylight she may call her own! She, too, steps slowly, almost reverently, over the flags where the princess is stationed, and with an irresistible sigh thinks of earlier and happier days, when a merry country child she rejoiced in her delightful freedom, though clad she was then in most unfashionable garments, and almost she regretted the day that sent her into the great, selfish city to fashion dresses for the rich and gay. Poor girl! before she has half passed over the shady place which succeeds the glimpse of Sunlight, she has forgotten the hope which for a moment found refuge in her breast, wild as it was, that one day she might indeed go into the country again, and find there a welcome and a home; for must not Miss Seraphina’s and Miss Victoria’s dresses be finished that very night in time for the grand party; and the lounces are not nearly trimmed, and numberless are the “finishing touches” yet to be executed.

Alas! before night comes again, when she will go alone, and in the darkness, through the noisy street, in her weariness and stupidity, (for continued labor, you know very well, reader, will make the brightest mind stupid and weak,) she will hurry to her bed, forgetful of her bright dream of the morning, un-mindful of her prayers, in the haste to close her weak and tired eyes. But in the morning, perhaps, the Sunlight will give to the overworked girl another gleam of hope, another blessing.

And now goes by an interesting, white-gloved youth, fresh from “the bandbox,” as you perceive. Let him pass on; for there is but little chance that Sunlight will be recognized by him, and so we will not waste our comments, for could he, even see

where lies the brightness, I cannot say but the inevitable eye-glass might be raised, and such a glance of idiocy and impudence be directed toward the gentle daughter of the mighty king, as would warrant her in annihilating him at once with a powerful *sun-stroke*!

Here comes another, a benevolent, but solemn-featured, portly gentleman, who seems in musing mood, for he goes slowly along with head bent down. He is a judge, proceeding toward the scene of his trying duties, feeling the responsibility which rests upon him, and nerving himself to meet the solemn and affecting scenes and circumstances which may await him. Oh may it be that as he passes by those small illuminated places, that a stronger voice than he has ever heard before may find utterance in his heart, charging him to remember that the highest attributes of the Heavenly Judge are mercy and love, and that only as he employs them in his decisions, can he justly imitate his Divine prototype!

And now there is another going by, whose disappointment is legibly written on his face. Either of two doleful things has happened to him. His prayers have been unheard by his “lady-love,” and she looks coldly upon him, or—scarcely less to be dreaded climax—his first attempt at literature has met with unqualified failure. Let him but bear in mind that “faint heart never won fair lady,” or honor in the “literary world;” let him take one intelligent look at the sweet Sunlight, as so patiently she stands there before him, and small will be the danger of his ultimate defeat.

But—but how fast the crowd increases—it is growing late, and between the increasing crowd of fashionables, and of people of all sorts and conditions, we are really in danger of being soon unable to distinguish who of all the host stop for the blessing of Sunlight, and who unmindful pass by her. And indeed it were an endless task to impose on one’s self the attempt to speak, or even to think, of the wayrivers who in their hours of sorrow, despondency, tribulation or joy, have had occasion to be thankful for the cheerful smile of glorious Sunlight!

Her mission—ay, never was there one so blessed and never was there so faithful a missionary! She comes with a message of love for the whole world! How perfectly she has learned that lesson taught her by our own, as well as her Almighty Father! How nobly has she obeyed his sublime precepts, how truly is she the joy-diffuser of the human race!

And now what remaineth to be said? But one thing only.

In a necessarily more contracted sphere of action may there not from *our* faces, and *our* hearts, go forth a beam of light that shall be powerful to cheer up a desponding spirit, or to encourage a drooping heart, or to give comfort to a sorrowing soul, or to increase the faith and courage of a lonely life?

Cannot the sunshine of a human face, in the dark forest of a sad heart, have power to make the old trees bud, and the birds to sing, and the violets to spring up and bloom, and the ice-bound streamlets to go free? From many a love-lit eye, from many a

brow from which tender hands have erased the record of care, from many a rejoicing heart lightened of its dread burden, there comes to me an answer, "Yes—oh yes!"

Blessed forever be the sweet Sister of Charity,

the angelic, untiring Missionary, the lovely princess—daughter of the Sun!—and, also, blessed forever be that human heart which doth not disdain to learn the heavenly lesson Sunlight teaches, ay, twice blessed, of God, and of man!

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY MRS. MARY O. HORSFORD.

'T WAS night; the gleaming starlight fell
On helmets flashing high;
The glancing spears and torrent swell
Of armed men sweeping by.

No clation's voice was on the breeze,
No trumpet's stormy blast;
The hollow moan of distant seas
Was echoed as they past.

With measured step and stealthy tread,
In stern and proud army,
They sought the camp in silence dread
Where the slumbering Persian lay.

• Then long and loud the battle-shout
Rung on the startled air,
There was fitful torch-light flashing out
And sudden arming there.

The shriek of death and wild despair,
And hating to and fro,
When like the lion from his lair
The Spartan charged the foe.

Then hand to hand and spear to spear
The hostile armies stood;
The tempest's note rung loud and clear
And shook the solitude

And 'mid the fearful tide of fight,
Where thousands met to die,
The issues gleamed athwart the night
Like lightning in the sky.

On! on they swept their land to bless,
And fast around their way
The Persians gathered numberless
As leaves in summer's day.

Morn dawned upon that battle-field,
And shivered spear and lance,
And banner torn and broken shield
Reflected every glance.

But where were they—those patriots bold,
Of bright and fearless eye?
Each noble heart in death was cold,
Each spirit in the sky.

Fair Greece! of glorious deeds the clime
By dauntless valor wrought;
Of daring minds, and souls sublime,
The pioneers of thought!

No marvel that thy skies should boast
A surer, sunnier blue—
Departed day illumines the west
With many a radiant hue.

LOST TREASURES.

BY F. D. T.

I AM coming, I am coming, when this fitful dream is o'er,
To meet you, my beloved ones, on that immortal shore,
Where pain and parting are unknown, and where the ransom'd bleat

Shall welcome treasures left on earth, to Heaven's eternal rest.

I am with you, I am with you, in the visions of the night,
I feel each warm hand pressing mine, I meet each eye of light.

Oh these are precious seasons! they bring you back to me,
But morning dawns, and with it comes the sad reality.

I dare not trust my thoughts to dwell on blessings that were mine,

Or, "hoping against hope," believe one ray of joy can shine

Across my path, so dreary now, that late was bright and gay,

But, meteor-like, hath left more dark the track which marked its way.

Yet I feel that thou art near me! my guardian angels thou,
Who fain would chase all sorrow and sadness from my brow.

For thou hadst strewn my pathway so thick with thornless flowers,

I quite forgot that *Death* could come to revel in our bowers.

But now, I'm oh so lonely! my "household gods" are gone,

And though my path 's a dreary one, I still must journey on.

Yet Faith steps forth and whispers—Time flies, look up and see.

For in his wake swift follows on a blessed eternity.

THE BROTHER'S TEMPTATION.

BY SYBIL SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"You look sad to-night, Alice," was the remark of Mr. Colman as his young wife entered the sitting-room, and took a seat beside him with a countenance expressive of unusual dejection; "and where is Maggie this evening that you have been obliged to take upon yourself the duty of nursery-maid to our little ones?"

"Maggie has gone upon an errand of mercy—to watch over a sick and suffering fellow creature," replied Mrs. Colman. "It is a long story," she added, in answer to the look of inquiry which her husband cast upon her, "but I will endeavor to relate it if you will listen to it patiently. This morning, Harry, after you had left home, I resolved to set forth in search of a seamstress who was making some dresses for our little girl. She had failed to bring them home at the time appointed, and as I had never employed her before, and knew nothing of her character, I felt rather anxious concerning the safety of the materials I had given her to work upon, and determined to go to the dwelling which she had described as her residence and learn the cause of her disappointing me. The house was in a miserable street some distance from here, and I hurried along till I came to it. It was a wretched-looking dwelling, such as none but the very poorest class would have chosen. The door stood open, and several ragged little Irish children were playing upon the steps. I inquired of them if Mrs. Benson, the seamstress lived there? They did not seem to recognize the name—but they told me that a young woman who took in sewing hired the back rooms of the third-story. Following their direction, I ascended three flights of stairs and found myself at the door of the apartment, where I knocked, and a faint voice bidding me enter, I unlocked the door and stood upon the threshold. What a strange and unexpected sight now met my gaze! Upon the floor, almost at my feet as I entered, lay a young and very beautiful girl apparently bereft of all consciousness. She looked so thin and pale that at first I thought her dead, and starting back in horror I was about to leave the place, when a feeble voice, the same which told me to come in, besought me to stay. Looking round to discover whence it proceeded, I saw the emaciated form of a man reclining upon a couch in a distant part of the room. Hastily I approached him, for I felt it to be my duty to render what aid I could. As I drew nearer to his bedside, I read the tale of confirmed disease in that pallid face and in the wild sunken eyes whose gaze met my own. In a few words he informed me that the maiden who lay there senseless was his daughter. While busily engaged at her work about an hour previously, she had fallen from her seat and remained

thus in a state of unconsciousness. He said that his limbs being palsied he was unable to help her, and so he had lain upon his couch agonized by the thought that his child was dead, or that she might die for want of proper assistance. And he now besought me to endeavor to discover if there were any signs of life, and if possible to restore her to her senses. The appeal was not in vain. I turned from him to his inanimate daughter, and raising that light and fragile form in my arms, placed her upon a couch in a small closet-like apartment adjoining the one I had first entered. For a long time every means of restoration were vainly tried—but at length my strenuous efforts were rewarded, and the young girl once more unclosed her eyes. But she evidently recognized nothing about her—those dark and strangely beautiful orbs glared wildly around, while a few broken, incoherent sentences burst from her lips, and as she sunk again upon the pillow the bright fever flushes rushed to her cheek, and I knew that her brain was suffering. Great was her parent's joy that she once more breathed—but my heart was full of sadness, for I could not help feeling that her life was in jeopardy. It was my wish to have a physician summoned, but I knew not how this was to be done, for I dared not leave my charge, and there was no one near to help me. At this moment I heard footsteps in the hall, and quickly opening the door, beheld a boy ascending the stairs. The promise of a piece of silver easily procured his assent to go for the nearest doctor, and accordingly he set off, while re-entering the room I resumed my station by the sick girl's bedside. In a few minutes the physician arrived and my suspicions of the nature of the young girl's disorder were confirmed, for he pronounced it to be a fever of the brain, and said that his patient would require constant watching and careful nursing. The father listened anxiously and attentively to the doctor's words. His countenance fell as he caught the last sentences, though he said not a word. It was not till after giving his prescription, the physician left, promising to call early on the morrow, that he spoke what was passing in his mind.

"Julie must die!" he said, bowing his head upon his hands, while bitter, hopeless anguish was depicted upon his face, "for I have no means of obtaining for her the care she needs." It was all that passed his lips, but it spoke volumes to my heart, and my resolution was instantly taken. I told him that I would not desert his child, that I would continue with her part of the day, and when I was obliged to leave that I would send some one to take my place. Oh, Harry! if you could only have seen how grateful that poor invalid looked! Most amply repaid was I by that glance for whatever I had undertaken. I re-

mained with the sick girl several hours longer, and in the intervals when she slumbered, I had time to observe the appearance of things around me. The furniture was mean and scanty. There were but two chairs in the room, and the carpet was worn almost threadbare. Every thing betokened extreme poverty—but neatness was plainly perceptible in the arrangements of the apartment, and I felt from the appearance of its occupants that they had seen more prosperous days. A book lay upon a table close at hand, I took it up, and discovered it to be a volume of Bryant's poems. On looking over the pages, I found several of the most beautiful passages marked. Upon one of the fly-leaves was written, 'To Julie—from her father.' The book was evidently the young girl's property. There was also a small portfolio of drawings upon the table, which evinced signs of both talent and cultivation. For an hour after the physician's departure the parent of Julie—for by her name I may as well call her—showed little disposition to converse. He seemed exhausted by the emotions of the day—but I knew that though he said nothing, his gaze was often upon me when he imagined that I did not observe him. At last he roused himself to answer some inquiries which I thought it necessary to make. He told me that he was very poor, and that for more than a year, during which his infirmity had appeared and increased, his daughter had maintained him by the proceeds of her needle. He said also that two years previously he had resided at Baltimore as one of its wealthiest merchants—but having failed under circumstances that cast a cloud upon his character, though he was in reality innocent of intentional wrong, he had left the city of his birth and hastened with Julie, his only child, to New York, where he would be sure of never more meeting the scornful gaze of those who had been his friends ere misfortune overtook him. Here he hoped to procure employment—but fate seemed against him. Shortly after his arrival in this city, he was seized with a dangerous illness which left him in his present helpless condition, and his lovely and accomplished child found herself very unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources for her support and that of her invalid parent. Bravely for many months had she borne the burden, but continued anxiety concerning the means of obtaining life's necessities had at last done its work—and in the delirium of fever, the fair and noble girl now tossed restlessly upon her bed, a mere wreck of what she had once been.

"This brief sketch of their history, as you may imagine, dear Harry, interested me greatly. And when, at its conclusion, the speaker again expressed his fears for the future and his doubts as to the recovery of his child, for whom he had no power to provide necessary attendance, I again assured him that I would watch over her until she became quite well, and that after this I would endeavor to find some more healthy and suitable employment for her than that in which she had hitherto been engaged.

"Toward the close of the afternoon, being desirous of going home for a while, I dispatched the boy whom I have once before mentioned, for Maggie, that she

might supply my place as attendant upon the sick Julie, until evening, when I proposed to bear her company and resume my post at the bedside. She came, and her sympathies were soon all enlisted by the tale which I hurriedly repeated to her. But she decidedly opposed my wish to return—reminded me of my late indisposition, and declaring that I was not strong enough to bear the fatigue of sitting up all night, insisted upon being allowed to exercise her skill as nurse without any other assistance. I thanked her for her consideration, while I felt that she was right. So I left her and proceeded home, where, as you may suppose, I was welcomed most joyfully by little Willie and his sister, who had mourned incessantly over mamma's protracted absence.

"And now, Harry, that I have finished my somewhat lengthy narrative, tell me whether you approve of what I have done and promised to do?"

"Certainly, dearest Alice," replied Mr. Colman, affectionately pressing the little hand that rested within his own, "while you continue to follow, as you have hitherto done, the dictates of your own pure, loving heart, I can never do ought but applaud you. The present objects of your benevolence, are I am sure from the account, well worthy of whatever you may do for them, and I would advise you to persevere in your efforts for their welfare. But you quite forgot to tell me, my dear, if you discovered in your *protégé* the seamstress for whom you were searching."

"No, indeed," she replied, while her countenance wore a look of vexation, "my seamstress was a very different sort of a being from this beautiful Julie. Nor do I think that I shall ever discover her, for just before I returned home I made inquiries as to whether a person answering her description lived in that house, and was assured that no one of that name had ever dwelt there. How foolish I was to trust those dresses to an entire stranger."

"And pray what may be the name of the family whose history has interested you so deeply?" asked Mr. Colman.

"The father's name is Malcolm—Walter Malcolm, as he informed me. With the daughter's I believe that I have already acquainted you."

"Walter Malcolm! Julie Malcolm! And you say they are from Baltimore?" As he spoke Mr. Colman's cheek grew suddenly pale, and rising from his seat he paced the apartment with a hasty and agitated step.

"Why, what is the matter, Harry?" exclaimed his wife in a tone of the deepest solicitude, as she sprung to his side, "pray tell me what has moved you thus?" But it was some moments ere he seemed able to reply. At length with emotion he said—

"Alice, what if I were to tell you that this man—this Walter Malcolm is my brother—the brother who in my early youth drove me away from his luxurious home, an orphan and unprotected, to seek my fortune in the wide, wide world?" Alice Colman started and raised her eyes wonderingly to her husband's face, and after a brief silence he resumed with a sternness unusual to him—

"In that hour, Alice—in that hour of utter desolation, when lonely and uncared for I left my brother's roof forever, a fierce, burning desire for revenge took possession of my soul. In the first bitterness of despair I called upon Heaven to avenge my wrongs. I wished that Walter's wealth might take to itself wings—that one day he might come to me for bread; and I resolved were this ever the case, to give him—a stone! My desire has been fulfilled, and my proud and unfeeling brother is now a beggar at my door!"

He paused—while his wife shuddered and looked appealingly up into his face.

"Harry!" she exclaimed in a low, earnest tone, "you surely do not mean that you will not forgive the sorrow your brother's conduct once caused you—that you will now look exultingly upon his woes, and turn a deaf ear to the wants of his sweet and suffering child?"

The reproving expression of the dear face now anxiously upturned to his, at once recalled the husband to a sense of error, and drawing the form of the beloved one closer to his side, he said—

"Oh! how fervently should I thank Heaven who has given to me such a monitor in the hour of temptation! Pardon me, my Alice, if by giving way to impulse I have wounded your sensitive spirit, and that in the moment when passion held its sway, I slighted the divine lesson of forgiveness, through your influence first impressed upon my soul. Nay, dearest, look not thus surprised, for it was really by your means that the wish to quell the thirst for revenge upon my brother, entered my heart; and if you will listen a few seconds I can explain to you the words that at present may well seem mysterious. You will doubtless remember, Alice, that some months before our marriage, I experienced a severe fit of illness. One pleasant Sabbath evening shortly after I was declared convalescent, I was reclining upon a sofa in the sitting-room at your uncle's residence. My spirits were just then very much depressed—I felt inwardly fretful and uneasy—and as is not uncommon at such a time, many little circumstances which before had been almost forgotten, rose up in my mind, and woke anew in my bosom sensations according to their nature, of pain, anxiety, or indignation. Among other things came forcibly to view the memory of the grievous wrong I had received at the hands of him who should have been a parent to me; and a feeling of the deepest hatred toward my brother stole to my heart, together with a hope that at some future time a chance might be mine of returning him measure for measure of the unkindness which he had so unsparingly dealt out to me.

"At that instant, Alice, you re-entered the room from which you had been a few minutes absent, and at the request of your uncle, opened the family Bible and began your usual Sabbath-evening duty of reading a series of chapters from the holy book. There was a passage in the first which you read that affected me strangely—for it came as a reproof from Heaven delivered to me through the medium of one of earth's angels. It was the following—'Avenge not your-

selves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' The sentences awed me, coming upon my ear as they did at a period when my spirit needed the precious warning and rebuke contained in them, and I breathed a silent prayer to Heaven for strength to enable me to heed it. The hour of my trial has arrived, and to-day have I again felt the promptings of the tempter. You cannot imagine with what force these old feelings have been driven back upon my soul, but, Alice, your voice has once more stilled the tempest, and I know that I have passed the ordeal in safety."

Harry Colman ceased, and this time as his gaze met that of his companion he saw that her eyes were full of tears—but they were tears of grateful joy. For a little while there was silence between them, but at length Mr. Colman continued:

"Let me recount to you, Alice, as briefly as possible, a few circumstances connected with my early history. I have never done so before, because the effort was a painful one, and there was no exact necessity for the repetition. As you are aware, I was so unfortunate as to lose my father when I was a mere infant, and my mother lived only till I had attained my twelfth year. I was the child of her second marriage, and she had one son by a previous union who was many years my senior. At the period of my mother's death, my brother, Walter Malcolm, had been married nearly five years, and was now a widower and the father of one little girl, who had just reached her third summer. Upon her death-bed my parent left me beneath his care, desiring Walter to attend to my wants and to be kind and gentle to me when she was no more. As soon as the funeral was over, my brother took me with him to his own dwelling. I was now entirely dependent upon him for maintenance. Walter Malcolm was wealthy, for a large estate had descended to him from his father, who had also left my mother a life-annuity, which while she lived had supported us. At her death I was of course unprovided for, for my own father had possessed no worldly goods to bequeath me. My new home seemed very different to me from the hearth of my early, sunny childhood. I was lonely and desolate—for between Walter and myself brotherly love had never existed. Not that I would have denied him his meed—but I was too proud to award the gift that I was confident would never be valued, for my memory could not boast a single instance wherein he had evinced for me the slightest regard. Nay, I even felt that I was an object of dislike to him, though I knew not the cause. During my mother's life I had been greatly indulged, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that I was frequently very wayward. Upon such occasions, a word of love had always been sufficient to control my passionate nature; but when the sweet affectionate tones that ever had power to calm me, were hushed in the tomb, my faults were met by my new guardian with harshness and contempt, and this never failed to

rouse a spirit of continued opposition. There was but one voice in my brother's household that ever spoke lovingly to me. It was that of his child—the little Julie. From the first hour of my residence beneath Walter's roof, the little creature had conceived a passionate attachment to me, preferring my presence to that of her nurse or even her father. And, as you may imagine, Alice, I did not slight her proffered affection, and during the three years that we dwelt together the little one was the sole sunbeam upon my shadowed life-path. How gladly did I greet her graceful bounding step! How dear was the sound of her clear ringing laughter as I joined in her sports—and more precious still were the moments when weary of play, she would steal to my side, and twining her tiny arms about my neck, murmur forth, in hisping accents, her sweet child-like terms of endearment.

"I had reached my fifteenth year when the incident occurred that separated me from my brother. An error was laid to my charge of which I was really guiltless—and as I proudly refused to acknowledge and repair the fault—Walter Malcolm turned me from his dwelling, declaring that thenceforth and forever he disowned me! Time was merely given me to collect a few little articles that I could really call my own—I was not allowed to bid farewell to the child whom I yearned to look upon once more before I went—and so, an outcast, I passed from that stately mansion. Alice, I dare not linger over a description of my sensations in that hour of anguish—for it might perhaps arouse them again within my soul. You know the rest of my history—the circumstance of my adoption by your uncle who was then visiting Baltimore, and first beheld me in a store where I had entered in quest of employment. To him I confided the facts relating to my former life; he pitied and sympathized with me, and bore me with him to his own home in this city, and from that day was in every respect to the lonely orphan all that a kind and generous parent could be to his only son."

CHAPTER II.

The morning succeeding the events last recorded, at an early hour, Mrs. Colman was on her way to the dwelling of the now destitute and infirm Walter Malcolm. She had new motives for the advancement of her charitable purposes, and her interest in the sick girl had deepened since she knew her to be the one whose infant steps her own husband had guided. Hastening up the stairs she knocked at the door, which was soon opened by Maggie, who looked weary enough with the fatigue of the past night. The young girl had been very restless, she said, and she believed that the fever was rapidly progressing. "But is she not a beautiful creature?" remarked Maggie to her mistress, as she bent over the couch and parted the rich curls from the fevered brow, "ah, ma'am, I have nursed many a one before this in sickness—but never a person whose appearance so won upon me as hers has."

Alice Colman did not wonder at the observation—but as she now glanced round the room she met the

gaze of Julie's father, and her morning salutation to him was full of gentleness and sympathy.

Through the whole of that day Mrs. Colman maintained her station in the chamber of sickness and poverty. The physician came at the appointed hour, and gave it as his opinion that Julie was growing rapidly worse, and that there were even doubts whether in any case her life would be spared. Oh! how the thought of her dying affected Mrs. Colman.

"Let every thing be done that may be of benefit to her," she said anxiously to the doctor, "spare no expense whatever if you think you can by any means preserve her from the grasp of death. I will be answerable for whatever remuneration you may require."

And not even content with his advice, she sent for her own family physician determined to try all the means she could for the preservation of the life of her husband's niece. She noticed that Walter Malcolm looked very pale all day, but attributed it to anxiety for his daughter. He seemed too languid to converse—but once, as she handed him a glass of water, he said—"Lady, Heaven will reward your kindness to the suffering."

That evening when Alice Colman returned home, her husband surprised her with the intelligence that Walter Malcolm was aware of her relationship to him. Before she went there in the morning, Mr. Colman had advised her on no account to allow his brother to suspect from whom he received the needful aid, for he feared that Walter still entertained against him the old feeling of hatred, and that it would awaken unpleasant emotions in his heart if he knew that the brother he had deserted was now destined to be his chief reliance. But the caution to his wife was unnecessary. Walter Malcolm had made inquiries of Maggie concerning the family to whom he was indebted, and from their minuteness Harry Colman was confident that he had been recognized. And that his brother had not forgotten his former aversion to him he deemed evident from the fact that he had said nothing of his discovery, during the day, to Mrs. Colman. The latter however thought differently. Julie's father had spoken his thanks for that draught of water too earnestly for her to join in her husband's belief, and she expressed her conviction that he repented his past conduct, and that he merely wanted courage to confess his penitence.

But day after day passed on, and yet there was no allusion to the subject on the part of Walter Malcolm. Meanwhile his daughter had passed the crisis of the fever and was declared convalescent. If the appearance of Julie Malcolm in the hour of delirium had attracted the fancy of Alice Colman and her nurse, how much more were they drawn toward her when her mind was freed from the chains that bound it—for gentle and loving-hearted, her grateful spirit manifested itself in various little touching ways toward those who had watched over her during her dangerous illness. When she grew stronger and was able to enter into conversation, a perfect understanding arose between Mrs. Colman and herself that they were always to be friends. Alice Colman felt that

she already loved Julie dearly—and the latter was not slow in returning the affection of one whose timely succor had saved her life. Still the young girl suspected not that they were kindred by law as in heart.

It was soon settled that when Julie became entirely recovered, she should undertake the duties of governess to Mrs. Colman's children, and this new office was to afford her the means of support. A more suitable residence had been sought by Alice Colman for Julie and her father, and they were to remove into it as soon as the former had gained sufficient strength to bear the fatigue. Two more weeks elapsed ere this last project was effected—and they were then comfortably settled in their new abode.

And still there was no sign from Walter Malcolm that he knew of his brother's agency in the change wrought in his affairs. He was now generally reserved when Mrs. Colman was near, and his countenance often wore a deep shade of gloom.

CHAPTER III.

The first day that Julie Malcolm felt equal to the exertion was spent at the house of her new friend, and then it was that for the first time since her childhood, Harry Colman beheld his niece. So strongly impressed upon his mind was the recollection of her early fondness for him, and the soothing influence which her winning, affectionate ways had possessed over his spirit, that had he now obeyed the voice of impulse he would fain have clasped Julie once more to his heart; for though he now looked upon a beautiful and graceful maiden of eighteen, he could scarcely view her in any other light than as the darling child whose caresses had so often comforted him when greeted by every other voice with coldness. Yet recalling the fact that their relationship could not be breathed to her by himself, he was obliged to meet her with the reserve of a perfect stranger. But all formality between them soon vanished, and an hour after their introduction found them conversing together with the ease of old acquaintanceship. Nor had Julie forgotten, in her own frank earnest manner, to thank him again and again for the services his family had rendered her father and herself—while her soft dark eyes filled with tears as she spoke of the debt which by gratitude only she could repay. Harry Colman longed to tell her that he was the debtor—and that by his wife's attention to her, Julie had but been rewarded for the love she had accorded him when all other hearts were steeled against him.

Mrs. Colman saw with delight her husband's increasing predilection for his niece—for by renewing his former affection for Julie, she hoped to make the young girl at some future day, the instrument of reconciliation between the estranged brothers.

The day of Julie's visit to the Colmans was a happy one to all parties. Even little Effie Colman and her brother Willie, though at first rather shy of the lady, who, as they were told, was to initiate them into the mysteries of the primer, had become very fond of her, and were exceedingly loath to let her go when the time appointed for her return home

arrived. Then, with her arms entwined about Julie's neck, little Effie besought her to say when she was coming to them daily—and the following week was accordingly named for the commencement of her career as preceptress to the children.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning agreed upon by Julie and Mrs. Colman for the beginning of the former's labors arrived, but the young girl did not appear. Knowing well her eagerness to enter upon her new duties—the eagerness of a noble spirit to throw off the yoke of dependence—Alice Colman might well feel anxious at Julie's non-fulfillment of her promise. For the first time a thought crossed her mind that the suspicions of her husband concerning his brother's continued ill-feeling toward him, might be just, and that Walter Malcolm had resolved to oppose his daughter's constant association with them. But not long would she allow herself to imagine thus. Perhaps Julie was ill again—or some unforeseen circumstances had prevented her coming. So Mrs. Colman determined to wait till the following day, when if the object of her solicitude was still absent, and she received no message from her, she felt that she would then be more capable of judging the matter.

It was not until near the close of the afternoon that she was relieved of uncertainty upon the subject by the reception of a note from Julie. The latter stated that her father was very ill of a dangerous fever, brought on, as the physician averred, by distress of mind—and that it was doubtful whether in his enfeebled condition he could live a week longer. She added that only a few hours previously he had informed her that their benefactress was the wife of his brother, and also of the unfeeling treatment which that brother had received from him. And Julie said that from the hour when he had learned the circumstance of their relationship, remorse and the knowledge of his unworthiness to accept assistance from the one whom he had injured, preyed upon her father's spirits, and at last caused the fever that threatened soon to terminate his existence. His last earthly wish now was to see his brother and ask forgiveness of the past—and Julie concluded by begging Mrs. Colman to use all her influence in order to bring her uncle to her parent's couch, if it were possible, that very evening.

And that evening Mr. Colman, accompanied his wife to the abode of Walter Malcolm. The meeting between the brothers was a painful one. There was mingled shame and penitential sorrow on the part of the elder, while the countenance of the younger was expressive of the deepest agitation as he stood by the bedside of him who had cast so dark a cloud upon his youth. Harry Colman had yielded to the entreaties of Alice for this interview, while he felt that it would have been wrong to have denied it—but it was not until he looked upon Walter's pallid face, and heard that once stern and familiar voice supplicating forgiveness, even with the humble avowal that it was undeserved, that the lingering spark of resentment was entirely extinguished within

his breast—and when he breathed the much-desired words of pardon they were truly heart-felt.

And by returning good for evil he had indeed "heaped coals of fire" upon the head of his brother.

"From your birth, Harry, you were the object of my bitterest envy and hatred," was the confession of Walter Malcolm, "for upon you was freely lavished the love of that mother whose affection I had never possessed. She had been forced by her family into a union with my father while her heart was another's—and when her husband died and she was free to wed again, she married the one who had first gained her regard. This was the key to your superior claim upon our mother's love. I will not now blame her for the wrong of partiality, though it was the basis of my demeanor toward yourself. I should have had sufficient strength of mind to have resisted its influence—but in this I was sadly deficient. To the last hour of her life my mother's chief thought was of you. Yes, even in her dying moments her principal anxiety was for *your* future happiness, while there was but little reference to the welfare of her eldest child. When she was no more, and you came to dwell beneath my roof, I scrupled not openly to show the sentiments which during our parent's lifetime I was obliged to conceal. And I had now an additional cause of dislike. I secretly accused you of robbing me of the affection of my little girl, who, as you will perhaps remember, always manifested a decided preference for your society. I did not reflect that my manner toward her was often cold and distant, and widely different from your own; and with such feelings of jealousy concerning you in my heart, it was scarcely to be wondered that I seized the first opportunity of ridding myself of your presence. Though I knew you to be guiltless of the fault for which I blamed you, I drove you from my dwelling, refusing from that moment to own you as a brother. Nor did I then experience the least remorse for the act—and during the years that followed I strove to forget that you had ever existed.

"It was only within the past twelvemonth, when surrounded by poverty, and the victim of an incurable malady, that as I lay restlessly upon my bed, the memory of my cruel conduct toward my innocent brother has pressed heavily upon my mind. Often have I busied my brain with vain conjectures respecting your fate—whether you still lived—and if you had escaped the whirlpool of crime and sin within which the young and unadvised are but too frequently engulfed. When I thought, as I sometimes did, that you might have fallen—my sensations were those of the most acute anguish, for I felt that the sin would all be mine, and that at the judgment day I should be called to the throne of God to hear him pronounce the fearful penalty for the murder of a brother's soul.

"At length, through the illness of my daughter, who was very unexpectedly thrown upon the benevolence of your wife, I obtained from your servant some information concerning the family to whom I owed so much, and discovered in the hand stretched forth to aid my child, the wife of my discarded brother. It would be vain to attempt a description of my emotions as I learned this fact. Joy that you were not forever lost, predominated—and then was added shame, and a consciousness of my own unworthiness to receive the benefits which henceforth you daily conferred upon me, as I felt that you must have recognized me—for I had given to your wife an account of my previous life. Each successive service lavished upon my family by your own, sunk like a weight of lead upon my heart, while as I saw how generously you repaid me for the evil I had committed against you, I longed to cast myself at your feet and supplicate forgiveness. But one thought deterred me. It was the fear that you might deem me actuated by interested motives—by the desire to leave my daughter at my death under the care of her now wealthy uncle. And so, for a time, I set aside the yearning for a reconciliation. But it returned with double force when this, which I know will be my last illness, came upon me, and I felt that I could not die happily without hearing from your lips a pardon for my mis-deed."

The weeping Julie had stood by the bedside listening attentively as her father spoke, one hand resting affectionately in her uncle's, while the other was clasped in that of his wife. Though scarcely six years old when Harry Colman was dismissed from his brother's house, she had ever retained a vivid recollection of the event. She remembered how passionately she had wept when told by her nurse that she would probably never again behold her favorite, and how indignant she had felt when they said that it was owing to his own naughty conduct he had been sent away—while her ignorance of the fact that her uncle's name was not the same as her father's prevented a recognition of him when they again met.

Walter Malcolm survived a week after the scene just described. Having made his peace with earthly objects, his last hours were devoted to solemn preparations for a future state, looking trustfully for the mercy of Him who listens kindly to the prayer of the penitent. His brother was constantly with him till his eyes were forever closed in the death-slumber; and from the day when the remains of her father were borne to their last resting-place, the orphan Julie found a home with her uncle, to whose pleasant hearth she was lovingly welcomed, while by every kind and sympathizing attention her relatives strove to alleviate the sorrow for a parent's loss, which at first seemed almost insupportable.

THE UNSEFULCHRED RELICS.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"Far out of the usual course of vessels crossing that ocean, they discovered an unknown island, covered with majestic trees. The captain, with a portion of the crew, went on shore, and after traversing its entire circumference without seeing a solitary representative of the animal kingdom, were about to return to their ship, when the skeleton of a man was found upon the beach, and beside it lay a partially constructed boat."

BLEACHING upon the sands that pave
An unknown islet strand,
Where surges bear from mermaid cave
The music of her band,
A clayey temple's ruin lies—
Of that grand pile a part
Whereon the Architect Divine
Displayed His wondrous art;
Its tenant long since hath obeyed
The summons to depart.

Mysterious, as dire, the doom
That cast a death-scene where
Deep solitude converts to gloom
What else were brightly fair:
Perchance wild waves that made a wreck
Of some ill-fated bark,
Giving his valiant comrades all
To feast the ravenous shark,
Swept hither this lone mariner,
For misery a mark.

Yon half-completed boat his lot
In mournful tones doth tell;
With what assiduous zeal he wrought
Upon that tiny cell,
Which promised o'er the billows broad
The worn one to convey
Within compassion's gentle realm,
Where woes find sweet alay;
'T were better e'en the sea should whirl
Than thus with want hold fray.

Believe you not that in his pain,
His agony of soul,
Flew o'er the dark engirding main
The thoughts which spurn control?
Abiding with the cherished ones
Who blest a far-off home;
O how his sinking spirit yearned
To view once more that dome;
To hear young voices gayly shout
For joy that he had come.

He mused how love with pining frame
Her grief-fount would exhaust,
As on time's lagged wing there came
No tidings of the lost.
Ah! who may speak the bitter pang
That exile's bosom knew,
As, day by day, and hour by hour,
Faint, and yet fainter, grew
The hope that erst had nerved him on
His labor to pursue.

To ply their woe'd task, at length,
Refused his weary hands;
His form was stretched, bereft of strength,
Upon the burning sands.
Haply his latest wish besought
'Mong kindred dend to lie;
But fate denied the boon, and death
Seized him 'neath stronger sky;
While mercy drew a mystic veil
'Twixt him and friendship's eye.

REMINISCENCES OF A READER.

BY THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

Oh! the times will never be again
As they were when we were young,
When Scott was writing "Waverlies,"
And Moore and Byron sung;
When "Harolds," "Glaours" and "Corsairs" came
To charm us every year,
And "Loves" of "Angela" kissed Tom's cup,
While Wordsworth sipped small beer.

When Campbell drank of Helicon,
And did n't mix his liquor;
When Wilson's strong and steady light
Had not begun to flicker;
When Southey, climbing piles of books,
Mouthed "Curse of Kehama;"
And Coleridge, in his opium dreams,
Strange oracles would stammer;

When Rodgers sent his "Memory,"
Thus hoping to delight all,
Before he learned his mission was
To give "feeds" and invite all;
When James Montgomery's "weak tea" strains
Enchanted pious people,
Who did n't mind poetic haze,
If through it loomed a sleeper.

When first reviewers learned to show
Their judgment without mercy;
When Blackwood was as young and lithe
As now he's old and purse;
When Gifford, Jeffrey, and their clan,
Could fix an author's doom,
And Kents was taught how well they knew
To kill *à coup de plume*.

Few womenfolk were rushing then
To the Parthenon mount,
And seldom was a tencup dipped
In the Castalian fount;
Apollo kept no *parussians*,
To cry out "Place aux Dames;"
In life's round game they held good hands,
And did n't strive for palms.

Oh! the world will never be again
What it was when we were young,
And shattered are the idols now
To which our boyhood clung;
Gone are the graces of those days,
For whom our wreaths we twined,
And pigmies now kick up a dust
To show the march of mind.

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH E. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

POWER, consequence, importance, greatness, are relative terms; they denote position or attainment, comparable with some other. And hence a queen is a queen at the head of a band of gipsies as much as if she sat upon a throne, at the head of a nation whose morning drum beats an eternal *reveille*. It was therefor, and for another cause yet to be told, that I lifted my hat with particular deference when I opened suddenly upon the head woman of a gipsy tribe, as I was passing through a small piece of woodland. Though, truth to say, I had been looking at her for some time, an hour previous, as she was giving some directions to one or two of her ragged and dirty train. Now I had known that woman in other circumstances. I had seen her in the family, had heard her commended by the men for her graceful movements, and berated by the women for exhibiting those movements to the men, and being as free with her tongue in presence of her female superiors as she had been with her feet before her male admirers. But neither the admiration of the men nor the rebuke of the women produced any effect. All that this woman received from a long sojourn with the people of the village, was a little loss of the darkness of the skin, and a pretty good understanding of the wants and weaknesses of society. Everybody knew that she had been left in exchange for a healthful child—and some years before it had been discovered that the healthful child would be worth nothing to the gipsies, and the gipsy girl would, at the first opportunity, return to her "brethren and kindred according to the flesh." And such was the skill which she manifested on her return, such her ability to direct, such her knowledge of the wants of the villagers, and her power to take advantage of these wants, that she became the head of the tribe with which she was associated, and might have directed numerous tribes, could they have been collected for her guidance.

I could not learn that there was much of a story connected with the life of the queen, much indeed that would interest the general reader. But she was a woman—and her heart, a mystery to the uninitiated, would, if exposed, have been worth a world's pursuit. A woman's heart—alas! how few are admitted to loose the seals and open that secret volume! How very few could understand the revelation if it were made. I could not, I confess; and it is only when a peculiar light is thrown upon here and there a page, that I can acquire even a partial knowledge of what is manifested. The Queen of the Gipsies, though elevated by right, and sustained by knowledge, was no less a woman than a queen. She could and did command male and female, old and young. She

was treated with all that marked distinction which, even among her rude people, continues to be paid to preeminence. And while she sought to do the best for all, she received all this homage with that ease, and that apparent absence of wonder, which denote the right to distinction—this was a part of her queenly character admirably sustained, natural, easy, dignified. But the queen was a woman. I had heard her give orders, which sent certain of the most active of the young, male and female, to the other side of the village, and then she gave employment to the old and the young in the moving hamlet, and seeing the first depart, and the last busy, she left the camp, and took her way through the wood. I followed her and traced her rapid steps to the burying-ground of the town, which stood a distance from any dwelling.

Seating myself out of view, I saw the queen walk directly to a recently sodded grave, upon which she looked down for a moment, and then clasping her hands wildly above her head she threw herself with a subdued cry upon the grave. I was too far from her to distinguish all the words of her lament, but they were wild and agonizing.

After a short time the woman arose, and said with a distinct, clear voice, "With thee and for thee I could have endured the mockery of their boasted civilization, and suffered the ceremonies of their same creed. With thee and for thee I would have foregone my native tribe and my hereditary rights. So persuasive was thy affection that I could have forgotten—or at least would not have boasted—that I was of the glorious race that knows no manacles of body or of mind, but what it chooses to impose. But thou art gone, and with thee all my attraction to the idle, wearisome life of thy race. I have returned to my people, and I may lead them, and power and activity may for a time weaken my agony. I need no longer sacrifice my love for my race—but yet one sacrifice I will make, and thy grave shall be the altar. With thee my heart is buried. To thee do I here swear an eternal fidelity—and year by year will I lead my tribe hither, that I may pour out my anguish upon the sod that rises above thee. And I may hope that such devotion may lead the spirit that made our race for future happiness as for present freedom, to give thee back to me when I enter on my world of changeless love and glorious recompense."

Kneeling again, the Gipsy Queen kissed the grave, and gathered a few blades of grass and one or two flowers, shook away the tears which she had let fall upon them, and placing them in her bosom turned and left the burying-place, and proceeded toward the camp. I left my position by the other route, and

passing through the wood I met her. Her face was cleared from every cloud, no trace of a tear was evident; she had prepared herself to meet her party in a way to excite no inquiry.

The little that I knew of the Gipsy Queen previous to that day, and what was told me by one who had

lived in the village very long, I have set down. I never saw her after I passed her in the woods. But she made an impression on my mind that will not be easily removed. And she bore in her heart motives for action which few but herself and me will ever know.

THE BROTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

ONE moment more, beneath the old elm, Mary,
Where last we parted in the flowing dell—
One moment more through twilight tints that vary,
To gaze upon thy grave, and then, farewell!
Ere from this spot, and these loved scenes I sever,
Where still thy lovely spirit seems to stray—
One look—to fix them on my soul forever—
And then away!

Mary, I know my steps should now be shrinking
From this sad spot—but on my mournful gaze
A scene floats up that sets my soul to thinking
On all the dear delights of other days!
I'm gazing on the little foot-bridge yonder
Thrown o'er the stream whose waters puri below,
Where I so oft have seen thee pause and ponder,
Leaving thy white brow on thy band of snow.
I'm standing on the spot where last we parted,
Where, as I left thee in the fragrant dell,
I saw thee turn so oft—half broken-hearted—
Waving thy hand in token of farewell.
I start to meet thy footstep light and airy—
But—the cold grass waves o'er thy sweet young head;
Would that the shroud that wraps thy fair form, Mary,
Wrapped mine instead!

In vain my heart its bitter thoughts would parry,
An adder's grasp about its chords seem curled,
For you were all I ever thought of, Mary—
Were all I doted on in this wide world!
And yet, I'd sigh not while thy fate I ponder,
Did memory only bring thee to my eyes
Pale as thou sleepest in the church-yard yonder—
Or as an angel dazzling from the skies!
I then at least could treasure each sweet token
Of thy pure love—and in life's mad'ning whirl
Steel my crushed heart—had not thine own been broken,
Poor hapless girl!

But, Mary—Mary, when I think upon thee,
As when I last beheld thee in thy pride—

And on the fate—oh God!—to which he won thee—
I curse the hour that sent me from your side!
Oh why wert thou so richly, strangely gifted
With mortal loveliness beyond compare?
The look of love beneath thy lashes lifted—
Its fatal sweetness was to thee a snare!
Yet sleep, my sister—I will not upbraid thee—
Thou wert too sweet—too innocently dear;
But he—the exulting demon who betrayed thee—
He lives, he lives, and I am loitering here!
Even now some happier fair one's claims may bind him
In dalliance sweet—but I'll avenge thee well!
Avenge thee!—Yes! a brother's curse will find him,
Though he should dive into the depths of hell!
I swear it, sister—as thou art forgiven—
By all our wrongs—by all our severed ties,
And by the blessedness of yon blue heaven,
That gives its world of azure to mine eyes!
By all my love—by every sacred duty
A brother owes—and by yon heaving sod,
Thine early grave—and by thy blighted beauty,
Thou sweetest angel in the realms of God!
I swear it, by the bursting groans I smother,
And call on Heaven and thee to nerve me now.
Mary, look down!—behold thy wretched brother,
And bless the vow!

Sister, my soul its last farewell is taking,
And I for this had thought it nerved to-night,
But every chord about my heart seems breaking,
And blinding tears shut out the glimmering sight.
One look—one last long look to hill and meadow—
To the old foot-bridge and the murmuring mill,
And to the church-yard sleeping in the shadow—
Cease tears—and let these fond eyes look their fill!
One look—and now farewell ye scenes that vary
Beneath the twilight shades that round me flow!
The charm that bound my wild heart here, was Mary—
And she lies low!

SONNET TO MACHIAVELLI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MAMIANI.

THOU mighty one, whose winged words of yore
Have spread on history's page Italia's wars,
The sad mischances of intestine jars,
Like beacons blazing where the breakers roar,
Still canst thou glance our civil discords o'er?
Some solace for us canst thou not divine?
Canst thou not oil on troubled waters pour,

And soothe each petty tyrant's ruthless mind?
Why else unveil the falsehood of our laud,
Which sees not why its tale thou feign'st to tell?
Why else didst thou with an unspiring hand
Make bare the wounds whose angry scars will tell
The lasting shame of ignominy's brand,
All petrified at history's command?

THE DARSIES.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

Don Pedro. I pray you, hold me not responsible for all these travelers' tales. I am but the mouthpiece of others: therefore, if I question the infallibility of the Pope, summon me not before the Inquisition; if I speak treason against the king, clap me not up in the Tower; and if I utter heresy against the ladies, let me not be flayed alive by the nails of enraged damsels. OLD PLAY.

"THERE is no use in wasting words, Cousin Charles; you never can persuade me that men love more devotedly than women."

"How can you be so unreasonable, Anne? I only want to convince you that affection being an essential part of woman's nature, she cannot help loving something or somebody all her life. The most she does, even in her most intense devotion, is to *individualize* the general sentiment which pervades her character; but when men love, they actually take up a new nature, and concentrate upon it all their strength of mind and force of character."

"You have certainly a droll method of reasoning, cousin; because women are *loving* creatures, therefore they cannot love as well as the rougher sex."

"You are willful, Anne, and are determined not to understand me. I mean that love is usually a habitude with women, while with men, if it exists at all, it is a positive, determinate thing—a graft, as it were, upon their sturdy natures, and partaking therefore of the strength of the stock which nourishes it."

"How can you say so when men are always in love, from the time they quit the nursery until they are gray-headed, or married?"

"Such attachments are mere fancies."

"Pray, how is one to distinguish between a fancy and a fact in so delicate a matter?"

"It is difficult to decide at first, because in their inceptive state they are much alike; but time is the true test. A fancy, a mere intoxication of the senses, is scarce worth talking about; but in a genuine manly love there is a depth, a fervor, a disinterestedness, a devotion, such as woman can never feel—nay, which they can rarely appreciate."

"Heresy—rank here-y—Cousin Charles. I appeal to Uncle Lorimer, who has heard our whole discussion, if you do not deserve excommunication with 'bell, book and candle,' for holding such opinions."

The cousins were sitting together in the twilight, and, as the shadows of evening deepened around them, the light of the soft-coal fire in the polished grate gave a beautifully cheerful look of home comfort to the pleasant apartment. An old gentleman, whose silver hair glittered in the fire-light, had been sitting in the chimney-nook, and, thus appealed to by his merry niece, he smiled good-humoredly as he replied—

"If you submit the dispute to me, I must decide against both."

"Why so?"

"Because you are both too generalizing in your remarks. In this work-a-day world of ours there is a daily and hourly need of the tender, watchful, kindly ministry of sympathy and affection; now the peculiar attributes of woman's nature are such as fit her for this ministry; and whether it be a mere habitude or not, it is the quality most needed by men and most generally possessed by women."

Anne clapped her hands, and looked triumphantly at her cousin; but Uncle Lorimer continued—

"I must agree with Charles, however, that when men give out their whole strength to a genuine affection, it is a more unselfish, magnanimous and higher emotion than ever could dwell in the bosom of woman. The same qualities which make her the gentler half of man mingle their leaven in her affections. For instance, a woman will make any sacrifice for one whom she loves, she will bear all kinds of privation and suffering for his sake, but earth holds not the creature more pitilessly exacting of affection than she is, or more jealously awake to every whisper of distrust. Another weakness in her character is vanity; and I must confess I never yet found a woman so much in love with her lover, that she would not curl her hair and dress in her best to meet the eyes of other men."

"Oh! uncle. You are worse than Charles."

"But perhaps you will like to hear my whole opinion, Anne. I have said that women possess most of the quality which is required in daily life; as I am not one of those who pretend to despise *good habits* because they are not *heroic virtues*, I think you ought to be satisfied with my decision."

"But you attribute so much nobler a quality to men."

"That is true, but let me comfort you by just whispering in your ear, that not one man in a thousand is capable of such an affection. True sentiment is the rarest thing upon earth. To use the language of your favorite poet—

Accident, blind contact, and the atting necessity of loving, often bring together hearts which habit afterward keeps united. Few, very few, create an ideal in their youth and see it substantiate into a reality as life goes on. Still fewer of those men who are capable of real love ever bestow its treasures upon one who can appreciate them. I think I have never known a single instance of such an attachment being reciprocated and rewarded."

"Did you ever know more than one man who possessed this faculty of loving, uncle?"

"In the course of my long life I have known *three*; and if you choose I will tell you the history of one of these, to prove my theory."

"Among my earliest school friends and playmates were Edgar and Herbert Darsie. They were twin-brothers, the only children of a widow, whom I remember as a tall, pale lady in close mourning, which she never laid aside till the day of her death. There was little of that resemblance between the twins which generally makes the pleasant puzzle of mothers and nurses in similar cases; for, though alike in feature and height, and even in their peculiarity of wit and manner, yet Edgar had the fair complexion, blue eyes, and light silken hair of his mother; while Herbert's olive complexion, dark eyes, and curling black locks betrayed the French blood which he derived from his father. They were cheerful, happy-tempered boys, and possessed a certain natural sweetness of manner, which made them universal favorites with old and young. Their mother lived in the retired but handsome style which, in those days, was considered the proper mode of showing respect for the memory of a husband. She kept up the establishment exactly as it had been during Mr. Darsie's life, and seemed to find her only pleasure in doing precisely as he would have wished. She was apparently in the enjoyment of a handsome income, kept her carriage, and had a number of servants, while the house and grounds exhibited taste as well as no stint of expense.

The boys were about twelve years of age, when an accident happened to Herbert, which, though apparently slight at first, finally led to the most disastrous consequences. While skating, he fell and received some injury, which, after months of suffering, finally developed itself in an incurable disease of the spine, entailing upon him a life-time of pain, and branding him with frightful deformity. The tall, lithe, graceful boy, whose step had been as light and free as the leap of the greyhound, was now a dwarfed and distorted cripple. As soon as he was able to leave his sick-room, Mrs. Darsie placed Edgar at boarding-school, and sailed for Europe, with the intention of giving Herbert the benefit of all the modern discoveries in medicine. She designed to be absent a year, but, led on by fallacious hopes, she traveled farther, and remained much longer than she had anticipated. Three years elapsed before her return, and to all appearance Herbert had derived little benefit from the various experiments to which he had been subjected. He was still dependent on his crutch, and his gnarled and stunted figure presented a pitiable contrast to the tall and well-knit form of his brother. But his health was somewhat improved; his paroxysms of pain were less frequent, and he could now enjoy weeks of comparative ease and comfort.

The brothers had early been remarkable for their affection for each other, and their unbroken concord, but their long separation had not been without its effect upon them. Edgar was gay, active, volatile, and not destitute of a leaven of selfishness; while Herbert had become grave, quiet, gentle in manner, and most thoughtful and considerate for others. To

him suffering had been a teacher of all good things, and the misfortune of being cut off from fellowship with the world had taught him to find resources within himself. He could not and did not expect Edgar to sympathize in all his tastes, for he was conscious that their paths must henceforth be divided ones. He schooled himself to overcome the pang which this reflection gave to his sensitive spirit, and tried to find in his brother's enjoyments of outer life, a pleasure which he could only receive from the reflection of another's joy.

Soon after their return from Europe, Mrs. Darsie received into her family the orphan child of a poor clergyman, partly from charity, partly with a view to furnish a companion and attendant for Herbert. Jessie Graham was a pale, delicate-looking child, about twelve years old, when she took up her abode with her benefactress. Her thin and almost transparent cheek, her bloodless lips, and large gray, timid-looking eyes, spoke of fragile health, and of a certain shyness of character which might be the result of early anxieties, or perhaps denoted feebleness of mind and indecision. But she was a sweet-tempered, gentle little girl, and her compassion for Herbert's melancholy condition soon dissipated her shyness toward him, though to every one else, even to Mrs. Darsie, she was as timid as a startled fawn.

To divert his lonely hours Herbert undertook her instruction. He was but a boy of fifteen, but sorrow had given him the stability of manhood; and never did a more discreet, tender, and watchful Mentor attempt the training of a female mind. Jessie was docile and intelligent, quickly acquiring every thing which called forth the perceptive faculties, but utterly incapable of abstract reasoning or profound reflection. Her mind possessed a certain activity, and a kind of feminine patience that enabled her to do full credit to her teacher, without ever attaining to his high reach of thought. To cultivate her mental powers, to impart to her a portion of his accomplishments, and to train her moral sense, now became Herbert's chief occupation. That such employment of heart and mind saved him from bitterness and misanthropy there can be no doubt; but whether he did not pay dearly for his exemption we shall see in the sequel.

Time passed on without making any great change in the affairs of the Darsies. Edgar went through college rather because it was necessary to a gentlemanly education than from any love for study, and, immediately after graduating, he set off on the tour of Europe. In the meantime Herbert continued to lead his usual quiet life, driving out in his low pony-carriage every day, teaching Jessie all she would learn, and surrounding himself with pictures of his own painting in the intervals of his severer studies.

It was on the anniversary of their birth—the day they attained their twenty-first year—that the brothers again met upon their own hearth-stone. Mrs. Darsie's health had begun to fail, and Edgar, at Herbert's suggestion, had unwillingly torn himself from the enjoyments of Parisian life to return to his quiet home. He found his mother sadly changed, and evidently suffering from the insidious disease which

so slowly saps the foundations of health and life. Herbert, like all deformed persons, had early lost the freshness of youth, and he was not surprised, therefore, to find him looking at least ten years older than himself, but he was astonished at the intellectual beauty which seemed to radiate from his noble countenance. To the shapeless form of a stunted tree he united the head of a demi-god. The beauty of his classical features, the splendor of his deep, dark eyes, and rich glossy hair curling in heavy masses round his temples, gave him the appearance of a magnificently sculptured head joined on to some distorted torso.

But if Edgar was startled at the change in his mother and brother, how was he amazed and bewildered when he saw Jesse Graham! The pale, puny, frightened-looking little girl had expanded into one of the very loveliest of women. At eighteen Jesse had all that delicate yet fresh beauty which a painter would select as his model for a youthful Hebe. "A rose crushed upon ivory" was not too extravagant a simile for her cheek; her lips were like the berry of the mountain-ash; and her eyes so soft, so tender, with just enough of their former shyness to make them always seem appealing in their expression, were like nothing else on earth."

"You are extravagant, Uncle Lorimer; pray how did you avoid falling in love with such a creature?" asked Anne, saucily.

"By the best of all preventives—*pre-occupation*. But my story has to do with others, not with me. Soon after Edgar's return, his mother took an opportunity to inform him of her plans with regard to Jesse. She had watched the progress of Herbert's attachment to his young pupil, and she believed it to be fully reciprocated by the docile girl. She had, therefore, as she thought, fully provided for Herbert's future happiness; and, lest Edgar should be attracted by Jesse's loveliness, she hastened to tell him that in the beautiful orphan he beheld his brother's future wife. Mrs. Darsie was a weak woman, though kind-hearted and affectionate. She proceeded to inform Edgar how the idea first came into her head—how she had told Herbert of it—how she had been at first shocked at the thought of sacrificing Jesse's youthful loveliness to such a union—how she discovered his secret love even from his heroic self-denial—how she had finally succeeded in persuading him that Jesse really loved him better than any one in the world—and how he had at last consented to entertain the hope and belief that Jesse might become his wife without repugnance. To Edgar's very natural question, whether Jesse was really willing to marry Herbert, his mother replied that as yet Jesse knew nothing of their plans, Herbert having forbidden her to use her influence in the matter, being determined that if he won Jesse, it should be through her own free and unbiassed will.

Whether it arose from that perverseness in human nature, which teaches men to value a thing just in proportion to its difficulty of attainment, or whether Jesse's loveliness was irresistible to a man of Edgar's temperament, I cannot determine; but certain it is,

that from that time he looked upon her with far different eyes than he had at first regarded her. Edgar was precisely the kind of man who is always successful with women. His talents and accomplishments were all of the most superficial kind, but he danced well, sung beautifully, played the guitar gracefully, and withal was exceedingly handsome. His voice was perfect music, and when he bent down in a half-caressing manner over a lady's chair, flinging back his bright, wilken hair, and gazing in her face with eyes full of dangerous softness, while his rich voice took the sweetest tone of deference and heart-felt emotion, it was next to impossible for any woman to resist his fascinations."

"Was his character a perfectly natural one, uncle, or was this exquisite manner the result of consummate art?"

"It was natural to him to wish to please, and he aided his natural attractions by a certain devotedness of manner, which made each individual to whom he addressed himself *appropriate* his tenderness as her own right. Jesse had lived in such close seclusion that she knew nothing of the world or its ways. It is probable that had Herbert asked her to become his wife before the return of Edgar, she would have easily consented, for she certainly loved him very dearly, and long habit of associating with him had accustomed her to his deformity. To her he was not the shapeless dwarf, whose crippled limbs scarce bore the weight of his crooked body. He had been her ideal of excellence—the friend, the Mentor who had made her orphaned life a blessing, and she could imagine no stronger, deeper affection than that which he had long since inspired.

But after Edgar had been at home a few months, she was conscious of a great change in her feelings. She loved Herbert as well as ever, but she had learned the existence of another kind of affection. Edgar's sweet words and homed flatteries were unlike any thing she had ever heard before, and unconscious of any disloyalty to Herbert, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of this new sensation of happiness.

Herbert was tried almost beyond his strength, for it was when his mother lay on what was soon to be her death-bed that he first suspected the fatal truth respecting his brother and Jesse. A lingering illness, protracted through many weeks (during which time Herbert was his mother's constant companion, while Edgar enjoyed the opportunity of unrestrained companionship with Jesse,) finally terminated in Mrs. Darsie's death; and, as Herbert closed her eyes, he could not but feel that sickening of the heart which told him that he was now alone upon earth. Immediately after his mother's funeral he was taken alarmingly ill, and for several days his life was considered in imminent danger. It was not until his recovery that he again saw Jesse Graham, who, in compliance with the world's notions of decorum, had left the home of her childhood on the decease of her benefactress. She had found her temporary abode in the family of a friend in the neighborhood, and Herbert's sick-bed had known no other attendance than that of the housekeeper and servants. In his first interview

with Jessie after his convalescence, he drew from her a confession, or rather an admission of her love for Edgar. The manner in which she confided this to him—the frank, sisterly feeling which seemed to animate her, stung him to the heart. But he possessed great self-command, and Jessie never suspected the actual state of his feelings while she confided to him her own.

As soon as practicable after Herbert's recovery, his mother's will was opened, and then arose a new subject of wonder and dissatisfaction. No one but Mrs. Darsie and her lawyer had known that she had been merely in the enjoyment of a life interest in her fortune; but it was now ascertained that her husband's estate had been very trifling, and that her large income was the product of a handsome fortune bequeathed to Herbert by an old uncle, in consideration of his physical misfortunes. The yearly product was given to Mrs. Darsie during her life, but at her death the whole reverted to Herbert. His father's property, amounting only to a few thousand dollars, was bequeathed solely to Edgar, and a legacy of five hundred dollars, (to purchase her wedding-dress, as the will stated,) marked the testator's wishes regarding her protégé, Jesse Graham. Every body was surprised at this development, but no one more so than the brothers. Why their mother had left them in such close ignorance of their affairs, it is impossible to say, but they certainly had no suspicion of the facts until they were thus legally made known.

One of the first wishes of Herbert's heart was to see Jessie placed in her proper position, and he therefore nerved himself to speak to Edgar on the subject. What was his surprise, therefore, when his brother treated the whole thing as a boyish affair, and avowed his determination to spend his pittance (as he termed it) abroad, and then to repair his fortunes by a wealthy marriage! If ever the gentle spirit of Herbert entertained a feeling of abhorrence for any living creature, it was at that moment. His own hopes had been ruthlessly blighted, and Jessie's heart estranged from him, merely to gratify a *boyish fancy*!

What he suffered, and what he felt, however, it is not for me to attempt describing. He had garnered up all his treasures of affection in Jessie and his brother. Now Jessie was lost to him, and Edgar was a villain. How he, with his delicate sensibility, his high sense of honor, and his stern principles of duty, must have suffered, I leave you to imagine. But his love for Jessie conquered all other feelings. He knew that her happiness depended on her union with Edgar, for she was precisely that kind of character, which, though infirm of purpose in the outset, yet have a certain tenacity of feeling when once a decision has been made for them. He revolved many schemes in his mind before he could form a practicable one, and at last he suffered his frank and candid nature to lead him with its usual directness to his object. He asked Edgar to be more explicit in his confidences, and when Edgar declared that had been the heir of wealth he would gladly make Jessie his wife, but that nothing would ever induce him to tie himself down to a life of privation and

poverty, Herbert's decision was at once made. He proposed dividing his income with Edgar, on condition that his brother should marry Jessie, and reside in the home of their childhood, while he himself should travel into distant lands. But Edgar, with the quick-sightedness of selfishness, saw how deeply Herbert's soul was interested in the matter. Pretending a jealousy of his brother's influence over Jessie—a jealousy of which he declared himself ashamed, yet which he could not subdue—he said that if he had the means he would marry Jessie, and take her far from all her early associations, but that he would never let her live in Herbert's house, or in a place where she might at any time be subject to his visits.

Pained as he was by this appearance of distrust, Herbert's conscience accused him of cherishing a wicked love for one who was about to become his brother's wife, and he therefore submitted meekly to this new trial. What terms were finally decided upon could only be known at that time to the two brothers.

Six months after Mrs. Darsie's death Edgar was united to Jessie Graham, in the little village church, and immediately after the ceremony, the wedding-party left for New York, from whence they sailed a few days afterward for Havre.

Herbert dismissed the greater part of the servants, shut up all except one wing of the large house, sold off the carriage and horses, (reserving only the little pony-carriage, without which he would have been deprived of all means of locomotion,) and restricted his expenses within such narrow limits, that people began to consider him mean and miserly. He withdrew entirely from society, and lived more utterly alone than ever. His books, his pictures, his music, were now his only companions. Yet he did not forget that earth held those to whom even he might minister. The door of the poorest cottages often opened to admit the distorted form of the benefactor and friend, but the sunlight on the rich man's threshold was never darkened by his shapeless shadow.

Edgar Darsie went to Paris with his beautiful wife, and there he lived in luxury and splendor, surrounded by every thing that could minister to his love of pleasure. Only himself and one other, the lawyer who had drawn up the papers, knew whence his wealth was derived. Even Jessie never suspected that Herbert was living with the closest economy in order that the poor should not suffer from the lavish generosity which had induced him to secure to his brother more than three-fourths of his whole income as a bribe to insure her happiness.

Ten years passed away, dragging their weary length with the lonely and suffering Herbert, winging their way on golden pinions to Edgar, weaving their mingled web of dark and bright to the womanly heart of Jessie. She had witnessed the changes of a fickle nature in her husband—she had learned to endure indifference, and to meet with fiftal affection from him—she had borne children, and laid them sorrowing in the bosom of mother earth—she had drunk of the cup of pleasure and found bitterness in its dregs; and now she stood a weeping mourner beside the

dying bed of that faithless but still beloved husband. Edgar Darvie had inherited his mother's disease, together with her beauty. His excesses had hastened the period of its development, and ten years after his marriage he was withering like grass before the hunter's fire, beneath the touch of consumption. Day after day he faded—his stately form became bowed, his bright face changed, his silken locks fell away from his hollow temples. Health was gone, and beauty soon departed.

With the approach of death came old memories thronging about his heart, and filling his sick chamber with fantasies and spectres of long by-gone days. "Take me home! take me home!" was the bitter cry. But his "*home-wo*" came too late. Never again would he leave his bed until he was carried to the house appointed for all living. At the first tidings of his illness Herbert had sailed for Havre, and traveled with all speed to Paris; but when he arrived there his heart failed him. He remembered Edgar's avowed jealousy of him, and the wild, fierce joy which thrilled his heart when he found himself once more near to Jessie, taught him that he was not entirely guiltless toward his brother. He accordingly took lodgings in the same hotel, that he might be near Edgar, in case he should wish to see him, well knowing that the mode of life in Paris secured him the most perfect privacy. He made known his present abode to a certain business-agent, through whose hands letters had usually been sent to him from Paris, and thus he received from Jessie's hand constant tidings of his brother's condition.

But this state of things could not last long. His impatience to be with Edgar led him to seize upon the first faint intimation of a wish to see him, and he soon found himself welcomed with tears of joy by Jessie, while Edgar thanked him with his eyes—those tender eyes—for his thoughtful kindness in coming without waiting for a summons. During three months Herbert shared with Jessie her care and watchfulness over the invalid. All the lovable qualities of Edgar's nature were brought out by his sickness, and Herbert could not help feeling the full force of those fascinations which had won for him the love of every one. Weakened in mind as well as in body by his disease, he was like a lovely and gentle child, so docile, so affectionate, so helpless, so tender, and so altogether lovely did he appear, as the dark wing of death flung its shadow broader and deeper above his couch.

He died with penitence for past misdeeds deep-rooted in his heart, and prayer for pardon lingering on his lips. He died clasping his brother's hand in his, and the last act of his life was a vain attempt to unite Jessie's hand in the same grasp. There was no time for the indulgence of selfish feeling at such a moment. The presence of death had hushed the whispers of earthly passion, and the grief of both the brother and the widow was the genuine tribute of affection to the departed.

As soon as Edgar's affairs could be arranged, the widow, with her only surviving child, returned to America under the protection of Herbert. Ignorant as

a child about pecuniary affairs, Jessie left every thing to Herbert, and consequently never knew at what sacrifice he rescued Edgar's good name from obloquy, and paid his enormous debts. Nor did she ever know that the money which had supported their extravagant expenditure in Paris, was the free gift of Herbert. But daily and hourly did she experience Herbert's considerate kindness. Fearing to awaken her suspicious relative to his agency in her marriage, he determined to continue to her an allowance similar to that which he had bestowed upon his brother. But to do this required new retrenchments, and the sacrifice of a fine landed property; for Edgar's lavish prodigality had cost him so large a portion of his fortune that it now needed the most careful and judicious management.

If Herbert hoped to marry his brother's widow, he at least determined to leave her free to choose for herself. Jessie found herself pleasantly domiciled in a new home, with a handsome provision for herself and child, and surrounded by all the appliances of American comfort before she had yet recovered from the dull torpor of her grief. For fifteen years Herbert had lived but for her. During the five years preceding her marriage his whole soul had been devoted to her; and when afterward he tried to banish her image, he found though he might dethrone the idol, the sentiment of loyal love, like a subtle perfume, had diffused itself through his whole being. Was it strange, then, if he should once more dream that his love and faith might do more than remove mountains—that his devotion might veil the unsightliness of his person—that he might yet be beloved and rewarded?

"Now tell me, Annie, how do you think my story is going to end?"

"In the marriage of Jessie to the devoted Herbert," replied Annie. "It is not in the nature of woman to be insensible to such devotion."

"Remember that Jessie knew nothing of his pecuniary sacrifices, had no suspicion of his agency in bringing about her marriage; did not dream of his self-denying, self-forgetting love."

"But no woman could doubt the true meaning of all his devotedness."

"He had never flattered her with gentle words; never wooed her in courtly phrase; never played the lover in the most approved fashion. He had been the adviser, the Mentor, the steady friend; love had been the pervading and animating soul of all he thought and all he did, but his very magnanimity had been as a cloak to conceal his affections. Do you think a woman like Jessie—an ordinary woman, lovely and gentle, but without having no perception of that inner life which so few can penetrate—do you think she could see through this magnanimous reserve, and detect the hidden love?"

"Surely, surely!"

"Recollect that she had early learned to pity him for his personal defects, and though 'pity' may be 'akin to love' in our sex, yet no woman ever loves a man she must look down upon with compassion."

"But his nobler qualities must have commanded her respect."

"Suppose they were so far above her perceptions as to inspire her with *awe* instead of respect? A woman never loves the man she *pities*, nor will she love the man whose superiority she *fears*. Jessie compassionated Herbert's bodily weaknesses, and she had a vague terror of his stern, uncompromising ideas of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless, I am sure she married Herbert, uncle."

"You are mistaken, Annie. Herbert continued his devotion for years; he learned to love her child as if it were his own, and gave proofs of disinterestedness and tenderness such as no woman could misinterpret; but he never offered her his hand."

"Why not?"

"Because he *knew* it would be rejected, and he preferred being a life-long friend, to occupying the position of an unsuccessful suitor."

"Then I suppose she never married again."

"You are wrong again, Annie. At forty years of age, when her beauty was faded, and her character had deteriorated amid the follies of society, she married a man some ten years her junior, who, tempted by the income which *Herbert* had bestowed upon her, flattered her into the belief that she had inspired him with the most passionate love."

"And her child?"

"Was adopted by Herbert Darsie, and at his death inherited his estate."

"Poor, poor Herbert!"

"He suffered the penalty which all must pay who give to earth the high and holy sentiment which is only meant to make us companion with the angels in heaven. Not one in a thousand can love thus, and that one always finds that in the world's vast desert, he has expended his strength in vain—'hewn out broken cisterns which can hold no water.'"

THE UNMASKED.

BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

The struggle is over—my pulses once more
Leap free as the waves on the surf-beaten shore;
And my spirit looks up to that world of all bliss,
And heaven not a sigh for the faithless in this.

'T was in sorrow's bleak night, when the sky was all dark,
And the tempest shrieked loud round my storm-beaten bark,
That arose, 'mid the darkness, thy radiant form,
Like the rainbow illuming the brow of the storm.

An angel thou seemedst, that had come to the earth,
To guide me—to nourish my heart in its death;
And blindly, as Paynim kneels down to his god,
I have loved thee—have worshipped the earth thou hast trod.

But this waste of affection—this prodigal part—
Is over—the mask has been torn from thy heart—
And back with afright and amazement I shrink—
At a fount so unholly my soul cannot drink.

MORMON TEMPLE, NAUVOO.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By permission of Mr. J. R. Smith, we have caused a view of the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo to be engraved from his splendid Panorama of the Mississippi, and we give the engraving in this number. As the building has been recently destroyed by fire, our engraving, the first ever published, acquires additional value. We copy from Mr. Smith's description of the Panorama, the following account of Nauvoo and the Temple:

"*Nauvoo*.—A Mormon city and settlement, now deserted. It is one of the finest locations for a town upon the river, it being situated at the second and last rapids below the Falls of St. Anthony, which extend from this place to Keokuk, a distance of 12 miles. The great Mormon Temple stands out conspicuous. It is the finest building in the west, and if paid for would have cost over half a million of dollars. It is built of a white stone, resembling marble, 60 feet

front by 150 deep; 200 feet to the top of the spire. The caps of the pilasters represent the sun; the base of them, the half moon with Joe Smith's profile. The windows between the pilasters represent stars. A large female figure with a Bible in one hand is the vane. An inscription on the front, in large gilt letters, reads as follows:

"The House of the Lord, built by the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6, 1841. Holiness to the Lord."

There is in the basement of the temple a large stone-basin, supported by twelve oxen of colossal size, about fifteen feet high altogether, all of white stone and respectably carved. A staircase leads up to the top of the basin. It is the font where all the Mormons were baptized. It is seen in the Panorama standing aside the Temple, *but in the basement is its real situation.*

ROSE WINTERS.

A TALE OF FIRST LOVE.

BY KATELLE.

"I SHALL never have another hour's happiness as long as I live!" exclaimed Rose Winters, weeping passionately. "You wouldn't let me marry him, father, and now he's gone to sea, and said he should never come back."

"Don't believe it, Rose," said Mr. Winters. "He'll be glad enough to come back, I'll warrant you—and the longer he stays away the better, I'm thinking, it will be for you."

"It's not like you, father, to be so unfeeling," said Rose, sobbing almost hysterically.

"Nonsense, child—unfeeling, indeed! ay, ay, it may be so in your judgment, I dare say, but I must judge with the head, and not with the heart."

"I think I ought to be allowed to judge for myself, now I'm of age," answered Rose, with sudden spirit. "I was eighteen my last birthday."

"True, Rose, you have had great experience of mankind, no doubt. But come, now, just tell me what you could have done if you had married Bob Selwyn, with no fortune yourself, and he nothing to depend on but his hands?"

"We could have done as other people do," said Rose—"we could have worked. Have I not always worked at home, father?"

"To be sure you have. You have been a good, industrious girl, Rosy, that I sha'n't deny; but your work at home was not like pulling continually at the rowing oar, which would have been your portion all your life, I'm afraid, with Robert. I can't see, for my part, what you wanted to marry him for."

"Because I loved him, and he loved me. Didn't you and mother marry for love, father?"

Mr. Winters could not forbear laughing at this question, notwithstanding Rose's grief—and his natural droll humor struggled with his former seriousness as he replied, "Well, I must try to remember. It is nearly twenty years ago, now—so long that you have come of age in the meanwhile, and fancy you are wiser than your father. But I can tell you one thing, Rose, if we did marry for love, we had something to begin the world with, which is quite as necessary. You know the old proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'"

"I don't believe any such thing, father. Whoever wrote that proverb never knew what love was. It was a mean thing in any man to say so; and what would never have come from a woman, I'll be bound."

"Well, well, Rosy, you may dry your eyes. I wish I was as sure of a fortune for you, as I am that Robert will be back with the ship, if his life is spared; but if that shouldn't be the case, you will be young

enough then, and pretty enough, too, to get another beau."

"I won't have any other!" exclaimed Rose. "I am determined to wait for him, if he stays twenty years"—and with this resolution she hastily turned away and ran to her own room, where, secure from observation, she might give free vent to her full heart in a long fit of weeping.

We are at a loss to imagine what sort of an impression our rustic heroine, Rose Winters, has made on the minds of our readers, from her unceremonious introduction to them through the foregoing dialogue: but at all events, she is deserving of a more detailed description. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer on Long Island, who resided in a country village, situated on the Atlantic ocean, and near a large seaport town. Mr. Winters was a shrewd, practical man, of strong natural powers of mind, and excellent plain common sense. Rose was his eldest and favorite child, and inherited his independent spirit and natural gifts of understanding, which had been improved in her by a useful and solid education at a first-rate country school. She was not, perhaps, strictly beautiful, but her cheeks were bright with the hue of health, and her dark-blue eyes sparkled with animation, and the joyousness of a young heart, over which a lasting shadow had never passed, until her lover left her to try his fortunes on the sea. Her figure was small, but of exquisite proportions, and her steps sprang elastic with the unchecked spirits of happy childhood. She was always agreeable and entertaining without effort, for her words flowed in the easiest manner possible, from a mouth which nature had made perfect; and then there was nothing on earth more inspiring than her merry laugh, which seemed like the very chorus of joy, and insensibly imparted a portion of her own gayety to all around her. Rose had but little of imagination in her heart or feelings. She was a young, gay creature, full of spirits and activity, and only actuated by the everyday scenes of life, from which she extracted mirth and enjoyment to diffuse unsparingly among all who came within her influence. There was also a truthfulness and integrity in her nature, which could not fail to give beauty, strength, and elevation to her thoughts and character. The visions of romance which so often pervert the minds of the young, and throw a false coloring over the world, were all unknown to Rose. She had been nurtured amid scenes where there was but little to excite or enrich the imagination, but much to awaken bold and lofty sentiments. Born and brought up within sight and sound of the grand and magnificent ocean, she de-

lighted to gaze on its rolling and breaking billows, and listen to its ceaseless sounding roar, which had often been the solemn lullaby to her nightly slumbers. The wide and level fields outspread before her native home, and the few bare hills which skirted here and there the distant outline, were but little calculated to inspire those enchanting, but unreal dreams, which seem insensibly to arise amid the mountain scenery so wildly beautiful and picturesque in many parts of our western world.

Rose had never been twenty miles from her father's dwelling. All that she knew of the world had been learned in her own village, which was an occasional resort for a small number of strangers during the heat of summer; but its situation was too remote to be very generally visited before there were either railroads or steamboats to facilitate and add comfort and convenience to traveling. Communication with New York, which was the nearest city, was at that time tedious and fatiguing, as the road lay for many miles through sandy woods, or over a bleak and rough country. By water, the journey was performed in sloops, taking from three days to a week to accomplish the voyage. In consequence of these disadvantages, the transient sojourners in the village consisted chiefly of sportsmen, who sought its solitary retreat for the purpose of enjoying the game which was formerly found there in great abundance. The birds were seldom frightened away from the lanes and meadows, excepting by the gun of the stranger, who, having once found his way to that lonely yet delightful part of the country, returned again and again, not only to scare the plover from their haunts, but to enjoy the refreshing and invigorating breezes from the ocean, and revel in the luxury of freedom from fashion and restraint. There was a primitive simplicity in the manners of the inhabitants of the village which was peculiarly pleasing; and in which school Rose had received her first model. She was easy and unaffected, because seeking to appear no higher nor better than she really was. Among her associates, she was a universal favorite. Her presence was sure to be in requisition at all the balls or merry-makings in the neighborhood, for nothing of the kind could go off well, unless Rose Winters, with her quick wit, irresistible good humor, and gay spirits, made one of the party. Her father, though a man of severe morals and true piety, was far from being puritanical in his views or feelings. He loved to see Rose happy, and enjoyed the sunny atmosphere which her never-failing cheerfulness and vivacity spread around the household dwelling. The bright sallies which flashed from her lips, instead of being checked by the farmer, frequently occasioned a repartee of wit from him, which gave Rose a habit of sharpening her own against her father's weapons. Thus it was that she learned to respect her parent without fearing him. She knew him to be possessed of the most inflexible principles of truth and rectitude; and that his jocosé and lively temperament could never induce him to swerve for a moment from the straight-forward course of honesty and honor. In his judgment she placed the most

unbounded confidence; and it was only in the one instance in which her heart rebelled against it, that she yielded to its mandate with bitter and unsatisfied feelings. Her mother, whom we have not yet mentioned, had been dead several years; and three sisters, considerably younger than herself, partook more of her care than her confidence. It thus happened that her father had been her companion, more than is usually the case in such relationships. She had been accustomed to consult him in all affairs of consequence; and self-dependent as she was by nature, she durst not incur the responsibility of acting in direct opposition to his counsels. In this slight sketch we have endeavored to give a faint outline of the character of our heroine, unlike, we are sensible, to the usual heroines of romance; but the portrait is drawn from real life, with its beauties unflattered, and its blemishes unconcealed; and we leave it as it is to make what impression it may on the opinions of others.

Robert Selwyn was a native of the same village. He was a few years older than Rose, but had been accustomed to mingle in all the country pleasures and amusements of which she had been for a time the principal attraction. His handsome form, his manly and pleasing countenance, and his gay and careless manners, were his only passports to favor. He had no fortune to assist him in winning his way, but he had energy and ambition, which were yet to be aroused into action. There was a distant connection between the families of Winters and Selwyn, which served as a plea for frequent and familiar intercourse. Rose called him Cousin Robert, and under that name he was received as a sort of privileged guest at her father's house. The farmer always welcomed him; and Rose chatted and laughed and flirted with him, until at last the flirtation ended in a serious attachment. Mr. Winters, with all his habitual foresight, had not looked for this result. To part with Rose, was an event for which he had made no calculation, and he could not persuade himself to believe that her affections were irrevocably engaged. The application of her lover, therefore, for his consent to their marriage, was met by a decided refusal.

"Pooh, pooh, Robert," said he, in answer to his solicitation, "I wonder what you would do with a wife. Tell me first, how you expect to make a living for yourself, let alone Rose?"

"Why, if I can do nothing else, sir," said Selwyn, "I can follow the sea, and at least get a living out of the whales. You know others here have got rich that way."

"Yes, yes, Robert, but it's a hard life, and not much to your taste, I reckon."

"It might not be my choice, Mr. Winters; but I'm not afraid of hardships any more than other men—and I should think nothing hard with Rose."

"Oh, that's the way all young men talk when they're in love; but have you no other plan than that?"

"Yes, sir—I thought of either setting up a store, or trying to get the school, as the old master is going away. I believe I know about as much as he does."

Mr. Winters laughed as he replied, "Very likely

you may, Robert, and be no Solomon either; but it wont answer. Set up a store on credit, and break next year; and as for school-keeping—no, no, I must see some surer prospect of your being able to support a wife, before you can have Rose with my consent."

"But, Mr. Winters, none of our girls here expect to marry rich. I wonder where they'd find husbands, if they looked for money! not in this town, I am sure."

"There must be something to look to, though, either money or business. Take my word for it, young man, you would find love but light stuff to live upon without something more substantial along with it."

Selwyn was silent for a few moments, and then said in a tone of severe disappointment, "Well, I must say, sir, that I did not look for this refusal. You never objected to my visits to Rose."

"No, but I wish I had, since neither of you have as much sense as I thought for. I have been to blame, and am sorry for it; but there has been enough said now, Robert—all the talking in the world will not alter my mind at present."

It was after this conversation that Selwyn, finding the farmer inflexible, and Rose determined to sacrifice her love rather than disobey her father, formed the resolution to go out in a whaling ship, just about to leave the port. Rose sought in vain to dissuade him. He told her his mind was made up. "If you wont have me, Rose," said he, "I may as well be on the ocean as the land, for I shall never marry any one else; but I shall not hold you bound—for most likely I shall never return."

"I didn't expect to hear you say such a thing as that, Cousin Robert," answered Rose, with her eyes full of tears; "but you may hold me bound or not, just as you please, I shall wait for you. If you should forget me, I could never believe in the love of any man afterward."

The ship sailed unexpectedly, and Selwyn, much to his disappointment, was obliged to depart without again seeing Rose; and the sudden news that he had gone, occasioned the burst of feeling in her, with which our story opened.

We must now pass over a few anxious and tedious years. Rose waited and dreamed of her lover's return, until her spirits flagged, and her young heart grew sick with "hope deferred." Mr. Winters was puzzled and confounded. He had mistaken his daughter's disposition, and was not prepared for the depth of feeling and affection which she had garnered in her bosom. That his bright and merry Rose should suddenly become the reflective and thinking being, and perform her household duties with methodical and earnest care, instead of flying like a bird from room to room, and singing or laughing off a thousand grotesque mistakes, which before were continually occurring under her management, was to him a matter of serious consideration. In truth he did not much like the change; for what was gained in order and regularity in his house, was lost in that inexhaustible fund of animating gayety

which had been wont to beguile him at night of the fatigue of daily labor, and cast an unfeeling charm over his retired dwelling. Not that Rose had altogether sunk into the sober and serious mood—that it was not in her nature to do—but an indescribable change had passed over her former manner, which had somewhat of a depressing influence on her family. She could not help laughing and being lively, any more than she could help the beating of her pulse, or the breath that came without her will or agency; but there was something missing in the inward spring from which her spirits flowed. It was the heart's happiness—and the spring, in consequence, sometimes yielded bitter waters.

Three years had fulfilled their annual revolutions, before the ship returned in which Selwyn had embarked, and then, alas! it returned without him. The voyage had been a most disastrous one. They had been nearly shipwrecked, after being but a few months out, and had been obliged to put in at one of the islands in the Pacific to repair and refit. This operation necessarily detained them a long time; and the second year of the voyage, Selwyn got sick and discouraged, and left them at a port where they had stopped to winter, and went to London. It was hinted that he was wild and reckless, and would never do any thing for want of stability and perseverance. Rose was indignant at these innuendos. Her sense of justice and generosity spurned the meanness of traducing the absent, and her woman's love shielded him in her own mind from every attack on his reputation. She received a letter from him shortly afterward, the first he had written since his departure. The general tone of it was sad and desponding, but it breathed the most unabated affection toward herself, while at the same time it set her perfectly free from her engagement to him.

"I cannot ask you, dear Rose," he wrote, "to wait for me, when it is so uncertain if I ever can return to claim your promise. I have made nothing by this voyage, and am determined never to see your father again until I can give him a satisfactory answer to his question of 'how I am to support a wife.'"

Rose wept over the letter, and then consigned it to her most secret hiding-place, and returned with unshaken resolution to her usual train of duties. She had lost none of her beauty, for the healthful exercise of necessary and constant employment, preserved the bloom on her cheek, and kept her from giving way to useless repining. Among the beaux of the village, she continued to have her full share of admirers; and there was one of the number, Edward Burton, an enterprising and promising young man, who sought earnestly to gain her hand. It was all in vain. Rose was deaf to his entreaties, and laughed at his remonstrances, until he was obliged to give up his suit.

In the meanwhile Robert Selwyn was seeking encouragement and advancement from a foreign people. He continued to follow the sea, but without returning to his native place. He went out from London, and had risen by the usual gradation of ship-officers,

lastly to captain. At the expiration of three more years, Rose received another letter from him; but the time of meeting seemed still further and further in the future. He knew not when he should return. His employers kept him constantly engaged, and he hoped in the end to realize an independence; but it might be long yet before it was accomplished.

Such was the burden of the letter, and Rose decided promptly on a new course of action for herself. She had long had it in her mind to leave home. Her eldest sister was fully competent to take her place in the management of the house, and the other two were old enough to be companions and assistants; but Rose felt that she should have to encounter the opposition of her father. She therefore determined on making all her arrangements to go before a prising him of her intention. Much, indeed, then, was the farmer astonished when Rose took her seat by his side, after he had finished his evening meal, and addressed him as follows:

"Father, I am going to New York to live."

"Going to New York to live!" repeated he, slowly, as if unable or unwilling to comprehend her words, "Why what has put that notion in your head, Rose?"

"I've been thinking of it for a year, father, but put off telling you till the time came. Last summer, when Mrs. Sandford was here, she often advised me to go to New York; and a few days ago I had a letter from her. She says she can get me a situation as teacher in a school, where I shall have many advantages, and I have made up my mind to accept it."

"You ought to have consulted me about it first, Rose; I'm doubtful if it will be for the best."

"Well, I shall do it for the best," answered Rose, "and if it should n't turn out so, I can't help it. You know I'm too much like you, father, to give up anything I judge to be right; and I hope you won't blame me for leaving home now, since Betsy is quite as good a housekeeper as I am."

Mr. Winters bent his eyes downward, and was silent. It was not his habit to betray any outward emotion, but there was grief in his heart. His fortitude was sorely tried. The departure of Rose would cause a sad break in his home enjoyments, and the philosophy of the man was destroyed for the moment, by the feelings of the father. Inwardly he struggled, till unable to control himself longer, he rose quickly, and snatching his hat, went out from the house.

After some time, he returned calm and composed, and simply remarked to his daughter, "You say you've decided to go, Rose, so there's no use in arguing—but you'll find a great change in a city life. If you should n't like it, come back to your old home—that's all. Now call the girls in to prayers—it's nigh bed-time."

Rose did as she was bid—and that night the farmer prayed earnestly and fervently for the child who was about to quit his protection, and committed her to the watchful care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. The prayer over, he retired immediately to his pillow, which was wet before morning with an old man's unwooned tears.

In the course of the following month, Rose was duly installed in the authority of her new station. Her active and energetic mind, on which the useful branches of education had been thoroughly grounded, soon comprehended all the mysteries of her office, while her sprightliness and good humor, joined to her unusual decision of character, fitted her admirably for her occupation. The first term of her initiation, however, passed wearily away. Her spirit pined in the confinement to which she had voluntarily subjected herself—and with a feeling of *home-sickness* gnawing at her heart, she repaired to her patroness, Mrs. Sandford, to tell her that she could remain no longer. "I get thinking of my father," said she, "when I ought to be attending to the lessons—and sometimes my mind gets so confused, that I almost imagine myself mad, and the school a *bedlam*. Indeed, Mrs. Sandford, I cannot engage for another quarter. I find I was not made for a city life, after all. The confusion distracts me, and the high houses and narrow streets, make me gloomy and low-spirited. I feel as if I could n't breathe in the smoke and dust here. Oh, if you only knew how I long for the pure air of the country, and the sight, once more, of the wild, free ocean."

"But, my dear child," said the lady, "you cannot think of returning now, in the depth of winter. The communication by water is closed, and you know it is a three days' journey by land in the best of traveling. At present, they say the roads are nearly impassable. Come, take my advice and content yourself till spring. Believe me, you will not find every thing as you expect when you return to the country. A short absence from home, often produces a great change in our own minds, and we are led to view the same objects in a different light. New impressions of life and manners frequently destroy the power of old associations to bring back past happiness; and we are left to experience a painful disappointment, without being at first sensible that the change is in ourselves. We can never beguile what we were before."

Rose listened attentively, and though far from being fully convinced by the reasoning of Mrs. Sandford, she bent her will to a seeming necessity, and consented to remain. Naturally buoyant, she rallied her spirits, and overcame her transient depression. Intorrested continually in receiving as well as imparting knowledge, she said no more about returning home until the summer vacation left her at liberty to revisit her native town. Then it was that she understood the change which the more experienced woman of the world had sought to picture to her imagination. She was once more in the bosom of her family; on the very spot where life had opened to her with such bright anticipations of happiness. The same scenes were around her. The extended range of level country, and "The sea, the open sea," with its mountainous and heaving billows, presented itself, as in former days, to her unobstructed view. What then was lost? It was the simple taste, the unsophisticated mind, the feelings untainted with the world, and, most of all, the heart at peace! She

was no longer contented. The quietude and sameness of the country left her too much time for thought; and her restless spirit wandered again to the thronged and bustling city, and the ceaseless routine of her labors in the school as a sort of necessary means of relief. The sight of the ocean grew painful to her, from its reminding her too forcibly of her absent lover. Selwyn wrote not, came not. Some said he was married in London, and there came not a word from himself to contradict the report.

Edward Burton took advantage of it to renew the offer of his hand to Rose.

"No," answered she, decidedly, "if Cousin Robert is really married, as people say, my faith in man's love is destroyed forever. I hope you will never ask me again, Edward, for my answer will always be the same."

So Burton gave her up, and consoled himself by marrying another; and Rose returned to New York, and again devoted herself to the arduous task of teaching, which often filled her heart with weariness; yet no one would have imagined her to be a disappointed girl. *Love-sick* she was not; she had too much strength of mind—but she was true-hearted and constant. Nine years had elapsed since she had heard a word of Selwyn, and she knew not whether he were living or dead. They had been parted *fifteen years*; and who will wonder that time had robbed her of some of her early bloom; but there was an added expression of intellect in her countenance, and a certain refinement of manner imperceptibly acquired, which she had never possessed in her father's house: so that altogether she was more attractive, more to be admired at thirty-three years of age, than when she first appeared at eighteen as a country belle.

And where was Robert Selwyn, while by slow gradations from year to year this change had been silently wrought in his heart's first idol. His migrations in the meantime had been many, and his fortunes varied. Profits and loss were for some years nearly balanced in his accounts, but at length the brighter side predominated. Misfortunes and mishaps were cleared away from his horizon, and his sails swept onward through a tide of unexpected success. It was then that he began to weary of his long, self-imposed exile, and turn his thoughts and wishes to home and "native land." Energetic in purpose, and prompt in action, he no sooner formed the resolution of returning than it was put in execution. The voyage, quickly accomplished, he once more found himself among his old friends and townsmen, who shook him heartily by the hand, and welcomed him back with right good will. Some author remarks, that "one of the greatest pleasures in life, is to be born in a small town, where one is acquainted with all the inhabitants, and a remembrance clings to every house." He no doubt felt this on his first arrival, and his satisfaction was unalloyed; for, like Rose, he had yet to know himself as he now was. Most of his youthful companions were married, and settled down into steady, sober-minded, every-day sort of people—having made but little improvement

either in mind or manners; but they were not slow to perceive that the Selwyn who had just returned, was quite a different man from the Selwyn they had formerly known. There was certainly a change in him, but in what it consisted, they found it impossible to decide. He lacked nothing in cordiality—he assumed no airs of superiority—he was neither *elegant* nor *fashionable*—but he was not what he used to be. Perhaps it was that he had acquired more manliness of character; and there was the least bit more of dignity in his manners; he was the smallest possible degree more guarded in his expressions; and his frank and easy address was entirely free from the most distant approach to awkwardness. It is true, he was still the gay and jovial sailor, noble-spirited and generous to a fault—but he was more the gentleman, more the man of the world than before he went to foreign parts; and upon the whole, the conclusion was that he was greatly improved, and would most likely turn out to be quite a credit to the town. He had certainly grown handsomer, as he had grown older. His face wore no traces of any inward discontent or disappointment, and it is probable that he had worn his love either lightly or hopefully in his heart. His first inquiry, after his return, however, was for Rose; and hearing she was in New York, he hastened thither to meet her. It was at the close of a summer afternoon when he found himself at the door of the house where he was told she boarded. He inquired for her, walked in, and sat down in the parlor in the dim light of the fading day, which was rendered more obscure in the shadow of the curtained windows.

Rose had gone to her room fatigued and somewhat dispirited. The name of her visitor was unannounced, and as she descended with a languid step to the parlor, she was little prepared for the surprise that awaited her.

Selwyn rose at her entrance with a confused and doubtful air. "I beg your pardon, madam," said he, "I called to see Miss Winters—Rose Winters—I understood she was here."

"And so she is, Cousin Robert!" exclaimed Rose. "She is before you, and yet you do not know her. Am I altered so very much, then?"

The question was accompanied with a painful blush, from the consciousness that the bloom of youth in which he had left her, had passed away forever.

Selwyn sprang toward her and caught her hand.

"Rose, my own dear Rose," said he, with real feeling, "forgive me. No, you are not altered; but if you were, I should know your voice among a thousand."

"Ah, I know I have grown old, cousin," said Rose, struggling to recover herself, "how could it be otherwise, when so many years have passed since we met?"

"Well, Rosy, look at me! Has my age stood still, do you think? Look at the crow's feet and the gray hair, and tell me if you love me the less for them. You would be the same to me, if you were twice as old as you are; for you see I have come back for no earthly reason but to marry you, unless your own

consent is as hard to obtain now as your father's was before."

"Why, your friends said you were married in Loodoo."

"No, not my friends, Rose. It must have been my enemies who said that; but you knew better. Didn't I tell you I would never marry any one but you?"

"Yes, fifteen years ago, Cousin Robert—but the promise might be outlawed by this time, for all I knew. You do not pretend to say that you thought my faith in your word would hold out, without even receiving a line from you the last six years."

"Why not pretend to say it, coz, when I know it has. Deny it now if you can."

"But why didn't you write to me, Robert?"

"Because I'm no writer, and meant to come myself. You said you'd wait for me—and I knew you never broke your word. So now, my sweet little flower, I've come to claim you, like a blunt sailor, as I am, with few words, but a heart full of love, and what is better, something to live on beside."

"You are in a great hurry now," said Rose, laughing and blushing. "Suppose you wait a little, seeing you learnt the art so well in your absence. Why I have not had a chance yet to ask you what kept you away so long."

"Never mind that, coz. There'll be plenty of

time hereafter. Answer my question first, whether you mean to have me or not, and let me know which way to shape my course. If you've changed your mind, and lost your affection for me, just say so at once, and I'm off to sea in the first ship. You'll never be troubled with me again."

"What an unreasonable man you are," said Rose, "just as impatient and headstrong as before you went away."

"You knew all my faults, dearest, long, long ago," said Selwyn. "They did not hinder you from loving me once. Love me still, Rose, as you once did. Be mine, as you promised you would before we parted, and you shall make me what you please."

Rose was silent. Her lover's arm was around her, and memory was holding its mirror to her mind: and when she did speak at length, her voice was low and indistinct, and her words nearly unintelligible. The spirit of them may be guessed, however, from the fact that Selwyn did not go to sea, and she resigned her situation as teacher, and returned with him to her former home. The wedding was soon after celebrated with the sanction of her father, and but one source of regret to Rose, that the old minister, who in her youthful days was the pastor of her native village, had been removed in the meanwhile to another world, and the ceremony of her marriage was performed by a stranger.

THE ZOPILOTES.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[A Mexican soldier, being grievously wounded in one of the battles of Hidalgo, was deserted by his victorious companions. Unable to defend himself against the numerous Zopilotes, or vultures, which hovered around him, he put an end to his life with his own hand.]

I FEEL the motion of each heavy wing—
I hear the rustling of the air they cleave—
The shadows they, like sombre phantoms, fling
Close by around and o'er me, hovering,
Brought wild fears, which busy fancies weave
Into a dreadful certainty.

I hear the war-cry on the distant field!
I see the dust, by charging squadrons cast;
The cannon's blaze, the flash of burnished steel;
Bright banner's wave, the rapid march and wheel,
Where every step may be, perhaps, the last
A soldier e'er may take.

Closer, more closely, still I see them sweep,
Their wings are furled, and eagerly they tread,
Yet silently, as one who walks in sleep,
Savily, as tyrant monsters of the deep
Rush on their helpless prey, which seems to dread
Far, far too much to fly.

Ye whom I loved, my brethren of the sword,
With whom I left my distant mountain-home,
Come, come to me. Alas! no single word

I speak will ever by your ears be heard,
Where battle cries, the trumpet and stirring drum,
Salute your victory.

Was it for this I left my mother's side,
And bade to her I loved a last adieu,
The dark-eyed girl I won to be my bride?
Was it to watch this warm, empurpled tide
Of life come gurgling, like a fountain, through
My rent and gaping breast?

Wounded, alone, upon the field of strife,
The shouts of victory upon mine ear,
My comrades joyous, or bereft of life,
Martyrs, with fame and glory ever nigh—
I do not dread to die alone e'en here,
As you brave men have died.

But oh, great God! I would not feel the beak
Of you dark vulture tear away my heart;
Not that I wish my failing strength to eke—
A soldier's death it was my joy to seek,
Wounded, alone, I have no other art
To save me. Let me die.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN, DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 198.)

Now does the following present a much greater difference, and, but for the ear-rings and knee-breeches, would pass muster even now amid our infinite varieties of *paletots*, *sacks* and *Hongroises*. The boot-black represented in the cut is a miniature *bonnet-rouge*.



It is worth while to state that costumes, like opinions, reproduce themselves. As the ideas which were once in vogue, and have been abandoned, return and resume their influence and orthodoxy, so do the costumes of other days continually reappear, it is true, with a difference often striking enough, for men no longer wear either coats of mail or inexpressibles of velvet, yet the Norman cloak of the Black Prince, and the *sack* of Laxun, the handsome French colonel, who, during our own Revolutionary war, turned the heads and carried away the

hearts of half the women of Philadelphia, are still every day to be seen.

The same thing is observable in female costume. The long waists, tight sleeves and full skirts of old times have returned, and even the ungainly ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's age have shown a disposition to return. The mode of dressing the hair is also retracing itself, so that there is little real difference between the traditional court-dress of former times and that of every-day life worn at present, except the train.

The following is a caricature of that day, but scarcely more outré than the bearded creatures from time to time seen in our own streets. It may be remarked that the passion for hair on the face always is consequent on a war. In the time of Henri IV.

all the world was bearded; so during the days of Cromwell were his iron-sides, and now men who never saw a shot fired, force the sublime into the ridiculous, by parading a moustache in every thoroughfare throughout the country.



Who knows but that our own Mexican war may exert an influence on dress, and that some day the *Ranchero's* striped blanket and broad-brimmed hat may become the fashion. Men will stalk about the streets in boots of cow-hide, and instead of hunting with dogs and rifles, the *lazo* or *lariette* will be adopted universally. All the world knows that immediately after the return of the army of the Duke of Wellington to England, from Waterloo, the military black stock was adopted, and it may be that the green pantaloons with the brown stripe, now worn, are an imitation of the dress of the Mexican veterans who were defeated at Cherebusco. The same may be said of the cloth caps, with the covers of oil-skin, now so much in vogue. It may be remarked that this article of dress has always followed the *tenue* of the army, the flat cap replacing the hussar's, as the latter did the old gig-top leather apparatus.

Other nations of Europe did not participate in the French Revolution, but became imitators of the costumes it created. We have now come to the period of the Directory, which exerted its influence on costume, or rather the influence of which was reflected by the costume of the day.

The Directory and Consulate saw all France seized with fury for the antique. These were the days of the *Romaines* and *Athéniennes*, when David was toiling with the pencil to effect a reform of costume, and when Talma sought to introduce correct ideas of dress on the stage. The men of Paris still adhered to the English costume, which, fortified by their *fat*, became that of the world. They compromised their English predilections, however, so far as to wear their hair *à la Titus* or *à la Caracalla*, what that was may be seen from the following engraving.



They seemed, however, to struggle to make this costume as unbecoming as possible, wearing the coats loose, the collars immense, the breasts small, and such pantaloons and *shocking bad* hats as were never seen before or since. The costume of a dandy of 1798 consisted of a blue coat, a white waistcoat, open in the breast, a finely worked shirt-bosom, fastened with a diamond pin, a huge muslin cravat, Nankin pantaloons, with black stripes down the seams, and thrust into the boots. (In society the boot was replaced by a small and pointed shoe.) The everlasting bludgeon was as indispensable in the

street as the boots and the hat. To young Thelsson, when thus dressed and armed, Madame de Stael, who wore an oriental *toilette*, said, "Citizen, you bear the sceptre of ridicule." "Madame," replied he, "you are certainly competent to award it to whom you please." Never were there so many strange costumes seen in any one city as in Paris at that time, when *peruques*, powder, hair *à la Titus*, cocked and round hats all were mingled together. Costume was indeed republican if the government was despotic.

[Conclusion in our next.]

THE BEAUTIFUL OF EARTH.

ALL Nature's beautiful forms, of light, of earth, or air, or sky,
Compare not with the flexile frame, the lustrous, speaking eye;
The opening flower, the rainbow tint, the blue and starlit dome,

Are things of naught, in contrast with the angels of our home:
All gentle acts, all noble thoughts, of Heaven-directed birth,
Are centered in the fair and good, the beautiful of earth

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



CAROLINA OR MOCKING WREN.

This interesting bird is strictly southern in its habits, being rarely found north of Maryland and Delaware, while it abounds during the whole year in the warmer states. Occasionally it strays to the vicinity of Philadelphia and even of New York; but this is so seldom that the indefatigable Wilson never found its nest north of the Maryland line. Like the House-Wren it is a sprightly, industrious and familiar bird, and a general favorite in the neighborhood where it abounds. Other qualities render its nature so ambiguous that some have hesitated to place it among the Wrens. One of the most remarkable of these is its power of imitating the songs of other birds. With much sweetness and accuracy it blends its own notes with the simple twittering of the Ground-Robin, the harsh noise of the Woodpecker, the trilling of the Blackbird and Warbler, and the whistling of the Cardinal. These are its favorite imitations; but its powers of mimicry embrace the songs of almost all our forest-birds. But notwithstanding this capriciousness in sounds, the Carolina Wren is said to have a favorite theme, repeated more regularly than any other. Nuttall thus pleasantly describes it. "This was the first sound that I heard from him, delivered with great spirit, though in the dreary month of January. This sweet and melodious ditty, *tses-toot, tses-toot, tses-toot*, and sometimes *tses-toot, tses toot-see*, was usually uttered in a somewhat plaintive or tender strain, varied at each repetition with the most delightful and delicate tones, of which no conception can be formed without experience. That this song has a sentimental

air may be conceived from its interpretation by the youths of the country, who pretend to hear it say, *sweet-heart, sweet-heart, sweet!* nor is the illusion more than the natural truth, for, usually, this affectionate ditty is answered by its mate, sometimes in the same note, at others in a different call. In most cases, it will be remarked, that the phrases of our songster are uttered in 3s; by this means it will be generally practicable to distinguish its performance from that of other birds, and particularly from the Cardinal Groebesk, whose expression it often closely imitates, both in power and delivery. I shall never, I believe, forget the soothing satisfaction and amusement I derived from this little constant and unwearyed minstrel, my sole vocal companion through many weary miles of a vast, desolate, and otherwise cheerless wilderness."

The food of the Carolina Wren consists of the insects found in old timber, and along the banks of streams, places which it delights to frequent. It is found among the thick cypress swamps of the south even in the middle of winter. It can see well in the dark, sometimes searching food in caves, where to most other day birds objects would be undistinguishable. Its building places are a barn, or stable, some old decayed tree, or even a post-fence. The female lays from five to eight eggs, of a dusky white, mottled with brown. Two broods are raised in a season, and sometimes even three. The adult bird is five and a quarter inches long, of a chestnut brown, beautifully mottled with black and other colors. The female differs little in color from the male.



THE CARDINAL BIRD.

This bird is known under the names of Virginia Red Bird, Virginia Nightingale and Crested Red Bird. It is one of the most beautiful of American songsters, and in power and sweetness of tone it has been compared with the Nightingale. The species belongs mostly to the United States and Mexico, but has been found in considerable numbers in the West Indies, Central America and Colombia. Although delighting in a southern clime, it is sometimes observed in Pennsylvania, and even New England. Being migratory, it often flies in large flocks, presenting a splendid appearance, especially when moving in relief over a clear sky, and in the rays of the sun. At other times several of these birds are found associated with Sparrows, Snow-Birds and other half domestic species. When alone his favorite haunts are the corn-field, small clumps of trees, and the borders of shaded rivulets. Corn is their favorite food, in addition to which they eat seeds of fruit, grain and insects. They are easily domesticated, even when taken quite old, and require very little trouble in order to thrive well. Loss of color, how-

ever, has often been the result of long confinement, although with care this might perhaps be obviated. They are lively in the cage, and maintain their powers of song to the last. Numbers of them are carried to France and England, where they are highly esteemed. Their time of song lasts from March to September.

The Cardinal Bird's song consists of a favorite stanza often repeated, with boldness, variety of tone and richness. Its whistling somewhat resembles that of the human voice, though its energy is much greater. In his native grove, his voice rises above almost every other songster except the Mocking-Bird. The powers of the female are almost equal to those of the male, of whom she is a most constant and affectionate partner.

Latham admits that the notes of the Cardinal "are almost equal to those of the Nightingale," the sweetest of the feathered minstrels of Europe. But, says Nuttall, "the style of their performance is wholly different. The bold martial strains of the Red Bird, though relieved by tender and exquisite touches, pos-

see not the enchanting pathos, the elevated and varied expression of the far-famed Philomel, nor yet those contrasted tones, which, in the solemn stillness of the growing night, fall at times into a soothing whisper, or slowly rise and quicken into a loud and cheering warble.

The Cardinal Bird measures eight inches in length, and eleven from the tip of one wing to that of the other. The whole upper parts are of a dull dusky-red, except the sides of the neck, head and lower

parts, which are of a clear vermilion. The chin, front and lores black. The head is ornamented with a high pointed crest. The bill is coral red, and the legs and feet are pale ash color. The female is somewhat less than the male, and a little different in color. Both sexes are noted for affection to their young, and to each other; but so jealous are the males that they have often been known to destroy those of their own sex.

JENNY LIND.

BY MISS M. SAWIN.

A world's sweet enchantress, unbounded in fame,
O how shall I sing of so peerless a name—
Thy tones, from the wilds of a picturesque land,
The billows of ocean have borne to our strand;
Though I ne'er have beheld thee, yet bound in thy spell,
My bosom thine echoes still onward would swell—
Would enshrine in my song the sweet soul of thy strains,
Till fresh incense should rise from our mountains and plains.
Though long on the altar thou 'st kindled the fire,
Oh how shall it burn on the strings of the lyre!
'Tis the music of Nature sublimed in thy lays
Which has won thee thy guerdon of love and praise;
'Tis hence that the depths of the spirit it thrills,
That responses start forth from mountains and hills,
That no barriers the flight of thine echoes can bind,
Which are borne o'er the earth on the wings of the wind.

There is glowing within us, all restless, a lyre,
Which would swell like an angel's its anthems of fire,
But the shroud of mortality fetters its strings—
Yet thou while on earth hast unfolded thy wings,
Canst dwell with the fairies in chalice of flowers,
And glide with the wood nymphs in deep sylvan bowers;
Canst float with the moonbeams in dew-silvered trees,
And rise on the wings of the morn's fragrant breeze,
While sunbeams are waking the rapturous joys
Of dew-drops and birds, and yet all 'neath their blaze;
Canst hover o'er ocean when storm it enthrones,
And bear from the foam-created surges their tones;
When dark are the skies and the thunder-clouds lower,
With the eagle's bold flight to the mountain's crest soar;
The streams of the forest to thy fountains canst wind,
And caverns resounding in solitude find;
Enshrined in thy spirit their voices canst keep,
Sublimed by thine alchemy subtle and deep,
At thy will from thy spirit their harmonies sweep,
And I woeen thou hast soered to the portals of Heaven,
Or some angel a tone to thy praises has given.

O, Jenny, the brightest cynoaur below!
The fount in thy bosom must here cease to flow;
Like the sear leaves of autumn which shroud the old years,
Thy harp-strings must perish 'mid wailings and tears;
Thy lovers who bend at thy purity's shrine,
Enchained by the spells of thy carols divine,
When no temple's proud arches resound with thy strains,
In the wilds of thy forests shall seek thee in vain;
Not when from thy tomb they despairing return,
In lyres immortal thine echoes shall burn.
Alas! that thy music should ever here die,

Should leave the sad earth and ascend to the sky;
Yet when thou art fled to the seraphim throng
Will fancy yet list to thy glorified song,
Will dream that no harp on the heavenly plains
Has music so sweet as are there thy high strains.
Though we never may list while on earth to thy lays,
For the boon of thy being high Heaven we 'll praise;
Where thy strains are ascending must Paradise be—
Humanity's scale is exalted in thee.

There is a tone in my bosom as yet unexpressed,
And fain would I bid it to ever there rest,
But the woes of the earth for its utterance plead,
Then may it go forth as a merciful deed:—
O, Jenny, while shining so brilliant on high,
Like the Lyrian star on the vault of the sky,
While the peers of the realms bow in homage to thee,
Dost never thy race in their miseries see?
To the charm of thy music we ever would yield,
By thee would be borne to Elysium's field,
And forgetful that wroing of that we were on earth,
Forever would list to thine angel-like mirth.
But the heart fraught with sympathies true, must embrace
The lowest as well as the stars of our race—
Round the poor and the wretched in bitterness twine—
On devotion's wings rise to where pure scruphs shine;—
In our pathway to Heaven we encounter the thorn,
Each brother's woes feel and the proud tyrant's scorn—
The way that our holy Redeemer has trod
But leads us through tears to the throne of our God.
I know that thine own gushing spirit is free
As the winds that o'er sweep the high mountains and sea;
Thy genius has burst from all species of chains,
And freedom unbounded swells forth in thy strains;
But while ever exulting on fetterless wing,
Wouldst not the blest boon to each lorn spirit bring?
Thy music, which thrills to the depths of the heart,
Might bid us to deeds of true chivalry start;
Might bid the kind fountain in proud bosoms flow,
To heal the crushed hearts that are writhing in woe.
Both Knowledge and Virtue like angels descend,
The sad thralls of Sin and of Darkness to rend,
Perchance that the tyrant may yield to thy charms,
And avert the dread doom of the Future's alarm,
Till unwilling vassals no more bend the knee,
But rise at his bidding and ever be free.
And the gold thou hast won by the charm of thy name,
To its splendor might add the philanthropist's fame,
Till many an oasis from deserts shall spring,
When the arches of Heaven with thy praises shall ring.

STORM-LINES.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the rains of November are dark on the hills, and
the pine-trees incessantly roar
To the sound of the wind-beaten crags, and the floods that
in foam through their black channels pour :

When the breaker-lined coast stretches dimly afar, through
the desolate waste of the gulf,
And the clang of the sea-gull at nightfall is heard from the
deep, like a mariner's wail :

When the gray sky drops low, and the forest is bare, and
the laborer is housed from the storm,
And the world is a blank, save the light of his home
through the gust shining redly and warm :—

Go thou forth, if the brim of thy heart with its tropical
fullness of life overflow—
If the sun of thy bliss in the zenith is hung, and no shadow
reminds thee of woe !

Leave the home of thy love ; leave thy labors of fame ; in
the ruin and the darkness go forth,
When the cold winds unpausingly wail as they drive from
the cheerless expanse of the North.

Thou shalt turn from the cup that was mantling before ;
thou shalt hear the eternal despair
Of the hearts that endured and were broken at last, from
the hills and the sea and the air !

Thou shalt hear how the Earth, the maternal, laments for
the children she nurtured with tears—
How the forest but deepens its wail and the breakers their
roar, with the march of the years :

Then the gleam of thy hearth-fire shall dwindle away, and
the lips of thy loved ones be still :
And thy soul shall lament in the moan of the storm, sound-
ing wide on the shelterless hill.

All the woes of existence shall stand at thy heart, and the
sad eyes of myriads implore,
In the darkness and storm of their being, the ray, stream-
ing out through thy radiant door.

Look again : how that star of thy Paradise dims, through
the warm tears, unwittingly shed—
Thou art man, and a sorrow so bitterly wrung, never fell
on the dust of the Dead !

Let the rain of the midnight beat cold on thy cheek, and
the proud pulses chill in thy frame,
Till the love of thy bosom is grateful and sad, and thou
turn'st from the mockery of Fœna !

Take with humble acceptance the gifts of thy life ; bid thy
joy brim the fountain of tears ;
For the soul of the Earth, in endurance and pain, gathers
promise of happier years !

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Child of the Sea and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. Anna Lewis, Author of "Records of the Heart," etc. etc. New York : George P. Putnam.

A large edition of "Records of the Heart" was sold in a few months, and the fair author stepped at once into a very enviable position. "The Child of the Sea," etc. will add much to her poetical fame. The poem which gives name to the volume, and occupies most of it, is a romantic and passionate narrative, and embodies all the main features of Mrs. Lewis's thought as well as manner. The story is well conducted and somewhat elaborately handled ; the style, or general tone, is nervous, free, dashing—much in the way of *Marie del Occidente*—but the principal ground for praise is to be found in the great aggregate of quotable passages. The opening lines, for example, are singularly vivid :

Where blooms the myrtle and the olive flings
Its aromatic breath upon the air—
Where the sad Bird of Night forever sings
Meet withens for the Children of Despair.

The themes of the poem—a few lines farther on—are summed up in words of Byronic pith and vigor :—

— youthful Love,
Ill-starred, yet trustful, faithful and sublime
As ever angels chromed above—
The sorrowings of Beauty in her prime—
Virtue's reward—the punishment of Crime—
The dark, inexorable decrees of Fate—
Despair, untold before in prose or rhyme.

We give a few more instances of what we term "quotable" passages—thoughtful, vivid, pungent or vigorous :
Fresh blows the breeze on Tarick's burnished bay—
The silent sea-news bend their through the spray—

The beauty-freighted barges bound afar
To the soft music of the gay guitar.

The olive children of the Indian Sea.

That rayless realm where Fancy never beams—
That Nothingness beyond the Land of Dreams.

Folded his arms across his sable vest
As if to keep the heart within his breast.

— Violets lifting up their azure eyes
Like timid virgins whom Love's steps surprise.

And all is hushed—so still—so silent there
That one might hear an angel wing the air.

— There are times when the sick soul
Lies calm amid the storms that round it roll,
Indifferent to Fate or to what have
By the terrific tempest it is driven.

The dahlias, leaning from the golden vase,
Peep pensively into her pallid face,
While the sweet songster o'er the open door
Looks through his grate and warbles "weep no more"

— beautiful in her misery—
A jewel sparkling up through the dark sea
Of Sorrow.

Delirium's world of fantasy and pain,
Where hung the fiery moon and stars of blood
And phantom ships rolled on the rolling flood.

"*Isabelle or The Broken Heart*" occupies some 40 pages, and is fully as good as "*The Child of the Sea*"—although in a very different way. There is less elaboration, perhaps, but not less true polish, and even more imagination. The "*Miscellaneous Poems*" are, of course, varied in

merit. Some of them have been public favorites for a long time. "My Study," especially, has been often quoted and requoted. It is terse and vigorous. From "The Belengured Heart" we extract a quatrain of very forcible originality:

I hear the mournful moans of joy—
Hope, sobbing while she cheers—
 Like dew descending from the leaf
 The dropping of Love's tears.

The volume is most exquisitely printed and bound—
 of the most beautiful books of the season.

The History of England, from the Accession of James II.
 By Thomas Babington Macaulay. New York: Harper
 & Brothers. Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo.

No person, of whig or tory politics, could in the present age, propose to himself the task of writing the history of England, without feeling the delicacy and responsibility of his undertaking, and the necessity of exercising a different class of powers from those which may have given sparkle and point to his partisan efforts. The importance of the principles involved in the events and characters coming under his view, and their wide applications to contemporary controversies, would be sure to bring down upon the unlucky advocate a storm of moral and immoral indignation. It would seem on the first blush that Macaulay, with all his vast and vivified erudition, was not a writer calculated to experience the full force of a historian's duties, or to display in the analysis and judgment of events that intellectual conscientiousness which is a rare quality even in powerful minds. His historical essays bear as unmistakable marks of partisanship as ability, and are especially characterized by a merciless severity, which, in the name of justice, too often loses the insight as well as the toleration which come from charity. Sir James Macintosh, toward the commencement of his career, referred to him as "a writer of consummate ability, who has failed in little but in the respect due to the abilities and character of his opponents." Though as a partisan, Macaulay was a partisan on the right side, on the side of liberty and truth, the unmeasured scorn he poured, hot from his heart, on tyrants and bigots, and the fierce, swift sweep of his generalizations, often made his cooler readers suspicious of his accuracy when most dazzled and delighted by his brilliancy. In the present history a great change is manifest. The petulance, the flippancy, the dogmatism of the essayist, are hardly observable, and in their place we have the solid judgment of the historian. There is a general lowering of the tone in which persons and principles are considered, consequent upon the change in the writer's position from an antagonist to a judge. The style, while it has no lack of the force, richness, variety, directness and brilliancy, which characterized the diction of the essayist, has likewise a sweetness, gravity and composure which the essayist never displayed. Though the writer's opinions are radically the same as ever, they are somewhat modified by being seen through a less extravagant expression, and by being restored to their proper relations. In fact, the history presents Macaulay as a wiser and more comprehensive man than his essays, and if we sometimes miss the generous warmth and intensity, and the daring sweep of his earlier compositions, we also miss their declamatory contemptuousness and mental bombast.

The volumes which the Harpers have given to us in so elegant a form, (vulgarized a little by Dr. Webster's orthographical crotchets,) close with the proceedings of the Convention which gave the crown to William and Mary. A long historical introduction, containing a view of

English history previous to the reign of James II., and a view of England, in its manners, customs, literature and people at the time of his accession, occupy the larger portion of the first volume, and are almost unmatched, certainly unexcelled, in historical literature, for the combination of condensed richness of matter with popularity of style. Then follows the narrative of the three years of folly and madness which produced the revolution of 1688, and huried James II. from his throne. This narrative is detailed with a minuteness which leaves nothing untold necessary to the complete apprehension of the subject in all its bearings, and it evinces on almost every page not only singular felicity in narration, but great power of original and striking observation. Masterly generalization, and sagacity in seizing and luminousness in unfolding the principles of events. The whole history has the interest of a grand dramatic poem, in which the movement of the story and delineation of the characters are managed with consummate skill. The portraits of Charles II., James II., Dauby, Rochester, Sunderland, Godolphin, Halifax, Churchill, and especially William of Orange, are altogether superior to any which have previously appeared. Halifax and King William seem to be Macaulay's favorites, and he has surprised many of his readers by his comparative coolness to Russell, Sydney, and the whig patriots generally.

The history closes with an eloquent passage on the "glorious" Revolution of 1688. It appears to us that the meanness and lowness which Macaulay has developed in the actors in the event, impress the reader with a different notion of it. The whole thing has a jobby air, in which no commanding genius is observable, and no sacrifices seem to have been made. Indeed Macaulay himself, in one of his essays, remarks truly that the only sacrifices made in the Revolution, "was the sacrifice which Churchill made of honor and Anne of natural affection." That the Revolution, in its results, was one of the most glorious recorded in human annals, there can be little doubt, but it had its birth in such odious treachery, and was conducted by men so deficient in elevation of mind or even common honesty, that its story is little calculated to kindle sympathy, or awaken admiration.

The History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

The author of this history is an English nobleman of large historical acquirements, who has managed to produce two or three valuable works demanding great study and research, without interfering with his duties as a member of Parliament, though, doubtless with some interference with his pleasures as a member of the English aristocracy. The present work is valuable for its accuracy, and interesting from its giving a connected view of the history of England during a period but little known except by the empty abstracts of stupid compilers, or the brilliant but prejudiced letters and memoirs of contemporary writers and statesmen. It comprehends the administrations of Harley and Bolingbroke, of Sunhove, Walpole, Carteret, Newcastle and Chatham, thus including the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne and the reigns of George I. and II. The period covers a wide field of characters and events, and Lord Mahon has been especially successful in unraveling the threads of the foreign policy of England, and indicating the difficulties experienced by her statesmen in sustaining the House of Hanover on the throne. In a narrative point of view the best portions of the history are those relating to the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. It is almost needless to say that Professor Reed

has added much to the value and interest of the work by his elucidative notes.

But the richness of Lord Mahon's materials and the interest of his subject cannot conceal the fact that he lacks both the heart and the brain of an able historian, and that he is essentially a common-place man. The reflections he appends to some of his narratives are commonly such obvious truisms, or such poor apologies for reason, that the reader is made painfully aware of his being in the company of a mediocre gentleman, who, while he always means well, never means much. Lord Mahon is deficient equally in historical science and historical imagination, and his work equally barren of profound principles and vivid pictures. A moderate Tory, he holds the heresays of his creed with a lazy acquiescence, without sufficient passion to be a bigot, and without sufficient logic to be a sophist. When he is tempted into historical parallels, or disquisitions on the changes of parties, as in that passage where he essays to prove that a modern whig is synonymous with a Tory of Queen Anne's day, he adopts the argumentation of Flaubert rather than Chillingworth—shows that "there is a mountain in Wales and a mountain in Mucedon," and leaves the reader to mourn over the misdirection of the human faculties. In his estimate of literature he is still worse. The disquisition on the literature of Queen Anne's time, in the present history, is a medley of mingled commonplace, which has been worn to rags, and critical nonsense, which has been long exploded. His history, therefore, must be considered simply as a useful narrative of important events, and carefully distinguished from those of Guizot and Thierrey, of Hallam and Macaulay, of Prescott and Bancroft.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678-80. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

This beautifully printed volume sustains both the reputation of its publishers for printing handsome books, and its reputed author for writing good ones. It is generally attributed to Whittier, and it certainly displays throughout the shrewdness with which that poet observes, and the faculty with which he idealizes events. Here is a volume bringing up to the eye with the vividness of reality the scenes and characters of a past age, and making us as familiar with them as if we had ridden by the side of Margaret in her journey from Boston to Newbury, and yet through the whole book runs a vein of pure poetry, lending a consecrating light to scenes which might possess but little interest if actually observed. The quaint spelling undoubtedly adds to the illusion of its antiquity, but what makes it really seem old is its primitive sentiment and bold delineations. Margaret herself is a most bewitching piece of quaintness, with the sweetness and purity of one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, and as full of genial humanity as of beautiful devotion. Placed as she is amid the collision of opposite fanaticisms, the austere fanaticism of the Puritan and the vehement fanaticism of the Quaker, she shines both by her own virtues and by contrast with the harsh qualities by which she is surrounded. The book provokes a comparison with the *Diary of Lady Wilkoughby*, and that comparison it will more than stand, being superior to that charming volume in the range of its persons and events, and equal to it in the conception of the leading character. The author has shown especial art in modifying every thing, by the supposed medium of mind through which it passes—the heroine telling the whole story in her own words—and at the same time preserving every thing in its essential life. This is a difficult and delicate process of representation, but Whittier has performed it.

Democracy in France. By Monsieur Guizot, Late Prime Minister. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This little volume is well worthy the reputation of one of the greatest historians, philosophers and statesmen of the age—in other words, of the reputation of Guizot. It is marked by preeminent ability in statement, analysis, argumentation and composition, and we doubt not will exert some considerable influence on the politics of France. In his preface the author avers that nothing in the volume bears the impress of his personal situation, and he adds, "While events of such magnitude are passing before his eyes, a man who did not forget himself would deserve to be forever forgotten." The book justifies the author's assertion. It is simply an examination of things without regard to persons, and is as philosophic in its tone as in its method. The chapters on The Social Republic and The Elements of Society are masterpieces of analysis and statement, and well deserve the attentive study of all who think or prattle on social science. It seems to us that the present volume is sufficient to convince all candid minds, that whatever may be the faults and errors of Guizot as a statesman, he has no equal among the men at present dominant in France. Since his fall that country has been governed, or misgoverned, by soldiers and sentimentalists, with a pistol in one hand and the Rights of Man in the other, and is a standing monument of the madness of trusting the state to men of "second rate ability and first rate incapacity." The Red Republicans have principles, M. Guizot has principles; the legitimists have principles; but the present dynasty has the peculiar character of being, in an intellectual sense, the most thoroughly unprincipled government that French ingenuity could have formed.

Oregon and California. By J. Quinn Thornton. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

A pleasant book, well written, and containing much information just now, peculiarly valuable in relation to Oregon and California. Many strange phases of life in the wilderness and prairie, are described by one who knows its peculiar hardships and pleasures. The terrible sufferings, the awful stories told of the early emigrants, are faithfully given, and, if official accounts be true, are scarcely exaggerated. A valuable appendix on the gold country is added, undoubtedly to be relied on. The book is well illustrated in wood.

The Parterre, a Collection of Flowers Culled by the Wayside. By D. W. Belista. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1849.

A pretty looking volume, very creditable to the publishers in a typographical point of view, and containing a number of poems of various lengths, on a variety of subjects. The longest, *Wallempaupack*, is an attempt, and a very creditable one also, to commemorate an incident of the history of the North American Indian, a source of poetical subjects too much neglected. The book is well worth attention. It may not be uninteresting to state that the type has all been set up by the author.

Roland Cashel. By Charles Lever. Illustrated by Paix. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is probably the best novel of one of the most popular novelists of the day. Lever has not much solidity of mind, and accordingly never produces any masterpieces of characterization or passion, but he has a quicksilver spirit of frolic and drollery, and an intensity of mirthful feeling which have made some critics place him on a level with Dickens. The present volume will more than sustain the reputation which his former frolicsome audacities have attained.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

MY DEAR JEREMY.—In my last I promised you a round-rod hint, a sketch reflective and suggestive of mining operations, as an offset to the brilliant visions of "Gold Placers," which haunt the mind, sleeping and waking, of Uncle Sam's children. While multitudes are making haste to grow rich, by going around the Horn, and at the terminus of their long voyage will find themselves coming out of the little end of it, you and I may amuse ourselves over a subject somewhat kindred—a retrospective folly—feeling the while a good deal like the boy on getting rid of the jumping tooth-ache—"A heap better" are we, "now it is over."

Copper! You have heard of it before, I believe? and may have about you a memorandum of a few thousands, entered on the credit side, not available now at your bankers. It was a very happy delusion, was it not? I'll warrant me that you had already planned your cottage orné, and had the winks laid out, and the shrubbery planted quite tastefully and imaginatively picturesque. Several castles, with steeples rather airy, of my own, were topped down, and elegantly bronzed as they were, are quite useless now for purposes of reproduction, so that we may say, that we have had some of the advantages of wealth without a present care in disposing of it. The servant girl who wished for riches "that she might ride in her carriage and feel like missus," and the delights of anticipation only, poor soul! while ours are embodied in the delicious reflection of having passed that "missus" on the road, with a pair of fast trotters—taking the air with quite an air, at the rate of "two forty."

"Come ensy, go fast," was the remark of an old German Uncle, who, having made a fortune by hard knocks at the arse, looked with a quiet smile at these thousands in perspective. In regard to the horses, the old gentleman was right—but as the money never came, I think his premises were altogether wrong. One thing is certain, real estate rose very rapidly in our vicinity at that time, and as several lots went off at spanking prices, to be kept out of our clutches, we may be said to have been benefactors to the sellers and conveyancers. So that copper—the vilest of metal—may, in some crucibles, be transformed into gold. But not to anticipate.

Grubstom had been upon the mountain-side, which overlooks the delightful village of Fleeceington, for a month or more, making careful chiselings from rocks, and excavations at their sides. UPTONUFF carried his pickaxe and his basket. The "collection" gradually swelled upon their hands, until it became quite formidable; and the "choice specimens" were without number, rich, and without reason, rare. DRAWITWELL, the host of "The Hawk and Buzzard," had his eye upon their movements, and always made it a point to take a peep at their basket when they descended in the evening. He was an open-eyed sort of an old lark, who had had his own way in the village at election times and at trainings, by virtue of a colonelcy and sildship to the governor—a cheap sort of payment for service rendered—and he felt as if nothing of importance ought to transpire in the place, unless he had a hand in it. Drawitwell did not like the air of mystery with which his lodgers sipped the covered basket up stairs, after they had performed their ablutions; nor

the roaring noise made overhead, as the "specimens" were poured into the two great chests, previously prepared; and he was just the man to get at the bottom of a mure's nest. So, by virtue of appliances best known to himself, he contrived to get a look at the collected specimens, and made up his mind at once that the thing was too sily managed by half, and that if there was wealth in the rocks he would have a finger in the transaction. "*He would at any rate.*"

Crispin, the village cobbler, had thrown his eyes from his lapstone, across the creek, and up the hill-side, to take note of the motions of "the wandering stone-crackers," as he called them, and his brain was in a pother.

The blacksmith had sharpened their pick more than once, which had put on edge his curiosity, and had "contrived to pick their brains, while they pecked the rocks," as he jocosely remarked, and he had smelt metal in their movements.

Over their evening ale, at the tavern, the probabilities and possibilities of gold or silver being found in the mountain, were discussed with various degrees of profundity, and the certainty that something of the kind was there, was most sagely resolved on. Time, in whose crucible all doubts are solved, soon confirmed their sagacity by a "copper button" presented to the landlord with the compliments of Uptonuff, with hints, but not positive injunctions as to secrecy. He knew his man.

"What do you think of that?" asked Drawitwell, of his cronies the same evening, with an air of authority, holding up the copper button. "What do you think of that, my lads?"

"*Hello!*" exclaimed the bewildered cobbler, "landlord, why—why is that gold?"

"Gold, you fool! No, it's not gold—but it's a precious sight more valuable—because there is a great deal more of it used."

"Why what on earth is it, then?" asked the blacksmith, in amazement.

"It's Copper! my lads! COPPER!"

"COPPER!"

"Yes, I reckon it is!—and the genuine metal, too! And the mountain is as full of it as an egg is of meat! Only melt down one of the rocks up there, and you'll see how it will fly out!"

To have stopped the spread of such information as this, would have surpassed the ingenuity of our clerical friend, who was opposed to the Magnetic Telegraph, as "a device of the devil." There was a Californian excitement in a village, with California itself in their own mountain. He would have been a lucky traveler, who could have had his horse shod for a guinea, or a bridle-rein mended for double the amount.

"You see, my lads!" says Drawitwell, haranguing the crowd, "they are going to do the fair thing by us, they have bought the land, and are getting their act of incorporation ready, and we are all to have shares in it at a reasonable rate—and I reckon I'll have a few, or money must be scarce in Fleeceington. There'll be high times at the "Hawk and Buzzard, now, I should say, when every man in this prosperous village can be an owner, for a small sum, in one of the richest mines on the face of the earth. You see it's going to be most unconscionable high, too—it's now twenty-two cents a pound—for the govern-

ment is advertising for it in the newspapers—no doubt to make bullets with to match the infernal poisonous Mexicans. God, we'll give the rascals a taste of their own physic, now, I reckon! And then don't they make water-pipes with it now, and sheetings. And don't they cover houses with it, and ships; and I guess the time is not far off when government will have her mint on this spot—and what's to hinder us, then from spending our own coppers, bran new, ha! ha! If any body here has got a farm for sale, I'm his man!"

As for buying farms, the thing was perfectly absurd now, and Drawitwell should have known it; for who could tell that there was not a copper-mine under every one of them. It was not to be supposed either that the good people of Fleeceington could keep the knowledge of such extraordinary wealth all to themselves, and our usually quiet city was all agog, with the wondrous stories of the extent and richness of the mines; and to confirm its truth, Grubemout and Uptonuff were here with the charter, and the script elegantly engraved, and any number of specimens, and copper-buttons confirmatory.

In a day or two a few shares were in the market at "a slight advance on the original cost." Capitalists had been up who thought they "knew a thing or two"—and gudgeons began to nibble, the knowing ones among the number. The market advanced. One, two, three, four hundred per cent. was quickly achieved as competitors increased; and considering that the first cost was perhaps a dollar an acre, for an unwooded, untiltable, rocky hillside, carved up and set down at a dollar per square foot as "original cost," the profit was tempting—the market active—ditto the original holders. There was a fierce avidity for a stock which advanced at such rapid strides, and the reckless became crazy, the cautious reckless and visionary. "The Board"—knowing dogs—looked on for a while doubtfully, but in amazement. The "Outsiders" indulged in ecstasies and fanciful millions. Thousands were added up upon stock-books, as if they were "trifles light as air"—and they were. Merchants cut the shop—lawyers the red tape and sheep-skin—editors told the messenger for copy to "go to the devil!"—and all became "gentlemen on 'change." Healths were drunk "to the United Copper-Head!"—and champagne and Havanas "suffered some." Fun and puns flushed fast and furious—and all this the while the great bubble rose up, expanding and beautifying as it ascended.

It was not to be expected that a single mountain should contain all this good luck exclusively; and in various quarters envious copper-rocks poked their heads out, quite seductively to anxious companies, who formed upon the spot. One gigantic intellect proposed the formation of a company to shovel the sand off of the whole State of New Jersey, so as to get at the substratum, at once and emphatically. Copper became substantially the great business of life—the only business of the board—the board being in fact rather a small affair while copper abounded.

Sharp occupied his time in buying up superfluous real estate, which seemed to have been infected by copper, and showed a disposition to rise—and he was afraid it might go up and never come down again. The conveyancers assured him that he ought to take it—like a sportsman—on the wing, right and left. He did, and clapped a heavy mortgage on it to keep it steady.

That disturbed the figures on Flat's memorandum—for he hoped to have bought and paid for it with his expected profit on copper, and to have staggered somebody else's property with a mortgage from the surplus. It was provoking.

Jones and Wilkins resolved to "take a shy at the copper anyway, while it was going;" but the stock of all

the companies seemed shy of them. They "bid ten dollars through a broker"—it was twelve. "Bid twelve"—it was fourteen. Wilkins had had enough of it. He believed it was "only a bubble blown up to catch the eyes of fools. He was done with it." But Jones was down in the morning, as merry as a lark, and as early. He "knew some of the outsiders, and thought he would catch some of them before the morning was over." He did—and went home to dinner, having made "a fortunate hit."

"Five hundred shares," said he, "at fifteen, and the last sale 'after board,' nineteen and a half! Four dollars and fifty cents per share. Five ought to be *naught*; five fives are twenty-five, five fours are twenty, and two are twenty-two. Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars—that will do for one day, I should say. Wilkins would like me to give him half, as we were to have gone in together yesterday, but I wonder what Wilkins ever did for me, that I should give him eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars! Not quite so green!"

The next morning Grubemout brought down some specimens, which "he thought" would yield forty per cent. if they were assayed, and thought that they ought to make an assessment of a dollar a share, so as to put on more hands and drive out the ore. Jones said that "that was right enough."

The assessment was called in, at which the stock hesitated for a day or two—made a start and went on—but a second installment being urged, it flattered a little, and then stopped. At the third it "declined a shade," at which the "bears" gave a shake and a growl.

But Grubemout had—in the nick of time—"just received a letter from the mines of the most important nature, which it would not do to show in 'the street,' or the stock would be balooning it—Uptonuff had just made a cross-cut."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed Jones, rather nervously. "What is that?"

"A cross-cut, you see," says Grubemout, "is nothing more than 'a shaft' run at right angles past the old one we have been working. He struck some glorious 'deposits,' and—"

"Why I thought you always said there was a vein, Grubemout? These deposits are confoundedly leaky and treacherous affairs."

"And so there is a vein, my boy, and we are just getting into it; deposits are always the first thing we look for in copper mining. As long as we have them we get on swimmingly; but you are so confoundedly skittish! I was just going to tell you, that in making the 'cross-cut,' Uptonuff has struck 'the master vein!' and found an old 'drift' in the mountain, which you will see after a while, is important. In it he found old hatchets, and hammers, and images in copper, supposed to have been the rude efforts at mining and smelting by the Indians long ago—say before the Dutch had taken Holland, or achieved the renowned name of Knickerbockers, and had gouge some copper-fastened."

Information so desirable as this would work its way out somehow, and gentlemen would now bet you a tride—say champagne and cigars—that a dividend of twenty-five per cent. would be declared on the stock the first year; or would give you a hundred dollars for agreeing to pay the annual dividend on a hundred shares.

Jones is "satisfied now," and forthwith buys five hundred shares more, as do other Joneses, and Browns, and Greens. Outsiders became as plenty as gooseberries, and as verdant; and it would seem, from the number of shares reported at the Board, and "after," that certificates had quadrupled, and never could multiply fast enough to supply the demand. Indeed, as one old gentleman was heard to

and a prolonged whistle, by exclaiming—"Gas!" the market became so inflated that the Joneses, Browns, and Greens, declined the attempt of cornering the stock, in despair.

"The company," called for an additional installment at once. "Why, what the deuce," asks Jones, "does the company want with more installments? Hav'n't they got copper enough?"

"Copper ore, my dear fellow," responded Grubemout. "Yes, lots of it. But Uptonuff was n't brought up in a Cornish mine for nothing. The furnaces at Baltimore and Boston want it for half-price, but as they are nearly out, we intend to make them *smoke*, ha! ha! But we must go to the expense of an "*adate*" in the meanwhile.

"Why, what's the use of *that*—what good will that do?" asks Jones. "What is an *adate*, anyway?"

Poor Jones had a good deal yet to learn about copper-mining, and felt naturally alarmed at these ominous terms. The "*cross-cut*" was the beginning of puzzlers. He had yet to see—I may as well say he ultimately did see, "*the drift*," to help along "*the pumps*," as well as the *adate* with installments, and to become familiar with a variety of mining lore, which assists knowledge in its acquisition, by obligingly allowing us to pay for it. But I believe he never did understand "*what they wanted with so many work-shops—*—he thought they were *miners*!"

"An *adate*, Jones, is only a drain to relieve the mine when it is overcharged with water."

"Oh! is that all?"

But this calling in of installments seems to be a sort of patent condenser in the stock market, and shows with how much force a given quantity of air can be squeezed into a given compass.

Grubemout was as active as a bee at sunrise, and offered his advice gratuitously—but "*confidentially*"—to any number of anxious *inquirers*—but some of them having a copper-mine of their own, by the attractive and taking name of "*Penny-wise Company*," and others having taken a snap with the "*Alligator Mountain Company*," and not liking the bite they received, hook their heads at Fleeceington and looked knowing—the "*New Jersey*" chaps were quite sprightly, for as their *title* covered the whole State, they had a fair chance of *realizing* something when the "*Mammoth Shoveling Company*" got to work, and lifted the crust off.

Grubemout assured them—"on his honor"—that "*the Company*" did not intend to sell an ounce of its ore to the furnaces. They intended to have "*a crushing machine*" of their own erected at once, and proceed in a style that would soon settle the whole business."

Jones was "*ready for any number of crushers or smashers, grinders or pounders*." Head up the creek—dam it! Put up the water-works and the mill-wheel, and give it to the *blasted* furnaces! Carry the war into Africa!" said he.

The installment to carry on the *adate* was paid, though it depressed the stock, but Jones could not see how having paid the company five thousand dollars in installments should depress his stock in the market. "Hang it!" said he, "the company is that much richer in property and excavations, and do n't I belong to the company—have n't I a thousand shares? It's only paying money out of one pocket, and putting into the other. Wilkins may laugh, but he's a fool! That's a capital idea about the furnace. You're a boy, Uptonuff—you are?"

The installment for *crushing* purposes was soon called in also, and paid, though the stock looked sickly, and trembled as if it had theague, or had passed through a crushing process on its own hook. It was just composing itself when Uptonuff discovered that it was of the highest

importance to the company to have a small engine and an iron pump erected at the mines at once, *as the richest ore is always found below water level!*

Jones—the active, energetic Jones—had no doubt of it at all. The Cornish miners assured him, when he was up, that as soon as they got below water level, they would come to something that could n't be trifled with. If Wilkins wasn't a fool he would go in soon, before it gets out."

Uptonuff, too, had had a quantity of the late ore assayed, and Professor Stuffemwell, Geologist to Her Majesty, thought it would do bravely. If ore that yielded fifty per cent. would not, he would like to know how her Majesty's subjects got rich, after paying the miners, on mines that yield but fifteen per cent.

Copper buttons now replenished the pockets of dealers, and the stock made several violent gasps and starts for a desirable existence. But it was consumptive—evidently going into a rapid decline. The crushing process and the iron pump having depressed its spirits, and exhausted still further its vital energy.

Grubemout thought that if the buttons were pressed into bars, and shown upon Change it might be encouraging, and mitigate the violence of the disease; but some wag of a broker suggested that it was "*a bad sinister*," which remark sinister ruffled the backs of the bars, caused the bulls to toss their horns unpleasantly, and shook still further the liveliness of the stock, which drooped visibly under the imputation.

Even Jones—the ardent, trustful Jones—got earnestly anxious about the state of the patient, and "*suggested a consultation*."

Brown was full of good intentions, but "*pleaded debility of the pocket, which, under heavy depletion, was rather low*."

Green was a little vivacious, and "*suggested a new cross-cut*."

Grubemout was pleased with the idea, and hinted at "*a new installment*."

Uptonuff had "*missed the stage, and was unable to get down to the meeting*."

Wilkins, in answer to a pressing invitation to "*coyne in*," was "*busy selling goods*."

Sharp would not attend—"he had never had any thing to do with the *meanly* copper, and found his real estate had enough just now."

Flat had enough of copper stock—it was not very heavy, to be sure, having rather a tendency to dissolve into air, its original element, but he was satisfied."

The Stock grew feebler after consultation, as patients are apt to, in critical cases, from want of remedy.

The Bulls looked surly, as if they had been disappointed in pasture.

The Bears were as frisky as it is possible to be on a frosty morning, and were so much in their own element, that you looked involuntarily around for floating icebergs—and copper in this temperature of the atmosphere sunk into a torpor.

On Change, in this changing world of ours, copper looked blue.

The Outsiders had rubbed out their pencil-marks on stock memorandums, and dissipating the written evidence of thousands that had vanished into air, they themselves vanished. It was needless to say any thing to them about copper, they "*never had any thing to do with it, beyond a hundred shares or so, which they sold out before the bubble looked like bursting*." Stockdom was desolate, save that a few of the bears showed their teeth, and grinned as furiously as if they had just arrived fresh from the Polar regions, and had brought any quantity of wet blankets with them. Yet they looked as if they would

rather than not that any dealer in copper should take hold of them. The bulls were more plentiful—looked savage but knowing, but showed no disposition to dash at imaginary enemies in scarlet, having rather a taste left for their friends, the Browns and the Greens, who were urgently entreated to “come in again, and help sustain the market.”

The case was desperate, and desperate remedies were resorted to. It was deemed advisable to “ask the opinion of the directors!”

The directors “have no opinion of the stock! They never had,” of their own. They trusted to Grubemout, to Uptonuff, to the Cornish miners. Their geological and mineralogical education, had been shockingly neglected in their youth, and they have verified the fact, by having on their hands, a thousand shares apiece at high prices, by having assisted to sustain the market in the various stages of the experiment. But “they would like to know who were the ‘original’ stockholders of the company who did them the honor to elect them.”

Grubemout “thought it of the highest importance that they should know, and as the original book of minutes was up at the mines, and as he was going up by the next stage, he would write and send them.”

It would be, perhaps, as well to give his letter:

Fleeceington, Dec. 10, 18—.

GENTLEMEN,—I arrived safely at the mines last evening, after rather a fatiguing journey by stage, and found, to my unspeakable amazement, that Uptonuff had exhausted the vein, and that as no more deposits are to be found, he had thought it advisable to abandon the mine. The tools, viz. four pickaxes, three shovels, and two wheelbarrows—rather dilapidated—the property of the company, I have put under shelter, to preserve them from the weather—subject to your order or disposal. The iron pump I should have removed also, but being rather heavy, in the absence of the hands—who have gone back to their farms—I found it impossible to take in. It cannot, however, suffer from rust more than ten per cent., and as the original coat was but seventy dollars, the loss to the company will be inconsiderable. There is a trifle of two hundred dollars due, for bonding the hands, to the host of the “Roaring Lion,” who will forward you his account by this mail. As Uptonuff and myself have suffered a great deal from anxiety, and exposure in the mines of the company, we deem it proper to seek a more genial climate. Any little complimentary remuneration which you may see proper to bestow on us, you will please enclose to Mr. Drawitwell, of the Hawk and Buzzard, to whom we are indebted for various little civilities, in the shape of breakfast, dinner and supper, for the past six months, and which no doubt the generosity of your complimentary donation will amply cover.

Enclosure “the original minutes.” Uptonuff wishes to be remembered by you. I join in the same prayer.

Yours, as ever,

CHRISTIAN GRUBEMOUT, Pres't.

To the Directors, Stockholders, etc.

P. S. Please ask Jones to think of us. Not that it is any of our business, but would like to know whether he ever divided with Wilkins—it would be civil, you know. Regards to the Bulls. Uptonuff says ditto to the Bears, for there is no knowing when one may want a friend, and civility costs nothing. c. o.

MINERS, FIRST MEETING.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the joyous and delighted inhabitants of the charming and romantic village of Fleeceington, held at “The Hawk and Buzzard Hotel,” to elect officers for the newly discovered, freshly chartered, and highly valuable

and productive Copper Mine, just incorporated by an act of the Legislature, under the name, style and title, to wit:

“The Grand Open Sesame and United Catchem Copper Mining, Crushing, Stamping, Pumping and Smelting Company,”

Christian Grubemout, Elniskim Uptonuff, J. Drawitwell, T. Crispin and John Smith, the original incorporators of the Company, after regulating themselves, proceeded to the election of officers, and knowing that in the goodly city of Philadelphia there were a number of persons by the names of Jones, Brown and Green, and not a few Sharps and Flats, they, in order to avoid giving offence, placed in a hat the whole of the names, as above, found in the Directory. (significant of the office they were to hold.) and drew the following first three names, A. Jones, B. Flat, C. Green, directing them to supply vacancies, and to fill additions to the number off five; adding in the meanwhile the names of the first two incorporators, as *ex-officio* directors, to conduct silently the operations of the mine, and to enlighten the others us to the true plan of working copper-mine profitably and efficiently.

(Signed) C. GRUBEMOUT, Pres't.

E. UPTONUFF, Sec'ry.

The cleverness and explicitness of the whole transaction showed that it had been done neatly; and the Directors with singular unanimity felt themselves included in the operation.

There can be no doubt that Grubemout and Uptonuff are among the “placers” in California. The one being undeniably the man who sold the two barrels of braudy, by installments of a thimblefull at a time, for \$14,000—the other, with positive certainty, we never have been the man who “confidentially” communicated the following item to the newspaper press, and he must have been there to have seen it:

“[?] The Biggest Lump Yet?—The following is about the latest news from the gold diggers that we have seen recorded in the ‘papers.’ A runaway soldier is said to have discovered a lump of a rock of gold that weighed 999 pounds and 14 ounces; he was afraid to leave it, and mounted guard upon it, and at the latest dates he had not there 17 days; had sold for \$27,000 for a plate of pork and beans, but had been indignantly refused, and laughed at for the ingenuity of his offer, by parting going further on, where this article was said to be *more abundant!*”

Jones is among the lame ducks, and pretty roughly plucked at that. But he still avers that if the financiers had only paid a good price for the ore at the outset, or Wilkins had only helped him to sustain the market when he asked him, he should have been the master of a pretty snug little fortune. If he only had it now, he would charter a steamer, and take his own freight and passengers for the gold mine.

The Hawk and Buzzard appears to have been “piggy-backed,” for the last time I passed that way the house was shut up. The business having amused itself by stepping over to the Roaring Lion, while the Hawk and Buzzard had flown to the city, “to watch the market.”

Crispin would only like to have one of those fellows tied for a while, until he had expressed his opinion on him with a stirrup.”

Smith appears to be solicitous to “make them intimately acquainted with the red-hot end of a poker—be’d smelt ‘em, dnm ‘em, and crush ‘em too!”

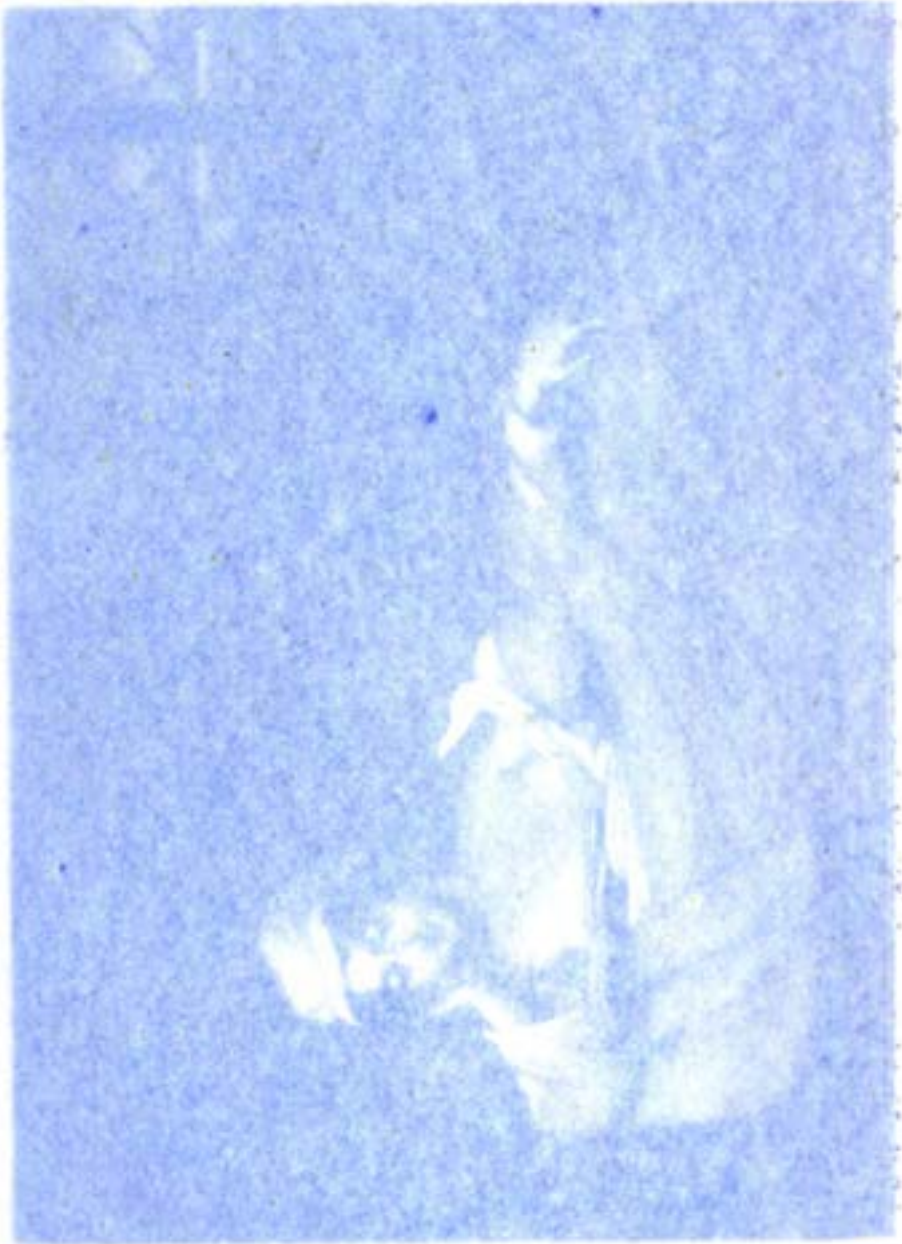
The “Dum,” the “Drift,” the “Cross-Cut,” the “Iron Pump” and the “Adute.” you can see as you go word-cock shooting next August—but the “Steam-Engine” and the “Mill-Wheel” never arrived, owing to some informality in the order given to the mechanics.

“THE CRUSHER,” it is supposed, is in California with its friends.

c. o. o.



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...the law proceeds in the land, and nobody looks behind for hobgoblin discoveries of his next door neighbor. Besides, reduced people are so contemptible! Put them out! With each new reign new peers arise, and so new houses should rear their tops over the old ones, when the owners are useless and the furniture tarnished.

Such a generation as we are! Such an age of

rested two red spots like the remains of a fly-blisther. He combed his hair into a stiff *taupet*, that made him look like an inverted furniture-brush, with the usual equivocal portrait of some very great individual upon it.

Fortune particularly distinguished Mr. Jones and saved him the trial of an impossibility—the one of distinguishing himself. She gave him the key to



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MR. AND MRS. JOHN JOHNSON JONES.

A TALE OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY ANGELA DE V. HULL,

"These are the spiders of society."

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones were commonplace people, but like him who cried because there were no more worlds to conquer, they were ambitious. There was one sphere within whose sacred precincts they could not enter, and they wanted—to be fashionable. They looked around—they beheld others, who, like themselves, had once been excluded from the "land of promise," and with a mighty resolution, determined to die or conquer—to overthrow the *chevaux-de-frise* surrounding Japonicadom, with "the impudence of wealth;" and at length—at length the charmed gates at which Mrs. Jones had sat in an agony of de-pair, burst open to her delighted gaze, and she rose in public estimation high as the frothy pyramids with which she ornamented her expensive suppers and baited her guests.

After all, and in spite of the old copy that we have written, about the root of all evil, money is a "great invention;" especially here, where it bestows wit on fools, beauty on beasts, and covering the blots on all escutcheons, forces us to that promiscuous mingling which our democrats democracy. How magnanimous it makes us! While the friends of the needy assist them down the hill of fortune and bid them farewell, they turn to help the lucky over its stepping stones, and lifting the pedlar's pack from his shoulders, rub them down, and push him into what we call "our first circle." And a pretty circle it would be, were the beginning known! But the shining gold that glitters through a handsome purse, is the *passé portait*; and like the princess in the fairy tale, nobody looks behind for fear of hobgoblin discoveries of his next door neighbor. Besides, reduced people are so contemptible! Put them out! With each new reign new peers arise, and so new houses should rear their tops over the old ones, when the owners are useless and the furniture tarnished.

Such a generation as we are! Such an age of

refinement! Who would sit down in the year 1849, to a dinner on a square-table! Who would touch any but a Westphalia ham—drink champagne from a narrow glass—take a cup of tea from any but a silver urn—sit in any but a Louis Quatorze—kiss a baby that wore corals—notice an acquaintance with a last winter bonnet, or a *visite* instead of a Jenny Lind? Dear me! dear me! I have been thinking a long time, and don't know anybody that would!

Mrs. Jones knew better for one—so did Mr. Jones; and while they were as vulgar as pride and ignorance could make them, learned to look upon themselves as "glasses of fashion and moulds of form." They had to labor for the distinction with a zeal worthy a better cause; and my readers shall have the benefit of their attempts if they are not already too tired to proceed.

Mrs. Jones canvassed among her female acquaintances for popularity, by calling, flattering, cringing, and sending them delicacies made by her own fair hands; and Mr. Jones, who was very anxious to be "genteel," studied Chesterfield, and wondered what it meant. He belonged to one of the first families of a state, in which all the families were first—an universal right of distinction. His connections would have been titled in an aristocracy; but their respect for the American government made them condescend to be plain Misters, Madams, and Misses.

Mr. Jones himself was a little fannikin man, with sharp, black eyes, and high cheek bones, upon which rested two red spots like the remains of a fly-blister. He combed his hair into a stiff *toupet*, that made him look like an inverted furniture-brush, with the usual equivocal portrait of some very great individual upon it.

Fortune particularly distinguished Mr. Jones and saved him the trial of an impossibility—the one of distinguishing himself. She gave him the key to

every door when she made him wealthy, and in pure gratitude he converted his soul into a cent, and his heart into hard specie.

Then, Fortune bestowed on him the would-be-elegant Miss Pushaw, as high-born as himself; and he was certainly a happy man when he stood up with a bride whose dress was, like Margaret Overreach's, "sprinkled o'er with gold." He was soon dazzled by her maneuvering qualities, and touched by the congeniality of feeling which existed between them. An adoration of fine clothes, fine furniture, and fashionable people, was the sacred link that bound these loving hearts into one; and upon their removal from the country to the city, no marble-cutter labored harder, or struck more small pieces right and left, than did Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones, when they fawned and flattered, and ran small errands for the neighbors that surrounded them, "the great Athenians."

Mrs. Jones kept a small confectionary establishment in her pantry, for all the ladies who fell sick; and Mr. Jones was kind enough to open a cigar and drinking establishment for the gentlemen who were obliging enough to call. They progressed, however, slowly in the affections of the proud — ians, and were somewhat discouraged, but recollecting the pretty motto of "Hope on, hope ever," they did not despair, and contemplated taking larger strides toward gentility.

Mrs. Jones had been originally called Sally, but changed the appellation for the softer one of Sara. Spring came on, and she resolved to follow the world of fashion to one of its favorite resorts, the little village of Quiproquo. She persuaded her loving spouse to rent one of its cottages; and covering some old sofas and chairs with new chintz, furnished it nicely and neatly enough to have satisfied the most fastidious. But to every visitor the same apology was made for its plainness; and Mrs. Jones informed them all that "her house in town was furnished *decent*, but she didn't like to bring out her mahogany cheers," while her husband's invariable rejoinder was, "Why, Sara, there are plenty more where them came from!" A mere playful allusion to the amount of his fortune, a fact he never lost sight of, and in time it had its due effect on his listeners.

This home became at length the *paradis-terre* for all the high-bred loungers that had nothing to do but smoke, drink, and play Boston in the summer months; the season of inevitable idleness for all Southerners of all professions—doctors excepted.

Mrs. Jones talked very loud and very much *du nez*; she took all the empty speeches she listened to for witticisms, and was forever busy in the service of others, running about shaking a little basket of keys, to impress them with a due sense of her importance.

Mr. Jones's wine flowed freely. (so did his brandy per parenthesis. Brandy-and-water drinking becomes a solemn duty in the warm weather, among the inhabitants of Quiproquo.) Then the boxes of best Havams were fast emptied, and clouds of smoke arose from the front piazza, frightening the neigh-

bors into thinking the house was on fire until they were used to it. And Boston! and what! there was no end to these favorite games, while the gossips of the village whispered that it was a very profitable amusement to Mr. Jones.

But there was still a Mordecai at the gate of poor Mrs. Jones's soul. Many had called to see her, whose nod a few months previous was as great as Jove's from Mount Olympus; but like all who strive for much, she wanted more. There was one card whose reception would at once stamp her "a peer," give her the right to place the golden grasshopper in her hair; for Mrs. Macfuss was one of the proud Autochthones whose boast was that she had never been but the first among the first. She had been heard to say that she could not think of encouraging such persons as the Joneses! And such a speech from the eyeshore of all eyes threw Mrs. Jones into hysterics.

Mrs. Macfuss's house was the house par excellence; her suppers were given in the Hall of Apollo, where Lucullus supped with Lucullus. The dinners were triumphs of culinary art, over which the very spirit of Udemust have presided. Her toilette was ever in the most exquisite taste. Her dresses gave the *ton*, and her patronage decided the fate of a mantuamaker for life. The entire race of milliners would have credited her forever sooner than lose the honor of her custom; and she it was for whose favor poor Mrs. Jones pined in green and yellow melancholy. She cried for very spite, while Mr. Jones swore that he would trample on the *don* proud set after a while.

They determined to make a mighty effort, and commenced preparations for a ball. Invitations were written on scented paper, and put into envelopes with embossed vines and bouquets over the seal. These were sent to her new acquaintances, and the "picked and chosen" of her old ones; and breaking through the charmed rules of etiquette, Mrs. Jones's cards were slipped into some of the invitations and left at Mrs. Macfuss's for herself and family. A band of music was engaged, and every thing prepared on a large scale.

Mrs. Jones was seen rushing in and out of the house in an old loose gown looking like—herself; sleeves up to her elbows, and said elbows covered with eggs, sugar and butter; while behind her ran Master Pushaw Jones, on a pair of hard fat, blue legs, his face besmeared with the same sweet compound that graced his mamma's arms, enlivening the scene with shrill screams for egg-shells, into which he con-cocted sundry messes that defy description.

In every sunny spot around the house were tables covered with cakes like pyramids of snow, so white and smooth was the icing poured over them. In the kitchen were fowls roasting and hams boiling; turkeys innumerable in their tin houses, getting basted and browned; and oysters getting plumped and pickled, peppered and spiced. There was more shuffling, running about, upsetting and breaking, than can be imagined, and fussing, to Mrs. Jones's content. Baskets of champagne arriving from town; blocks of ice; borrowed china and glass; lamps,

condelabras, &c., &c. Servants rushing out to assist the draymen, shouting, tumbling over one another in an agony of amazement at "Miss Sally's importance, and ransacking drawers and closets for cup-towels and tumbler-towels that were insufficient for all the wiping that was to be done.

The table was set out—and a magnificent one it was, if profusion is beauty. There was nothing wanting. Plenty of lights, too, were in readiness, and nearly all was completed the evening before, to poor Mrs. Jones's relief. She went to bed, endeavoring to think the fatigue a pleasure, and slept soundly enough to feel recruited.

But, alas! a bad day and a worse night damped her expectations, and she walked about, giving her directions with less buoyancy than the evening previous. Then, the fair moon was filling the earth with her silver light, and covering the galleries (whereon the guests were to have promenaded) with her radiance. Now, the air was damp and chilly, the rain was still dropping over the roof, and the roads were, of course, almost impassable. The grandees shrugged their shoulders at the idea of a wet drive to Mrs. Jones's party, and many who would have gone, remained at home for want of comfortable equipages.

The musicians called the quadrilles in hoarse voices, and their instruments were out of tune. The wind blew out the lights, and great confusion prevailed among the dancers. The icing ran down the sides of the cakes, the Charlotte Russes flowed over and the beautiful jelly, so perfectly moulded, melted away like a dream. Mrs. Jones was ready to swoon, but rallied, and talked louder than ever as she ran to and fro, in great agony of mind. Her husband suffered less; he was winning at cards, and the expenses of the party were much lessened as some of the guests pockets lightened. He even forgot the absent Macfusses, and wondered that Sara "took on so." Supper was announced—the champagne foamed and sparkled, the corks flew about like hail-stones, and every body was pleased but poor Mrs. Jones, who was glad when it ended, and lay down at length with a terrible *migrains*. Then came the nightmare in the shape of one of her own black cakes thrown at her head by Mrs. Macfuss—and so ended the party for her.

She had, however, the consolation of telling her next door neighbor, who was too sick to accept her invitation, what an "elegant supper she had, and how much it had cost her." She enumerated the number of empty bottles that had been full, the loaves of sugar that were broken up, and the hundreds of pounds of ice that had been used for freezing, &c., &c. The dozens of eggs, the ounces of gelatin! She had followed Miss Leslie's receipts, "and," added she, taking breath, "you know, Mrs. Hill, that you must go to vast expense for that, as she directs you to take the best of every thing."

Mrs. Hill did not doubt it, and as she afterward told her sister, heard an account so minute of the costs of the entertainment, that she could easily have made out the bills for the city confectioners and grocers.

"But she did not tell me who were her guests,

Eda; and I really had no opportunity of asking," said she, smiling. "Now I might have learned something more interesting for your benefit."

"Not for mine, Fanny," returned Miss Seymour, laughing. "Poor Mrs. Jones! she could not tell you that Mrs. Macfuss did not accept her polite invitation, and in her absence, she considered her rooms empty. Is she not a host within herself?"

"I should like to have seen her reception of Mrs. Jones's envelopes and cards," exclaimed young Seymour, rising from the sofa, and seating himself at his sister's side. "It is certainly a bore to have such vulgarians thrust themselves among us. Fancy your compliance with the request I heard her make you, Eda, to 'Come over and be intimate!'"

"You may look as disdainful as you please, my exclusive brother," said Mrs. Hill, laying her white hand upon his own, "but I prophecy Mrs. Jones's rise in the world of fashion as a thing of certain occurrence, as much as we all now laugh at and despise her vulgarity and ignorance. She will be as well considered as you or I, and more, for she has wealth, and we have only education and high-breeding."

"Tell it not in Gath! What, Macfusses and all, Fanny!" cried her brother. "Impossible! No one is a prophet in his own country, my dear sister, and thus I console myself for the shock you have given me."

"*Nous verrons, se gas nous verrons, Harry,*" said Mrs. Hill, smiling, "but I think I am right. Human nature is the same all over the world, and I have learned to study it of late years. Did not Lady Montague write, that wherever she had gone in her travels in Europe and the East, she met with 'men and women!'"

"Very true, Fanny, but if what you predict comes to pass, I shall play Timon of Athens, and fly to Texas."

"O, lame and impotent conclusion!" said Eda, rising and running her fingers over the harp-string, sending a full, clear strain through the apartment.

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting—"

I may forget Fanny's shocking view of fashionable human nature. She is a perfect old Diogenes, and deserves no better than a tub! Play, Eda, that 'music for a time may change her nature.'"

"Nay, sing, sister," said Fanny; "I will soothe his troubled spirit sooner. Sing something from Lucia di Lammermoor, and I will promise not to repeat my offence."

But Mrs. Hill was right. She did not presume to deny the title of every one in our own free country to the equality it claims. She would exclude none from the advantages of society, let their pedigree be what it might. She respected honesty, and venerated truth. She knew that wealth could not confer either, and was too often acquired in their absence; to her it covered no faults, mended no reputation, refined no coarseness of mind, and looking upon it as affording opportunities of relieving misery, ways of making others happy, of giving to genius the advantages of education and learning, it was no wonder

that she sighed, as she witnessed its daily influence on the minds and hearts of those with whom she mingled. There was no bitterness in her contemplation of its consequences, for she was too good and gentle to be envious, too pious to repine. She had been in the sunshine of the great world's favor, and was now beginning to see its clouds, as her means of affording mere entertainment to its votaries began to decline. But, although she felt privations, the want of comforts to which she had ever been accustomed; although she felt that wealth can bestow much happiness on those who know its proper use, she murmured not, nor thought more of those on whom fortune was conferring her choicest favors. No wonder, then, that she could foresee the success of Mrs. Jones, when with *her* accomplishments and fine, noble mind, the diminution of prosperity brought her less consideration. The mortification to her was, not the loss of fortune, but the mistake she made in fancying that her real worth had been appreciated. She knew that true hearts could not forsake her, that true friends could not be changed, and the rest passed from her mind as a dream that had lasted too long.

Winter approached, and after giving dinners, suppers, and picnicks innumerable in honor of her new acquaintance, Mrs. Jones prepared to remove into her house in town. At the same time Mrs. Macfusa was ready to do the like, and as mortified as the former felt at her palpable neglect, it was a comfort to know that their furniture-wagons went side by side for six good miles.

And so ended Mrs. Jones's first year of climbing. The ladder seemed not so steep, nor the ascent so difficult; she could look up and smile on those at the top, while hands were held out to help her as she mounted.

She dreamed of Paradise, and began to breathe and hope. Who would not in her place? She talked louder than ever, and began to patronize a few, offering to chaperone very young ladies, or ladies of a certain age. Her toilette was magnificent, and began to be elegant. Mrs. Jones had improved decidedly.

The house continued to be thronged with her usual visitors. Her parlors were a kind of club-room for young men who staggered about, half-sober, after having played cards all night, or rested their weary heads upon the satin pillows of her sofas, and dozed off the effect of the champagne. Mrs. Jones declined all further communication with her former friends, and wrote pompous notes to all who took any liberty with her name. It was a thing she could not think of allowing; she had certainly the right of choosing her associates, and neither herself nor Mr. Jones could permit any one to question their conduct in any manner. Indeed, she was often upon the point of requesting Mr. Jones to impress it upon the minds of the silly creatures, that she could not acknowledge the acquaintance of such a promiscuous set. They had fastened upon her during her residence at "the Creek," and she could not shake them off; she never dreamed of encouraging them, and

had resolved on her return from the North, not to notice any calls paid her by such an obstinate set.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the boom-friend of days gone by, upon hearing all this repeated; "she do n't intend to know us! Perhaps she forgets how glad she was when aunt invited her and her sister to a party, and they mortified us so, by coming with paper crowns on their heads, and little baskets filled with artificial flowers on their arms?"

"And every one laughed so!" cried another. "She came to see *me* once, with a colored dress on, trimmed all over with broad white ruffles. Was n't that a costume? I wonder who *she* is, to slight us! She would do better to recollect what she springs from. Indeed! the time was—"

But we have not time to repeat the angry sayings of Mrs. Jones' friends. Some were told to her, but she cared not a *sous*, since the old set and the new would never meet to canvass her pedigree or her paper wreaths of yore. So, bidding a long farewell to them all, she left for New York, in all the glory of traveling-dresses, trunks labeled "John Johnson Jones," and a white nurse for Master Pushaw.

CHAPTER II.

"I dressed myself from top to toe."

"Are you going out this morning, Sara?" said Mr. Jones, as he saw an unusual quantity of finery on the dressing-table, embroidered collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs and gay ribbons.

"Yes; I have some calls to make—no very important ones to be sure; I intend dining out to Mrs. Hill's place at Summerfield. But as I think it a duty to assist in putting down the pride of such people, I wish to go with some eclat, and will take Pushaw with me, to show off his handsome suit. Some of my friends told me it was folly in me to put myself to the trouble of calling, but I wish them to see how mistaken they were, poor things! when they took upon themselves to treat us with so much indifference when we were neighbors. The Hills are of no earthly use, everybody knows that! and I vow and declare that I saw Mrs. Hill wear that shine silk of hers two winters ago. I really must ask some of her acquaintances; it is worth while to ascertain it. I suppose I must go alone, for I could not ask any one to be charitable enough to go with me; and after this, I mean to cut the Seymour and Hill clique most decidedly."

Mrs. Jones took breath, and laughed at her own wit as though she relished it; and well she might, for the idea of her being able to "cut people" was a very funny one to be sure.

"Hill is doing a bad business this winter," said her husband, buttoning his coat, and straightening himself before the glass. "He'll be 'done up' at the end of it, I'll wager any thing, for he sold his beautiful horse a short time since, and a man must be in a poor way to part with such an animal as that is. Sinclair bought him, and hardly knows how to ride."

"Well, I'm sure I do n't care, for one," remarked Mrs. Jones, with great elegance of manner and tone,

as she threw over her shoulders a Brussels cape that had been sent up by her modiste for her inspection. "This is splendid, I declare! I'm glad Mrs. Puff thought of sending this; it is exactly like one Mrs. Macfuss wore at the Ford's fine dinner, and so it must be the fashion. As I was saying, Mr. Jones, the Hills were rather high with me last summer; I never could get them to come over and be intimate. Now there's Marian Fawney, as sweet a girl as ever lived, I had only to tell her once, and we've been like sisters ever since."

"Yes; a little *too* intimate for my good," said Mr. Jones, as he thought of the constant visits of all Miss Fawney's family. "It may all be very fine for you, Sally, and she may be a very good girl, but I think she loves rich folks, and no others."

"Well, and who don't?" replied his wife, who felt herself subject to a similar weakness. "Besides, Mr. Jones, her acquaintance has been an advantage, consider that! I have no doubt but that through her influence we shall have Mrs. Macfuss in our house before the season is out."

"D—n Mrs. Macfuss!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, forgetting Chesterfield in his indignation at the heartaches she had given him and his helpmate. "You expect the Saxons, too, I suppose! For they are as proud as the others, and as grand in their notions."

"The Saxons dine here on Monday," said Mrs. Jones, with a look of triumph. "They called this week, and I immediately asked them, reserving the news for one of your cross humors, and you were just beginning one at the Macfusses."

Mr. Jones "unknit his threatening brow" and congratulated his wife upon her cleverness. "And never mind, Sally," continued he, forgetting to use the more musical name of Sara, "I'll pull down those Macfusses yet, with the fortune I'm making; for I have sworn to be the wealthiest man in —, and I don't think Macfuss can say as much. I have the means before me, and if Will can help, 'there's no such word as fail.' Hurrah, Sally! hurrah!"

Mr. Jones was like Richard, "himself again," and almost upset the chifferoni in the middle of the room. His wife smiled benignantly upon his playfulness, but thought it time to end his exhilaration where it began; "for," said she to herself, "if any one should hear him!" So she dismissed him by reminding him of the hour, and Mr. Jones left his Penates for his sanctuary, the counting-room. In his mind, if mind it were, there was but one idea, the one of amassing wealth, and he was as unlike that being of superiority, man, as the sloth to the bee. While his limbs moved, while his fingers marked down the all-important figures, his mind lay dormant, his soul stagnant; and forgetful of the treasures that "neither rust nor moth doth consume, where thieves do not break through nor steal," he left unreaped for the harvest which we are bound to reap—the harvest of a good and useful life. Where his treasure was, there also was his heart; but such things pass away, and will be like a drop in the ocean; where then would lie the benefit of all this toil, these struggles for the vain possessions of a passing world?

Equally heedless of her real fortune, his wife proceeded to her duty of *une grande toilette*. Calling her sable handmaid, she gave directions for Master Pushaw's outfit, upon this unusual occasion for display.

"Dress him in the suit that came from the North, Cilla," said she, with an air of Zenobian authority. "I wish to take him with me. Be prompt, and do not cross him, for he would cry, and I cannot have his face swollen. It will disfigure him."

There were few charms to destroy in Master Jones's little dish-face, but his mother descended to the front parlor with a Gracchi perception of greatness in embryo, and walked up and down before the pier-glass until her father's softened image followed her. Sundry shrill screams had found their way below, but as the injuries were entirely confined to poor Cilla's face and hands, Mrs. Jones was satisfied. She surveyed him attentively, and the result was satisfactory; although Master Pushaw looked very much as if he were about to mount Miss Foote for a race, or a circus pony for a ride around the ring. His clothes were remarkable for their gay color, and he wore a fools-cap, whose long gold tassel swung to and fro as his motions grew animated. We have seen little creatures dressed like, and resembling him—but they were not children.

Mrs. Jones was whirled off in triumph to Mrs. Hill's. A pretty cottage, elegantly but simply furnished, stood unmoved as the splendid equipage dashed up to the front door. A servant opened it, at sound of the bell, and answered in plain English that his mistress was "at home." Mrs. Jones descended the steps, and was ushered into the parlor. Still there was no unusual stir about the place, the pretty portraits kept in their frames on the wall, and the flowers remained unwithered at her approach. Mrs. Jones's astonishment redoubled, and when Mrs. Hill entered the room, her smiling, blooming countenance completed the disappointment of her guest. Nay, her quiet manner, and indifference to the mass of ribbons, flounces and embroidery that sat before her, gave Mrs. Jones nervous twitches at the mouth, and she at length asked for Mrs. Hill's little boy, certain of seeing him, as Master Pushaw looked when he was not "dressed in the suit that came from the North."

But the nurse entered holding by the hand a beautiful boy, whose smooth, fresh complexion was ornamented with only the bloom "Nature's cunning hand had laid on." His costume was as unlike a fancy one as possible, and Mrs. Jones felt the thorn deeper in her side, as his bright dark eye rested boldly and scrutinizingly upon his visitor.

"What a funny cap!" exclaimed he, as it swung to and fro when Pushaw turned his head.

"And so it is funny, dear!" replied the nurse with true Irish naiveté.

"Take the little boy with you, Charley, and get him a nice biscuit," said Mrs. Hill, and she felt relieved as the children left the room. "A glass of wine will refresh you after the drive, Mrs. Jones," continued she, hoping to direct her attention to a dif-

ferent channel; and pulling the bell, she ordered a tray of refreshment for her fashionable guest, not fearing to display the contents of her pantry to such practiced eyes.

Mrs. Jones swallowed a sponge cake, and washed it down with a mouthful or two of wine; but it almost choked her, and she rose to go without having dazzled Mrs. Hill with an account of her "elegant dinner-service, and the splendid silver tea-set." She remained imperturbable during the enumeration of the parties Mrs. Jones had attended, and the invitations she had been forced to decline, so bidding her hostess good morning, the lady stepped into her carriage with a feeling of bitter disappointment, "for" said she, "Mrs. Hill don't look at all as though her husband were doing a bad business. Mr. Jones must be mistaken; no woman on the verge of poverty could ever look as undisturbed as she did this morning."

No woman like Mrs. Jones could have been cheerful under the sad reverses of the young creature whom she chose to despise. Her aim was fashion—her idol wealth. Mrs. Hill cared for neither; she struggled to preserve in adversity the happiness that had begun in prosperity. The object of the visit she received was intelligible to her, and her only emotion was one of pure amusement as she resumed her quiet rational pursuits. Mrs. Jones would have disdained pleasures that occasioned no display. Fanny felt grateful to the Giver of all good for the resources that supplied the place of the worldly amusements in which she could no longer afford to participate; and felt that however they may gratify for a time, they leave, from their uselessness, a void in the heart.

That night, while she and her husband sat together in animated, sprightly discourse over some work they had been reading, four people were assembled around the centre-table in one of Mrs. Jones's handsome parlors. The lady herself, her husband, and Miss Fawney, with her brother, a little snub-nosed, purple-visaged tellow, conceited, of course, and fond of talking.

Mrs. Jones held a pencil in her hand. Before her lay a *portfeuille* of unexceptionable shape and hue, and on a sheet of satin paper she was writing a list of the guests to be invited to a ball Miss Fawney thought it advisable for her to give. It was a popularity party, but as she catered for patronage that needed notes from the élite, not from the vulgar, it was a very exclusive affair.

"Every thing shall be perfectly *déglant*, Marian—so be as select as you please, my love, I fear no rivalry in business like this; Mrs. Macfuss shall see herself at home, if she accepts," said Mrs. Jones, raising her head proudly, and smiling as she concluded.

"That's right, Sara!" said her husband, stroking his small crop of whiskers. "Go the whole hog, and give us something out of the way." (Mr. Jones was forgetting Chesterfield, decidedly, but then he had not so much need to learn refinement, since his rise in the world.)

"Do mind him for once, Mrs. Jones, although you ladies don't love obedience to the conjugal yoke,"

observed Mr. Fawney, screwing up his face to refrain from laughing at his own wit. "All the young men in town are wishing that you would give a party. They know what they may expect, I can tell you."

"Do they, indeed?" said the lady, expanding. "Then lose no time, Marian Fawney, I leave the invitations to you, for you know none but the first people here, and we can ask as many as you will write down. I give you *coorte blanche*."

"Will you, dear Mrs. Jones," cried she, embracing that lady with great affection, and filled with delight at the commission given her. "How kind of you to leave every thing to me! But then you know how much I feel—" Miss Fawney here wept a little, and wiping her eyes and snuffling, resumed: "Now we'll begin with—the Macfusses, of course—then the Fentons—"

"But none of them have called on Sara," interrupted Mr. Jones.

"But they will—I know that they intend it. Mrs. Macfuss told me the other day that Mrs. Jones entered a room like a Parisian, and that her dress was perfect!" said Marian.

This appressed Mr. Jones, and so enraptured his wife, that it was a pity it was not true; but Miss Fawney told an untruth so gracefully that falsehood became in her *plus belle que la belle vérité*.

"Shall Mrs. Hill be invited?" asked she in a tone that plainly demanded a negative.

"Nigh as well," said Mr. Jones, picking his teeth with fashionable ease.

"Poor thing!" sighed Miss Fawney, while her face lengthened as she assumed a look of compassion, "does she go out this winter?"

"Mrs. Jones says her husband does a bad business this season," observed Mrs. J. "She can't get a ball-dress, what's the use of tempting her?"

"Ever principled, my dear Mrs. Jones!" cried Miss Fawney, much affected a second time, but restraining her tears. "However, she might borrow one from her sister," continued she, feeling that the more she dwelt upon Mrs. Hill's reverses, the less inclined Mrs. Jones was to be polite to her.

"Don't it, let 'em come!" said the master of the house, conscious of no reason for slighting people who were never rude. "What's the difference to Sally how they dress! She don't lose by it, does she?"

"You have such a kind heart!" cried Marian, taking his hand, and gazing upon him with a look of two-fold approbation; but Mr. Jones turned away, wondering inwardly "what in heaven's name the girl was forever crying about!"

"Come, Sara, decide! shall the invitation be written, or not?" said he, somewhat impatiently.

"No!" said the lady, positively, for she had just remembered Mrs. Hill's indifference to her costly silk, her new carriage, and Pusbaw's fancy cap.

"Fanny," said Miss Seymour, as she stepped from her carriage one evening at her sister's door, "come with me, wont you? I am going to drive on to the city, having some *emplettes* to make, and we can call

on Mrs. Jones as we return. The sound of her silvery voice will re-animate you this evening, for you do not look so well."

Mrs. Hill was not as cheerful as was her wont, for her prospects did not brighten, and she had been sitting on the steps, thinking, until a few tears rolling over her sweet face, left their glaze, and did not escape Eda's eye of affection. Ever willing to oblige, however, and anxious to resume her usual looks, before her husband should return to mark and grieve over her sadness, she assented.

"You must wait awhile, Eda, until I change my dress; I must put on a more ceremonious costume, for Mrs. Jones has ceased asking me to 'come over and be intimate' since my fortunes are changing. This *satin de laine* would be an insult after the magnificence with which she assailed me two weeks ago? Can you give me time to make *une toilette soignée*?"

"Certainly," said Miss Seymour, seating herself and taking her little nephew on her lap, "although you require but a slight change in my humble opinion, to present yourself at Mrs. Jones's door." Fanny smiled and hastened in; but soon returned, looking pretty enough to make the fine lady jealous, in despite of her simple attire. She had that real elegance of manner which Mrs. Jones so much admired in herself, but could not see in others that failed to prosper in the world's estimation.

She was "at home," the servant said, and they were ushered in by an African damsel, in washing attire. Her clothes were looped about her waist like a *Blanchisseuse*, and she displayed a pair of ebony legs ending with wide, naked feet. Her drapery was not like her mistress's company, "select," but seemed to hold the accumulated dust and dirt of the house.

Seated in the parlors, the sisters had leisure to contemplate the contents of the apartment they had often heard described. Two portraits hung opposite. One represented Mrs. Jones in ball costume, giving the finishing touch to her toilette. On her lap was a very work-box looking casket, out of which she was taking a string of most unequivocal wax-beads, supposed to resemble pearls.

Mr. Jones sat bolt upright, with a book in his hand looking very learned, and very much puzzled about some weighty question.

But what struck them most was, that on the tables in the corners, stood cake-baskets, covered with doilies, and candlesticks innumerable were disposed about the room, with unlit candles, and curled paper wound around them. Some of the baskets contained cake that plainly looked, "don't touch me yet," and we forgot to mention a tub of rather muddy water that stood in the middle of the folding-doors, on a large oil-cloth, as though the dark damsel, with the very short garments, had been interrupted in the act of scouring paint at this untimely hour.

"Mrs. Jones has scrubbing done at a strange time," said Eda, pointing to the implements before mentioned.

"Hush, Eda! I'm sure that we have called at a very wrong hour," said Fanny, pointing in her turn to the cake and candles. "Does not that look like a bidding of guests to the banquet hall?"

"It does, indeed. What have we done, Fanny? How could we know of such preparations when the stupid girl said her mistress was at home? The idea of scouring at such an hour, too! Housekeeping should be like the mechanism of the clock—we know that it goes, but do not see the operation. When was our house ever seen in such a trim by visitors?"

"In such an *extrim*, you mean to say," said Fanny; "but pray do not laugh, Eda, it is like hypocrisy to do so now, that we have given ourselves the trouble of coming to see Mrs. Jones."

"You are too good, Fanny; but if you keep your face serious in that absurd way, striving to practice what you preach, I shall shriek out," replied her sister. "Do laugh, if you feel like it."

"No, Eda, no!" said Fanny, trying to look grave. "Do not make me act rudely. We have made the mistake, for we live in the country and hear none of these 'fine ladies' doings."

"Pshaw! Mrs. Jones cannot give a party without my hearing of it; she owes me the invitation, and you also."

"I never shall expect one," said Mrs. Hill, smiling, and the servant entered to ask "if Miss Seymour were in the parlor."

"Miss Seymour and Mrs. Hill," said Eda, wondering what was to come next.

"Well, then, marm, Miss Sary say, (and I told her 't was you and Mrs. Hill, too,) that she's been busy all day, and can't see no company. Here's a ticket for you to come to the party. Miss Sary say she never had no time to send it out in the country, but long 's you are here, she told me to fetch it down. They a'nt none for you marm," turning to Fanny.

This new way of sending invitations was, in reality, ignorance on the part of poor Mrs. Jones. She had not yet been out as far as Mr. Seymour's country-seat, and thought it an excellent idea to take advantage of Eda's presence in the house. The neglect of Mrs. Hill was intentional, as we have seen, but it was now difficult to say which was most uncontrollable, Eda's indignation, or her sister's amusement.

"I have a mind to send it back to her," cried Eda, in French. "What gross impertinence!"

"Ignorance, sister; she know no better, and I told you I expected nothing from Mrs. Jones," said Fanny. "Do let us go, dear Eda! I cannot help it now, I must laugh! Come!"—and she led the way out, observing that she ought to forgive it, as Mrs. Jones had not yet unlearned her *habitudes de chaudières*. The door stood open, and behind it was Mrs. Jones, intent upon hearing what comments were passed by Mrs. Hill, when she found herself "neglected." She had the great satisfaction of knowing that she was seen, for Fanny's merry eyes rested full upon her; and she was somewhat disappointed as she heard the sweet, silver laugh that echoed behind them as the carriage rolled away.

This was not pleasant, but Mrs. Jones remem-

bered that Mrs. Hill saw no one now, "and, of course, Miss Seymour won't come when her sister is not invited. I wish I had not kept on this old gown, since they spied me out; but, lor! it don't make any difference. I wonder what they said, too; I could n't tell from here."

She asked Cilla; but Cilla replied that "they did n't talk Merrican, and how could *she* understand? But I tell you what, Miss Sarly, I didn't like to invite one 'thout tother; and I felt very uncomf'ortable 'bout it, too!"

So Cilla had the advantage over her mistress in good feeling at least, but she was told to hold her tongue and go to her work, and no one was ever the wiser by it. But as we wish to give only an account of the rise of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson Jones, we must pay less attention to the little incidents of everyday life.

To have slighted Mrs. Hill, "whose husband did a bad business," was one triumph—to have secured Eda's non-attendance, another. But to receive Mrs. Macfuss's acceptance, was one worthy of the gods! This joyful blow was too much for Mrs. Jones's nervous system! She had the paint resoured, and Cilla, much discomforted, observed (out of her lady's hearing, of course,) "that if cos Mrs. Macfuss is a comin' I has to do all my work over, I wish, (oh, my sakes! if Miss Sarly could hear me!) she 'd a kept her 'ceptance to herself. Here 's Miss Sarly almost out her head, and when the 'oman *do* come, she 'll be crazy as a cool—and cools is bad off for sence."

Cilla was not far wrong. When Miss Fawney communicated the intelligence that an acceptance was to be sent on the morrow, Mrs. Jones ran about in playful bewilderment and relieved herself a little by adding some extra-artificiality to her dress. She borrowed more candlesticks and lamps, and had some idea of illuminating the house from attic to cellar, ordering lanterns to be hung at the gate, that Mrs. Macfuss might not mistake. "And now, Marian, my dear child," continued she, turning to her convenient friend, "do tell me what Mr. and Mrs. Macfuss like best to eat. What more *can* I have on my table that they would relish? I know they always have the finest of every thing—think well now, and let me know."

Miss Fawney was a little puzzled at first, but suddenly recollected what she liked most herself, so informed Mrs. Jones that Mr. Macfuss was very fond of *paté de foie gras*, and also of oyster gumbo.

"The gumbo I have prepared, my love, of course; but the potty dee foy graws I had almost forgotten. Gourmand has quantities of potties, as he is a Frenchman, and imports those articles from Paris direct. I think you said Mrs. Macfuss liked sherbet and lemon ice cream?"

No; Miss Fawney liked vanilla best, and affirmed that Mrs. Macfuss was very partial to it.

"Is she, indeed! Oh, Marian, I had ordered lemon!" cried Mrs. Jones, in distroy. "Come,

we'll go to Praline's this instant and reverse it. And those pine apples. They must be rich. Smith! hire the carriage round immediately; I'll go up and put on my bonnet, Marian," and when Mrs. Jones arrived at Praline's her heart dilated as she saw in how much consideration she was held by her confectioner and his wife. They were all smiles and smiles, particularly as she constantly repeated "you know now, Mrs. Praline, that I mind no expense whatever." And Miss Fawney called her an extravagant creature! "But I knew, Mrs. Jones, that when you did give a party, it would be a magnificent affair!"

And so, indeed, it proved. The weather was fine and everybody came. Mrs. Macfuss meeting her own set, and seeing so much display, was reconciled to her new acquaintance. Mr. Macfuss, seeing a magnificent supper and drinking the finest of wines, shook hands with his host, and asked him to come and see him sociably.

There was a pleasant combination of things. The host and hostess said they never would regret the ball, and Miss Fawney was profuse in her congratulations. At length they had reached the goal, and began to feel with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummies, the sweets of popularity.

Mrs. Jones was heard soon after to say that she had scarcely time to take her meals, people so thronged the house; and before she was quite aware of it, she had asked Mrs. Macfuss to come over and be intimate!

One evening, as Mrs. Hill and her brother stood together at the gate of her pretty cottage, a handsome equipage dashed by, filling with dust the mounds of the plebeian pedestrians on either side of the smooth road through Summerfield.

Two ladies were on the back seat, while in front sat two little boys, looking very gravely at one another. The driver had on a coat filled with brass buttons—and this was called a livery; so the whole effect was very grand and imposing.

"Who was that, Fanny?" said young Seymour; "whose carriage is that?"

"The carriage belongs to Mrs. John Johnson Jones, brother. Did you not see her?"

"I did not recognize her—she bowed, did she not?"

"Not she, my good sir; she never bows so low. Could you not see how stiff the lady was?"

"Then who did bow to you just now?"

"Mrs. Macfuss," said Fanny, smiling archly.

"Whew! Whose little innocents were those in front?"

"Master Pushaw Jones and Master Johnny Macfuss."

Mr. Seymour paused.

"Fanny," said he at length, "I'll go to Texas. I see that Mrs. Macfuss has been over, and is intimate!"

LINES TO AN IDEA THAT WOULDN'T "COME."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained and dim?"

"Has Hope like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?"

Oh! fondly wished for, why delay?
This virgin page awaits thee—
It's waited since the dawn of day—
What can it be belates thee?

Thou ne'er wilt find a nicer couch,
A softer or a fairer?
Thou ne'er wilt find a desk to which
Thy coming could be rarer.

Oh! airy rover, rainbow-winged!
Oh! coy and cold deceiver!
Alight upon this beggar leaf,
And blessed be forever!

Alight and shut your gleaming wing,
And let my verse be amber,
To make for you, while glad you sing,
A fitting, fairy chamber!

Whether around the dainty tip
Of Whitman's pen you hover,
Or rest on Greenwood's rosy lip,
To greet some poet-lover;

Or hide in glorious Hewitt's heart
Until you're robed divinely,
Or lend impassioned Eva's line
The glow she paints so finely.

Oh! by them all, and by to me!
I'll entertain ye rarely;
My happy pen your host shall be,
And introduce you fairly.

I'll dress you in the prettiest words
You possibly can think of,
I'll let you sip the purest ink
That e'er you tried to drink of.

Your rich relations throng to them,
While I'm alone and needy;
And though I cannot sing, my gem,
In tones so rich and ready.

Be sure I'll make the most of thee!
While throned in state and glory,
Oh! think what pride alone to be
Unrivalled in my story!

Oh! fairy treasure, fine and fleet,
Oh! subtle, rare creation!
Whatever obstacles you meet,
Accept my invitation!

I'll give you welcome warm and true,
However strange you be;
And take what route it pleases you,
It's all the same to me.

Oh! come by telegraph from Maine,
Or by a junk from China,
By steamboat from the shores of Spain,
Or cars from Carolina!

But come—at all events—without
Another doubt or fear;
Fly, fly to this devoted heart,
And be—"my own Idea!"

A SUMMER EVENING THOUGHT.

BY COUSIN MARY.

See the fire-flies brightly sparkling,
While the night around is darkening;
See, above, the star-light streaming,
Part of Heaven's own radiance seeming.

Brighter than the stars' far beaming
Is the nearer fire-flies' gleaming;
This, a moment shall endure,
That, forever, calm and pure.

To our world-bound hearts are given
Joys of earth and hopes of Heaven—

Flitting in the path before us,
Star-like, beaming calmly o'er us.

Shame such choice to deathless spirits,
Who some god-like fruits inherit!
Groveling still, we turn our eyes
Earthward from the distant skies,

And to our benighted vision
Brighter earth than "fields Elysian;"
Dearer are the joys here given
Than the promised joys of Heaven!

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

(Concluded from page 230.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was the morning of the fifth day after the escape of Talbot and his companion. The land breeze, like the breath of expiring humanity, had become more and yet more faint, until it ceased entirely, and the flag that was wont to wave over the ramparts of the Moro Castle hung listless beside the staff which supported it. Into the cavernous recesses worn by the friction of the water, in the foundations of the massive structure, the sluggish waves tumbled with a dull and deafening sound. In the near offing lay the frigate, rolling slowly on the unbroken surface of a light ground swell, while the sails flapped against the masts, as if impatient for the breeze. In various directions, a number of vessels, differing in size and appearance, like the frigate awaited a wind to waft them to their various destinations. Beyond them, and until it blended with the distant horizon, save here and there a sea-gull noiselessly skimming its surface, there was nothing visible on the far-stretching and pellucid sea. Like a slumbering giant, the very heaving of that sea told of the latent power that dwelt within it, and conveyed a forcible idea of the might and majesty of the Great Being that made it.

On the after part of the deck of the frigate, screened from the sun by an awning overhead, sat Miss Gillespie and her brother. She, with an air of ninnitigated sadness; he, chafing at a captivity which he deemed illegal, and impatient to reach the shore and obtain his freedom. He had never understood for what purpose the soporific incense had been burned, or, boy as he was, he would have attempted the life of their insidious foe. He had imagined that it was an attempt on their lives, (for the disaster of the count had been carefully concealed from them,) and his sister had sprung from undeceiving him. Her pure nature could itself with difficulty comprehend such baseness, but was absolutely incapable of conveying an idea of it to another, particularly one whose disposition was naturally as unsuspecting as her own. She therefore determined to avoid exciting his suspicions, and even forbore to interfere further than by advice, when the steward, at the instance of his master, now able to sit up, represented that so far from designing injury, the object was to soothe their nerves, those of the lady in especial, after the anxiety and alarm of the evening previous. He also persuaded Frank that the count would exert himself to obtain their speedy liberation when they reached the port; and, that having found them on board of a privateer of the enemy, a class of vessels not in the habit of conveying passengers, he was, by the strict tenor of his orders, bound, although most reluctantly,

to detain them. These representations so far operated upon the youth, that he was several times prevailed upon to visit the designing count. But his sister pertinaciously refused to see, or receive any message from her persecutor, and might have departed from her resolution and told Frank sufficient to prevent him from leaving her alone, but that in her fears for Talbot she had forgotten every thing else.

Although a prisoner, confined apart and denied all intercourse, the mere presence of her lover in the same vessel gave her a sense of security. But now he was gone, whither and wherefore she could not tell, and she felt as if she were abandoned to the dreadful fate which so long had threatened her. To do her justice, too, her bitterest source of grief was in anxiety for the safety of Talbot. Had she heard nothing of him, she would have concluded that he was still among the prisoners, and by the strict vigilance of his guards denied the opportunity of communicating with her. But her persecutor was too malignant, was also too shrewd not to know that if he could persuade her of her lover's desertion, he might more reasonably hope for success. She was therefore but too soon informed of the escape, of which the missing boat was sufficient proof; and through others every representation was made, calculated to impair her confidence and weaken her attachment. But, like a mail of proof, her own integrity protected her, and the malicious shafts fell harmless, creating no pain, and scarce attracting notice.

Although young and inexperienced, scarce more than a nestling that had for the first time dived its wing, this girl possessed the noblest attributes of her sex, and hers was rarer than the ordinary love of woman. True, deep, fervent love, such as that sex alone can feel, cannot harbor a doubt. Undying and unchangeable in itself, it cannot comprehend that, of the existence of which it is unconscious. Often placed unhappily, often denied the communion for which it yearns, it looks beyond the grave for the fruition of its hopes.

"They sin who tell us love can die."

She had listened to the soft and hesitating whi-per of proffered love, and her gushing eye and maning cheek and throbbing breath had confessed that love to be requited. Her soul had mingled with another's in the dearest and the noblest union which adorns and irradiates existence—the union of manly strength with shrinking beauty; of the clear eye to look upon, and the bold heart to encounter peril, with the step hesitating and timid as a fawn? of skill to do and will to dare, with affection to sustain and fortitude to endure; of man, fashioned in comeliness and radiant

with virtue, with woman, the celestial link that binds him to a purer state! With a pledge as dear as it was enduring, they had sworn to preserve that union until it should be merged into that most glorious, holiest and most beautiful of all, which is effected in death—when their souls, stripped of the mortal coils which encumbered them, and wafted on the wings of love, should soar upward and onward, until side by side, inseparable as in life, and inseparable forever, they intoned their hymns of praise with the choir which surrounds the Eternal!

Could a woman capable of conceiving such a pledge ever falter, much less prove unfaithful? Never. And Miss Gillespie was as unmoved by the insinuations of those around her, as is the calm and placid moon by the howlings of a hungry wolf.

As the two orphans sat apart, occasionally exchanging a few words, and then relapsing into silence, the first lieutenant, an old and worthy officer, who, from the want of family influence, had long been denied promotion, touched by the sadness of the fair captive, approached and respectfully accosted them. He first confined himself to inquiries respecting their health and comfort, and made some cheering observations on their prospects of liberation. He then, after musing a few moments, left them and whispered a few words to the officer of the deck. The latter nodded intelligence, and immediately gave an order which required those of the crew hovering about to go forward to aid in its execution. The lieutenant then returning said, "Young lady, may I speak a few words with you?" and leading her a few steps from where her brother sat, continued, "I have two daughters at home, one of them about your age, and when I think how I should feel if either of them were in your almost unprotected situation, I sympathize deeply with you. Indeed I am not the only one. There is a general feeling among the officers to protect you if need be. You may rely upon our disposition to serve you—and now answer me frankly—Does your extreme sadness proceed solely from your detention here, and the escape and apparent desertion of your friend?"

"Oh no, sir!" cried she, immeasurably relieved by his words, "whatever may have induced Mr. Talbot to leave us, I am sure that he has acted for the best. You judge rightly," she added, "in supposing that I have other cause of anxiety than what proceeds from our detention, which, if we be not most unjustly dealt by, must terminate so soon. I have not dared to tell my brother what horrid fears distract me, for I know he would attempt something violent, that would most probably separate us, and I love my only protector."

"Our fears then are not unfounded, and the mystery of that night is partly solved," said the lieutenant, in a soliloquizing tone.

"What night? Of what mystery do you speak?" exclaimed the lady.

"Of the night you came on board. But is it possible you are ignorant of what I allude to?"

"I have not the most remote idea; Frank and I slept soundly the whole night, and did not awake

until late the next morning. I remember that at first we thought that an attempt was being made to stupefy or smother us with something that was burned, but, as we were not molested, we concluded that we had been mistaken. For God's sake, tell me what happened?"

"Young lady," he answered, "I have ever since sought an opportunity to speak to you; why is it that you have confined yourself below?"

"We often wished to come up," she replied, "but were told that the count was too ill to be consulted, and that without his permission we could not leave the cabin. But do tell me all about that night, I implore you."

The lieutenant then informed her of the condition in which the count was found the next morning, and the general belief of the officers that his villainous design had been frustrated by Talbot or Gonzalez, who must have been concealed in the cabin. They conversed for some time, and before leaving her, he advised her, as the count was nearly well, to keep always near her brother, and to write a note to the American Consul in Havana, claiming his protection, promising that if she would send her note to him he would forward it at once to its destination.

With diminished fear, and in a comparatively cheerful mood, Miss Gillespie returned to the cabin, and repeated to her brother such parts of her conversation with the lieutenant as she thought she could safely confide to him.

About the usual hour the breeze set in, and sailing "majestically slow," by the towering fortress on the one hand, and the gay and beautiful structures of the town, with its crowded wharves and numerous shipping on the other, the frigate, early in the afternoon, had anchored in the upper harbor of Havana.

Frank Gillespie, who was no longer restricted to the cabin, watched his opportunity and slipped into the old lieutenant's hand the note with which his sister had entrusted him. Soon after the ship had cast her anchor, the Captain of the Port came on board to pay his official visit. The lieutenant, who was on intimate terms with him, invited him down to his state-room, and there giving him the note, with the assurance that it was of very great importance, exacted a promise that he would transmit it without delay to the American Consul. The officer promised to attend punctually to the commission, and the kind-hearted lieutenant with great satisfaction saw him, a short time afterward, take his departure for the shore.

Quite late in the afternoon, when the ship was moored, the count, unable to go himself, sent the first lieutenant to wait upon the admiral and report the ship. About dusk, and before he returned, a boat came alongside for Miss Gillespie and her brother. The person who came in charge stated that the American Consul was absent and would not return for a day or two, but that his wife had prepared a room for, and would gladly welcome them. The message ended with an entreaty that they would come at once. They needed no persuasion, and with alacrity making their brief preparation, and without meeting obstructions, which to the last they feared, with in-

describable joy they took their seats in the boat and bade adieu to their late floating prison.

Talbot and Gonzalez, representing themselves as having escaped from a wreck, were kindly received at the little settlement where they landed, but instead of accepting the hospitalities which were freely tendered, they merely asked for a guide to conduct them into the interior, so fearful were they of being pursued. With much toil and privation, and at one time exposed to imminent peril, they reached the Reglos, a settlement opposite to the city of Havana, the very day on which the frigate arrived.

Afraid to venture out before night-fall, one of them feigned to be sick, and the other remained as if to keep him company, in the small room of an obscure *fonda*, which they occupied. They had remained for a very long time without seeing or hearing any one, when, about an hour after the ship had anchored, they heard footsteps on the creaking staircase, and one called out, "Is there any one above, *Margarita*?"

"There were two sailor-looking men there this morning," replied a female voice, "but they must have gone out, for I have heard nothing of them since dinner."

"We will see," said the first voice. But Gonzalez was too quick for him. He had started at the first word, and rising from the bed, which was at the side of the room, placed himself by the door, and quietly turning the bolt of the lock, withdrew the key. He then bent his head and listened attentively, taking care not to place it in a line with the key-hole.

The party, consisting of three, came up in the meantime, and two of them proceeded to an adjoining room, while one stopped and tried the door. In a few moments he rejoined his companions, saying, "All safe, they are out."

When Gonzalez started up and hurried to the door, Talbot was struck as much by the expression of his countenance as by the movement itself, and he had continued to watch him in silent amazement. But he was soon convinced that his friend was not insane. When the person who tried the door had retired, Gonzalez, stepping lightly to the bed, whispered, "Do n't speak or make the slightest noise, it is the rascally steward, with some of the cut-throats who resort to this side of the harbor. The count has some design afoot, and Providence has sent us just in time to save that unfortunate young lady."

Talbot needed no more, and with their faculties on the full stretch, they listened intently, and gathered almost every word of the conversation in the next room.

It was a festival day in Havana. The clang of the bells had been incessant since noon, and the air reverberated with the almost uninterrupted discharge of artillery from the forts and men-of-war. There was no diminution of light with the setting of the sun, for the clouds which slowly floated along the sky, threw back the blaze of the illuminated city, while, like an undulating mirror, the harbor reflected the myriads of lights interspersed among the spurs and rigging of the men-of-war. Along the shore, in each direction, bonfires were blazing, and from every point

as well of the waters as the land, was heard the whizzing sound of the sinuous and beautiful rocket, which, exploding above and around with an unceasing *feu de joie*, filled the air with its fiery flakes. The sound of music and the shouts of merriment commingled, and wafted by the breeze, fell gratefully upon the ear of the boatmen reclining upon their oars, and the distant sentinels making their solitary rounds on the ramparts of the castle.

As the boat with Frank and his sister pushed off from the frigate, another, and much smaller one, that had hovered within the shadow of the ship, noiselessly pursued the same direction. The first pulled for some distance up the river, until it had passed the city, and then stopped at one of the neat villas that lined its banks. The smaller boat, which, as the reader must have surmised, contained Talbot and Gonzalez, had been obliged to keep close within the other shore, to avoid observation. When the larger boat was turned toward the shore, the two friends, unseen themselves, distinctly saw all that passed.

"I do not understand this movement," said Gonzalez. "They have stopped at a *Posada*, to which the citizens, in their evening rides, usually resort for refreshment. There must be some change in their plans since we heard them discuss it."

In the meantime, the party, (with the exception of one who remained by the boat,) had landed, and ascending the bank, opened the little wicker-gate and proceeded through the garden toward the house. Talbot and Gonzalez were about to pull across, and had nearly reached the line of light when the latter cried, "Hush! back, back your oars quickly, they are returning!"

They again retreated within the shadows of the opposite bank, and saw two men, followed by a third, hurrying the lady rapidly toward the boat, into which they forced her, for it was evident that she was struggling. The moment she was placed in the boat, they again shoved off from the shore.

"I now understand it all," whispered Gonzalez to his companion. "They have decoyed the brother into the house, and run off and left him. I am sure, too, that the lady is gagged, for she does not cry out, although she yet struggles desperately. Stop, stop! What are you about?" he cried, as he saw Talbot begin to ply his oars with all his might.

"Do you ask me, with such a sight before us," replied the latter, indignantly.

"Nay, lay on your oars, I beg. I entreat you. Your precipitation will ruin all. They are four, and well armed—we are defenceless. They would slay us before we could cope with them, and then farewell to all hopes of the lady's rescue."

"What shall we do, then?" said Talbot, as he despairingly rested his oar.

"Follow them, as we at first proposed, and concert our plan after we have seen the place in which they mean to place her."

"Gonzalez," said Talbot, "you have not so much at stake as I in this matter, and you are therefore less agitated and better qualified to adopt the course we should pursue. I will not be rash if I can help

it; but, come what may, I will not again lose sight of Mary. She has no father; her brother is torn from her. I am her sole protector. I will die before I desert her for an instant."

"I have told you of my sister, Talbot," said Gonzalez, "and you must know I have a motive that impels me, which is as powerful as your own. Love is your incentive, and revenge is mine. Yours is the most impetuous, but mine, as the more cautious, is more certain to effect its object. I pray you be moderate."

"I will, Gonzalez, with the condition I have named."

While they were speaking, they had not ceased to watch the movements of the larger boat, which pulled about half a mile farther up, and landed on the same side. The smaller boat following their motions with the utmost caution, was run ashore a short distance below, and the two friends crept along under cover of the thick brush that lined the bank, to within a few paces of the ruffians. A carriage was in waiting, the driver standing beside it. As soon as the latter saw them, he opened the door, let down the steps, and then ascended his box. Two of the gang forced the lady into the carriage, and followed after; the third closed the door and mounted beside the driver. While this was taking place, Talbot was endeavoring to free himself from the grasp of Gonzalez, who tried to detain him. With a violent effort he succeeded, and springing forward, leaped upon the foot-board of the carriage just as the driver had applied the lash, and the horses started off at half speed. The remaining ruffian, seeing Talbot rush by, turned to pursue him and give the alarm, when Gonzalez sprung upon him, and violently struggling, they fell to the ground.

The patriot, on the eve of a battle which is to decide the fate of his country; the secreted lover, impatient for the footfall of the mistress of his affections; the young mother, beside the sick couch of an only child, are all less vigilant in their watchfulness, than the specious villain who seeks to hold a fair character with the world, while he covertly gives full indulgence to his depraved and licentious appetites.

The count had every reason to believe his plot well matured, and in a fair train for execution, and yet he felt restless and uneasy. The critical period between the conception and consummation of any conspiracy, even when the judgment sanctions and the true heart approves it, is the most trying of all the situations in which human nature can be placed; but when the object is detestable, the means base and treacherous, and the agents employed unprincipled, then, the suspense is torturing—for the slightest accident, the most trivial carelessness may frustrate, and the faithlessness of the least trusted agents betray the best concerted plot that was ever laid.

For some days the count had feigned to be weaker than he really was, and no sooner had Frank and his sister left than he jumped up and leaned out of one of the ports to see them embark, and to satisfy himself that no one from the ship accompanied them.

It is said that the Evil One favors his own, and in

this instance the adage was verified. No one had yet descended the side, and as the count cast his scrutinizing glance in every direction, his quick ear detected the light splash of an oar. Withdrawing instantly, he extinguished the lamp and excluded as well as he could, the light of the illumination which streamed through the opposite ports. Returning then to his first position, in a few moments, as his eye became accustomed to the obscurity, he saw indistinctly the small boat which contained Talbot and Gonzalez. The outlines of the boat were alone visible, and he could not make out how many persons it contained. It was, he thought, most probably, the boat of some poor fisherman, compelled to forego present enjoyment in order to procure tomorrow's subsistence for himself and family. Guilt, however, is always suspicious, and without being able to assign to himself a reason for his misgivings, he summoned his steward and gave him a few hurried instructions. The latter, immediately leaving the apartment, slipped through one of the gun-deck ports as Talbot and Gonzalez had done before him, and, unseen from the upper-deck, descended into the boat just before it shoved off. The fears awakened (wherefore he could not tell) by the sight of the tiny boat, had induced the count to change his entire plan. It was therefore that Talbot, when he found that the preconcerted plot they had heard discussed was not adhered to, determined not to lose sight of his mistress.

When the large boat stopped at the posada, the orphans were conducted to a private room, the steward and two of the gang remaining without, soon after a servant-maid entered, and said that the consul's lady was indisposed, and had sent her to beg that Miss Gillespie would come to her chamber. With unsuspecting alacrity the poor girl rose up and followed the maid. At a turn in the passage, she was seized, a gag instantly applied to her mouth, and then hurried to the boat.

Frank, who, unsuspecting as his sister, sat in patient expectation, started up as he heard a stifled scream. At the same moment he was felled to the floor by a blow of the ruffian, who, with a heavy cudgel, had crept behind him. The miscreant then dragging the body into a closet opening from the room, hastened after his companions.

The steward, as soon as the party landed at the posada, had dispatched a sure messenger to direct the carriage to proceed from the place where he knew it was in waiting, to the spot designated by the count in his last instructions. It was not distant, and, as we have seen, was at the appointed place before the boat arrived.

The steward and his party, warned by the count, had kept a vigilant look out, to ascertain if they were followed by another boat; but, themselves in the broad glare of light, they could not catch the slightest glimpse of the one, which, much smaller and screened by the obscurity, hovered sufficiently near to observe them.

The carriage, with the ruffians, the victim of their toils, and that victim's determined champion, was driven at a rapid rate along the road which ran

parallel with the stream for a mile or more, when it turned into one of the bye-roads on the right, which, as it was less frequented, they pursued at increased speed for nearly two hours. Overcome by terror and exhaustion, Miss G. had swooned away some time, and lay unnoticed on the back seat of the carriage. At length they stopped at a gate on the left, and the driver's companion got down to open it. Heretofore Talbot had remained at little risk, for the carriage was closed behind, but, as the man who dismounted would certainly wait until the carriage had passed through, in order to close the gate, he was exposed to certain peril of detection if he remained. The road was clear where it passed, and there was a slight ascent from it on the left, at the summit of which stood the gate. There was no bush or cover to conceal him, and to descend was out of the question. Beside the gate, on the right, was a large tree, that stood just within the inclosure. While Talbot hesitated what to do, the carriage ascended the slope, and as it passed through the gateway, one of the branches of the tree swept its roof. On the instant, quick as thought, Talbot caught hold of the limb, and swung himself into the tree. The rustling noise he made startled the man who stood beside the gate, and who had certainly been drinking freely.

"Hallo! what's that?" he cried, and springing up to the box, called out, "Drive on! drive on! It's a wild beast! But I'll have a shot at it," he added, as the carriage rolled on, and turning partly round, he discharged his pistol into the tree.

The driver, with an imprecation, had called out to his companion not to fire; but he was too late, and at the report the horses alighted, ran off at full speed. The ruffians within the carriage, as well as the one without, were instantly awakened to a full sense of their danger. They were all acquainted with the place, and knew that a short distance ahead, certainly not more than a third of a mile, the road inclined short to the left, to avoid an old quarry, which had a precipitous fall of 15 or 16 feet. As cowardly as base, each one thought only of his own safety. The ruffian in front clambered over the roof and leaped off from behind; the others forced open a door and precipitated themselves, one after the other, and all fell with violence and more or less injured to the ground.

Beside Miss Gillespie within the carriage, the driver alone remained, and he, with his feet pressed hard upon the foot-board, and with his body bent forward, bore his whole weight upon the reins. Although they passed with breathless velocity, he accurately noted every object along the road, and was prepared, at the critical moment, to turn the horses from the direction of the perilous chasm. With a quick eye and ready hand the instant that he saw the turn, with all his might he pulled upon the left hand rein. This over exertion ensured defeat, the rein snapped asunder with the strain, and the horses rushing headlong, were with the carriage precipitated over the bank. The driver fell upon some fragments of rock, and laid senseless and immovable. The horses, by their moans, and the faint

efforts they made to extricate themselves, showed that they were severely bruised. Miss Gillespie laid on the battered side of the carriage, partially revived from her swoon by the shock she had sustained and the excruciating pain she felt.

Talbot, unharmed by the discharge of the pistol, sprung to the ground, and hurried at his utmost speed after the carriage, as soon as he saw that the horses had run away. He passed the bodies of the ruffians on the road without heeding them, although one, rising up, called out and limped after him, and reached the spot a few minutes after the accident occurred. In his excited state, it was but the work of a moment to extricate his mistress, to press her to his bosom, to examine her hurts, and to hurry with her yet scarce animate body into the neighboring wood. His first anxiety was for water, and pursuing the declivity of the ground in a direction leading from the road, he soon heard the trickling of a rivulet. He laid his load gently beside it, and on examination discovered that Mary had received a severe cut in her head, which bled profusely, and that her left arm was broken. The loss of blood, the cooling effects of the water, which he freely applied, and the pain she endured, all accelerated her return to consciousness, and in a little while, was enabled to thank her lover in expressions, brief, indeed, but touching, and which, like the stamp of the mint on standard coin, are treasured by the heart that receives them in imperishable remembrance. They had no time, however, for interchange of feeling. They were strangers, and upon the grounds of a powerful and persevering enemy. It was necessary, therefore, that they should leave the place as soon as possible, in order that if overtaken, it might be on land not peopled with the myrmidons or subject to the jurisdiction of the court. With the simple means at his disposal, the water which bubbled at their feet, a few splints, made of the twigs which grew around them, and the bandages torn from his own garments, Talbot soon dressed the wounds, and temporarily assuaged the anguish which his mistress endured. She laid for some time without a movement or a murmur. The heavy air was laden with fragrance, and now and then the pattering on a leaf would tell how abundantly the dew had fallen. He watched her closely, in the hope that she was in a slumber, but he soon perceived that her features were occasionally flushed by intensity of pain. In truth, her arm had now begun to swell, and was exceedingly stiff and sore. He saw that it was necessary to procure shelter and medical attendance without delay. But whether should he proceed? The night was now far advanced. The pall of darkness was just lifting in the east; faint, tremulous lines of light began to stream along the sky, revealing a succession of ridges of vapor, through which, with lessening ray, the morning star occasionally glimmered. The laborers would soon be abroad, and it was indispensably necessary to proceed. Prevailing upon Mary to make an effort, he was with the greatest difficulty enabled to support her, while they slowly threaded their way through the thick undergrowth of the woodland. After wan-

dering a short time, they came to a hedge of cactus, some of the plants in full bloom, the brilliant tints of their gorgeous flowers heightened and suffused by the golden rays of the now rising sun. They turned into a path which led along the hedge toward the high-road. On their right, towering above the tangled brushwood, were many trees, mostly large, and some of them magnificent. The most conspicuous were the *assamah*, the *ya yati*, and the *roble*,* but the grandest and most beautiful, all of the lordly *frangipan*, with its deep-green leaves and thickly studded scarlet blossoms. On the other side of the hedge was an extensive field of sugarcane, in all the rich luxuriance of a matured and abundant crop. An immense mass of foliage, of the liveliest green, thick and impenetrable in its growth, its tops waved gracefully in the wind with a rustling sound that was borne onward until it died away in the distance. On the opposite side, visible through the hedge, the field was skirted by a forest, which, ascending a slope behind it, and becoming thinner as it ascended, left only a few trees scattered here and there along the ridge which bounded the western horizon. But Mary, striving to conceal her weakness and suppress the moans that were every instant rising to her lips, and Talbot, who was wholly engrossed by anxiety for her, could neither of them enjoy the natural beauties of the scene.

When they had proceeded a few hundred yards, they came to a small gate set in an opening in the hedge. Talbot soon forced it open, and they emerged upon a wagon-road which ran between the hedge and the cane. But Mary could proceed no farther, and seating her on the road-side, Talbot, himself in a state of indescribable anxiety, endeavored to cheer her with hopes of speedy relief.

CHAPTER V.

The first lieutenant returned to the frigate about half an hour after Frank and his sister had left, and was delighted to hear that the American consul had sent for them. Soon after he had made his report, the count ordered his boat, and left the ship. Supposing that he was summoned ashore by some of the letters he had received, the old lieutenant little dreamed that the departure of his commander, in any manner, had reference to the orphans. He believed them safe, and with many claims upon his attention, dismissed them readily from his mind.

The count steered his boat to the usual landing-place, and hiring a *calèche*, proceeded directly to the western gate. Here he was detained but a moment, for the officer immediately coming out, recognized his rank, and he was allowed to pass. Impatient of delay he took the reins himself, and drove with a speed proportioned to the ardor of his licentious passion, and his vindictive yearning, by its gratification, to wreak vengeance upon her lover—whose hand he felt sure had before frustrated him. There was a near cut through a neighboring plantation, which struck a road leading to the rear of his hacienda, and saved upward of two miles in distance. As he

* Spelt as they are pronounced.

was well acquainted with the owner of the plantation, without hesitation he took the road through it. Once or twice he thought that he heard the sound of horses' hoofs at a rapid pace ahead of him, but the rattling of the vehicle he was in rendered the sound uncertain, and he took it for granted that he was mistaken. When he reached the rear of the building he alighted, and liberally recompensing the driver, opened the postern gate with a key he carried, and proceeded directly to the house. To the attendant who obeyed his summons, he said impatiently,

"The young lady, where is she?"

"In her chamber," was the reply, and in obedience to a gesture of the count, the servant proceeded along the corridor and approached an apartment at its extremity.

"Fools! Why have they put her there?" muttered the count.

"Señor?"

"Stand aside, sir!" and pushing by, he threw open the door and entered the apartment. As he did so, he started back appalled and terrified. Propped on a bed, catching her breath with difficulty, was a dying woman. The blood was streaming from her mouth, and at each respiration gurgled in her throat. It was the young, the once pure and lovely Esperanza, the sister of Gonzalez. By the bedside stood the brother, regarding him with a look of fixed and deadly hatred. But he moved not his arm from the sinking form it supported. The unhappy girl with staring eyes and outstretched hands, uttering inarticulate and guttural sounds, strove in vain to speak to them. In the effort the attenuated chords of life were snapped asunder, and she fell back a corpse.

"Conde de Ureña," said Gonzalez, "behold your work! I came here to protect the victim of your present plot—little dreaming of the sight that awaited me. That poor girl must be avenged! You or I, one or both, must bear Esperanza company." As he looked toward the bed his voice softened with emotion, but recovering himself instantly, he advanced to the door and bolted it; then drawing a pair of pistols from his bosom, he sternly added as he presented them, "take your choice."

"Not now! not here! to-morrow! any time! any where else!" said the count, his cheek blanched and his brow beaded with perspiration.

"Here! Upon this spot! This very instant!" shouted Gonzalez. "Vile seducer and murderer," he added, "you have killed your man! Where is your vaunted courage? Will that arouse you?" and he struck him a fierce blow. The count's face flushed, he clutched the weapon, and turning to Gonzalez with a look as vindictive as his own, sternly motioned him to take his position. How corroding is the effect of vice! Time was when the unhappy nobleman would have shrunk in horror from the contaminating touch of one guilty of a crime, the dreadful consequences of which, in all the appalling majesty of death, were then before him. And yet, more fiend-like than such a wretch, he stood in all the concentrated hatred of a duelist, prepared to take the life of the brother of his victim. By a career of

vice, the once honorable man had been converted into a demon.

The combatants confronted each other, leveled their weapons, and fired so simultaneously that the reports sounded as one. The pistol of Gonzalez was struck from his hand and one of his fingers shattered. Hoedless of the pain, as the reverberation ceased, he bent forward to see if his adversary were unhurt. Partially concealed by a spiral wreath of smoke, the count stood seemingly unscathed before him. But the moment after his weapon dropped, he pressed his hand to his side, and casting a look of anguish and despair upon the corpse of the woman he had ruined, tottered, reeled, and fell heavily upon the floor! The threat of Gonzalez was verified. Almost instantaneously, two souls were summoned to their dread account.

When Gonzalez sprung upon the boatman from behind, he took him so much by surprise that he had hurled him over and pointed a dagger to his throat before he could muster presence of mind enough to defend himself.

"Villain," said Gonzalez, "lie still, and answer me truly, or I pin you to the earth. I already know enough to tell if you deceive me. As you value your life, say where has that carriage gone?"

"A la hacienda Fraugipina, señor."

"Why does n't it go to Mariel, as first intended?"

"Yo no say, señor."

"Will you swear that what you tell me is true?"

"Si, señor, por mi alma."

"Pshaw! Your soul is forfeit."

"Por la Señora Nuestra."

"Well, I'll believe you, for my countrymen never deceive when they swear 'by our Lady.'"

He then permitted him to rise, and proceeded to question him further. He soon found that the ruffian could be as readily employed to defeat as to forward a nefarious plot. Gonzalez knew the hacienda well, and with the aid of the boatman procured a horse and was enabled to reach it some ten minutes before the count. Like the latter, he too had asked for la señora, (the young lady,) and by a similar mistake of the servant, who knew nothing of the plot, he was shown to his sister's chamber. He had heard of her ruin, but knew not that she had been decoyed from their father's roof. He found her very ill, and her agitation at seeing him brought on a profuse and fatal hemorrhage. All this, let it be borne in mind, occurred before the carriage had entered the grounds.

When Frank recovered his consciousness in the closet where he was confined, he could not conceive where he was, or what had befallen him. By slow degrees the events of the night were recalled to his recollection, and in great alarm he began to grope about in the darkness. When he found the door, and vainly tried to open it, he knocked and shouted loud and vehemently. The landlord and several others, astonished at the uproar, hurried to the parlor and threw open the closet-door. To their rapid and noisy questioning he could only reply in his own tongue, which was to them unintelligible. When, however, by his gestures, the landlord understood

that he complained of ill treatment in his house, he swore that the stranger must be some robber, who had concealed himself in the closet, and that some one in passing had locked the door. Improbable as was this supposition, in face of the mark of the blow which Frank exhibited, all present concurred in professing that they believed it true. A police officer was accordingly sent for, and the unhappy youth taken to the guard-house. The next morning he was summoned before the alcalde, who, too indulgent to send to the frigate to identify the prisoner, and, to do him justice, wholly discrediting the latter's statement of being thrust into the closet, condemned him to be transported for six months to the Castle St. Juan de Ulloa, off Vera Cruz, the last place held by Spain on the eastern shore of North America, and next to the last held by her on the continent.

Frank was taken immediately on board of a transport filled with troops and convicts, the first to recruit the garrison, the last to assist in repairs of the old, and the construction of additional fortifications. The youth, although well-grown, it was evident was not accustomed to, and could not perform manual labor. The alcalde had therefore sent a message to the commander of the detachment, recommending that he should be assigned to some light employment. The magistrate saw that the youth was a foreigner, he believed him to be a vagrant if nothing else, and he knew that hands of all descriptions were needed at that fortress. He therefore made no inquiries. That afternoon the transport sailed.

CHAPTER VI.

Talbot and Mary were successful in reaching the city unpursued, and had been four days in the American Consul's house, before, through his exertions, they discovered the departure and destination of Frank Gillespie. The sister was grievously distressed, and mourned her brother as dead, but Talbot pledged himself to follow and attempt his rescue, and although the fractured bone of her arm was not well knit together, she determined to accompany her lover as far as she could. Talbot was provoked to the resolution, to say nothing of a more generous impulse, by the refusal of the Spanish authorities to take cognizance of the subject. And Mary felt that without impropriety she could proceed to some one of the small ports on the route to Vera Cruz, if not to the latter place itself. She hired a servant to supply the place of the one drowned in the privater, and felt more reconciled to the peril to which Talbot would be exposed, from the assurance of Gonzalez that he would share the enterprise. The latter, dreading more assassination by some of the connections of the late count, than any legal investigation, kept himself secreted in the city, but was frequently visited by Talbot.

The only vessel in port bound in the direction of Vera Cruz was an American brig, advertised for Sinal. In her they engaged their passage, and after night-fall Gonzalez, in disguise, accompanied them on board. At break-of-day the next morning, they sailed with a fair wind, and had gained some distance

by sunset, when it fell calm, and with the land upon one side, and an expanse of water on the other, the vessel rode with graceful ease upon a prolonged but gentle undulation. The golden rays of the setting sun mingled in the zenith with the soft and silvery light of the moon in her meridian, and a long and lovely twilight followed. Seated on deck, apart from their companions, (for Gonzalez was too considerate to intrude,) Mary and her lover mused long and deeply. The hour and the scene were calculated to dispel their anxieties and to soothe their cares. When either was depressed—he, with the sad thought that of all his race he stood alone—she, that she was an orphan, and that her brother was perhaps lost to her forever, a glance around and above would give their thoughts a holier and more soothing direction; for the works of the Great Architect, the teeming earth, the slumbering sea, the brilliant sky, all proclaimed in language unheard but *felt* that mercy is His great and most peculiar attribute. It was indeed a lovely scene! Directly overhead, the moon shone forth in serene and unclouded lustre; a little lower, the fiery mars peered forth; then the resplendent orb of Jupiter, and in the same direct line, but just above the horizon, the beautiful Venus sunk to rest, enveloped in a mantle yet rich with the gorgeous rays of the sun which had preceded her. They remained on deck until a late hour of the night, for whenever they went below they were annoyed with the hum and fretted with the sting of the mosquito. At last they parted, Talbot throwing himself upon the deck, and Mary retired to her berth and soon fell asleep. If the waking hours of that pure-minded girl had been those of endurance, the visions of that night were ample compensation. Reclined upon her narrow bed, with the folds of the mosquito-net tucked closely around her, while, like the Cossacks before Ismael, the multitudinous insects strove to enter, she was either in fancy communing with the man she loved, or with Frank and her father knelt beneath the cotton-tree which shaded the grave of her mother, and listened to the gentle wave as it rippled upon the beach, while from the jeweled sky, fit canopy, for such a scene, the Omniscient eye seemed to look down approving.

Among the crew there was a dandy sailor who took especial pride in his flowing locks, and evidently sought to attract the notice of the lady passenger. The day before they reached Sisal, seizing an opportunity when Talbot and Gonzalez were below, he passed once or twice by the place where she sat on deck, and at length catching her eye, with a meaning look dropped a letter at her feet, and immediately retired. Mary had been beset with so many dangers of late; had been so often nearly ensnared by plots, that she at once imagined the letter to contain a friendly warning. She therefore hastily picked it up and ran below. It proved to be a genuine love-letter, and despite her sadness and the anxiety of her position, she laughed outright as she read it. Her unusual merriment drew Talbot to her side, and after exacting a promise from him that he would in no manner notice, or betray a knowledge of its contents,

she placed the letter in his hands, saying, "Don't be jealous—I will be true, although the offer is a tempting one." Verbatim et literatim, it ran thus:

"dear Mary is a name so sweet,

i loves to spell it as i loves to eat. i kites the ropes to spell it, i scratches it with a marling-pike on the rale, charming Miss Mary i addreses you when you walkes the deck so gracefull as a swan a swimming of a Rivver, i looks down upon you from the top as you moves backwards and forrards so musically, i wishes that I was a hawk to pounce down upon you and carry you of like a Duv in my Arms to sun luvly ileand in the sea. Sweetest Miss Mary i isent a Lofer, for my Parents is respectable and my father ones a Large factory in New Jersey, whar he makes a Grate quantity of paper, not your common Rapping paper, but big sheets for the Nuspapers, and sum a grate deal Finer for Riting upon than this, which is the best i can gett i is unfortun Mias Mary but i isent a imposter for my Father is ever so Rich and will give plenty of munny if i will cum home and help him in his bizziness. but i cant go home nor no whars els unless you will smile upon me i offers you all my prospicis. if you will except my sure if your charuing buzzom feels any pittty for a poor Retch who loves you to dispare. and you will cast them sweet killing ise on me, as you aires the deck, you will liten my hart of its hevvy lode and make it swim in Bliss. Yours forever until deth.

CIRUS LAMBERT."

Poor Lambert!

"It were all one,
That he should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."

But love, like faith, comes by inspiration, and whether it be a milk-maid or a goddess, a man has a right to worship the object of his affections. As we have seen, the maiden's first impulse was to merriment; but she soon perceived that the man was in earnest, and from motives of delicacy and compassion she remained below the remainder of the passage. The confinement was a brief one. The next afternoon they reached Sisal, and were hospitably welcomed by an American merchant, to whom Talbot had letters from our consul in Havana. Mary was immediately taken to the gentleman's house and cordially greeted by his wife, who insisted upon her becoming an inmate of the family during her stay. An offer most gratefully accepted. When the merchant was told of their contemplated adventure he became a zealous coadjutor; chartered for them a small, fast-sailing felucca, and purchased a cargo of salt, in order that it might be supposed she was on one of her usual trading voyages. He also procured for Talbot and Gonzalez, dresses such as are worn by the crews of these vessels.

Determined not to lose a moment, as soon as the arrangements were completed our adventurers set sail. Talbot with difficulty tearing himself from his mistress, who clung to him in all the reckless abandonment of grief. Coasting along the shore, they passed Alvarado and anchored the second evening under Anton Lizardo, until the moon went down.

They then lifted their anchor, and passing between Sacrificios Island (where a Spanish corvette lay) and the main land, they entered the port of Vera Cruz unobserved.

Although necessary for the prosecution of their plan, yet coming to Vera Cruz, in one contingency, very much increased their difficulties. It was indispensable that tidings of their arrival should not reach the castle, and yet they would certainly be communicated by the first flag of truce that passed over. They therefore determined to dispose of their small cargo at once—lay in a return one, make their remaining preparations, and with a telescope examine the works of the castle, to decide on which point they could with least danger approach, until near enough to execute the stratagem they had devised.

The south front of the castle, facing the city, was 223 varas, or four hundred and forty yards, including the south-west and south-east bastions. Along this front were 34 guns mounted en barbette, i. e., without embrasures. The south-west curtain was the nearest, directly facing, and half a mile distant from the town. Toward the north-east, protecting the sea front, was a tower bastion, which mounted a heavy gun on a pivot. This tower bastion, nearly triangular in shape, was completely isolated—its base line being fifty yards distant from the north-east, or outside curtain of the castle, with the water flowing between them—as also between the north-east and north-west faces of the tower bastion and the outwork—in a space forty-two feet in width. The outwork itself was very strongly fortified—indeed the strongest part of the fortification, as defending the point which, at the time of its construction, was deemed most likely to be attacked—as the engineer had not foreseen that before an attack, the castle and the town might be separately held by belligerents. The adventurers determined to make direct for a postern in the south-east front, where there was a landing of 2 or 3 steps, leading to a narrow platform, also of stone, which opened into a covered way. Along the wall, between the south-west bastion and the postern, were three or four rings inserted, to which, in time of peace, vessels were ordinarily made fast, to ride under the lee of the castle during the terrific gales so prevalent in the winter months.

At an early hour the next morning they started, and a number of the inhabitants who had heard of their intention to sail, were gathered on the sea-wall to see if they could escape both the fire from the castle and the pursuit of the corvette, then getting under way from her anchorage at Sacrificios. They cheered the boat as she left the harbor, and the loud vivas being heard by the garrison of the castle, several shot were fired from the south-west bastion, which dispersed the assemblage. A moment after the little felucca was seen standing boldly out, and a signal was made from the castle to the corvette, while several guns were brought to bear upon the daring little vessel—for hitherto all attempts to pass had been made at night. The gunner stood by one of the guns on the ramparts, and was about to

apply the lighted match, when his movement was arrested by an officer calling out, "Hold! it is a friend."

As soon as the felucca was well outside the pier, she hoisted the Spanish ensign, and with a loud hurra from Talbot and Gonzalez, stood directly for the castle. From the ramparts of the town were instantly heard shouts of execration, and several muskets were discharged, but without effect, and before one of the heavy guns could be prepared and trained, the felucca was close under the walls of the castle. As supposed deserters, they were received with apparent cordiality mingled with distrust, and were conducted forthwith before the commandant, who interrogated them long and closely. They represented themselves, Talbot as a merchant whose property had been confiscated in consequence of his inability to meet his portion of a forced loan, and subsequently sent to Xalapa for some remarks he had made on the tyrannical course of the government. Gonzalez professed to have been a resident of the latter town, and that he had long been placed in surveillance for his political opinions. That with his companion he had concerted and carried into execution their plan of escape. The tale seemed plausible, but the commandant was not thoroughly satisfied, and although he let them go at large, directed that they should be strictly watched.

The boat was made fast to one of the ring-bolts secured in the wall in the south-east face of the castle near the postern, and kept in her position by a line fastened to a light keedge astern. Her bow was about two fathoms or twelve feet from the landing. From the surface of the water to the summit-level of the parapet was about thirty-five feet.

The two friends had feigned to be anxious to get away, but the commandant withheld his consent, intending first more thoroughly to satisfy himself of their character. They rejoiced at the delay, even while they knew that it exposed them to increased hazard of detection.

Availing themselves of the privilege to wander about the works, they looked anxiously in every direction for Frank. In every direction but one they had looked in vain, and at last, almost in despair, Talbot approached the quarters of the commandant. Here, in the last place to have been expected, he found the object of his search in a kind of open office, employed in converting into intelligible English some documents written by an illiterate translator. At the sight of him Frank started up, and was about to rush toward him, but resumed his seat when he saw Talbot place his finger on his lip, and by a gesture indicated that the sentry who stood near by, was observing them. On a small shelf just within the door, stood a can of water, with a drinking-cup beside it. Talbot stepping quickly within the door-way, asked the youth in Spanish for a drink of water. The latter, understanding him, handed the cup, at the same time closely watching every movement of his friend. The sentry had in the meantime advanced to the door, and stood looking in. Talbot drank with seeming thirst, and returning the cup with a simple "*gracias*,"

contrived to slip a bit of paper, unseen, into the hands of Frank.

That night, Frank, complaining of the heat, obtained permission of the officer of the day to sleep on the south-east bastion, or bastion of St. Crispin, upon which the land-breeze blew, provided that he did so under the eye of the sentinel posted there.

Gonzalez laid himself down at the foot of the stone stairway or ramp, which led from the court of the castle below to the parapet above.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, shortly after the sentinels had been relieved, when the moon had set, and the light of the stars was intercepted by masses of clouds wafted over from the land, Talbot, with his cloak thrown around him, and a cap on his head, such as were worn by the officers, ascended the stairway, mounted the parapet, and advanced directly toward the sentinel near whom Frank had laid down.

The sentinel, taking it for granted that it was the officer of the day who approached, (for Talbot had observed, and now closely imitated his gait,) did not challenge until the latter was almost within the point of his bayonet. As he brought his musket to a charge, demanding the watchword, Talbot pushed the point of the weapon suddenly aside, and rushing upon, threw over and fell upon the sentinel. Frank now sprung up, and found that Talbot held the soldier by the throat with so much force that he was nearly strangled. Together they soon securely tied and gagged him. At a motion from Talbot, who, putting on the soldier's cap, and shouldering his musket, resumed the round, Frank fastened a cord (which the former threw to him) to one of the barbette-guns, and let himself down the face of the wall, landing upon the narrow stone ledge a short distance from the boat. While he was doing this, Gonzalez had stealthily crawled up the ramp or stairway, and creeping along the parapet, in like manner, lowered himself down beside the youth. Talbot then placing the musket by the gun, with the soldier's cap upon, and his cloak around it, followed their example, and reached his companions in safety. One of them then swam out and cut the rope which held the boat by the stern, but, on his return, found his companions in consternation. A padlock had been put upon the chain, and in vain they strove to part the bolt. At this moment the clouds had swept by, and they were thrown into despair by hearing the sentinel on the south-west bastion call out, "*Qui vive.*" In desperation they all sprung into the boat as the sentinel discharged his musket, and gave the alarm. With the strength which despair alone can give, they seized the chain, and with one mighty effort tore the bolt from the stern of the boat with a crash. The alarm was now general, and there was not an instant to be lost. Pushing boldly from the landing, they hoisted their sail with expedition, and stood diagonally across toward the main land, carefully keeping themselves in a line with the angle of the south-east bastion. There was great confusion in the garrison, several of the large guns were discharged, and volleys of musketry

were fired in the direction they pursued. The balls flew wide of the mark, and as the felucca was now under rapid headway, they began to congratulate themselves that they were out of danger, when, by a discharge of the heavy pivot-gun on the tower-bastion, loaded with grape, Gonzalez was struck down, mortally wounded.

The felucca reached Sisal in safety, but Talbot and Mary deeply and unceasingly mourned the loss of their true and invaluable friend. And Frank bitterly grieved that his freedom should have been purchased at such a sacrifice. He was, indeed, worthy of all regret—but a cloud had overshadowed his sun of life. He would have brooded over his sister's shame until existence had become a burthen, and his impulsive nature might by unlawful means have sought relief in the cold embrace of death. He perished in a work of charity, and it is to be hoped that He who,

"When all our souls were forfeit,
Could the advantage best have took,
Found out the remedy;"

in His abounding mercy, forgave one act of passion for the redeeming merits of the cause wherein the unhappy Gonzalez met his death.

There was only one vessel at Sisal, bound at an early day to the United States, and her destination was New Orleans. Frank, his sister and Talbot, accordingly took passage in her, and reached the south-west pass of the Mississippi just as a gale was coming on. The country above had been overflowed by recent heavy rains, and what between the current from within, and the swell without, they were greeted with a magnificent spectacle. The waves of the gulf, driven before the gale, which had soon become terrific, encountered the onward sweep of the waters of the mighty river. The sight forcibly reminded them of Rebecca's exclamation in *Ivanhoe*, "God of Jacob! it is like the meeting of two oceans moved by adverse tides!"

Nearly the whole period of their stay was embraced in one uninterrupted storm, but the magnificence of the scenery compensated for the inclemency of the weather. Vegetation was still in full luxuriance, and the moss, pendent from the trees, and saturated with incessant rain, like dripping garments swayed to and fro in the wind, while low, rugged clouds trailed along but a short distance overhead, and a gray semi-transparent mist floated above the surface of the ground. The "Mississippi," unusually turbid, and swollen to the utmost capacity of its banks, with its mighty whirls and eddies, rushed impetuously on, bearing on its surface many a vestige of the devastation it had caused. Nor were the works of art, clumsy and unsymmetrical though they were, wanting to the scene, spreading no sail to the breeze, but drifting idly with the current, the arks and the broad-horns were whirled by with a rapidity that seemed to defy management. Wafted over the water frequently came the wild and not unmelodious sound of the bugle, while in the stillness of the night were heard the manly and sonorous voices of the boatmen singing,

"The boatman dances, the boatman sing,
The boatman up to every thing,
When the boatman gets on shore,
He spends his money and works for more.
Dance, boatman, dance—
Dance, boatman, dance—dance all night till broad day-
light,
And go home with the girls in the morning."

Steam was just beginning to be introduced, and the soothing solitudes of nature to be disturbed by the monotonous clank of machinery. Our party availed themselves of an upward-bound steamboat, and slowly ascended the Mississippi, whose turbid and swollen waters rolled far and wide beyond their usual boundaries. The river was filled with broken rafts, drift logs, and half-sunken and floating trees. The danger of running upon a snag, or encountering a sawyer, was great and impending. The current was so strong that their boat, although striving to keep in shore, would frequently be caught by a whirl or an eddy, and like a stray leaf upon a rivulet, would be turned round and round until striking against a tree, it would be sent into the mid current and again be carried for miles among the trees, from whose verdant tops the birds that had remained undisturbed by the rush and the roar beneath, flew at the boat's approach, as if aware that their only enemy was man. They also ascended the Ohio, whose limpid waters, gliding with a strong but not impetuous current, have won for it the name of beautiful. When they stood upon the

crest of the Alleghany, and saw mountains, "hills and plains as graceful in their sweep as the arrested billows of a mighty sea, and recollected that more boundless than the view, that verdant sweep is uninterrupted until the one extreme is locked in the fast embrace of thick-ribbed ice, and the other is washed by the phosphorescent ripple of the tropic, while on either side is heard the murmuring surge of a wide-spread and magnificent ocean,"* their hearts bounded with exultation as they thought of the unrivaled destinies of their country. As if on the high altar of the land of his nativity, Talbot, who had wandered far and wide, could not withhold his pledge of devotion, and the heartfelt exclamation escaped him,

"By travel taught, I can attest
I love my native land the best."

The commissioned officer, not unknown to fame, met with none of the obstacles which the friendless orphan had encountered, and Talbot's estate was settled without difficulty.

When the chastening hand of time had hallowed the memories of the dead, and substituted a Christian resignation for the bitterness of early grief, Edward and Mary were united, and through a since much checkered life, neither time nor circumstance, nor prosperity, nor distress, has for one instant abated a feeling which is fixed and unalterable as their future destinies.

* From a speech of the author's, 1844.

THE RUSTIC SHRINE.

BY GEO. W. DEWEY.

Their names were found cut upon a rural bench, overgrown with vines, which proved to be at once Love's shrine and cenotaph. *Legends of the Rhine.*

A shadow of the cypress bough
Lies on my path to-day—
A melancholy—which in vain
I strive to chase away.

The angel Memory hath flown
To old and cherished things,
To bring the light of early years
Around me on her wings;

And where the love-lorn birds complain
Within their green abode,
Between two elms, a rustic seat
Invites her from the road.

There shall she sit, as oft before,
And sigh us oft again,
O'er names engraved, which long have braved
The sunshine and the rain.

And one—it is the dearest name
On Love's unnumbered shrines:—
So dear, that even envious Time
Hath guarded it with vines;

And wreathed it with his choicest flowers,
As if the bridal claim,
Which Fate denied unto her brow,
Should still adorn her name!

Ah, well do I remember yet
The day I carved that name!
The rattle of the locusts' drum
Thrills o'er me now the same;

Adown the lane the wayward breeze
Comes with a stealthy pace,
And brings the perfume of the fields
To this deserted place:—

Unto her blushing cheek again
It comes—the blessed air!
Caresing, like a lover's hand,
The tresser of her hair.

The brook runs laughing at her feet,
O'erhead the wild-bird sings,
The air is filled with butterflies,
As though the flowers had wings:—

But this is Fancy's pilgrimage,
And lures me back in vain!
The brook, the bench, the flowers and vines
I ne'er may see again;

For this is but an idle dream
That mocks me evermore—
And memory only fills the place
My loved one filled of yore!

LUNA.—AN ODE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

*Casta Diva, che inargentis
Questi sacri antiqui piante
A noi colge il bel sembianze
Senza nube e senza cel!* NORMA.

The south wind bath its balm, the sea its cheer,
And autumn woods their bright and myriad hues;
Thine is a joy that love and faith endear,
And awe subdues:
The wave-tost seamen and the harvest crew,
When on their golden sheaves the quivering dew
Hangs like pure tears—all fear beguile,
In glancing from their task to thy maternal smile:
The mist of hill-tops undulating wreathes,
At thy enchanting touch, a magic woof,
And curling incense fainter odor breathes,
And, in transparent clouds, hangs round the vaulted roof.
Huge icebergs, with their crystal apices
Slow heaving from the northern main,
Like frozen monuments of high desires
Destined to melt in nothingness again,—
Float in thy mystic beams,
As piles aerial down the tide of dreams!
A sacred greeting falls
With thy mild presence on the ruined fane,
Columns time-stained, dim frieze, and ivied walls,
As if a fond delight thou didst attain
To mingle with the Past,
And o'er her trophies lone a holy mantle cast!
Along the billow's snowy crest
Thy beams a moment rest,
And then in sparkling mirth dissolve away;
Through forest boughs, amid the withered leaves,
Thy light a tracery weaves,
And on the mossy clumps its rays fantastic play.
With thee, ethereal guide,
What reverent joy to pace the temple floor,
And watch thy silver tide
O'er statue, tomb and arch its solemn radiance pour!

Like a celestial magnet thou dost sway
The untamed waters in their ebb and flow,
The maunc raves beneath thy pallid ray,
And poet's visions glow;
Medonna of the stars! through the cold prison-grate
Thou stealest, like a nun on mercy bent,
To cheer the desolate,
And usher in grief's tears when her mute pang is spent!
I marvel not that once thy altars rose
Sacred to human woes,
And nations deemed thee arbitress of Fate,
To whom enamored virgins made their prayer,
Or widows in their first despair,
And wistful gazed upon thy queenly state,
As, with a meek assurance, gliding by,
In night and beauty unclate,
Into the bridal chambers of the sky!
And less I marvel that Eudymion sighed
To yield his spirit unto thine,
And felt thee soul-allied,
Making his being thy receptive shrine!
A lofty peace is thine!—the tides of life
Flow gently when thy soothing orb appears,
And passion's fevered strife
From thy chaste glow imbibes the calmness of the spheres!
O twilight glory! that doth ne'er awake
Exhausting joy, but evenly and fond,
Allays the immortal thirst it cannot slake,
And heals the chafing of the work-day bond;
Give me thy patient spell!—to bear
With an unclouded brow, the secret pain,
(That foods my soul as thy pale beams the air,
Of hopes that Reason quells, for Love to wake again!

FROM BUCHANNAN.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

IN ZOILUM.

*FRUSTRA ego te laudo; frustra me Zoile laedis
Nemo autem credit, Zoile, nemio tibi.*

TO ZOILUS.

Zoilus, in vain thy praise I spend;
And vainly thou hast slandered me!
No one believed a word I said,
No one on earth would credit thee.

—
Qui te videt beaties est;
Gentior qui te audiet
Qui basul—sem deus eat!

TRANSLATION.

He who beholds thy charms is blest;
More blest is he thy voice who hears;
But he thy ruby lip that pressed,
To me a demi-god appears.

The above was unquestionably suggested by the lines of Catullus to Lesbia, beginning—

*Ille mi par esse Deo videtur
Ille, si fas est, superare Divos
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, et audit, etc.*

This poem of Catullus is nothing more than a translation from the Greek of Sappho, which has been rendered familiar by Ambrose Phillips' version.

“Blest as the immortal gods is he;
The youth who fondly sits by thee;
Who hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile, etc.

It would seem that Horace when composing his beautiful ode of “Integer Vitis,” had these verses of Sappho in mind, when he exclaims—

*Dulce ridentem, Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.*

The “*Dulce ridentem*” is also beautifully applied in the translation by Catullus.

THE RECLUSE. NO. II.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

IV.

FROM Paris, on the 28th of February last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a rainbow was distinguished in the heavens. "Bravo!" cried a workman of the Faubourg Saint Antoine—"See how le bou Dieu (the good God) also acknowledges the French Republic—he hangs out the tricolored flag."

This anecdote, though singularly French, who are noted for irreligion, does not strike me as betraying any lack of reverence. Could not the poor *ouvrier* in his ignorance really have presumed the rainbow to be a providential token? Instances of greater blindness might be recounted, which have happened at our own doors. Who does not know the stories of Millerite fanaticism? Are not the impostures of Matthias too recent not to be remembered in detail? The miracles which they pretended, and which were not too monstrous for the capacious maw of respectable credulity, were much more marvelous than the tricolored flag of the poor Paris laborer.

V.—TO AN OLD FLAME.

Written on one of the bitterest days of Winter.

Ah, Mary, thou art far away,
And never dost thou think of me,
But unto thee my visions fly
Like birds across the sea.

I loved thee once with such a love
As manhood only knows and feels.
Less shown by actions and by words
Than what the eye reveals.

Within the warm and sunny South
Thy form is folded like a rose,
While I, in Northern realms afar,
Am wrapt in wintry snows.

Perhaps a husband's arms enclose
The treasure I'd have died to win,
So that desire for thy sweet face
Is very like a sun.

But I'll not think it—let me dream—
Since dreams alone such bliss bestow—
That, ere we meet in climes above,
We yet may meet below.

And I again may feel a thrill
Of rapture as I sit and gaze
Into thine eye's delicious depth
Till all my heart's ablaze.

And I can hear thy tuneful voice,
With melody almost divine,
Sing the sweet songs I joyed to hear
In days of old long since.

But all in vain I strike my lyre,
In vain my burning thoughts unfold,
For, though my heart is warm with love,
My hands are numb with cold.

VI.—SHIPWRECK.

There is no event, by which sorrow is brought to mankind, which arouses in the mind of old and young a livelier horror than "shipwreck." There is something so terrible in the loneliness and obscurity of the sea, something so deplorable in the utter helplessness of the sailors, that there is scarcely any danger which we would not rather encounter. When we read of one, either near at hand or afar off, we involuntarily close our eyes, as if to shut out the awful scene; the noble ship helplessly reeling and tumbling on the billows, the pall of clouds, the driving rain, the white spray and foam drifting like ghosts over the water, some boat perhaps crowded with human beings, some broken mast or spar to which cling drowning wretches, and alone, all alone on the ocean-desert, with no hope of aid or success. Vainly do we strive to shut our ears to the cries of misery and despair, to the wail of the wind, the loud lamenting of the surge, the deep groans of the vessel as her timbers part, and the noblest fabric of human skill is about to be torn to fragments and utterly destroyed.

Lord Byron, describing a ship under full sail, uses the forcible expression,

"She walks the water like a thing of like."

There is as much truth as beauty in this. Indeed it is difficult to imagine so proud and glorious an object, moving obedient to reason and command, to be nothing more than an inanimate mass. Behold her, as she sets out upon her voyage, with a fair sky and favoring breeze! How gracefully she parts the waters and sweeps onward! Is not that form instinct with feeling and endowed with intellect? No! she is but a wonderful piece of mechanism; but the dullest fancy might imagine her a being, an intelligence, capable of volition, powerful in deed. Observe her, too, when overmastered by the tempest and made subject to the waves, she drifts powerless along! Does she not seem to suffer human pangs in her struggles, and to die with all of mortal agony?

The attachment, I might say friendship, which seamen entertain for particular vessels is not to be wondered at. The deck is the home of the mariner: here the greater number of his days are spent: the masts, sails, rigging are to him familiar objects, the objects of his constant care and solicitude, and he feels for them a species of paternal love. When these are destroyed, lost, wrecked, he mourns them with a real sorrow.

It is my lot to live within constant sight of the sea. I am on one of the grand highways from Europe to New York. Ships of all nations pass my door. Many a noble vessel has been wrecked within a mile from my dwelling. My mind therefore often reverts to this most fearful calamity, and it is diffi-

cult for me to expel even from my dreams visions of shipwreck.

VII.—DR. SYNTAX.

Will nobody republish "A Tour in Search of the Picturesque?" Will nobody print it and give us the original pictures, colored engravings of the richest sort—none of your meager outlines—your skeletons of sketches—but the rotund figures in all the veritable hero of that glorious poem, and all the scenes and adventures through which he passed.

Darling old Dr. Syntax! How many a sad, long year has droned away since I, a merry boy, used to read thy most fascinating of Tours! Nothing ever so captivated my young imagination as thy solitary rambles on thy faithful steed through town and hamlet—now taking up thy abode with some lordly proprietor, and now sleeping contentedly beneath the roof of some sturdy yeoman—now kissing the squire's wife and sister, and now giving sympathizing advice to the dairy-maid, who was, like poor Ophelia, disappointed in love. Oh, Doctor! thou wast never above humanity. Though never frail thyself, yet wast thou no inexorable judge over the frailties of others.

I long, most patient and peculiar of travelers, I long sincerely to accompany thee once more in thy rambles. Most charitable of divines, most lenient of pedagogues, "take thee for all in all. I shall not look upon thy like again!" *Interestest* of all authors, I would enter into thy feelings once more. I would feel the joy thou feltest in quitting thy spouse (*no dulcis uxor*) and mounting thy famous mare, Grizzle, and setting forth on thy most speculative and picturesque expedition. You were a creature of the brain, Doctor, I suppose—but to me you are a reality. I remember you perfectly. I loved you when a boy at school with all my heart. Orthography, Etymology and Prosody I hated—but I loved Syntax.

Which of you generous and gentlemanly booksellers will immediately send me a copy (bound or unbound, but it must have the pictures,) of Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque? Speak not all at once! I will promise you "a first-rate notice in the Boston Post." It would afford me "a wonderful sight" of fun, as they say in Androsoggin, to read that book. I should be *rejuvenesced*. Kind Mr. Hart, be so obliging as to ransack your shelves and transmit an old English copy, directed TO THE RECLUSE, aux soins du redacteur en chef de GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VIII.—A CHARACTER.

My friend, Ralph Willinton, is a man of adven-

tures. More strange things have happened to him than to any dozen people I ever heard of, in what are called "the common walks of life." Ralph is by no means an extraordinary individual. If the North River waited for him to set it on fire, it might flow on through the Highlands unscorched forever. He was not born to greatness; he will never achieve greatness, nor will greatness be thrust upon him. But do not misunderstand me: Ralph, as the gentleman felicitously remarked of Shakespeare, "is no fool." On the contrary, he is a fellow of parts. He never dazzled in conversation by a coruscation of mother-wit; but when he has heard a happy rejoinder, he remembers it, and has the skill to use it to advantage.

Ralph is the happiest mimic in these *Untied States*, as they may sooner or later be called. There never appeared an actor in any one of our theatres whose voice and manner he cannot imitate with *naïveté* verisimilitude. Moreover he sings a very good song, though with no very powerful or melodious voice. He can write Magazine articles on music, composes occasionally himself, and writes love ditties, such as they are. Add to these accomplishments a manner irresistibly winning, and tones in speaking as sweet as those which the author of Guy Mannering gives to Hasleigh O-baldistone, and you are possessed of the sum total of Ralph's recommendations. The sum total do I say? when I have but obscurely hinted at his extraordinary gift or faculty of story-telling, by which, like Hamlet's Yorick, he can set the whole table on a roar. In sooth, he is the most diverting of dinner-table companions. He richly earns his invitations, of which no man has more. You can bear to listen to those stories of his (which are nothing when any one else tells them) a hundred times. They are "ever charming, ever new." Age cannot near nor custom stale his infinite variety. His profession is the law, and his practice is amusement.

Ralph is, in fine, a capital fellow. It is a pity that he should have a capital propensity. He is the hero of all his romances. Had he been Macbeth, he never would have exclaimed, "Thou canst not say I did it!" He would rather have had the *credits* of murdering Duncan himself than have been thought to have no hand in the "bloody business." Ralph is the most ubiquitous of mortals. To have effected an iota of what he attributes to his own talents, valor and industry, to have done one in fifty of those deeds of which he asserts "*quorum pars magna fui*," he must have been in a very considerable number of places at once. Nevertheless and notwithstanding Ralph Willinton is a glorious good fellow. Reader, did you ever meet with Ralph Willinton?

A VOICE FROM THE WAYSIDE:

ABOUT A GENIUS.

BY CAROLINE C.

We wither from our youth, we waste away.
Sick, sick, unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst. BYRON

In summer time there are few things more delightful than an occasionally wet day to "out-of-towners."

Then we of the country, in our almost noiseless homes, may delight and rejoice in the strange and pleasant quietness attending a still, steadily-falling rain; we can watch with admiring eyes how the fields and the well-draperyed woods grow bright and cleanly, 'neath the hand of that pattern housekeeper, Dame Nature; we can listen undisturbed by the multitudinous noises which infest a city, to the dear wild-birds, who, impatient of the long-continued weeping of the skies, occasionally break forth into the merriest songs, as if questioning each other as to how they stand the charges of the elements.

And then there is the generous Sun King, (I acknowledge, however, he does not shine for country-people *only*;) glancing out at intervals from between the heavy clouds, smiling upon us joyously, and looking for all the world as though he would say if he could, "never mind, children, the storm will soon be passed!" And then the after-part of a summer shower! the freshened fragrance of the flowers—the purified atmosphere—the bright blue sky—the increased glory of the setting-sun—the rainbow in the east—the drops of water glistening on the flowers and on the grass, so pure and bright, that one might almost imagine them the tears of spirits—the glad songs of innumerable birds—the groups of children exhibiting in various ways their nautical daring on and about the newly-formed lakelets in the roads and fields—the many evidences of life awakened out of doors—then the holy calmness of the ensuing summer night—the soft light of the stars—and after that the trembling glory of the new moon! Oh, beautiful, beautiful summer! with thy rain-storms and thy sunshine, hasten to us again!

But—a rainy day in winter! its horrors encircle me at this moment; I forbear entering into its details. However much *you* may delight in a day like unto this, oh, listen to the humble voice now emerging from the way-side, I have no courage to speak even of the stubborn, hard-headed, cheerless figure Nature presents when she stands gazing in such mute dismay upon her domicile.

It is in human nature, at least in mine, and I claim to be human, to be always looking for a *something better*, and despite all this dreariness without, my heart is even now continually singing, "Spring is coming! spring is coming!" but a few weeks! and then, instead of the dismal trappings of winter, how

beautiful and bright all without and around us will be! the very thought is enough to make every soul about, "Hasten the time! Amen!"

There is such a desolateness in the court of the white-headed old king which people very naturally shrink from as they grow older in years!

Looking back into childhood, these stony-hearted months when frost and snow reign king and queen over earth, seem, indeed, the most joyous—and not without reason. For then the "Christman" and the youth so full of promise, the bright New Year, are never-failing guests by the mid-winter fire-side. There is joy for the child on the ice-bound hill, on the glassy, frozen lake, in the gurgling, merry sound of the sleigh-bells, in the sight of the cheerful home-fire, in the bracing out-door air, in the huge snow-drifts—everywhere, everywhere there is joy for the child!

And why? Because of bounding hopes and joyous dreams, and the careless yielding up of one-self to every passing enjoyment—because of freedom from labor—because of ignorance of the worth and supremacy of gold—because of utter innocence of the strict "proprieties" of life! There is joy for the child, because he has not yet learned much of disappointments; he does not know how uncomfortable is the close-fitting garment of manhood. He is not wise enough to see in the winter storms, in the driving bias in which he so much delights, the type of what assuredly awaits him. He does not know that the life-storms with which he will have to struggle, will come suddenly and furiously upon him—that he will, perforce, then fling aside his mittens and grapple open handed with his foes. And it must certainly be at the warm and genial hearth-fire of truth and honesty, and nostifying stove-heat by which he must keep his heart, and his hopes and affections warm and in health, else they will die away suddenly and utterly, even as the fire of the "patent air-tight" dies!

"Hark! now I hear the flapping of wings; and lo, here, almost close beside my window, are passing pigeons—snow-white pigeons; and, where *could* it have streamed from, there is a ray of sunlight on their wings! and since I have begun writing, the clouds seem to have "spent their fury," they are less dull and dreary—they are slowly breaking away.

The view from the window by which I am writing is not especially charming. In one direction there are sheds, and barns, and barren trees, and a little farther on, the spire of an unpretending church, and

sundry chimney-tops, together with the roofs of a few loftier buildings meet my eye. These are all certainly very *suggestive* scenes, and might make so many important heads of a very interesting discourse; but, in another direction from this same window there are great fields, and farther on, woods and hills, and between them and me, there are two points in the landscape on which very often my eyes rest, and many are the recollections, bitter and sweet, they awaken. One is a village school-house, the other a thickly-populated grave-yard.

Over those hills, and through the woods, and by the sandy shores of our beautiful lake, I was once a frequent wanderer, and with me invariably in all those roving, was a child of somewhere near my own age, to whom, good reader, you may now consider yourself introduced.

When the week, with its disappointments, and hopes and joys has passed, and Saturday afternoon, the child's birthday the world over, comes round again, how often my thoughts have turned back to her, and to the time when we also were young; oh, how much of meaning there is in that word, *youth!*

But looking back into the past is not an over-pleasant business at any time. There are very many reasons why people, for the most part, dread the rolling up of that curtain within which lies buried much of destroyed confidence, and happiness that died of fearful wounds; but I am willing to trespass on my own feelings at this present, that you may know something of Lily Reeve.

People said she was a genius. They said rightly—she was. And to complete the interest attachable to her therefore, Lily was poor—*very* poor, and had been all the days of her life.

When the Reeve family moved among us they had no acquaintance or relative in our village—and their circumstances and business were not such as attached any importance or attracted any notice to them. Had it not been for Lily they would probably have remained long enough in our midst, unknown and uncared for. The mother was a middle-aged woman, a widow; of the children I knew not much, save that with much appropriateness their name might have been "legion." Lily was the eldest child—not beautiful—and far from being even interesting, personally.

Why her parents had bestowed on her so decided a name as Lily was always a mystery—for very far from a resemblance, even the slightest, to that graceful flower, was she. Neither was she a brunette, but of complexion rather dark, hair *very* black, and always curled, which gave her a decidedly Mrs. Hemansh look at times. Her features were irregular—oh, certainly, she was *far* from beautiful, and yet there was much sweetness of expression in the mouth, and much of vigor and determination perceivable in her dark eyes.

It was a good many years ago, but I remember distinctly the first time I ever saw Lily. With a number of juveniles I was returning from a *very* long walk—all our foot-jauts were long in those days—when, on passing by an old-fashioned frame-

house, brown with age, and poor and disconsolate in its outward appearance, one of the group said, "Let's go into that house; there's a girl living there who paints."

And we went in. One of the more confident of our number said to the woman who received us, "Will you show us some of the pictures your daughter has painted?"

With a smile of satisfaction, as though she were pleased that even we children should have heard of her daughter, the woman bade us sit down; and then she brought from an old chest a handful of papers, and spread them on the table before us. Some of these were pictures of warriors on their steeds, others landscapes, and some were heads. There was one which more than all the others attracted my attention—it was a portrait of a sleeping child. We asked if this were one of her children, or only a fancy sketch.

"That was her little brother who died," replied the woman, with a sigh. "Lily drew it when he was dead." There was something so sad in the mother's voice as she said this, that it checked our gay spirits, and tended to subdue our loud expressions of admiration. While we yet stood there turning over the papers, and gazing in wonder on the productions of a girl no older than the youngest among us, the subject of our thoughts and curiosity came into the room.

When she saw what was our object there, she came up to the table, and putting her arm around me, as though confident she was with friends, she asked if we liked her drawings. I remember well the thrill which passed over me at this simple act of hers, for I had begun to regard the girl as something quite extraordinary, and almost more than human. From that day I date a friendship I am proud to have formed, one which, while it lasted, delighted me more than any similar tie I have ever known.

It was very easy to see that the heart of the mother in those days was full of hope—that the mind of the daughter teemed with ambitious desires, and a determination, apparently invincible, to accomplish great things. About that time there were many people who turned prophets, and looking into the future, they saw a great name added to America's illustrious daughters of song—the name of Lily Reeve. Do you think their prophecy has proved true?

In the old school-house, (which I heartily regret to say has been of late abandoned, and its former inmates have taken possession of a more stately edifice up-town,) in that little old brick building, we in the years long, long gone by, were wont to assemble—and Lily joined us there. And although on the humdrum route of *learning* we were quite in the advance, she soon very far outstripped us, and moved on with most rapid strides through all the first branches of education. It was impossible for us dullards to see her strange advancement, and not feel a little envious of her ability, notwithstanding we liked Lily so well. In one short year she had acquired nearly all the instruction it was possible for our teacher to impart, and as may be supposed for

his part, he was watching her progress with somewhat of anxiety. But his honor as a teacher was not destined to be sacrificed to the young girl's genius.

One afternoon, when school was dismissed, Lily said to me, "You and I will go home by the other street. I have something to tell you, and the way will be longer. Besides, I want to be away from these rough boys and girls."

So we crossed the road, and entered a path which led us by a long way home. When we had reached the bridge, which crossed a deep, rapidly running brook, we sat down on the bench, placed in the shade of an old tree, which from "time immemorial" has stood there, with the most of its tangled roots buried in the water; then Lily spoke again, for the first time since we went out from the school-house.

"Do you know they are going to send me to the other school—they think I can learn more there, and have teachers in the higher branches, and in the languages. Oh, dear!"

"But why that 'oh, dear!' Lily? I only wish I were ready to go there too, but I am such an ignoramus, and you know every thing!"

"Not quite every thing. I *should* be glad to go—and there are a great many reasons why. I have the greatest desire to learn, and I'm sure if I have a little more education, I can make my way easily in the world; but—but—in short, they are rich people who are going to send me, and they will expect miracles from me, you may depend upon it—I know. Because I am poor, and can write pretty well, and paint, and sketch likenesses, they have taken an interest in me; but I tell you before hand, and you will see before long I speak rightly; I shall have to work like a slave to keep up with their expectations. Is n't it enough to make any body say, 'oh, dear!'"

"No—I don't think so, Lily. You *can't* help equaling their expectations, and they have such nice teachers at the other school, and no great rude boys go there."

"That makes no difference at all. One can learn as well in one place as another. If it were not that mother felt so glad when the ladies made her the offer to send me there, I'd never go. You don't know any thing about what it means to be dependent; you can't think what a heavy load seems resting on me, ever since so many people have seemed to take an interest in me. I really begin to doubt my own powers. It seems to me as though I ought not to be forced like a plant in a hot-bed. I almost wish I never had any particular gifts."

"And you say this, Lily Reeve, when all the girls in town are envying you! Now just be firm, for I'm sure if you only make up your mind you *will* do a thing, you *can* do it!"

"Do you believe it?" she asked, so suddenly, that I was startled and began in some trepidation to be- think my words.

"Certainly," I answered at last; "I heard our minister say the other day your verses were excellent; and you know your pictures sold well at the fair. How can you doubt yourself so?"

"I don't know," said Lily, thoughtfully, "perhaps they are nearer right than I dare to think them—but I cannot explain it to you. I am never satisfied with any thing I do. My verses always sound so rough when compared with the melody in my brain—and my pictures, when I begin them, my fingers almost fly, I think I will surpass myself—and when they are finished, they always look so rude and rough, that I am tempted often to burn them every one."

"Never mind," said I, confidently, "you will see the day yet when all will be brighter to you—and you know the teacher says every day 'practice makes perfect;' and he always looks at you when he says it—you ought to have learned that by this time."

"I'll learn it now from you," said Lily; "we'll go now to the woods, I want to get some flowers to take to mother."

Just beyond the woods to which we then bent our steps, there was a large field, in the upper portion of which, early in the season, we always found multitudes of purple flowers and white lilies; our first business that night was to fill our aprons with these treasures, and then we went into the woods, and sat down by a stream in a most romantic place, and began to arrange our huge bunches of flowers. Lily made hers into small bouquets, one for each of her family, while I twined mine into a wreath, and laid it on her head. But soon the fast increasing shade in the woods warned us it was time to be returning home. The thought of the obligation she was about to incur evidently still troubled my companion's mind, for she spoke but little, and her words, when she did speak, were desponding, and even the bright flowers with which her hands were filled, failed to attract her usual attention, or awaken the delight they were wont to.

We were about crossing the stile that was placed at the entrance of the wood, when Lily suddenly flung the beautiful green moss she had gathered in a damp place, with violence from the bosom of her dress, where she had laid it. And when I looked with amazement at the excited girl, she exclaimed, "Look there! I had a snake in my bosom!" Truly enough, there was a tiny, striped, infant snake, creeping out leisurely from the bunch of moss she had flung upon the ground. A thought darted through my mind—I grasped her arm and said,

"You shall hear the moral of this before you go a step further, Lily Reeve. I'm no genius, but I'll teach you a plain lesson. You have thrown the snake away from you; don't, don't ever take it back again. Do n't doubt those who mean to do you kindness; only just do what nature intended you should, and all who know you will be satisfied! When you come to be very famous, the people who help you now will think you did them a favor in letting them aid you. Mother says perseverance will work wonders, and I believe it—you can prove it."

When I had finished my oration, I stood somewhat astonished at my own audacity, but after a moment's silence Lily said,

"Thank you—thank you, for you have learned

me two lessons—I'll not forget them; no, I will never take the serpent back, you may depend on that."

A few days after Lily was established at the larger school, dwelling with other boarders in the family of the principal, the wonder of all the scholars, and the pet pupil with the teachers.

The hopeful expectations of her family were kept up by her progress, and by her own increasing courage and cheerfulness. And in reality it seemed no unfounded expectation, that which they cherished, that the young girl would soon be able to support them all by dint of her genius. Her efforts became daily more worthy and more promising, now that she possessed these superior advantages; fortune seemed really determined to work good things for the rich peoples' *protigé*.

Lily was not yet seventeen, but her poems had many of them attracted much attention; injudicious praises were lavished upon her; by their attentions and flattery, the proud, and the rich, and the learned seemed to have conspired to spoil a girl—a school-girl—poor "from her youth up." They did not take it into consideration that it was quite possible for them to raise her hopes and self-appreciativeness too high; they did not give heed to the fact that it might require years of struggling and disappointment for her to produce any thing worthy the reward and honor they would fain believe were rightfully hers even then.

But soon enough they had cause to regret this course they adopted.

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dream." Self-confidence rapidly usurped the place of a befitting humility, which had once characterized her. Instead of comparing herself with the great masters of song and painting, Lily seemed to think that in outstripping all her schoolmates, and in being considered a prodigy among teachers, she was rapidly filling the measure of her greatness; and the laudations which good-will prompted others to speak, instead of being listened to and valued at their worth, came at last to be considered as quite true and well-deserved.

It is said that more strength of mind is requisite to bear composedly a sudden favorable turn of fortune than is necessary calmly to endure reverses. Having never had occasion to test the truth of the proposition, I, of course, have only a right to suppose there is somewhat "more of truth than poetry" in the idea; at all events, that is a very easy way to account for Lily's derelictions.

It was the wish of her "patrons," as well as of the kind lady teacher to whose care she was chiefly commended, that Lily should finish the course of studies apportioned to each scholar previous to graduating. But there was a growing willfulness, an increasing confidence in her own attainments, that tempted her to set at naught these desires. Her impulsive nature longed to be free from restraint; she would fain throw aside all bondage, together with the loathed idea of dependence, and labor for herself in the way she was best fitted to labor. She wished to begin at once to reap the reward of her years of study, and thus to

alleviate the wants of her home. Alas! the serpent had crept back into Lily's breast!

So, despite all the remonstrances and the pleadings of those who began to see their mistake in her dealings with the young girl, Lily left the school, and returned to her own home. I shall never forget her as she was at that time; the passions, hopes, desires and resolution of mature years seemed to have even then a full development in her. In feeling she had grown too old, in will too decisive, to submit patiently to the judgment of other minds. But soon enough the lesson was forced upon her that poetic efforts are rarely capable of being changed at once for food, and fuel, and raiment.

"I have sent a poem of some length to ——," she said to me one day, naming a distinguished writer and editor, "and you know I am superstitious—if he accepts it, and will pay me for it, I shall take it as a good omen for my future; but if he does not—" she hesitated.

"Well, if he does not, Lily?"

"Then those horrid doubts will come back to me with renewed force! Oh, they tormented me so once!"

When I saw my friend again there was no need to ask her what her reception at the "editor's table" had been. It was a freezing cold winter night, and feeling somewhat disconsolate on my own account, as well as rather curious in regard to Lily's progress, I sought her in her own home.

I found Lily there seated at the centre-table—yes, it was such, for it did occupy the central portion of the apartment—but it was not of polished mahogany, or marble-surfaced, gentle reader, but a miserable, old, broken affair, that had seen its best days long before it came into the possession of its then owners. Scattered about the room were the numerous boys and girls of the family, there was little temptation even for the boys without that night, it was so cold and stormy. The room in which they lived was the upper story of a small building, the first floor of which was occupied as a mechanic's shop; it was partitioned by a curtain of cloth, which was all the separation between the sleeping apartments and the place where they cooked, and ate, and lived.

There was a deep silence in the room when I entered. Lily was occupied with her drawing, lighted by two tapers burning in a cup half-filled with oil. There was none of that cheerful hope beaming in her fine eyes that usually filled them when she welcomed me. And all the faces in the room looked doleful enough—some rebuff they had certainly met with from some quarter.

"I am drawing this for you," she said, when I sat down beside her and looked at her work, "it is for a parting gift."

"Parting!" I exclaimed; "what are you going to do now, were you successful in your letter to Mr. ——?"

"Read it and see," she said, producing a letter And I read as follows:

"MISS REEVE.—Dear Madam,—Your favor was many days ago received, and now, at my first leisure,

I hasten to reply. I regret that an answer similar to that given to many applicants during every week must also be returned to you. I regret this the more, because your communications show talent, but—you need much practice; and, permit me to say, a writer must usually have acquired *some reputation* before he can receive any 'golden rewards.' If you are necessitated to labor, I would advise you that there are many ways less vexatious, and more certain as to their issue, in which you might successfully employ yourself.

"I retain the MS. subject to your orders.

"Respectfully, etc.,

"—————"

It was with difficulty I could repress my grief, as I looked about that cheerless room, and on the young girl whose disappointment I knew must be so keen; but calmly, and apparently undisturbed, Lily continued her drawing.

"What will you do now, Lily?" I asked, anxious to at least break the embarrassing silence.

"We are going west next week!"

"West! where—how?"

"To Illinois. I have borrowed the money—we cannot stay here and starve. I am going there to take a school. If I cannot get a living by writing, there are many other ways—and I will try them at least."

Had she told me her immediate intention of taking a journey to the South Pole, I should have felt my powers of credulity very little more taxed than they were at that moment, so wild and perfectly impracticable seemed the scheme. But Lily had spoken so seriously, and with so much determination, I was constrained to believe her.

The picture she was engaged upon—I have it yet—was an imaginative and a striking one. It was a moonlight scene. Beside the water's edge, among wild rocks, a girl was standing alone—the figure was a likeness of herself—and a very perfect one it was, too. The expression of the sketch was touching in the extreme.

"She is looking for peace and rest there," said Lily, in explanation. "She has sought it so often, but has not found it—and she never will."

"Does she seek it in the right way, Lily?"

"I don't know. Every thing seems changed to me of late. I am bewildered. It seems to me as though I had lost myself. Since that letter came I doubt my powers more than ever. To think of one in my situation having to practice before I can work successfully! There is little time to practice, I think, when eight human beings are wondering where their next meal is to come from—when their wood-yard is in such a state of depression and emptiness as ours is!"

The mother sighed heavily as Lily said this, but did not speak.

"But you certainly can do something here," I cried. "Don't go and bury yourself in the backwoods. I'm sure you can be a teacher in our school if you'll only ask. It's perfectly wild in you to think of going this winter! traveling, you know, at this

time of year is a very costly business, dear Lily, besides being so cheerless!"

"There is no use talking about it; I should have loved to live here, for my own part, all my life, but I have engaged a school in the town we are going to, and they wish it to be opened early in the spring. There's no help for it—we must go."

And they went.

From that day until within a few months I heard nothing in regard to the Reeve Family. Lily had promised to tell us her experience in the west, of her success in this new attempt at securing a livelihood; but her promise was unfulfilled, and we could not but fear lest despondency had utterly crushed all the aspirations of her genius, that if she yet lived, poverty and hopelessness had come to be her only portion.

Still, though her name had never reached us through the medium talents like hers choose for their utterance—the press—there was always with me a lingering hope and belief that Lily had, under some assumed name, made herself famous. Knowing so well her ability, the more I thought of this the more I became strongly convinced that it was so. At last, when I had dreamed of her night after night, and thought much of her in my waking hours, it became absolutely necessary to my own peace of mind that I should write to her once more—a thing I had not done in many years—in order to discover if she were actually dead or alive—famous or unknown to the world. It was with much anxiety, as all my lady readers will believe, I awaited her reply—for an answer I felt convinced I should receive. It came at last; and as people such as she are regarded by the world as a species of public property, as regards their thoughts, words, and deeds, I have little scruples in laying Lily's epistle open for public inspection, knowing that her words will awaken the hope and renewed efforts of the despairing, and excite the admiration and commendation of all good people.

"I have but just received your letter, dear friend of by-gone days, and believe me, it has given me no little satisfaction to think that you remember me, and with interest still. I am inclined to laugh, and weep, and wonder, when I think of myself as I was in the days long ago, when we lived among you so very poor and dependent; but there is a feeling of gratitude living in my heart stronger than every other emotion now excited in my breast by the freshened remembrance of my old home.

"You ask me to tell you what I have been doing, and wish to know under what name I have immortalized myself. You will not believe I left behind me all my ambitious desires when we made our abode here in the west! Have you ever chanced to hear of —? It is the name I chose to adopt in my appearance before the public. Perhaps you may have seen it, and read verses accompanying it, but I am confident you never recognized in those merry strains the voice and the heart-tune of your once poverty-stricken and desponding friend."

(The reader may imagine my astonishment and amaze on reading these words—for my correspondent,

Lily Reeve, was none other than one of the most beloved and popular of writers!)

"I feel conversational to-day, besides, I know it is but just to assure those who were so generous in my days of adversity, that their money and sympathy were not altogether thrown away. I was very far from being forgetful of those who in my earlier years rendered me such efficient and valuable aid; but I thought it better even at the risk of being esteemed ungrateful, to be unknown to them and to you, until I should be able to reflect some little credit upon them. I shall soon publish a book which is dedicated to those friends of former days, through that I hope to relieve myself from any charge of forgetfulness or coldness they may have justly brought against me.

"It is only ten years since we first made our home in this western world; but I have grown gray in feeling since then, and looking back into my childhood, the road to it seems to be one of interminable length. Decidedly as our fortunes have brightened, we have had our struggles and heart-sorrows here also; and we have had much of sickness too, which seems to await almost every settler in the west; but there is so much more for which we have occasion to be thankful, that it seems almost a sin even to revert to our first trials and vexations. My mother, thank Heaven! now that she is old, may rest; her latter years are not harassed with the thoughts of a dependent, impoverished family; my brothers are in a way, all of them, to support themselves, and my young sisters are being educated in such a way that they will never have to rely on others for their support. And for all this I pray we may be ever thankful as we ought.

"When we first came to this place all things were decidedly *new*. The inhabitants, men, women and children, truly seemed to us to have reflected in their own natures the marvelous greenness and freshness of the close surrounding forests; the village was poor, like all new places, and not one quarter its present size. Indeed, we call it a city now.

"But you never can think what a house of refuge it was to us poor people! I was glad from my heart that there were none rich, none powerful here; that all was one grand level, above which wisdom and strength of mind, and superior goodness alone might rise. I was glad, I say, for despite it as you may, I am bold to acknowledge there was something awfully repelling to me in the thought of looking up to people because they happened to be rich, or occupy by birth a high station. Even the notice taken of me in my young days, in the place where I sojourned, was galling to me. It savored too much of condescension, which, child as I was, even then I despised and hated. There were many children here even in those days; for some years mine was the only school—how well it was patronized I need not say. I prospered, and was contented. Oh, it was such a joy to look on our own comfortable home; to know what a cheerful fire and plenty of food meant in one's own house! There is something so exhilarating in the thought of independence and reliance on one's own exertions, that for a whole year after our

removal here I altogether abandoned my pencil and my pen; I thought I would never labor with them again. But I was mistaken in myself, as many times before I had been. I knew not the wants and necessities of my own nature.

"The second winter I had continually a restless yearning for higher and nobler pursuits than the mere business of school-teaching; that supplied our natural wants and necessities admirably, it is true, but there were longings of my mind that it became as necessary for me to supply. And so once more in the long winter evenings I resumed my pencils and pen, and I worked with them. It is impossible for me to express to you the intense satisfaction following these labors; it seemed as though I had found suddenly an Aladdin's lamp, and that it dispelled the darkness and gloom of undefined yearning, and showed me a true and a great end that I could accomplish! I did not then immediately force my new productions upon the editors, but remembering well that one salutary lesson I received long ago, I strove hard to perfect myself. It would be wearisome for you to listen to the narration of my progress till I had gradually mounted up into the notice of the noble people of the west; how kindly and charitably they hailed my writings; how encouraging were the letters which, from many sources unexpected and unsought, I received, I will leave you to imagine—I felt then as though I were truly working out my destiny. Words crowded to my lips for utterance; thoughts pleaded in my brain to be heard; I longed to speak words of encouragement and strength to others—such words as from my own experience I knew full well many an overburdened soul needed. I spoke them, and I humbly hope they found acceptance and regard in many a heart.

"You will ask if I then was wholly satisfied? You will ask if notoriety pleased me? If I cared for no other and humbler good after I had attained that—in short, if I did not yearn for other love than that lavished on me by my own kin. In all calmness and confidence now, I can answer, yes! there were hopes unsatisfied, desires unfulfilled. Admiration was not *all* I craved—commendation not all I coveted. But years passed on, and with them the time when I could have rejoiced in loving and in being loved. The wild dream that haunted my mind of a perfect happiness on earth, of another kind of affection than I had yet received or given, went by. Coldness, and I am almost constrained to think at times, heartlessness, have usurped the place once occupied by the winged god; the altar which needed but a word to be enkindled and wrapped in flame, is torn away—a calm, immovable spirit occupies its place. I am not lonely or unhappy, only I feel strangely changed. I feel old in spirit; there may be no cloud, but there certainly is no sunshine; passionless now, and without the least craving for human love, my years glide on. I am satisfied in having helped to make the happiness of those for whom I have labored, and yet, true to woman's belief, I must say, I am well aware that I have missed life's highest good; I have passed by, in my eager search for a something that has not

satisfied, that bright possession which the poorest of earth's children, equally with the most exalted have extended to them by the hand of our beneficent Father. Do you think I am strangely confiding with one whom for ten years I have not known by thought, or word, or deed? But we were children together; and I remember how that you more than all I left behind me knew the thoughts and desires of my inner life. Doubtless, since we have come to be *women*, we have both much changed, but at this hour I will believe you sympathize with me as in the days of old.

"Not long ago there came one to me, a man gifted with noble intellectual faculties, and rich in heart-wealth; he has wished me to be his wife; but knowing as I do what a very pauper I am in all that is best calculated to make his a happy home—you will understand I am not speaking of fortune or beauty *now*—I have declined his suit. I cannot regard him as I could have a few, *but* a few short years ago. I do not love him as my imagination tells me that woman *can* and *should* love. For a moment when I read his words, my heart beat wildly—I was happy; but that passed quickly; I distrust myself; I do not wish *now* that any one should intrust to me a charge of their happiness through life; it would be madness, and no less than foul wrong in me to wed with one whose affection I could make but such a paltry return. I give to you the answer I sent him; it is the sum total of my thoughts on this subject—and I would ask you as you read them, do you not think that there is but little to envy in one who has flung away a diamond, for a trifling but more brilliant gem?

TO — — —

It is too late; once, once I could have loved thee,
 Before my heart grew passionless and cold;
 My years are few, but trials have out-worn me—
 In thought and struggle I am old—am old!
 I had not *once* been deaf to thy fond pleading—
 My soul had throbb'd to hear thy ardent words;
 But now no inward voice is interceding,
 Thy finger touches upon tuneless chords!

There was a time when, hadst thou breathed of love,
 A fire had swiftly kindled in my heart;
 I would have coveted thee, far, far above
 All earthly good—all that is set apart
 For the strong soul to labor for—a tone
 A look, such as thou gavest now to me,

I would have gloried then to be thine own;
 That time is past—it never more can be!

Once, when my heart beat strong with youth and hope,
 Once, when the future held a glorious prize,
 Through the surrounding gloom I strove to grope,
 And to close-thronging dangers about my eyes,
 I fought for honor—fame. I thought that these
 Would buy for me that other, nobler good,
 For which I prayed upon my bended knees,
 The boon of love—but fate my prayer withstood!

Too many years have passed since that sweet dream—
 Too hard and ceaseless has my striving been;
 Through the calm twilight now there comes no gleam
 Of that wild hope—it cannot live again.
 It cannot be—thou wouldst not prize a gift
 So worthless as is all I have to give;
 Thou wouldst not care from my cold heart to lift
 The burden 'neath which I am doomed to live!

Seek for a younger mind—a lighter soul;
 Seek one who has not been what I have been.
 I would not that around thy home should roll
 A cloud surcharged with gloominess and pain;
 Seek one who hath not from her childhood seen
 Her utmost thoughts—the best and brightest gold;
 Seek one who smiles—one who yet dares to dream—
 Who has not 'hardened to a crystal cold!"

"And now, being quite sure that I have outworned you, and believing that you will gladly let the remainder of your interrogatories to day pass unanswered, I will conclude, with the earnest hope that *you* may never be tempted to barter the sacred affections of your heart for any more alluring, but less, oh, far less satisfying prize—in the name of our childhood.

"Always yours,
 "LILY REEVE."

Dear reader, it may be proper to state, that despite this most emphatic disclaimer on the part of Lily, a western paper I have recently received, contains a notice of the marriage of the distinguished poetess, Lily Reeve, with the Hon. — — —. Had it not been for this, one other proof of what is called the fickleness of woman's nature, you perceive I should have been enabled to end my story without a marriage; but you will bear in mind that this repetition of the almost invariable climax, is not *my* fault!

A SONNET.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING OF MAY MORNING.]

Read on, young maiden. I will gaze a kiss
 The page so earnestly thou porost o'er,
 To be the record of the ecstasies
 Of some great bard, or it may be the lore
 Of wild adventure by Armida's shore—
 Or how Diana wooed the Hunter-boy,
 Or how to Dido erat *Aeneas* swore

Unmeasured love. Read while thou may'st enjoy,
 For certainly as this bright morn of May
 Will lose its zeal, thy happiness will fade.
 As Orient smiles of Spring too soon decay,
 As clouds o'erlialadow all the happy glade,
 Now smiling in the early morning's ray,
 Thy peerless beauty e'en will pass away.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN EUROPE.

BY J. HAYARD TAYLOR.

I.—HEIDELBERG IN SEPTEMBER.

THE sun was just setting on the last day of August, when the ponderous *eiswagen*, in which I had journeyed from Frankfort, rounded the foot of the Holy Mountain into the Valley of the Neckar, and Heidelberg—the brave, romantic, beautiful old electoral city—was stretched out before me on the opposite side of the river. Far above it rose the wooded Kaiserstuhl, midway down whose side hung the granite bastions, terraces and roofless halls of the famed Castle. Heavy masses of ivy hung from its arches, and overran the quaint sculpture of its walls, while the foliage of its gardens was visible behind, deep in the shadow of the mountain. A faint yellow glow trembled over the pines and birches on the top of the Kaiserstuhl, and kept the clear blue on the distant hills up the Neckar. Down the steep paths of the Holy Mountain, on my left, came the peasant-girls, with baskets on their heads, laden with the purple clusters of the Muscatel, and talking to each other gayly over garden-walls, and under arbors, which made a “green twilight” even at noon. Careless students, pipe in hand, sauntered along the river bank, listening to the sweet evening chimes, rung first in the towers of the Hauptkirche, and taken up like an echo, from village to village, among the hills.

Looking forward to Heidelberg as a place for rest and quiet study, there was something peculiarly grateful and tranquilizing in the scene. To my eyes the scenery presented a mingling of the wild with the cultivated—of the pastoral with the grand—a combination so inspiring that I found it difficult to keep my enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. From the river bank, above the bridge, cannon began firing a closing salute for the Grand Duke's birth-day, and my heart never kept more bounding time to the minute-guns on a Fourth of July at home. The German passengers in the *eiswagen* were highly gratified by my delight, for all Germans are proud of Heidelberg.

By a piece of good fortune the friends who had left me at Mayence and arrived the day before, happened to be passing up the main street when the vehicle stopped, and I was spared the risk of searching for them, which, to one ignorant of the language, was no slight task.

In a day or two, by the help of a *valet de place*, who spoke half a dozen words of English, we obtained rooms in a large house overhanging the Neckar. From one side we looked upon the Heiligenberg, so near that we could hear the girls singing among the vines every morning, and all day long the rapid river below us was noisy with raftsmen, guiding the pines they had felled among the Suabian hills down to the Rhine. On the other side the Kaiserstuhl stood between us and the eastern sky, and we always saw the sunrise first on the opposite mountains. In the

cool, cloudless autumn mornings, the air was full of church-chimes and merry voices, which came echoed back from the hills, so that our first waking sensation was one of pleasure, and every day brought us some new form of enjoyment.

The valley of the Neckar is narrow, and only the little slopes which here and there lie between the feet of its wooded mountains are capable of cultivation. Higher up, there are glens and meadows of luxuriant grass, to which the peasants drive their cattle, further still, it is barren and rocky, and upon the summits dwells a solitude as complete as upon the unsettled prairies of the far West. An hour's walk takes one from the busy streets of the little city to this beautiful and lonely region, and the stranger may explore the paths he finds leading far away among the hills, for weeks together, without exhausting their store of new scenes and influences. The calm impressiveness of these mountain landscapes disposes the mind to quiet thought, and one who has felt them till their spirit grew familiar, is at no loss to comprehend the inspiration from which Schiller, Uhland and Hauff have sung.

It is a favorite habit with the Heidelbergers, and one into which the traveler willingly falls, to spend the last hour or two of daylight in a walk by the Neckar, in the gardens of the castle, or off in the forests. At spots of especial beauty rustic inns have been erected, where, at tables in the shade, the visitor is furnished with beer, cool from its underground vaults, and thick curds, to which a relish is given by sugar and powdered cinnamon. The most noted of these places is the Wolf-brunnen, about a mile and a half from the city, in a lonely glen, high up on the mountain. A large stone basin, two centuries old, stands there, pouring out a stream of the coldest and purest water, dammed up below to form a small pool, in which hundreds of trout breed and grow fat from the benevolence of visitors. A wooden inn, two stories high, with balconies on all sides, is nestled among the trees, and farther down the stream a little mill does its steady work from year to year.

A party was once formed by our German friends, and we spent a whole Saturday afternoon in this delicious retreat. Frau Dr. S—, who was always ready for any piece of social merriment, had the management of the excursion, and directed us with the skill of a general. Fräulein Marie, her niece, a blooming maiden of eighteen, and Madame Louise —, a sprightly little widow from Manheim, with Dr. S—, one or two students, and we Americans, were her subjects. Every thing was arranged with precision before we started. The books, the cards, the music (including a most patient guitar) were distributed among those best able to carry them, and we finally started, without any particular order of march. German etiquette forbids a lady to take the

arm of a male friend, unless she is betrothed to him; talking is allowed, fortunately.

As we climbed to the terraces of the castle, we could see the thread of the Rhine, in the distance, sparkling through the haze. The light air which came down the Neckar was fragrant with pine and the first falling leaves of summer trees. The vineyards below us were beginning to look crisp and brown, but hanging from stake to stake the vines were bent down by blue clusters, with the bloom still upon them. Troops of light-hearted students, children, blue-eyed and blond-haired, and contented citizens, were taking the same path, and like them, we forgot every thing but the sense of present happiness.

We had a table spread upon the upper balcony of the inn, after our scattered forces returned from many a long ramble up the glen and out on the meadows. Frau Dr. S—— ordered a repast, and the "landlady's daughter"—not the sweet maid of Umland's song, but a stout-armed and stout-waisted damsel—brought us a jar of curds, dripping with the cool water in which it had stood. A loaf of brown bread next made its appearance, followed by a stone jug of foaming beer, and two or three dishes of those prune-tarts peculiar to Germany, completed the fare. On the porch below us, two or three musicians played waltzes, and the tables around the fountain were filled with students, laughing, clinking their beer-glasses, or trolling some *burschen* chorus. Our own table did not lack the heartiest spirit of mirth; this could not be otherwise so long as Frau Dr. S—— sat at the head of it. The students were gay and full of life, and even Dr. S——, the most earnest and studious of the party, was so far influenced by the spirit of the time, that he sang the "King of Thule" with more warmth than I had thought possible.

The afternoon sped away like a thought, and Heidelberg was forgotten until the faint sound of its evening chimes came up the valley. We returned in time to see a glowing sky fade over the mountains of Alsatia, and then first, as the twilight gathered, came the remembrance of home—a remembrance which did not chide the happiness of the day.

One of these excursions was accompanied by a different and less agreeable finale. A small party had been arranged to visit the ruins of St. Michael's Chapel, on the summit of the Holy Mountain. I had ascended it previously, after an hour's climbing, directly up the side, but as ladies were to accompany us, it was necessary to take a winding road, two or three miles in length, to reach the chapel. We mounted, by flights of steps through the terraced vineyards, to the Philosopher's Walk, followed it to a retired glen called the Angels' Meadow, and then entered a forest-road. The wind roared loudly among the trees, and the sky grew darker as we ascended, but we took little heed of these signs. Finally, however, on reaching a rocky point whence we could look down on the Rhine-plain, we were somewhat alarmed to see a heavy rain-cloud approaching from the west. The chapel was still half a mile distant, and its open walls and dismantled

towers could afford us no protection, so there was nothing left but to turn about and descend with all speed.

The rain had just crossed the Rhine, and would probably be half an hour in reaching us, and as we could trace its misty advance on the sheet of landscape below us, we hoped to time our rate of walking so as to reach some shelter before it struck the mountain. Vain hope!—before we reached the Angels' Meadow the wind fairly howled among the trees, and swept over us, laden with dust and showers of leaves. The rain followed, and as our path led over the exposed ridge of the mountain, the arrows of the storm smote pitilessly on our faces. The ladies shrieked, the men groaned, and, like *Norval's* barbarians, we "rushed like a torrent,"—and with a torrent—"upon the vale." When we arrived at the village of Neuenheim the shower was nearly over, but it might have continued all day, without more effect upon us.

The village of Ziegelhausen, up the Neckar, with its grim old convent, gardens and cascades, and the delightful arbors of vine, reaching down to the very brink of the river, is another favorite place of resort. The pastor of its church, who was familiar with our German friends, would frequently join us in an afternoon walk, followed by a cup of tea in the garden of the inn, and frequently by a share in the games of the village children. The pastor was a most jovial, genial character; he sang very finely—indeed, he was brother to the *primo tenore* in the Opera at Brunswick—and his wit was inexhaustible. His religion was as genuine as his cheerfulness; it was no gloomy asceticism, which looked on mirth as sin, but a joyous, affectionate and abounding spirit, bright as God's sunshine and as unconscious of its blessing. How happily passed those September afternoons, warmed by such true social feeling, and refreshed by all the kindly influences of nature! If a return like this to the simple joys of the child's heart be but obtained by the mature age of a nation, I could almost wish this country might grow old speedily. The restless energy of Youth is still upon us. The nation overflows with active impulses, which fear nothing, and yield to nothing. We have not yet felt the need of Rest.

I have said nothing of my struggles with the perverse German language—my duty sieges, advancing from trench to trench, till the strong fortress was stormed and all its priceless stores in my possession. I have not spoken of my blunders arising from ignorance and inexperience, nor the novelty of customs and life so different from ours. These would be tedious, nor are they necessary to give some impression of Heidelberg in its most delightful season. The most romantic and picturesque of all German cities, and therefore most thronged by romance hunting tourists, its good old social character is still happily preserved. The last Revolution has fortunately spared it, and in spite of railroads beside its mountains, and steamboats on the Neckar, it will be for many years to come one of the pleasantest spots in Europe.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

THE grass of the field shall be now my theme,
For when winter is past, and the snow
Has melted away from the earth like a dream,
No flowers that in loveliness grow
More dear, or more beautiful ever can be
Than the simple grass of the field to me.

It springs up so quick, when showers call aloud
For every thing glad to come forth;
And when the sun bursts from his rainbow-cloud,
As the rain passes off to the north—
It shines in his glory, and laughs in his light,
The green grass of the field, so glistening and bright.

Happy children love in the grass to play,
Thick and soft for their dancing feet;
And there the wild bees gather honey all day
From the clover so blushing and sweet,
And find no stores that the garden can yield
Are richer than those from the grass of the field.

The lark makes his nest in the twining grass,
And methinks when he soars to the skies,
And sings the clear notes that all others surpass,
His gladness must surely arise
From the lowly content of that innocent breast,
Which finds in the grass of the field a safe nest.

There are few who notice the delicate flower
That blooms in the grass at their feet,
Yet the proudest plant in the greenhouse or bower
Is not fairer, or more complete;
And to those who observe—it is clearly revealed
That God clothes with beauty the grass of the field.

The mower comes out so busy and blithe,
At the dawn of a summer's day,
And the tall waving grass at the stroke of his scythe
Is cut down and withers away:
But the fragrance it sends over valley and hill
Makes the grass of the field loved and lovely still.

And while on the perishing grass we look,
A soft voice in the summer wind
Will whisper the words of the Holy Book
To the humble and thoughtful mind.
"All flesh is as grass," it will seem to say—
"Like the flower of the grass ye shall pass away."

But oh! we will hope with a faith secure—
Through the years of this mortal strife—
On the words of the Lord, which forever endure,
For in them is eternal life:
Thus lessons of truth all our pleasures will yield,
And wisdom we'll learn from the grass of the field.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

THE natal morn hath dawned again
With pure and cloudless ray;
May Peace and Hope attend thy steps,
Sweet sister, on this day.

It is the first that ever found
Me severed from thy side,
And tears will mingle with my prayer
At morn and eventide.

For I have yearned to lay my hand
In blessing on thy brow,
And speak the earnest words of love
That stir my spirit now;

Have longed, but longed in vain, to meet
The dark and sunny eye,
That has from childhood been to me
A star in every sky.

Have sought amid a stranger band
The smile I loved so well,
And lived in spirit o'er again
A sorrowful farewell!

And thou hast missed a warm caress,
And wept its loss, I know,
For we were joined as flowers that spring
From the same root below;

The early sunbeam as it stole
Across our quiet room,
Seemed to thy tearful eyes to wear
An all unbidden gloom.

And low winds seemed with mournful wail
The forest leaves to thrill,
As memory whispered that thou hadst
A vacant place to fill.

But we have loved as few can love,
For years, through storm and shine,
And though our paths lie separate now,
Thy heart still clings to mine.

By childhood's smiles and youth's gay dreams,
By memories of the dead,
By the stern discipline of grief,
My soul to thine is wed:

Links as eternal as the prayer
We used to breathe at even,
As ever-during as the vow
That binds us unto Heaven.

Then blessings on thee, dearest one,
My heart leaps o'er the sea;
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
May God watch over thee.

TASTE.

BY MISS AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS.

This seems a little word, while we repeat it less than one second of time is consumed, yet in its signification it is a great word—a word of vast and unmeasured import:

By it we understand a just appreciation of the good, the beautiful, the pleasant, the worthy and the useful:

Still it is not alike to all: Tastes differ with characters, and characters with men. By an all-wise Creator was this so ordained, and in every thing we see the wisdom and the beauty of His system.

Suppose, for instance, we pass in fancy around this vast globe, as we progress onward, countries, climates, men and characters undergo every conceivable grade of change. Gradually we pass from regions inhabited by enlightened men—men of learning and deep research, men to whom Science seems to have lent her very self, until we come to a race of beings between whom and the brute creation there is scarcely a demarcation: Yet each and every one of these thousands upon thousands of countless beings has his own peculiar sphere of action, and his own especial tastes, adapted to his position and circumstances.

Taste may, however, be improved or debased, elevated to the highest appreciations, the noblest conceptions, or lowered to the most sordid views, the most groveling level, and this is left to man himself—to rise or fall, to sink or soar, is left to his own choice, and is within his own power.

Of course this remark is not unqualified, it is not intended that the natives of Central Africa, or of the inhabited regions around the Poles, can improve their moral condition, and rise to the same high standard as may the enlightened nations of Europe or of our own loved country. To assert such a thing would be preposterous, to expect it ridiculous. Our resources are not their resources, our advantages not theirs, but there is implanted in the breast of every man a frame-work and basis, with which, and upon which, he may build something that shall make him better than he now is. And the greater his advantages, the vaster the amount of material furnished him wherewith to work, the more will be expected of him, and higher and higher will the eyes of men rise, seeking for the pinnacles of that temple of the mind which they of a right expect him to rear.

To ensure without fail the meeting of their views, (perchance to surpass them,) it is not sufficient to seize indiscriminately and pile block upon block, and stone upon stone. It is not sufficient to heap up a vast mountain of brick and mortar, jumbled together without taste or elegance, and then write upon it—This is Parian marble—these are classic proportions. This will not do, the cheat will be found out,

and Ridicule will mingle her laughter with the shouts and jeers of the multitude as they mock and scan the shallow attempt at imposition.

What then is to be done?

This—let us seek Taste, let us acquaint ourselves with her, coax her, court her, make her our own, and we are safe. But we must be sure it is no impostor, no false being who assumes the name, for there are such, and they are to be shunned. We must “be sure we are right, then” onward, right onward.

True taste will teach us to select the choice blocks, the finely grained and unflawed marble, she will bid us to reject the huge, coarse, glittering rocks with which some will strive to dazzle our eyes and mislead our judgment, and cause us to turn aside from those brittle and perishing kinds which will scarce bear handling.

Having chosen our materials, now let us build. Up go the blocks one after another, and high the temple grows. Day by day it increases in height, but why is it men stand and gaze with mortified and disappointed looks upon the structure? Why do no sounds of encouragement, no acclamations and shouts of admiration reach the ear? Hear the reason—we sought Taste—we courted her, we bid her aid us seek our materials, and teach us how to judge of them. She did so—that done we scorned her aid, we forgot her, and trusting in ourselves we reared a vast work of folly.

But “*nil desperandum*,” there is yet time. Tear down the monument of heedlessness and call Taste to teach us once again. Faithful she returns at our bidding. Now hark to the sound of the mallet and chisel as they ring against the stone, chip by chip of superfluous material is worked away, piece by piece which is unneeded is broken off and thrown aside until some other work shall call them into use.

Now seems to become exhumed, as from a grave of stone and rubbish, the massive pedestal, the firm base, the graceful column, the sculptured capital and the rich cornice. Day by day, and hour by hour, these multiply in true and classic beauty, and higher and higher skyward soars the now elegant structure, until, amid the shouts and admiration of the world, the voice of Reason proclaims that Taste has fashioned it.

This, then, is an edifice, a work worthy of the mind, formed from materials the choicest within man's reach, wrought out and builded by the hand of Taste; it is worthy to be gazed upon, to be admired and copied by all.

Age after age will go by, but still it will stand firm, and beautiful, and admired as when the artist gave

the last stroke, and proclaimed it to the world as finished.

Are proofs required, among the names of the ancients may be found those time-honored and long worshiped ones of Lysippus, Polyctetus, Praxiteles, Timanthes, Appelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, Ovid, Pollio, Catullus, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes, Orpheus, Archilocus and Timotheus, together with many, many of their cotemporaries, for whose names I have no space, but whose memories are still, and still are to be, revered.

Following in the path which these have hewn through the thickets of prejudice and ignorance comes a long bright train. Amidst the stars of this latter day firmament gleam conspicuous the names of Banks, Young, Cole, West, White, Vandyck, Tasso, Titian, Rittenhouse, Mozart, Milton, Crabbe, Galileo and Godfrey, and ever and anon new and brilliant planets flash forth and shed their glad effulgence around.

Could this be without Taste?

It could not. Glorious and rich and varied as are the works of those whose efforts and the productions of whose minds have tended to elevate and improve our condition, they never could have been without Taste to suggest—Taste to aid, and Taste to accomplish—the mighty, the stupendous, the gigantic works they have wrought.

What was it, let us inquire, that induced the ancient Egyptians to build the city of Thebes in such glorious magnificence that even its ruins produced effects upon historians to cause them to be immortalized? Homer tells of her hundred gates, from each of which two hundred chariots and ten thousand warriors could issue at a time. To her palaces painting and sculpture had lent all their art, combining to render this city one of the glories of the world. Was not this Taste?

What, too, induced them to erect those monuments of the strength of man and tyranny of kings—the Obelisks and Pyramids, to erect them in such huge size and vast strength that still they stand, as through long ages they have stood, firm and immovable as the “everlasting hills?”

Taste.

Need we ask Astronomy, that grand and elevating science, the contemplation of which forces upon us our own insignificance, and raises us from “Nature up to Nature’s God”—that science which teaches us to admire and wonder, to gaze and fear, to glorify and adore the *Great Being* who formed “Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades.” Need we ask to what considerations upon the part of man we are indebted for the important and immense researches which all lie open to us, which teach us to trace out the constellations, and “call the stars by their names”—which drew Phythias from his home and caused him to wander unsatisfied with the observations he

was able to make in his own country, from the Pillars of Hercules to the mouth of the Tanais—which made Egypt, Rome, Spain, France, Germany and Denmark the cradles of the then infant science?

Is it necessary to reply it is Taste?

Turn we then to Philosophy, and in the deep researches of Thales, the moral reasoning of Socrates, the eloquence of Plato, and the disinterestedness of Zenocrates read of Taste.

Chemistry, with all its brilliant discoveries, and Rhetoric, in its elegance, speak of it.

Music, Oratory, History, Geography, Grammar and Physic are each and all of them proofs of Taste in its truth and purity; and Poetry shouts forth with glad and eager pride Eureka! we have found it.

The beauty, delicacy and usefulness of Botany, the rich and varied hue of the flowers, those “gems of earth,” whisper softly to us of Taste; and the importance of Anatomy proves it.

Metaphysics and Geometry demonstrate its truth; while the wild bird’s carol hymns forth its notes of praise and gladness to the Creator of it and of that element of man’s happiness, Taste.

It is here, it is there, it is everywhere, one grand, pervading principle, one first element, one chief ingredient of all things.

It was implanted in the mind by *Him* who formed us, and it is as much the duty of man to cultivate and improve his taste, as it is his duty to improve and cultivate any other talent lent him to keep; and he will be considered no more excusable for wrapping this precious deposit in a napkin and hiding it away than was the servant of old, who buried the talent until the coming of his lord. Let us then cultivate Taste, each according to the kind and portion given us.

It has been said that “every man is born to excel in something, and the only reason so many fail is they mistake their calling.” Be this as it may, it sounds marvelously like sense, and it would be well for every one to examine strictly, that he may discover wherein it is intended he shall excel, and what the peculiar Taste or Tastes may be which, to himself, to society at large, and to a *higher power* than either, it is his duty to cultivate.

Yet although Taste has been given us, and we are required to improve and use it to the best advantage, it is not intended there are no other gifts bestowed on man which can equal it. That would be to assume for it more than could well be proven. It is intended that Taste shall act as a means of enjoyment and happiness, as a means whereby we can investigate causes, and admire and apply effects—a means whereby we can dive into the very depths of science and open the sealed treasure-house of knowledge—a means of searching out the beauties and glories of creation, and comprehending, as far as the mind of man is capable of comprehending, the wonderful omnipotence of the Deity.

THE MAN OF MIND AND THE MAN OF MONEY.

BY T. S. ARNOLD.

At nineteen, Silas Loring left college and went into a store to be educated for a merchant. At the same time, a school-companion, named Alfred Benedict, with whom he had been intimate, was placed by his parents in the counting-room of a large shipper. The two young men had enjoyed equal advantages, so far as education was concerned; but they had improved these advantages differently. The father of Loring early impressed upon his mind the idea that wealth gave a man all power and influence in the world; that it was the greatest good that could be sought; while the father of Benedict urged his son to gain knowledge as the highest and best possession. The two young men had been influenced, as well by their natural tastes and feelings as by the opinions and advice of their parents. On leaving college, Loring left behind him all affection for literature or scientific pursuits, and took with him only an ardent desire to become wealthy, accompanied by a confident assurance that he possessed the ability required to attain the summit of his wishes. Benedict, on the contrary, entered the world with his love of knowledge as active as ever, and his desire for its attainment more ardent than when he passed at first over the threshold of Wisdom's temple.

Equal as to external advantages, the two young men started in the world. Neither of their parents were rich, though both were able to give their children a good education, that surest guaranty of success. But difference of purpose in a few years made a great difference in their relative positions. When Loring was twenty-five years of age he was a partner in the house where he had served his apprenticeship, and the most active and really intelligent business man in the firm; while Benedict was merely a book-keeper, receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. All the energies of the active mind of Loring, inspired by his love of money, were given to business; while the no less active mind of Benedict was as deeply absorbed in literary pursuits and scientific investigations. As a book-keeper, the latter was faithful, attentive and accurate, and valued by his employers; but beyond his journal and ledger his thoughts never penetrated the arcana of trade. He had no affection for it. His mind loved rather to explore the arcana of knowledge, and gather in from fields that were ever opening before him, rich harvests of intelligence.

In the manners and appearance of the two young men there was also a noticeable change. Loring had an air of self-importance, and an off-hand, dashing sort of manner, that bespoke a mind well satisfied with itself, and conscious of having done something. But Benedict had become more quiet and unobtrusive. He looked like a man who did not entertain a very

high opinion of himself, as being of consequence in the community.

As men appear in society, so are they usually estimated by the mass. Loring was bowed to across the street a dozen times in every square; was met in company by a hearty shake of the hand, and treated wherever he went as an individual of some importance. And such he really felt himself to be. Benedict, on the contrary, might walk a dozen squares without receiving a nod, or mingle in society and be almost unnoticed and alone. But he did not feel this. In fact he was hardly conscious of it; for he rarely, if ever, thought any thing about the estimation in which others held him. His mind was in a higher and purer region.

The intimate friendship that had existed between Loring and Benedict, did not continue very long after they left college, although they remained friends and acquaintances, and were interested in each other for some years. But, after Loring had changed from a clerk to a merchant, he began to feel that he was no longer on a level with a mere book-keeper, who was likely to remain a book-keeper for life. Merchants were now his associates. Men who used to bow to him with distant formality, now took him cordially by the hand, and were as familiar with him as he had been with mere clerks before. He likewise received invitations to the houses of these merchants, and was introduced into a new and higher circle. In this circle he never met his old friend Benedict. Is it any wonder that he looked down upon him as an inferior? None. We see by means of the atmosphere by which we are surrounded, whether naturally or spiritually. The atmosphere in which the mind of Loring breathed and saw, was so different from the one that gave life and vision to the mind of Benedict, that he was unable to see by it the true quality and character of his friend. He could see in his own atmosphere, but that which surrounded the humble book-keeper was darkness to his eyes.

Thus the years went by, Loring accumulating gold, and Benedict treasures of knowledge, that neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. As these treasures increased, he began to feel a desire to impart something of what he possessed to others. This desire prompted him to write out his reflections, experiences, and the new views that were constantly pressing in upon his mind, and send them to the various literary and scientific journals for publication. It was not long before this brought him into honorable notice, and made his name familiar to men of intelligence throughout the country, with many of whom he gradually came into correspondence.

"What has become of Benedict?" asked Mr.

Loring, one day of the merchant whose book-keeper he had been for many years. "I have missed him from your store for some time."

"He left me several months ago," was the reply.

"How came that? But I suppose his mind got so lost in his literary pursuits that he was no longer good for any thing as a clerk."

"He was faithful and correct to the last," promptly answered the individual to whom this remark was made. "I never had and never expect to have a more valuable clerk than Benedict. But he has obtained a better place, and one more suited to his tastes and abilities."

"Ah, where has he gone?"

"To Bowdoin College. The Professorship of — was offered to him, and he accepted it."

"I did n't know that he had any friends away off there. Isn't it rather singular that he should be appointed to such a chair? Do you think him capable of filling it?"

"I presume those who appointed him knew his ability?"

"Did he apply for it?"

"No. He knew nothing of the vacancy until he was notified of his appointment."

"That is a little singular," remarked Loring, wondering for the moment how a man of so little importance, and no very distinguished ability, should be voluntarily tendered a high professorship in Bowdoin College. But the wonder did not occupy his mind very long. It passed away with the thought of his old school-friend.

Great activity and energy in a business already firmly established, in which was ample capital, made Loring the possessor, in a few years, of quite a handsome property. Ambitious of a more rapid increase of fortune, and believing that he ought to have the entire benefit of his activity, energy, and capacity for trade, he withdrew from the house in which he was a partner, and commenced business alone. He did not err in his calculations. The result was as favorable as he had expected. Money came in more rapidly, and with its accumulation rose his ideas of his own importance, until he looked down upon every man whose coffers were not quite as full as his own, at the same time that he felt himself to be as good as any millionaire in the land.

It is a little singular how the mere possession of money raises a man's ideas of his own importance, and causes him to think meanly of all who are not favored with any considerable portion of this world's goods. Upon what a slender basis of real worth do men sometimes build a towering structure of self-conceit! Wealth is very rarely the correspondent of solid virtue and sterling merit in those who possess it; not that men of wealth are less virtuous or meritorious as a class, but wealth, upon which most persons value themselves, is not the true standard for estimating the man. It never gives quality to the heart, principles to the mind, nor to the understanding rational intelligence.

As Mr. Loring continued to grow richer, his ideas of his own importance continued to rise, until he felt

himself quite an "exclusive" in society. At the age of forty, he determined to take a trip across the Atlantic, and see the world abroad. He must spend some time in London, Paris and Italy. In order to be prepared for this journey, he brushed up his French, and spent his leisure time in reading about the places he proposed to visit. So far as his knowledge of matters and things in his own country, out of the mercantile sphere, was concerned, it was very limited. Even in politics he was not very well posted up. As to what was doing in literature and science, he was altogether ignorant. He was a successful merchant, and that was about all that could be said of him.

All things ready, Mr. Loring took passage in a steamer for Liverpool. The ship had cast off her moorings, and was gliding swiftly along the smooth waters of the bay, when the merchant, in turning his eyes from the diminishing city to the nearer and more palpable objects on board the vessel that was bearing him on to the ocean, noticed a familiar face. At first he was at a loss where to place its owner. But soon his memory was clear upon that subject. His old friend, Benedict, was a fellow-passenger! The eyes of the latter were upon him, and his countenance about expressing a pleasurable recognition, when Loring turned away and glanced back again upon the dim and distant city. He did not wish to renew the acquaintance. When he next looked around upon his companions for the voyage, Benedict was not to be seen.

There were one hundred passengers on board, and among them several men of high reputation in the United States. A former Governor of Massachusetts, whose name and fame were familiar to every one, was among the number; also two men from the South, who had distinguished themselves during many years in the national legislature. One of them had held the office of Secretary of State. Besides these, there were many men of standing and character both from the mercantile class and the learned professions. In looking over the list of passengers, Mr. Loring was well satisfied to find himself in such good company. The only drawback was the presence of so obscure an individual as Mr. Benedict, with whom he had once been acquainted, but toward whom he must now, in justice to his own character and position, conduct himself as a stranger.

Such were the reflections of Mr. Loring, as he turned from the vessel's side and went below, late in the afternoon of the day on which they had sailed. On entering the cabin, the first objects that met his eyes were the ex-governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Benedict engaged in conversation. This surprised him at first, but on reflection, he explained the circumstance by supposing that Benedict had intruded himself upon the individual with whom he was conversing, and that the latter submitted to the intrusion from mere politeness. He sat down at some distance from them, expecting to see their interview quickly terminated. But he was disappointed in this, for the parties grew more and more interested. Whenever Benedict spoke, he observed that the

other listened with deep attention, and that his manner toward him was always respectful, and sometimes even deferential. The conversation was prolonged until tea-time, and then the two men separated.

There was something in this that the man of wealth could not understand.

On the next day Mr. Loring sought an opportunity to make the formal acquaintance of Mr. —, from the Bay State, through the introduction of a friend on board, who presented him as "one of our first merchants," going out to visit Europe. Mr. — was very polite, and made some commonplace remarks to the merchant, who replied with a self-importance in his manner that did not make the impression he designed. The ex-governor knew just how much money was worth as a standard by which to estimate the man. The words, "one of our first merchants," made no impression upon him whatever. In fact, he scarcely noticed it. After talking a short time with Mr. Loring, with a polite bow he moved away and joined Mr. Benedict, who was standing on the opposite side of the vessel. He was soon again in close conversation with this obscure individual.

Loring was not only surprised at this, but chafed. It puzzled as well as annoyed him. He could not but remark that Mr. Benedict was perfectly at his ease with the distinguished individual who had just left him, and that there was nothing in the manner of Mr. — approaching to condescension. Not many minutes elapsed before they were joined by a third person, to whom Mr. — presented Loring's old friend in a formal introduction. This individual was from the South. He had formerly held the office of Secretary of State at Washington. At the mention of Mr. Benedict's name he shook him warmly by the hand, and treated him with marked attention. The three men then went below, where Loring saw them, about an hour afterward, in the centre of a group of five or six, all men of standing and character in the United States. Benedict was speaking, and all were listening to him with deep attention.

"Can it be possible that his fortunes have changed—that he has become wealthy?" the merchant said to himself; and a feeling of respect for his old acquaintance arose in his mind.

Day after day went by, and still Mr. Benedict continued to be on terms of intimacy with these men, while they treated Mr. Loring, who was introduced to them by a friend, with reserved and distant politeness.

"Who is that man?" asked the merchant, affecting not to know Benedict. The question was put to a fellow-passenger.

"That's Professor Benedict," replied the person addressed, manifesting surprise at the question. "Are you not acquainted with him?"

Loring shook his head.

"You have heard of him, of course?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Not heard of Professor Benedict?" The passenger looked into the face of Loring with a broad stare. "Why he is known from one end of our

country to the other as a distinguished scholar and man of science. His articles in the Quarterly Review, and his essays on Political and Social Economy, "Wealth and Labor," "The Times," etc., have won for him an enviable reputation. There are few abler men in our country than Professor Benedict."

Mr. Loring asked no further questions. He felt rebuked and mortified. Rich as he was, and highly as he valued himself, he felt that the man of intellect was ranked higher than the man of money. In the small compass of that steam-vessel were clustered together men of wealth, eminence, and political distinction. There were few on board whom even Mr. Loring would think beneath him; and yet he was treated by them with no particular deference. When he spoke, he was listened to with the politeness that always accompanies good-breeding; but that was all. None gathered around him; none sought his company; none treated him as a man distinguished from the rest. Wealth! that was a common possession; but strong intellect was the god-like gift of the few; and men bowed before it and yielded freely their homage.

The proud man was deeply humbled during the brief period occupied in sweeping across the broad Atlantic, and he felt relieved and breathed more freely the moment he set his foot on shore at Liverpool. Shame had kept him from renewing his acquaintance with Benedict, who continued to be an object of interest to almost every one during the voyage.

In the great world of London, Mr. Loring quickly recovered his balance of mind. He took letters of introduction to eminent merchants and bankers there, by whom he was received and treated with the greatest attention. He was again conscious of the fact, that wealth was power, and that the possessor of wealth ranked highest of any.

In Paris he did not feel quite so much at ease. He brought letters to the American Minister, the Hon. Mr. —, who had represented our country at the palace of St. Cloud for some five years with honor to himself and the nation; and was received with the courtesy and attention which always marked that gentleman's conduct toward his countrymen. Mr. Loring had only been in Paris a couple of days when the American Minister said to him,

"A distinguished countryman of ours is now in Paris. He is to dine with me day after tomorrow, in company with about fifty of the most celebrated scientific and literary men in the city. Your arrival is quite opportune, Mr. Loring, I shall, of course, have the pleasure of your company."

Mr. Loring bowed in acquiescence, and then inquired who the distinguished American was.

"Professor Benedict," replied the minister. "He is an honor to our country, and I feel proud of the opportunity I shall have of presenting him to men of a like spirit with himself, to whom his name has long been familiar."

Mr. Loring was confounded.

"He has been for some years a member of the Philosophical Society here," continued the minister,

"and his communications, published in their annual report of proceedings, are among the finest papers that emanate from that body. They cause honorable notice of our countryman to be made in all the scientific journals of Europe. I need not ask you in what estimation he is held at home, as I see by Silliman's Journal, the North American Review, and the transactions of the various learned societies there, that his worth is fully known and appreciated. Have you ever had the pleasure of meeting him?"

"Ob, yes," was the reply. "He is an old college mate of mine."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. We were quite intimate as young men; but our pursuits in life were so different that, in the very nature of things, this intimate acquaintance could not continue. But I had the pleasure of meeting him again in crossing the Atlantic. We came over in the same steamer."

"Did you? That must have been a very pleasant voyage. Fair weather the whole time, and the company of so many men eminent for their talents. Mr. Benedict says that the two weeks he spent upon the ocean he shall number as the most agreeable of his whole life."

Mr. Loring now felt himself to be in a very awkward position indeed. How to act he did not know. He had accepted the American Minister's invitation to dine with him, and at his table he would meet the man whom he had for years considered beneath him, and whose very acquaintance he had dropped as discreditable to one in his position. And this man was to be the honored guest! Mr. Loring retired to his hotel with his mind bewildered and his feelings at a lower range in the thermometer of his self-esteem than they had been for a very long time. If it had not happened that Benedict came over in the same steamer with him, and that he had cut his acquaintance before he knew that he had become an individual of some note, the way would have been plain enough before him. He could have gone to the dinner and renewed his old friendship, and felt honored in being his countryman. But this he felt to be out of the question now. Benedict might refuse to know him, or might treat him in such a manner as to wound and mortify him severely, and expose him to the just contempt of men whose good opinion he was the very man to value.

The exceeding smallness of the foundation upon which he had built a towering structure of self-importance, was brought, by the circumstances in which he was placed, with painful clearness to his mind. He saw and felt, almost for the first time in his life, that money was not every thing, and that it would not make a man worshipped every where, and by all classes of men.

For a long time the mind of Mr. Loring was in debate as to the best course to be pursued. At one time he resolved to send a note to the American Minister, on the day the dinner was to take place, regretting his inability to make one of his guests, on account of indisposition. But this intention was after a while abandoned, and he determined to leave

Paris for Italy on the next day. Like the first resolution, this was also given up, and his mind was all in confusion again. At length he decided, though with much reluctance, that he would call upon Mr. Benedict, and formally renew his acquaintance. There was something, he felt, humiliating in this; but it was a step greatly to be preferred to any that he had yet thought of taking. He did not wish to lie direct to the American Minister, by saying that he was indisposed; nor did he wish to leave Paris for at least a month.

By little and by little, since the day the steamer left New York, the man of money had felt increasing respect for the man of mind. He saw that he was honored by those who were themselves honorable; that he was known and highly esteemed by distinguished men in Paris and throughout Europe, while his name had scarcely been heard of beyond his own city. There was no mistake about this. It was all plain as daylight. The humble book-keeper was a greater man than the purse-proud merchant.

The severest conflict between pride and necessity that ever took place in Mr. Loring's mind, was that which ended in a determination to call upon Mr. Benedict. What his reception would be he knew not, nor could he fix upon any mode of address, on meeting him, that was satisfactory.

At length, after hours of hesitation and debate, and a re-consideration of the whole matter, the merchant left his hotel and proceeded to that of the old friend whom he had cast off years before as beneath him in social rank and real worth. Gradually his respect for him had been rising, until now he rather looked up than down upon him, as the possessor of something far more intrinsically excellent than any thing of which he could boast. Known throughout all Europe! The honored guest of the American Minister! Courted by men of learning and distinction in Paris! His very name a passport into the first circles, and an introduction to the most eminent men of the day! What had he been thinking about? Where were his eyes, that he had not before seen this rising star, now suddenly revealed to him, shining in beauty and splendor? Respect was easily changed into a feeling of deference. As distinctly as he could Mr. Loring, endeavored to recall to his mind the appearance and manner of Mr. Benedict, during the voyage across the Atlantic. This he could not do very distinctly, as he had kept out of his way as much as possible. Still he could recollect that there was ease, self-possession, dignity of manner, and the consciousness of power. These were the visible marks of a great man about him—not so much perceived at the time as recognized, now that they were remembered.

This was the state of mind, and such were the thoughts that oppressed Mr. Loring, as he started on his humiliating errand. He, of course, expected to be received with coldness and dignity, if received at all. It might be that Mr. Benedict would decline renewing the acquaintance that he had almost rudely dropped, which, under the circumstances, would be mortifying in the extreme, and compel him to de-

cline the invitation to dine with the American Minister.

His card sent up, the merchant awaited the return of the porter with serious misgivings at heart. When that functionary returned, and signified that Mr. Benedict would be happy to receive him, he proceeded toward his apartments in a state of mind such as he had never before experienced, and certainly never wished to experience again. A door was thrown open by the porter, and a man, in the prime of life, stood near the centre of the room. His quiet, thoughtful face, and calm, steady eye, so well remembered, and so little changed by time, was lit up instantly by a warm, frank smile, so natural and familiar, that it seemed the smile of years before, when they met as intimate friends. He stepped forward quickly, and grasped Mr. Loring's extended hand.

The merchant was subdued and humbled. He could hardly utter the words that rose to his tongue. He stood in the presence of one who was superior to himself, and who yet assumed no consequence. The beauty and true nobility of this he clearly saw, because it affected himself. He felt that Benedict possessed a generous, manly spirit and a true heart, of the real worth of which he had never before had any conception.

In the interview that followed this meeting, no allusion was made to the voyage across the Atlantic by either party. The conversation mostly referred to former years and events.

When they separated, Mr. Loring was in some doubt as to the real greatness of his old friend. He saw nothing in him that he had not seen before. Not

a brilliant sentence was uttered; nothing out of the common order was apparent in his conversation. He even permitted the query to arise in his mind whether or no he had not been overrated? Whether distance had not lent enchantment to the view? This was his state of mind when he met him again at the American Minister's, surrounded by some of the most celebrated men of learning in Paris; but it changed after Benedict had been toasted, and he replied in an address of great beauty, force, and originality, that enchanted the attention of every one. Loring was lost in astonishment and admiration; nor was he less surprised at the apparent unconsciousness of being more than an ordinary man manifested by his every act and word during the five hours that he observed him in the midst of these eminent men, with the best of whom he could not but acknowledge him, from what he then saw, to be equal.

The man of money did not again come in contact with the man of mind during his tour in Europe; nor has he met him since his return home. But now, and he cannot but wonder why it was not so before, he hears the name of Professor Benedict frequently mentioned, and often meets with it in the public journals. Whenever he does so, the feeling of purse-proud superiority that has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, has a leaf withered, a flower blighted, or a branch riven from the stem. But the roots of that feeling are vigorous, and strike deeply into a rich soil. Although its very luxuriant growth is at times checked, yet we cannot hope to see the plant destroyed. It is too well matured, and its aliment too abundant.

A MAY SONG.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

HURRAH! for sweet May, it is here with its brightness,

The songs of the birds, and the breath of the flowers,
The sighs of the zephyrs, that woo with their lightness,
And hasten the steps of the Summer's glad hours;
The earth is all gladness—the sky is all beaming
With rose-tinted shadows of beauty and light,
As rich as those insects whose golden wings gleaming
Are twined in the hair of the maidens at night.

The soft balmy air through the casement is singing

In tones of delight to the bud and the bee—
Like the laughter of girlhood in ecstasy ringing,
When the first star of evening has hidden them free—
In the depths of the forest the wild vine is creeping
Around the huge oak with its blossoms of gold—
And, curtained with leafiness, flowerets are sleeping,
Surrounded with perfume and beauty untold.

Come out with the sunrise!—all Nature is glowing—

Each hill-top is bathed in the morn's early beams;
In the valley the fragrance of spring-time is blowing,
To scatter the mists from the flower-margined streams;
On the greenward the footsteps of children are straying,
As free as the gambols of Summer's pure air,
As, laden with health, from the mountain 'tis playing
And tossing each ringlet of gold-colored hair.

With an echo of music the river is loving

Its white pebbled shore, as it dances along;
Now sunshine, now shade o'er its clear bosom waving,
Like the world's beaten pathway, half sorrow, half song,
Far, far in the distance, the ocean is lying,
As calm and as tideless as infancy's breast:
While the last lingering rays of the purple light dying
Is shed on its face ere it sinks into rest.

And then comes the eve with its moonlight and dreaming,

When melody floats on each whisper and sigh,
When eyes are as bright as the stars that are gleaming,
And hearts are as free as the breeze passing by.
In the wildwood the song of the night-bird is blending
With the light tread of dancers, and shoutings of mirth,
Whilst all round are the *rosy boy's* arrows descending,
And *love*, like our joys, has a star-lighted birth.

The Summer's young Ganymedes' cup is o'erflowing

With dew-drops, distilled from the Spring's early morn,
As pure as the breath of the west wind that's blowing,
Or wishes deep down in a maiden's heart born;
Then a health for sweet May! what heart is not swelling
As the mild air of Summer comes soft o'er the brow,
And a thousand bright tokens all round us are telling
That the May-day of Youth and Affection is now.

FIFTY SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

1.

It is observable that, while among all nations the omni-color, white, has been received as an emblem of the Pure, the no-color, black, has by no means been generally admitted as sufficiently typical of Impurity. There are blue devils as well as black; and when we think very ill of a woman, and wish to blacken her character, we merely call her "a blue-stocking" and advise her to read, in Rabelais' "*Gargantua*," the chapter "*de ce qui est signifié par les couleurs blanc et bleu*." There is far more difference between these "*couleurs*," in fact, than that which exists between simple black and white. Your "blue," when we come to talk of stockings, is black in *essimo*—"nigrum nigrius nigro"—like the matter from which Raymond Lully first manufactured his alcohol.

2.

Mr. —, I perceive, has been appointed Librarian to the new — Athenæum. To him, the appointment is advantageous in many respects. Especially:—"Mon cousin, voici une belle occasion pour apprendre à lire!"

3.

As far as I can understand the "loving our enemies," it implies the hating our friends.

4.

In commencing our dinners with gravy soup, no doubt we have taken a hint from Horace.

— Du, he says, si grave non est,
Quæ prima intum ventrem placeverit uca.

5.

Of much of our cottage architecture we may safely say, I think, (admitting the good intention,) that it would have been Gothic if it had not felt it its duty to be Dutch.

6.

James's multitudinous novels seem to be written upon the plan of "the songs of the Bard of Schiras," in which, we are assured by Fadladeen, "the same beautiful thought occurs again and again in every possible variety of phrase."

7.

Some of our foreign lions resemble the human brain in one very striking particular. They are without any sense themselves and yet are the centres of sensation.

8.

Mirabeau, I fancy, acquired his wonderful tact at foreseeing and meeting contingencies, during his residence in the stronghold of *If*.

9.

Cottle's "Reminiscences of Coleridge" is just such a book as damns its perpetrator forever in the opinion of every gentleman who reads it. More and more every day do we moderns *pauoneggiarsi* about

our Christianity; yet, so far as the *spirit* of Christianity is concerned, we are immeasurably behind the ancients. Mottoes and proverbs are the indices of national character; and the Anglo-Saxons are disgraced in having no proverbial equivalent to the "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*." Moreover—where, in all statutory Christendom, shall we find a law so Christian as the "*Defuncti injuriâ ne afficiantur*" of the Twelve Tables?

The simple negative injunction of the Latin law and proverb—the injunction *not to do ill to the dead*—seems at a first glance, scarcely susceptible of improvement in the delicate respect of its terms. I cannot help thinking, however, that the sentiment, if not the idea intended, is more forcibly conveyed in an apophthegm by one of the old English moralists, James Puckle. By an ingenious figure of speech he contrives to imbue the negation of the Roman command with a spirit of active and positive beneficence. "When speaking of the dead," he says, in his "Grey Cap for a Green Head," "*so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence*."

10.

I have no doubt that the Fourierites honestly fancy "a nasty poet fit for nothing" to be the true translation of "*poeta nascitur non fit*."

11.

There surely cannot be "more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of" (oh, Andrew Jackson Davis!) "in your philosophy."

12.

"It is only as the Bird of Paradise quits us in taking wing," observes, or should observe, some poet, "that we obtain a full view of the beauty of its plumage;" and it is only as the politician is about being "turned out" that—like the snake of the Irish Chronicle when touched by St. Patrick—he "awakens to a sense of his situation."

13.

Newspaper editors seem to have constitutions closely similar to those of the Deities in "Walhalla," who cut each other to pieces every day, and yet got up perfectly sound and fresh every morning.

14.

As far as I can comprehend the modern cant in favor of "unadulterated Saxon," it is fast leading us to the language of that region where, as Addison has it, "they sell the best fish and speak the plainest English."

15.

The frightfully long money-pouches—"like the Cucumber called the Gigantic"—which have come in vogue among our belles—are *not* of Parisian origin, as many suppose, but are strictly indigenous

here. The fact is, such a fashion would be quite out of place in Paris, where it is money *only* that women keep in a purse. The purse of an American lady, however, must be large enough to carry both her money and the soul of its owner.

16.

I can see no objection to gentlemen "standing for Congress"—provided they stand on one side—nor to their "running for Congress"—if they are in a very great hurry to get there—but it would be a blessing if some of them could be persuaded into sitting still, for Congress, after they arrive.

17.

If *Envy*, as Cyprian has it, be "the moth of the soul," whether shall we regard *Content* as its Scotch snuff or its camphor?

18.

M—, having been "used up" in the — Review," goes about town lauding his critic—as an epicure lauds the best London mustard—with the tears in his eyes.

19.

"*Con tal que las costumbres de un autor sean puras y castas,*" says the Catholic Don Tomas de las Torres, in the Preface to his "Amatory Poems," "*importo muy poco que no sean igualmente severas sus obras:*" meaning, in plain English, that, provided the personal morals of an author are pure, it matters little what those of his books are.

For so unprincipled an idea, Don Tomas, no doubt, is still having a hard time of it in Purgatory; and, by way of most pointedly manifesting their disgust at his philosophy on the topic in question, many modern theologians and divines are now busily squaring their conduct by his proposition exactly *conversed*.

20.

Children are never too tender to be whipped:—like tough beefsteaks, the more you beat them the more tender they become.

21.

Lucian, in describing the statue "with its surface of Purian marble and its interior filled with rags," must have been looking with a prophetic eye at some of our great "moneyed institutions."

22.

That poets (using the word comprehensively, as including artists in general) are a *genus irritabile*, is well understood; but the *why*, seems not to be commonly seen. An artist is an artist only by dint of his exquisite sense of Beauty—a sense affording him rapturous enjoyment, but at the same time implying, or involving, an equally exquisite sense of Deformity of disproportion. Thus a wrong—an injustice—done a poet who is really a poet, excites him to a degree which, to ordinary apprehension, appears disproportionate with the wrong. Poets see injustice—*never* where it does not exist—but very often where the unpoetical see no injustice whatever. Thus the poetical irritability has no reference to "temper" in the vulgar sense, but merely to more than usual clear-sightedness in respect to Wrong:—this clear-sightedness being nothing more than a corollary from the

vivid perception of Right—of justice—of proportion—in a word, of *reason*. But one thing is clear—that the man who is *not* "irritable," (to the ordinary apprehension,) is *no* poet.

23.

Let a man succeed ever so evidently—ever so demonstrably—in many different displays of *genius*, the envy of criticism will agree with the popular voice in denying him more than *talent* in any. Thus a poet who has achieved a great (by which I mean an effective) poem, should be cautious not to distinguish himself in any other walk of Letters. In especial—let him make no effort in Science—unless anonymously, or with the view of waiting patiently the judgment of posterity. Because universal or even versatile geniuses have rarely or never been known, *therefore*, thinks the world, none such can ever be. A "therefore" of this kind is, with the world, conclusive. But what is the *fact*, as taught us by analysis of mental power? Simply, that the *highest* genius—that the genius which all men instantaneously acknowledge as such—which acts upon individuals, as well as upon the mass, by a species of magnetism incomprehensible but irresistible and *never resisted*—that this genius which demonstrates itself in the simplest gesture—or even by the absence of all—this genius which speaks without a voice and flashes from the unopened eye—is but the result of generally large mental power existing in a state of *absolute proportion*—so that no one faculty has undue predominance. *That* factitious "genius"—that "genius" in the popular sense—which is but the manifestation of the abnormal predominance of some one faculty over all the others—and, of course, at the expense and to the detriment, of all the others—is a result of mental disease or rather, of organic malformation of mind:—it is this and nothing more. Not only will such "genius" fail, if turned aside from the path indicated by its predominant faculty; but, even when pursuing this path—when producing those works in which, certainly, it is *best* calculated to succeed—will give unmistakable indications of *unsoundness*, in respect to general intellect. Hence, indeed, arises the just idea that

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

I say "just idea;" for by "great wit," in this case, the poet intends precisely the pseudo-genius to which I refer. The true genius, on the other hand, is necessarily, if not universal in its manifestations, at least capable of universality; and if, attempting all things, it succeeds in one rather better than in another, this is merely on account of a certain bias by which *Taste* leads it with more earnestness in the one direction than in the other. With equal zeal, it would succeed equally in all.

To sum up our results in respect to this very simple, but much vexata *questio*:—

What the world calls "genius" is the state of mental disease arising from the undue predominance of some one of the faculties. The works of such genius are never sound in themselves and, in especial, always betray the general mental insanity.

The *proportion* of the mental faculties, in a case where the general mental power is *not* inordinate, gives that result which we distinguish as *talent*:—and the talent is greater or less, first, as the general mental power is greater or less; and, secondly, as the proportion of the faculties is more or less absolute.

The proportion of the faculties, in a case where the mental power is inordinately great, gives that result which is the true *genius* (but which, on account of the proportion and seeming simplicity of its works, is seldom acknowledged to be so;) and the genius is greater or less, first, as the general mental power is more or less inordinately great; and, secondly, as the proportion of the faculties is more or less absolute.

An objection will be made:—that the greatest *excess* of mental power, however proportionate, does not seem to satisfy our idea of genius, unless we have, in addition, sensibility, passion, energy. The

reply is, that the "absolute proportion" spoken of, when applied to inordinate mental power, gives, as a result, the appreciation of Beauty and horror of Deformity which we call sensibility, together with that intense vitality, which is implied when we speak of "Energy" or "Passion."

24.

"And Beauty draws us by a single hair."—Capillary attraction, of course.

25.

It is by no means clear, as regards the present revolutionary spirit of Europe, that it is a spirit which "moveth altogether if it move at all." In Great Britain it may be kept quiet for half a century yet, by placing at the head of affairs an experienced medical man. He should keep his forefinger constantly on the pulse of the patient, and exhibit *panem* in gentle doses, with as much *circenses* as the stomach can be made to retain. [Conclusion in our next.]

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MARIETTE ROBINSON.

(Concluded from page 206.)

WHEN Parisian society had passed the dread ordeal which bears the name of the Reign of Terror, through continual scenes of blood and tears, it seemed by a strange and almost unaccountable impulse to be impelled to mirth and festivity. On the day after the disappearance of the guillotine French frivolity resumed its sway with a thousand whims and vagaries, to which the stern muse of history would pay no attention, but to which, in this sketch of the follies of humanity, we may aptly attend. One of the whimsicalities peculiar to the day is that in memory of the sad toilette of the guillotine, when the hair was cropped by the shears of the executioner, a similar *coiffure* was the *mode*. Women laid aside their luxuriant locks for a *coiffure à la victime*, and wore a band of blood-red velvet around the neck, as if in derision of the fall of the axe. This fashion, emanating in France, where recklessness had been produced by the constant presence of danger, went the round of the world, and the *coiffure à la victime* was worn by both sexes in quiet neighborhoods, which had learned only by report of the fearful atrocities committed in the capital of civilization. Balls *à la victime* also became the vogue, and none were at first admitted to them except those who had lost relations on the scaffold. To some of these balls it was requisite not to have lost collaterals only, but a parent, or brother, sister, husband or wife. There were exclusives even there, and a few nobility of the scaffold was created. This was the era of *corsets à la justice* and *bonnets à la humanité*.

Away with care! Bring in the violin and minstrels! was the cry. A mania for the dance per-

vaded all society. High and low, aristocrats and people, antiques and moderns all danced. The chapel of the old Carmelite convent became a ball-room, and the Jesuits' college a place of festivity, as did also the convents of *Saint-Sulpice* of the *Filles de Saint-Marie*. In the *guingettes* and in the most elegant society all danced. "If the traces of crime and degradation were seen every where else," says a writer of that age, "a man of taste had at least the consolation to find in these brilliant assemblages society not unlike that which made Paris once the wonder of the world. The winter-halls are the asylum of good taste, elegance and propriety. In them a young man may purify himself by the spectacle of triumphant *VIRTUS*." Yet the only requisite to admission to these balls was a subscription of 96 francs, (about \$19 20.) A cotemporary thus describes one of the most celebrated of these reunions, that at the Hotel Richelieu, in a manner to make us skeptical about the virtue. "It is," says he, "an arch of *transparent robes* of lace, head-dresses of gold and diamonds. A subscription is required, and the visiter is ushered into the society of *perfumed goddesses*, crowned with flowers, who float about in Athenian robes, and receive the lispng flattery of the *inévitable*, who prate of their *parole d'honneur*." It need not be said this is a mere *phase* of Parisian society, fortunately not reflected by the rest of the world.

The ball of the Opera was revived, and to it we must look for the most striking specimens of costume. The plain black domino exclusively worn at such places during the monarchy had disappeared,

and was replaced by a similar garment of the most striking colors. Turks, Chinese and the old traditional characters were exiled to the places of popular amusement, and the great room of the Opera was filled with Caius Marius, Dentatus, Cicero, Mutius Scaevola, Pericles, Lycurgus, Cymon and Herodotus. The charm, however, was gone; the new society had no traditions; the people composing it were almost ignorant of each other, and the playful badinage of which the old balls had been the scene was lost forever. The *Jeunesse Dorée*, as the courtiers of the Directory and Consulate were called, frequented these balls most faithfully, but the old prestige was destroyed, and families were not seen as they had been in the days of old.

It is strange with what rapidity from the epoch of the Directory a taste for luxury and pleasure sprung up in the minds of the people. Music again resumed its sway, and a hundred places of public amusement were opened. One of the most significant evidences

that the late or present French Revolution is not yet over, is the fact that as yet public amusements do not thrive, and that the people look elsewhere for excitement than to the stage and concert. The most curious of all spectacles is the stormy deliberation of the Assembly, and the artises of the Executive power the most attractive of all performers.

Gradually a disposition to *make a figure* inculcated society. As the Revolution became distant luxury increased. Yet it was not the *faste* of old monarchy, but a new splendor, which the persons left on the surface of society by the *bouleversement* of all orders threw around them. The women in the lowness of the bosoms of their dresses descended below even the modesty required by the Regency, and the *inroyables* became more fantastic than the *marquis*. The following was the costume they adopted, and a more tasteless one can scarcely be conceived:



They were not so richly dressed as their predecessors, nor were they so elegant and graceful, but their manners were quite as affected. Then came again the taste for gallant acrostics and love songs, which caused the poetry of the Cheibers to be forgotten for *fantasies* addressed to the popular actresses. This prodigality was the more criminal because it had a contrast in alarming want. The Revolution did not make France more rich, nor did the becautombs slain in defence of the liberty of the country make the cornfields and vineyards more fruitful. French prodigality was imitated everywhere, and to

this recklessness may we attribute the fact of the great increase of the expense of dress in every grade of society over all the civilized world.

The mode of wearing the hair for men had long become fixed; it was cropped and *au naturel*, and has thus remained to our own day. The male costume became every day more and more inelegant. Frocks were worn short, loose and broad; pantaloons loose as a sailor's lasted to a late day of the empire. This costume had but one merit, simplicity, a quality inspection of the following engraving will show it to have possessed in a great degree.



All embroidery was abandoned. In 1803 the coat had taken its definite form, where there is every prospect that it will remain permanent. It had an immense collar and was very short before, but it was yet a coat. Pantaloons were by no means what they are now, yet still the garment is unchanged. The hat had become round, and the cravat was stationary.

This brings us to the end of our subject. From the doublet of Louis XIV. costume has been traced to our time, and an impartial observer will be satisfied we have lost nothing by the change; for none who compare the garments of the *schneiders* of our own era with those of the Latours or Justins of old, will think good taste has retrograded, or dream of comparing the bucket-like things which once were worn

on the head, with the tasteful and artistic hats of Oakford. Thus ends this disquisition on dress, which, believe me, is no trifle; and the evidence of

it is, that nothing more ridiculous can be conceived than would be a President, a Senate, or a Supreme Court *in paris naturalibus*.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE CAT-BIRD.

THE Cat-Bird is one of our earliest morning songsters, beginning generally before break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness when there is scarcely light sufficient to distinguish him. His favorite note is the one from which he takes his name, and is known to every farmer's boy in the United States. It so exactly resembles the mewling of a kitten as to be invariably taken for it by the uninitiated; and when a number of these birds get together it is difficult to resist the impression that all the feline residents of an entire village are gravely discussing some important subject. But in addition to this rather singular tone, the Cat-Bird has a variety of others, made up, it is true, mostly of imitations, but blended together with considerable strength and melody. The Cat-Bird is indeed no mean songster, and when listened to attentively is capable of at once pleasing and interesting. He is one of the most familiar of the feathered race, seeming to have very little dread of man, and building his nest in every garden hedge. His confidence is but too often repaid with death; and notwithstanding his friendly habits he is persecuted with singular and unrelenting prejudice by every inmate of the farm-house. It must be acknowledged that he sometimes revenges himself by drafts upon the strawberry-beds and cherry-trees.

The Cat-Bird is one of the most prolific of the feathered race, and were he to fly in flocks would

darken the air. He probably winters in Florida, from whence he reaches Georgia early in March. In the following month he appears in Pennsylvania. His nest is generally finished by the beginning of May. The place is usually a hawthorn fence, a small tree, briars, brambles or a thick vine. The female lays four eggs, of a greenish blue color, and sometimes raises three broods in a season. In affection and attention to their young the Cat-Bird is unsurpassed. The cry of man imitating their brood will frequently throw her apparently into fits; and in their defence both male and female often risk their lives. He boldly attacks the black-snake, striking him on the head with his bill, until the baffled reptile is glad to withdraw from the coveted nest. It is rare that the female forsakes her eggs, even after they have been handled by man. If one or two be broken she continues to sit upon the others; and if strange eggs are put in she, with the assistance of her mate, turns them out. If the nest be removed to another situation she follows it and continues to sit as before.

The Cat-Bird is nine inches long, of a deep slate color above, which fades into a lighter tint on the breast and throat. The legs, bill and tail are black, with some red about the latter. He is sometimes domesticated, and in the cage will eat fruit, insects, bread, cakes, and nearly every kind of vegetable. He is fond of the water, and, when wild, frequently

desces through it with great velocity. The species is said to reach as far north as Kamchatka.

The author of the American Ornithology thus philosophizes on the ungrounded antipathy against this harmless and interesting bird:

"Even those by whom it is entertained, can scarcely tell you why; only they 'hate Cat-Birds;' as some persons tell you they hate Frenchmen, they hate Dutchmen, etc., expressions that bespeak their own narrowness of understanding and want of liberality. Yet, after ruminating over in my own mind all the probable causes, I think I have at last hit upon some of them; the principal of which seems to me to be a certain similarity of taste, and clashing of interest, between the Cat-Bird and the farmer.

"The Cat-Bird is fond of large, ripe garden-strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good price they bring in the market; the Cat-Bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of the early fruit; the Cat-Bird has a particular partiality for the finest, ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favorites with the farmer. But the Cat-Bird has fre-

quently the advantage of the farmer, by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions; and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old bats, wind-mills, and scare-crows are no impediments in his way to these forbidden fruits; and nothing but this resource—the ultimatum of farmers as well as kings—can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry-trees with the gun; and thus commences a train of prejudices and antipathies, that commonly continue through life. Perhaps, too, the common note of the Cat-Bird, so like the mewing of the animal whose name it bears, and who itself sustains no small share of prejudice, the homeliness of its plumage, and even his familiarity, so proverbially known to beget contempt, may also contribute to this mean, illiberal and persecuting prejudice; but with the generous and the good, the lovers of nature and rural charms, the confidence which the familiar bird places in man, by building in his garden, under his eye, the music of his song, and the interesting playfulness of his manners, will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches.



THE CHICADEE.

This bird is also known as the Black-capt Titmouse. It is an active, hardy animal, abounding in the Northern and Middle States, Canada, and as far north as the 60th parallel. It is a familiar and amusing bird, often making its appearance in our cities in fall or winter, and approaching near to man, in order to glean from his bounty or carelessness a supply of food. During the same seasons large flocks scour the fields and woods in search of insects, larvae, seeds and berries. Kernels containing oil, and the fat of animals are greedily devoured by them. When all these fail, they enter barns, sheds, and the roofs of houses, clearing them of moths, eggs of insects, spiders and wood-worms. They appear to be very little affected by extreme cold, being provided with thick downy feathers, and a constitution naturally robust. In winter, numbers collect on a snow-bank, and swallow small pieces, either to slake thirst or for pleasure. On such occasions; and generally when collecting food, they keep up a continual chat-

tering, which renders their places of haunt easy of discovery.

The Chickadee builds in the hollows of trees, the nest being constructed of moss, feathers, and similar soft materials. The eggs are from six to a dozen in number, white, speckled with red. They rear two broods in a season. The young are strong and lively, requiring little assistance from the old ones, but living with them, as one family, through the fall and winter.

Beside the usual chicking note of this bird, from whence its name, it has a harsh angry tone, to express anger or fright, and a kind of melancholy wail, approaching a song. Sometimes its voice is said to resemble the noise produced by sharpening a saw. "These birds," says Wilson, "sometimes fight violently with each other, and are known to attack young and sickly birds that are incapable of resistance, always directing their blows against the skull. Being in the woods one day, I followed a bird for

some time, the singularity of whose notes surprised me. Having shot him from off the top of a very tall tree, I found it to be the Black-Headed Titmouse, with a long and deep indentation in the cranium, the skull having been evidently at some former time drove in and fractured, but was now perfectly healed. Whether or not the change of voice could be owing to this circumstance, I cannot pretend to decide." The unnatural practice of destroying their sick is however denied of these birds by late writers.

The Chickadee is five and a half inches in length, and six in extent. The whole upper part of the head and neck is black, and the body a mouse-color. It has often been confounded with the European Marsh Titmouse, but there seems good reason to consider this as an error. The foreign bird is never seen in flocks, frequents streams or water-courses, and has a note quite different from that of the Chickadee. It is also an inch shorter.

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

BY SAYARD TAYLOR.

Now the frosty stars are gone:
I have watched them, one by one,
Fainting on the shores of Dawn.
Round and full the glorious sun
Walks with level step the spray,
Through his vestibule of Day,
While the wolves that howled anon
Slunk to dens and covert's foul,
Guarded by the demon owl,
Who, last night, with mocking croon
Wheeled stewart the chilly moon,
And with eyes that blankly glared
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
Still the nightingale doth sing—
All the isle, alive with Spring,
Lace, a jewel of delight
On the blue sea's heaving breast:
Not a breath from out the West,
But some balmy smell doth bring
From the sprouting myrtle huds,
Or from meadows wide, that lie
Each a green and dazzling sky,
Paved with yellow cowslip-stars,
Cloud-like, crossed by roseate bars
Of the bloomy almond woods,
And lit, like heaven, with fairest sheen
Of the sun that hangs between.
All is life that I can spy,
To the farthest sea and sky,
And my own the only pain
Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine
Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
All this orb of cloudless shine,
All this youth in Earth's old veins
Tingling with the Spring's sweet wine,
With a sharper torment pain me.
Pansies, in soft April rains
And April's sun, from Thea's lap
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap,
But the sluggish blood she brings
To the tough Pine's hundred rings,
Closer locks their cruel hold,
Closer draws the scaly bark
Round my prison, lightning-riven;
So when Winter, wild and dark,
Vexes wave and writhing wold
And with murk vapor swatches the heaven,

I must feel the vile bat creep
In my narrow cleft, to sleep.
By this course and alien state
Is my dainty essence wronged;
The true sense that erst belonged
To my nature, chafes at Fate,
Till the happier elves I hate,
Who in moonlight dances turn
Underneath the palmy fern,
Or in light and twinkling bands
Follow on with linked hands
To the Ocean's yellow sands.

The primrose-bells each morning open
In their cool, deep beds of grass;
Violets make the airs that pass
Tell-tales of their fragrant slope.
I can see them where they spring
Never brushed by fairy wing.
All those corners I can spy
In the island's solitude,
Where the dew is never dry,
Nor the miser bees intrude.
Cups of rarest hue are there,
Full of perfumed wine undrained—
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
Canopied by maiden-hair.
Pearls I see upon the sands,
Never touched by other hands,
And the rainbow bubbles shine
On the ridged and frothy brunt,
Triumphant of voyager
Till they burst in vacant air.
O the songs that sung might be
And the mazy dances woven,
Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea
And the Pine been never cloven!

Many years my direst pain
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
Winds, that from the Cyclades
Came, to ruffle with foul riot
Round its shore's enchanted quiet,
Bore my wailings on the seas;
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went
Through the world with my lament.
Still the bitter fate is mine,
All delight unshared to see,
Snartring in the cloven Pine,
While I wait the tardy axe
Which, perchance, shall set me free
From the damned witch, Sycorax.

REMINISCENCES;

OR AUNT ABBY'S PINCUSHION.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

READER, do you love old houses, old books, old pieces of furniture, old chairs, in short, all the relics of antiquity which fashionable people usually discard and despise? If so, there is a bond of sympathy between us, and I shall not be afraid to rake among the cold ashes of the past for some unconsumed remnant of other days, even though I find only trifles to reward my search. The very table on which I write, black with age, and wearing a polish which nothing but years and years of manual labor could have given it, owes its peculiar favor in my eyes to the fact of its being more than a century old. What stories could it not tell of days gone by; what reminiscences of tea-drinkings, and christenings, and weddings, and funerals must be imbedded in every pore of the old mahogany!

But for real hearty enjoyment of such a taste for homely antiquities, commend me to an old-fashioned secretary, (*that* is the true name—*bureau* is but a modern Gallicism,) with its desk, and pigeon-holes, and secret-drawers, especially if it have been an heirloom in possession of a maiden aunt, who died a spinster of seventy-two, or thereabouts. What stores of relics it contains—locks of hair taken from the heads of pretty children, whom we only recollect as wrinkled old bodies that seemed never to have been young; mourning-rings, with obituary inscriptions of persons whose existence we should never have known but for this record of their death; golden knee-buckles and sparkling paste shoe-buckles, reminding us of the days when the dress of a gentleman was hop-lessly inimitable to the rowdies and loafers of the period; fragments of wedding-gowns, carefully rolled in bits of linen, yellow with age—preserved in order to impress the next generation with due respect for some wizened-up, childish old lady, who was once a belle, and was married in a dress of silver brocade.

Perhaps, too, there are more tender memorials hidden in the secret drawer. Let us touch the spring, and lo! what trophies of love's power are there. Shall we pause to read these verses? The ink is almost faded out, the paper is falling to pieces in its folds, and he who wrote, and she who with fluttering heart first read those tender lines, have long since been dust and ashes. Here is a quaint old ring—two hands clasped together, and within the circle an inscription in old English characters—the single word, "*Forever*." She who once wore that ring was an angel upon earth, and he who placed it there, lived and died "as the beasts that perish;" will their union be, indeed, *forever*? Look at that bracelet, woven of

soft, silken hair, its golden clasps are dimmed with age, but the hair still wears its rich sunshiny lustre, though she who bestowed it as a parting gift to a sister, has been long a tenant of the tomb. What is this, folded so carefully and so closely, like one of the mummied mysteries of the pyramids? A curl, a thick, dark curl—not the long flowing tress that might have floated over woman's graceful neck; these crisped and glossy tendrils tell of the strength and beauty of manhood. A faint perfume rises from the inner folds of the envelope—the ashes of a rose are there enclosed. And this is all! But what a tale do these scanty memorials of a by-gone love impart to the beholder! What matters it that the details of the story are forgotten? What matters it whether the lady or her lover were to blame? It was a love tender and true, but yet unhappy, else wherefore the curl of raven hair so carefully cherished, and the dead rose so reverently buried beside the more life-like memento? The love which brings happiness becomes diffusive in its expression, and the love-tokens of the youth and maiden are hidden, in after-days, beneath the accumulation of affection's later offerings. But when one flower becomes the treasure of a life-time; when one lock of hair is guarded like the heart's pearl of price, then be sure that the hal- lowing touch of sorrow has been there. It is only when grief and love go hand in hand, that trifles become holy relics wherever they tread. Alas! do we not all wear upon our hearts a reliquary, in which, im-pearled with tears, and adorned with the fine gold of our best affections, we have enshrined some fragment of the past, whose value we alone can tell?

But I am growing sad, serious, and, of course, dull; yet the object which led me into this train of thought was certainly not calculated to inspire any especial exhibition of sentiment. I was rummaging in such a secretary as I have described, when I accidentally pulled out a round pin-cushion, banded with silver about the middle, and attached to a substantial silver chain, which terminated in a broad hook, for the purpose of fastening it to the girdle of some thrifty housewife. On the heavily-wrought circle which made the equinoctial line of the purple velvet globes which had been doomed to do duty in so humble a capacity, were the initials "*A. L.*," and I at once recognized it as the constant appendage of my respected and venerated relative, Aunt Abby.

I had just been reading a paragraph respecting the female clubs in Paris, and the sight of this relic of old times, reminded me of the fact that poor Aunt Abby had lived just half a century too soon, for to

the day of her death the old lady's favorite topic of conversation was the "equality of the sexes." How would she have rejoiced in the modern attempts to enfranchise woman from her thralldom! how would she have gloried in the idea of woman's equal rights of property! how would she have delighted in the prospect of political privileges for her sex! how she would have expatiated upon the benefits of a female House of Representatives! Aunt Abby (my great aunt, by the by) was emphatically an advocate for woman's "*standing alone*," (I believe that is the phrase among the reformers,) and certainly, though she had a father, uncles, cousins, to say nothing of a husband, she succeeded in "*standing alone*," to a certain extent, all her life.

But what, you will say, had a disciple of progress, a defender of woman's rights, a declaimer against woman's slavery, to do with a *pincushion*? Let me sketch her portrait at full length, and then you will see how curiously she blended the duties and prerogatives of both sexes in her own proper person.

Abigail, or, as she was usually called, Abby Leyburn, was the only child of a learned and eccentric clergyman, who, being disappointed in his hope of exercising his theories of education on a son, chose to educate his daughter after the manner of a boy. Fortunately for him, the little girl possessed a singularly strong and quick mind. She grasped at knowledge as most children would at playthings, and imbibed wisdom with as much zest as others would have sucked an orange. Latin, Greek and Hebrew, mathematics, moral philosophy, to say nothing of the lighter accomplishments of botany, geology, and natural history, were among the young lady's acquisitions. Her father had determined to make her a second Madame Dacier, and he really seemed likely to find her a sort of female *Crichton*. Nor were these all her acquisitions. The details of house-keeping, the thrift, management, and tidiness necessary to the comfort of American homes, was as easy as the alphabet to Abby. She could knit, and spin, and sew; she could bake, and brew, and cook; she could milk, and churn, and make cheese; and nobody could so effectually and rapidly "set things to rights."

Beside all this, Abby Leyburn, at twenty years of age, was one of the handsomest girls in the country. She was like nothing so much as the elfin of Britannia on an English penny. Don't laugh, reader, the comparison is a highly complimentary one, but lest you should not recollect the stately Mrs. Bull, I will describe my heroine. Abby was just six feet high, but magnificently proportioned, a perfect Juno in form, with large black eyes, a high forehead, full red lips, and a chin as massive and as despotic in its expression as Napoleon's. Her profile was superb—bold, strongly-marked, but beautifully classical. Her abundant hair, usually worn back from her brow, and gathered into a knot at the back of her head, was black as the crow's wing. Her teeth were white, strong, and somewhat pointed in shape, a peculiarity which rather impaired the softness of her smile, inasmuch as it was always associated with the beholder's

remembrance of a somewhat similar conformation in the dental perfections of the only wild animal who has ever been accused of laughing—I mean the hyena. Not that Abby bore the slightest resemblance to the disagreeable creature just named. But her smile certainly lacked that indefinable charm which usually belongs to such pleasant demonstrations of good humor.

As a specimen of the human animal Abby was perfect. The superb proportions of her well-rounded figure, her complexion, pure, fresh, and radiant with health, her firm step, quick, active motions, and great strength of frame, combined to make her a model of "*le grand e beau physique*." Add to these personal attractions, her learning, and her domestic accomplishments, and one might almost fancy that Aunt Abby, in her younger days at least, came near being

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw"

What did she lack? you will ask. Certainly not virtues, for she abounded in them. No; her defects were of a very different character. She had every thing that one would consider desirable; but Aunt Abby lacked "one sweet weakness." There was the difficulty. She had no *weaknesses*. That magnificent person of hers was brimful of strong, stubborn intellect. If she had a heart, it was only a piece of mechanism, necessary to the workings of the human machine. The brain—the strong, massive, abundant brain, which lay behind that immense forehead, was the only motive power which she acknowledged. Had she no benevolence, no kindly impulses, no yearning tenderness of soul, no sentiment? Not an atom of either; yet she did the most benevolent things in the world, lavished kindness upon all who deserved it, was full of gentleness toward little children, and, if judged by her deeds, would have seemed overflowing with the milk of human kindness. But still it was the dictates of that cold despotic intellect which she obeyed. "People must be in want, and must be relieved by those who had means. Humanity was full of suffering—the healthy must look after the sick. Little children are incipient men and women, therefore must be taken care of. Sentiment was but the *penumbra*, the shadow of a shadow as unsubstantial as itself." Such were among the apothegms of this singular woman. Reversing the established axiom, that "there is nothing in the intellect which does not come by the senses," she seemed to assert that "there was nothing in the senses which did not come by the intellect."

As Mr. Leyburn held the office of president over one of the few institutions of learning then in America, Abby had ample opportunity for displaying her talents and beauty to the admiring eyes of sundry young students. But Abby had no personal vanity; she knew she was handsome, just as she knew she was strong and robust, and she would have scorned the idea of being a belle. The young men, although belonging to that peculiarly inflammable species known by the name of "College Boys," would as

soon have thought of falling in love with the stone image of Minerva on the college-green, as with the president's learned daughter. There was something in her sturdy good sense which everybody rather liked, yet the want of softness and pliability in her character excited a certain dread in all who came near her. Gifted with peculiar powers both of mind and body, she had no compassion for feebleness of frame or infirmity of purpose, for she had no clear perception of such things. Her intellect was like a telescope through which she could examine the grand and the remote, but she could not use it as a microscope to examine the littlenesses of humanity. It is only through the sympathies of the heart that we learn respect for the sufferings, or compassion for the weaknesses of our fellows—and Abby Leyburn had no sympathies, except those of the brain.

Perfectly self-possessed, because thoroughly conscious of her own vast superiority, and utterly indifferent as to the impression she was likely to make, Abby's manners in society had all the elegance and nonchalant ease which fashion tries so hard to teach. She conversed exceedingly well on all subjects, and possessed the gift (most rare among talented women) of making herself as agreeable to her own sex, as to the men. Everybody admired her, yet everybody feared her; everybody acknowledged her rare powers, yet everybody kept at a certain distance. "He comes too near who comes to be denied," so says one of the wits and demi-reps of a past age; but Abby never suffered any one to reach the confines of *Love-Land*, and, of course, none ever attained to *Declaration Point*.

It is difficult to imagine a character like that of Aunt Abby. A woman without softness, and tenderness, and sentiment, seems such an anomaly, that we are tempted to doubt the probability of her possessing any of the qualities we seek in woman. But Abby had all the necessary knowledge of womanly duties, all the considerateness we look for in woman, all the attention to detail which is a woman's peculiar province, and withal was possessed of the most indomitable good humor. She was sententious, because every truth became, in her mind, an axiom, to be stowed away in the smallest possible space; she was dogmatic, because her opinions were made up by her own unaided reflection, and were not to be changed or modified by words. Her self-esteem was prodigious; it was not the puny vanity which is so often dignified with such a title, it was rather a magnificent *Johnsonesque* self-appreciation, precisely like that which looms so grandly beside the vain pettinesses of the biographer of the great lexicographer.

She was certainly a great puzzle to every one. A woman who could quote Longinus, read Homer, expound a disputed text in the Hebrew Bible, chop logic with the most caviling acuteness, and talk of the Differential Calculus as if it were the last new poem, was certainly something of a wonder; but when that same woman was seen seated on the milking-stool, or standing at the churn, or presiding over a blazing oven, or, broom in hand, raising notes in the sunbeams by her vigorous attack upon the

"dust of the schools," or displaying the beauty of her Juno-like figure, as she paced to and from the huge spinning-wheel; she was certainly a *world's* wonder. There is a half-remembered story of Aunt Abby's spirit, which no one dares to talk of openly; but it is believed that a certain gentleman, now high in civic honors, received, when a youth of twenty, a severe *canning* from the lady, in consequence of some impertinence, offered when under the influence of a deep passion. But this may be only a piece of scandal.

The circumstances of Aunt Abby's marriage were as peculiar as were her own traits of character. Among the students of the college was a young gentleman of large fortune and fine talents, who was afflicted with a constitutional timidity and nervousness that paralyzed all his powers. He was the only child of a widowed mother, who had foolishly resisted the boy's wish to go to school. He had therefore remained at home under the charge of tutors, and when the death of his mother released him from her affectionate tyranny, he entered college only to find himself inferior in attainments to every one else, and a perfect butt, from his timid shyness. He was full of poetry and sentiment. Among realities he was lost and bewildered, but in the world of fancy he was a hero even to himself.

To a gay set of frolicsome students nothing could offer better game than the mental and personal peculiarities of the rich young Southerner, who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Terricot, (a name soon transmuted into Sampson Tear-your-coat) by his companions. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the association of such a name with such a person. The redoubtable Sampson was some five feet four inches in height, with an exceedingly slight figure, small features of the style usually designated as "*sun-faced*," with a skim-milk complexion, and hair of that *sun-burned* fluxen color, so common among hatless country urchins. His voice was a piping treble, with an occasional tone in it like that of a cracked penny-trumpet. His hands and feet were ridiculously small, and when attired in his college-gown, it required but little caricaturing to draw his portrait in a style decidedly feminine, yet decidedly like. He received all kinds of nicknames for his personal peculiarities, but, perhaps, none annoyed him more than the *soubriquet* of "Miss Dattleh," which was generally bestowed upon him. Yet a mind filled with images of beauty was hidden beneath this unpromising exterior. He had no force of character, no iron strength of intellect, but he had an unbounded imagination, and an unlimited reach of vision into spiritualities. He was a poet, but lacking the key to a poet's harmonies of utterance, he expended his strength in the beautiful cloud-land of metaphysics and became a moral philosopher.

Like all diminutive men Sampson had a decided partiality for large women. The colossal beauty of Abby Leyburn had struck him when he first beheld her, and he loved nothing so well as to contemplate her from a distance, being quite too timid to address himself to her. Now there was in Abby a certain

propensity that might almost be called compassion toward little people. She regarded them as a huge Newfoundland dog often looks upon a poodle—their very insignificance and feebleness seemed a claim upon her protection. It had often been remarked that Miss Leyburn showed especial favor to those whom she denominated “the poor little fellows, and no one was surprised, therefore, to find her taking a great fancy to Sampson Terricott. There was something so appealing in his manner, such a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority in his humble demeanor, such an irresistible claim to tender treatment in his timid little voice and stammering speech, that Abby at once took to him as to one of those “incurables” for whom the world is a hospital, and every charitable person ought to be a nurse. To the gentle Sampson the lady became “like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” She overshadowed him so completely that he could find repose and refreshment in her presence. Instead of attempting to be any thing, or do any thing, or say any thing, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of a consciousness of perfect insignificance as compared with the splendid creature, who could excel any and every body. It was a comfort to see everybody look small in her presence, but to the nervous student it was a positive luxury to *feel small*, without being mortified and disgraced.

Sampson was not in love with his Minerva, he had no sentiment, no passionate longings for any thing which the world of reality could afford. His loves were all idealities, and could not be prisoned in flesh. But with the same weak fondness that had once tied him to his mother's apron-string, he submitted to the guidance of Abby Leyburn. What were Abby's motives for troubling herself with little Sampson no one knew or cared; but when it was known that she was soon to become Mrs. Terricott, everybody thought that the large fortune of the tiny lover would account for the whole affair.

As usual, the world was mistaken. Abby was as free from all mercenary feelings as she was from all other frailties. But she had her own notions about doing good. She saw in Sampson Terricott a highly imaginative and gifted man, wasting mental power in immature schemes which his timidity thwarted in their very outset, and suffering a fine fortune to be idle in his hands for want of energy to take up his stewardship. He was weak in health, and subject to attacks of morbid spirits which sometimes threatened his reason. In a word, Abby saw that he wanted some one to take care of him, and she fixed upon herself as the fittest person. She was now nine-and-twenty, in the full bloom of health and beauty, and, as she argued, “if society provides no other resource for destitute females than marriage, I must marry, or at my father's death find myself a beggar.” Having come to this conclusion, she decided that, as the giving herself a master was out of the question, and the idea of possessing a slave in her husband was equally disagreeable, she had better divide the difference, and unite herself to one who needed a stronger nature on which to rest.

How the courtship was managed no one ever knew. I am inclined to think there was not much love-making, and from the kind of dreamy surprise which Sampson exhibited when questioned about his engagement, it is presumed he was scarcely conscious of his own happiness. People said that Miss Leyburn, reversing the usual order of things, had popped the question to Sampson, who stammered out, “Yes,” through sheer fright. The probability is that he did exactly as she directed him. She gave him to understand she meant to marry him, and if he offered no resistance, feeling rather pleased at being relieved from responsibility for the rest of his life.

They were married in the chapel of the college, and the half-suppressed glee of the saucy students may be imagined. All the blank walls about the college were filled with caricatures, illustrative of the one idea, “*paired, not matched.*” One of these charcoal libels was particularly annoying, it represented a nondescript and beautiful winged animal—a Hippogriff—with the face of a woman, curving her proud neck beneath a rein held in the hands of Apollo, while directly beneath was a second representation of the same magnificent creature tamely yoked with an ox to the plough.

But Abby cared little for these things, and she would not suffer her husband to pay any attention to them. She made him one of the best wives in the world, and though she was ten years his elder, and thrice as big as he, nobody ever believed that he repented the step he had taken. Their home was at the South, and, during her husband's lifetime, Abby never paid a visit to her early friends. But she was visited by her family connections, and the younger members of the circle were often entertained in childhood by the accounts of Aunt Abby's splendid service of gold-plate, her massive silver ewers and basins in every dressing-room, her Turkey carpets and rich hangings of Gobelin tapestry, and all the paraphernalia of great wealth and magnificent tastes.

When Terricott died, she exhibited her peculiarities of character still more strikingly. She knew people had accused her of marrying for money, and she therefore induced him to make a will, bestowing all his large property upon his own relatives, with the exception of a life-annuity of a thousand dollars to his widow. “I don't want his money,” she said, “I took good care of him while he lived, and if he did not become a great man, it was no fault of mine. He was rich, and I used his money freely, because he liked to see fine things and good things around him; but now I have no occupation here, and so I shall go back to my old home, and ‘live along.’ I dare say something will be given me to do.”

So she buried her poor little Sampson, handed over his property to the heirs, and with the first instalment of her annuity in her pocket, came to take up her abode in ——. But her father had been dead for many years, and the place was filled with new people who knew little of her history or of her character. She soon became disgusted with her new home, and removing to New York, established herself there for the rest of her life. In her later years

she gave up taking exercise daily, and in consequence of this she grew immensely large. I have the faintest shadow of a reminiscence respecting her personal appearance at that time. I was a child of perhaps five years old, and had a dear old aunt, who was as little as a fairy, and almost as benevolent. This kind little old body once took me to see our great Aunt Abby; but my head was crammed full of fairy legends and nursery tales, and when I saw an immensely large, fat woman sitting in a chair from which she could not lift her ponderous form, and met the full stare of her great black eyes, I thought of the Ogress who always devoured little children, and immediately set up such a howl of terror that I was sent away in disgrace. She died not long afterward, having lived to count her *ninetieth* birthday. Her disinterestedness left her no fortune to bestow on her relatives, and but for her profile, (which, cut in black paper, hangs in an attic room,) her piccushion, and the traditions which remain in the family respecting her, all trace of her has vanished from the earth.

Poor Aunt Abby! she used to shock the women of her time by talking of women's rights, and was guilty once of the enormity of wishing to be Pope of Rome, in order to carry out some scheme for the advancement of woman's social position. She talked of *freedom* until some pious prudes really suspected she meant *license*, and she predicted that the time would come when the genius of woman would rise superior to the imposed trammels of sex. She should have lived in the present age, when she would have seen woman's struggles for emancipation, as exhibited in the French female clubs, and the German free associations, to say nothing of the free inquirers and declaimers against female slavery in this country. She should have lived till now to exhibit a rare and peculiar instance of masculine power submitting itself cheerfully to feminine duties; and perhaps the knowledge that Aunt Abby, with all her mental, moral, and physical perfections, lived and died unloved and unloving, might go far toward settling the question of *woman's rights*, and make her quite satisfied with her easily accorded *privileges*.

PARTING.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER ADELA M. WADSWORTH.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

PARTING! Oh, is it not the bitterness
Of life, and death! It were small agony
If we and those we love—heart pressed to heart—
With loving words, and blended prayers, could die.

'T is not the rending of the strings of life
That makes death terrible. The mental pain
Is parting from our dear and beautiful,
Who weep, and pray—and bid us live in vain.

It is not that we fear to close our eyes,
And rest from life's long labor, that we cling
To pain and weakness. 'T is fond human love
Which binds our soul with many a quivering string.

To know that we shall never look again
Into those loving eyes—shall never hear
Again those sweet-toned voices—never clasp
Again those forms, so tender, and so dear.

Yes—parting is the bitterness of death—
And life is full of parting. Day by day
We see the cherished of our homes depart,
As fledglings from the bird-nests flit away.

The cherished ones, whom we have called our own,
And loved so many years, that they have grown
Into our hearts, and so become a part
Of all that we have felt, or done, or known.

The ever-present with us, who were wont
To greet us every morning, with a smile,—
To answer to our voices all day long,—
And cheer us with love's sunlight all the while.
28*

Each hath a separate mission to fulfill,
And when their path diverges from our own,
And they have said farewell! and turned away
From our embrace—oh, then, we are *alone!*

We miss them in all places, everywhere,
And feel a shadow, and an emptiness
Forever by our side—but most of all
In the departed one's accustomed place.

We turn to speak to them—they are not there—
The thought we would have uttered curdles back
Upon our heart, a stifling agony—
We turn our tearful gaze along the track

By which the dear one went—'t is desolate—
Our home—our heart—our world is desolate—
In all the places where our joy has been
Dark shades, and weeping memories, congregate.

But when our only one—the dearest, best,
The angel of our household, bids good-bye
And goes forth weeping—then the tortured heart
Reels with the anguish of the broken tie.

Yes—parting is the bitterness of life—
The agony of death—the ban of earth—
The inevitable doom—to love—to part—
Is the condition of our human birth.

Thank God! there is a world where loved ones meet
In perfect beauty, and unclouded joy,
Where all is love—where parting never comes
The everlasting rapture to destroy.

MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

By the courtesy of Mr. J. R. Smith, the artist, we are permitted to present our readers with another view of a remarkable place. It is Montgomery's House, occupied by General Jackson as his headquarters at the time of the celebrated Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. It is surrounded by a splendid garden and grounds, and a beautiful grove of cedars, which in this latitude grow to an immense size. The line of intrenchments running up the lane by Montgomery's House back to the cedar swamp can still be distinctly traced. Farther down on the banks of the river Mississippi are four live-oak trees, of immense size, forming a square, and hanging with Spanish moss. Beneath these trees the British commander, General Packenham, expired

and was laid out. The spot is a favorite resort of curious visitors from the city, who go to examine the battle-ground. Below this is a splendid building, called the Battle-Ground Sugar Refinery, on the rear of which is a group of willows, with a mound in the centre, and surrounded by water. Here are buried the 2000 British warriors who were slain in the battle of the 8th of January. A planter's house near the spot was occupied, previously to the action, by General Packenham as his headquarters. All these objects form very suitable subjects for the pencils of our artists; and we are only surprised that they have not been drawn, engraved and familiarized to the public long ago.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOING AROUND THE HORN.



THE DIRECT ROAD TO FORTUNE.

The search after the philosopher's stone, after having vexed the crucibles, and puzzled the brains of alchemists for ages, is about to be rewarded with success. The New Eldorado promises wonders as great, and riches as abundant, as the most vigilant of dreamers could imagine.

The phrase "untold gold" is meaningless now, for nothing but gold is talked of, and the wealth, which was significant of immensity, when coupled with "iron chests," and "bank vaults," is sicklied over, and feeble, when contrasted with the fields of gold which glitter over

thousands of square miles. The very idea of "10,000 a year" has become paltry—it is but the cost of a dish of bean-soup in California—suggestive of utter poverty—the daily scrapings of the poorest and most indigent digger, self-sold into slavery at the mines. The man who owns a square of brick houses is nobody; an empty brag-gart, beside him who sits upon golden rocks, with a cigar in his mouth, overlooking acres of the shining metal. The very millionaire who used to strut about consequentially, with his hands thrust into his pockets significantly, may be booted now by the veriest sweep in California, as a vulgar ragamuffin, who would scarce have money enough to pay his board there on Saturday night, and would be utterly at the mercy of his landlady.

Garard College, as a building, is very well, too, in its way, as reminding us of an old gentleman who spent half a century in picking up gold flakes, one at a time, with his fingers; a plodding, careful old chap, who locked the creative faculty altogether, and had no idea of cradles and basins. His school-house on the Ridge Road will do very well as a specimen of primitive architecture, and might answer very well as a sort of outhouse to the palaces that we will have in California—a very good stable for the Master of Hounds to Col. Mason, or some other grandee—bitterly disgraceful to the spirit of the age. A sort of lame and impotent conclusion to a long life foolishly spent.

The far-famed Genoese must have been a dull fellow, or he would have cast anchor in the Pacific, near San Francisco, instead of sailing about to no purpose. It is a wonder, too, how he could have been so stupid, when there are so many routes to this desirable haven. He certainly must have been a bad navigator, too, or he would have got around the Horn, some how, at some time. But it was reserved for the adventurous sons of Jonathan to make the successful voyage, and with the sword to cut the way to fortune; and instead of diverging like radii from a common centre, to take the outermost limit, and to claim as his own all that he walked around and into. Showing conclusively that instead of bethering one's brain about getting on the right side of a question, the safest plan is to get around it, and capture it by force of arms, as the Irish poltroon did with the mob. It saves a vast deal of hair-splitting, in argument, and of irrelevant discussion, first to knock down your man, and then pinion him. Or like the Cockney sportsman, who wagged the farmer's goose, to say that you "only came out for the sport, and now that you have hit the bird, you have no objection to buy him." Jonathan in this case, and in this way, seems to have bagged the one that laid the golden eggs, which we used to read of in the nursery, and a whole army of his sons are now riding her nest. She must have left behind her a prolific brood if she satisfies the whole of them. The veriest "madness of the moon," must impart a feeble pulse, compared with the fever which Jonathan's lucky hit has created in the whole family. Homoeopathy is totally at fault in this disease. Nothing but very violent depletion will answer.

The whole body of family physicians, and nurses of the body politic, have their hands full, and the multifarious practice sets at naught the popular idea of perfection, as a necessary consequence. It is gratifying to know, however, that in the absence of consistent and regular treatment, the popular remedy applied in its early stages is conducive to longevity and temperance—those who suffer severely from the fever here, and become exceedingly dry in consequence, are cured effectually by *GOÏXO AZOCXO TIX HORN*. Lying water-logged under the Tropics being rather a different thing from "getting up a breeze" at home, and being eminently suggestive of

sobriety of thought, and of taking their cue from facts, and not from "Q Brandy" continually. Young gentlemen whose systems were here so relaxed, that nothing but taking a hotn two or three times before dinner could impart to them sufficient energy to attend to out-of-door business, go around it, and give it a wide berth in the hot latitudes—shut their ears to all hints about the nervous system, and with a lordliness and self command, acquired without view of sharks and yellow fever, brave danger without stimulus, and fatigue without "having a gale."

Under the tropics, too, young men, who have at home found no difficulty in getting three sheets in the wind, have rather an aerial difficulty in getting a flowing mill, and with plenty of steam on board, in the absence of propellers, decline all invitation to steam it, "to drive dull care away"—the trouble greatest, for the time, being to get away themselves. The boys who often declared in the hours of midnight that they were the particular individuals who feared no noise, and who would not go home till morning, wish themselves very quietly dozing there, and are perfectly subdued and indolent under the Equator in a three days' calin, and do not insist upon "three more—and again," so that they have an opportunity of candid inquiry and sober reflection, which may be serviceable—promotive of a thirst for cold water, and an abhorrence of dark brandy, in a "junny" clime. We do not see why something cannot be done for Temperance in this way, as well as not. People talk very disparagingly about "whipping the devil round the stump," but so that the old scoundrel gets soundly thrashed at last, I never could see that the *modus operandi* is so particularly important.

Now, without pursuing this question, or glancing at the disappointment of the adventurer—the long days of toil in unhealthy waters—the burning heat of the sun—the chilling nights on a dreary soil—the fevers of the mind as well as of the body—the hope deferred—the horror of being mixed with such society—the demolition of all good that he must see around him, mingling with the memory of the calm delights, the pensive repose, the joys and purity of home—the glad eyes of sister or mother left behind, but now seemingly looking out sadly upon the scene—the longings for that paradise once more, where in boyhood he put up a prayer at the parental knee.—Without speaking of all this, is the reward, reader, worthy of your sacrifice or of mine, of present comforts and present friends. I think not. The road to fortune, to honorable advancement, is open and plainly marked here, and beaten as it is, with the tread of many feet, it offers far greater chances of success than all the sparkling sands of California, mixed as they are with all that is vile and unworthy. In that immense crowd of adventurers, which is pouring in from every clime, virtue and goodness will be but as pearls dropped into the sea—selfishness unmitigated, vice unabashed, and even red-handed murder, will rear aloft their hideous forms, overawing all decency, and setting at naught "all law, all precedent, all right." The very absence of all female restraint, their tender charities, and gentle generousities and affections, and noble self sacrifices, which knit the bands of society together and render man human, will there cease to be let loose all the savage passions and instincts of our nature, and a vast army of unprincipled men, fierce in the pursuit of wealth, unrelenting in their towering selfishness as the grave, will make California a second Pandemonium. What is all the gold of the earth, in a land of wrong and violence, and that smells of blood heaven-high, with the whole atmosphere below tainted with its appalling odor?

No; let us stay at home, and cultivate habits of industry, economy and temperance. With a vigilant eye and a

steady step pursue the path which has been marked out for us to tread through life—never swerving from our duty to the allurements of pleasure—or by the discouragements of defeat—but up and on! fearless, determined, brave; looking all danger manfully in the face; grappling with all difficulties, if not with the strength, with the determination of giants to overcome; never growing faint or weary in well doing—and my life for it, in ten years you will not exchange places with the proudest aristocrat in California, whose heart and brain have been seared in the acquisition of wealth. Above all things, let those of us who stay behind imitate the self command of the adventurers who have gone, and go boldly and resolutely “AROUND THE HORN” here, and depend upon it, we shall find that the true philosopher’s stone—the real Eldorado—the place where we may truly enjoy the horn of Plenty and the cup of Peace, is AT HOME—AROUND OUR OWN HEARTH-STONE—where the light of kind eyes, and the prayers of warm and true hearts ascend to heaven with our own, for guidance and protection. G. R. G.

THE PHILADELPHIA DAILY PRESS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN.—The very head and front of the offending party journals, oracular, dignified, and eminently solemn. Doctor Bird’s leaders have a stately look in solid column, and his political articles read as if they had been subjected to a very patient drill before showing themselves to the public eye; but his fine genius flashes out the moment he touches a congenial subject. Of all American writers we look upon him as the best qualified to conduct a literary journal, or a monthly review. But, alas! he is a martyr, who must groan under the daily responsibilities of a party organ, with a hearty dislike of its duties. Why should two such men as Bird and Bryant be sold into slavery in politics, and be thus comparatively lost to the lovers of polite literature? “Independent,” the Washington correspondent of the journal, dashes in like Saladin, and wo to the Christian who gets a full stroke of his scimitar; he is cloven to the chin, or has something to nurse and to remember. His egotism has been objected to by those who dislike his slashing style, but that, as much as his correctness of information, has given his correspondence character. He is at least fearless in the use of his weapon, and strikes at high and low with equal strength and tenacity. Hemmle gives us once in a while his touching little essays, conceived in the quiet beauty of Mr. Chandler’s style—the Gamaliel at whose feet he sat and learned. For the rest, we do not like the paper. It is heavy, cautious, and cruelly cold and selfish.

THE INQUIRER.—The model of a daily family paper, marked by continued and unwearied industry, and beaming with the kindly nature of its editor. Its ample pages are crowded with well-chosen selections and active scissoring of news paragraphs; not, however, always carefully pruned and clipped down. It is only once in a while that Mr. Morris shows us that he can write, and his Saturday Readings are full of the warm impulses and genuine kindness of the man, but are written more for purposes of good than to display his powers. Occasionally he warms up in his general articles, and lets out a spark or two, shows us a glimpse of the wealth he hoards, and causes us to wish for continued examples of the ability he possesses. In his political leaders he sometimes is forced by unfair opponents into a little causticity at the opening of his article, but he relents before he gets through, and will most likely give his “friend” a chance to back out of his blunder. He has not the heart, though he possesses the strength, to press his antagonist to the wall, and to pin him there. Mr. Morris has an agreeable, ready and

devoted conductor in Mr. Crump, a man of various learning and diligent application. This journal is shockingly “made up,” to our taste, and is all over disguised with staring black head-lines, which look to our eye like the sable of a hearse—its “postscript” is our particular horror.

THE DAILY NEWS.—The absence of Judge Conrad from the daily press seems to have reinvigorated his powers, and has given additional force to his pen, and fire to his thoughts; like an unprisoned eagle, with a spring he darts to the skies and gazes in the sun. Some of the finest articles he ever wrote have appeared in the News. Every subject that Judge Conrad touches, seems to have been fused, as in a furnace, and the metal flies off in lumps from his gigantic mind. His intellect illumines and pervades every part of his subject, and when he drops it, there is nothing more to be said. His compact, all-grasping sentences, may furnish subjects for whole leaders to others, but the vitality has been extracted, and any treatment of the topic is tame and impotent in contrast. He does not, however, always seem to know the power of the words he uses, and will give a whack with his sledge-hammer with a will of a fly, which would effectually knock down an ox. Hence he should never write short paragraphs upon unimportant topics—his style is too ponderous. The News, as a political sheet, is well managed, barring some desire, occasionally manifested, to pull, for personal ends, the strings of its influence; but it is sadly deficient in mercantile news and facts. At this writing, too, it is shamefully brought out, and is made up as if the matter had been sifted over the form, and then locked-up and printed, and very badly printed at that. Mr. Sanderson should look to this, for the general editing of his News is too good to come before the public under so great a disadvantage.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.—Unquestionably the best penny paper that has ever been established—showing in all its appointments the very perfection of mechanical execution, and in its news collection and collation, sleepless enterprise and vigilance, as well as persevering ability. Its leaders are unequal, for the most part written with great force and adroitness, upon topics familiar or of practical utility, but occasionally insufferably stupid and dull. On scientific topics it affects the *ultra*-learned. We always drop the Ledger when it gets upon “oligues.” Mr. Lane, whose quiet humor occasionally gleams out in his short editorial articles, like lightning from the edge of a summer cloud, is unquestionably the best news man in our daily press; clear and discriminating, you always find in his columns all that ought to be said of any and every news fact, and no more. A nicety of judgment very rarely attained, and never in our experience so fully, as in the case of the late Mr. Holden of the Courier.

THE SUN.—Graced by a good humor that no annoyance can ruffle, but occasionally inclined to mischief. Carelessly giving a whack, regardless of consequences, and forgetting it at the same instant. We regard Mr. Wallace as a most able man in any paper; enduring, persevering, and always on the alert. We know of no one in his department of a newspaper who can for so long a time continue to perform downright hard, honest good labor. His nerves and his temper are equally enduring. He appears to have been born where they sing “Old Virginia never tire,” and to have lived through life, the music, the temper, and the sentiment of the song. The tapmost bubble of his heart always sparkles. He is, too, what we like, a pretty good hater, though with a good deal more philosophy than is often practiced, in taking his revenge. With his editorials, his SON makes a capital newspaper, agreeable, gossipy and gay. The news is filled in with

the coolness of an experienced hand, and with the uprightness and newspaper devotion of his father, he will one day stand as high.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN.—Col. Forney is the best political editor that his party has ever had in Philadelphia—discerning, prompt and fearless. He deals, however, too much in light skirmishing, and pops his enemy off once in a while from an unsuspected cedar-bush, merely to show the accuracy of his aim. But he is an able tactician, and when he does close fairly, his opponent finds him a tough and unweary customer. His articles seem for the most part to have been dashed off at a heat, and lack the polishing touch. He often, too, uses a hard word for its sound where another would be more effective. Occasionally he sits down in earnest, blocks out his ground, and makes sure and steady advances; and especially when he has occasion to defend Mr. Buchanan, his intellect is fully aroused and on the alert—he then writes with his full vigor and spirit, and writes well. His partner, Mr. Hamilton, is one of the most capable business printers that we know, and every thing in his department is marked by exactness and proficiency. The press-work of the *Pennsylvanian*, on each issue, is what the magazines would call "a specimen number."

THE TIMES.—A jaunty, crotchety, impudent little sheet, filled with quibs and quirks, and a sort of laughing philosophy that shouts over seriousness. Its editor, would, if he could, go to his own funeral dressed in ribbons, and wearing a look of rejoicing. He has the happiness of never seeming for a moment anxious; and you might as well punch at a wreath of smoke with a foil, as attempt to interest him in a serious controversy. He will answer your arguments with a pun, your serious reasoning with a laugh, and will set ridiculously on end your most carefully rounded sentence, and go to hacking at its grammar. Having got you out of humor, he will decline all controversy with you, if you cannot observe the decencies and proprieties. So that the man who urges a controversy with Du Solle, has his anger for his pains, and is fuming while he is chaffing and laughing unconcernedly upon some other more agreeable topic. Yet the *Times* has never given him scope to show the real ability and general information he possesses. He should be in the *Ledger* with Lane, he would settle the "ologies" in short metre.

THE BULLETIN.—Our only evening paper, but managed with great enterprise and vigor. Mr. Peterson's strong Saxon words and nervous style, combined with his various and correct learning, make the leading articles of this journal among the ablest that we read anywhere, and have stamped a high value upon the leading column. There is a want of editorial tact in its less imposing, but equally important digest of news and facts. It has all the ews, but it has it in bulk, and looks at times, with its heavy, solid nonpareil, like a little man covered with black patches, or as if part of the paper had gone into mourning for the absence of an itemiser. It is always up, however, to the full requirements of the public in its telegraphic despatches, and it had—what has become of him—the writer of money articles that was most regarded here. For the rest, it affects a very nice morality in regard to the theatres, which we do not like, and do not pretend to understand. It is too deep for us. It *advertises* for the theatres, but does not *notice* them. Are they wrong, or right, or neither? We suppose there must be a nice line, which assistants who examine morals with a microscope have detected.

O. R. O.

DEAR GRAMM,—Poor Tom says, "Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: keep thy hand out of packets, and thy

pen from *lenders' books*, and defy the foul fiend." Without misconstruing this text more than texts are usually misinterpreted, I opine, that from those some "*lenders' books*" of past generations the current literature of our day is being manufactured. The vast shapes of the Past have overlaid the Present, and we are in the umbræ of the eclipse. Pray tell me if there is room left in the whole length and breadth of the world for an epic, without trenching upon the preemption rights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso and Milton? Then as regards dramatic poetry—"shem! Shakspeare." Wit and humor? What, after Chaucer, Rabelais, Ben Jonson, Cervantes, Butler, Swift, Pope, Sterne, the *Spectator* writers generally, Fielding and Smollet? Are there any new Continents to be discovered? Our own Irving, to be sure, has been cruising among beautiful summer islands, and returned with a wondrous store of wealth—jewels and gold tissues, fragrant gums, Hesperidean apples, painted Salvages, flowers and odorous spices, to the world unknown before. The gentle Elia has embroidered incomparable tapestries, and formed the school of the age. Scott gathers in his mighty arms the banners of a hundred conquests, and for melodious versification (after Spenser) Coleridge, Shelley and Moore, in

"Numbers moving musically,"

have filled the world with harmonies, to which no echoes answer. Who shall sweep the strings of passion after Byron! Truly, with much thankfulness for the kind intentions of those who have written for Posterity, we might add that it is a pity they did not leave Posterity a little chance to write for himself. But since it is so, let us, with due credit, make free for a time with some of those same "*lenders' books*," for as George Wither quaintly says—

"We are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how they may be made
A thankful use of what we had."

Room, then! for one of Dante's Angels—

"And now there came o'er the perturbed waves,
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and buries
Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

As frogs

Before their foe, the serpent, through the waves
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits
Destroyed, so now I sueing before one
Who passed with unwept feet the Stygian sound,
He, from his face removing the gross air,
On his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone
Of that annoyance wearied. I perceived
That he was sent from heaven; and to my guide
Turned me, who nighly made that I should stand
Quiet and bend to him. Ah me! how full
Of noble anger seemed he. To the gate
He came, and with his wind touched it, whereat
Open without impediment it flew!"

Compare this with Milton's Raphael—

"Down thither prone in flight
He spreads, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sailed between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the bottom air: till within soar
Of towering eagles, to all fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies."

Of the flight of Satan—

"Sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars

Up to the fiery concave, towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descends
Hings in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopians to the Cape
Fly, skimming nightly toward the pole. So seemed
Far off the flying herd."

Do you not think Dante's angel the most spiritual? He says,

"he wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Deset, and keenly pressed, than thought of him
Who in his presence stand."

And Milton—

"—on some great charge employed
He seemed, or bled in cognition deep."

The thought here is evidently borrowed from the Italian "lender's book."

There is a strange propensity to follow these lofty flights; as when in looking from an eminence we feel a temptation to breast the blue ether below us. We are fairly in the wake of Satan when he

"Shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave—"

And now since we are pinion-mounted, like Icarus or Daniel O'Rourke, let us select a few more familiar specimens of flying. "Look you," from Coleridge—

"Triumphant on the bosom of the storm
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form."

And lo! from Shelly an eagle,

"—a winged form
On all the winds of heaven approaching ever
Flashed, darting as it came; the storm
Pursued it with fierce blasts and lightnings swift and
warm."

The Viking's war-ship, from Longfellow's Saga of the Skeleton in Armor is a brave picture,

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden:
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden."

And Dryden, in his *Annus Mirabilis*, hath likewise a war-ship that flies!

"With roomy deck, and guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid muzzles each mounting billow laves,
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying o'er the waves."

But of all winged things the sky-lark is the bird of the poets. Hear Shakespeare—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On cloaked flowers that lies;
And winking May-buds begun
To open their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise."

Or this from Shelley—

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire!
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing, still dost soar; and soaring, ever earnest."

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy, whose race has just begun.
All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed."

Coleridge, too, in his *Ancient Mariner*—
"Sometimes adropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
Now they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet piping!
And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens to mute."

And Wordsworth in that beautiful couplet—

"Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindly poems of Heaven and Home!"

There is a sweet little bird in the description of a Summer's morning, by Thomas Miller, which I would fain add to this goodly company—

"A little bird now hops beside the brook,
Peeping about like an affrighted nun,
And ever as she drinks doth upward look.
Titters and drinks again; then seeks her cloistered nook."

But also the prettiest part of it is borrowed from one of those same "lenders' books." John Bunyan's—no less. The Interpreter takes Christians into the "Significant Rooms," where he shows her that "one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her eyes toward heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up.'" And now, having winged our way from angels to John Bunyan, let us by these same lenders' books upon the shelves until a future period. Truly thine,

RICHARD HAYWARDS.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Salamander: Found amongst the Papers of the late Ernest Helfenstein. Edited by E. Oakes Smith. Second Edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mrs. Smith has written nothing so well calculated to convey to the majority of readers a clear sense of the richness, originality, and elevation of her genius, as this wonderful little story. It evinces a high degree of creative power, being an organic product of the mind, with a central principle of life, and vital in every part. The scenery, events and characters have all a living connection with the leading idea of the work, and illustrate each other. The form is the ever facile and yielding instrument of the plastic spirit within, and varies with the variations

in the story and the changes in the thought or feeling expressed. By a felicity of nature, Mrs. Smith apprehends instinctively to subordinate the material to the spiritual; and thus by making the former simply the symbol by which she expresses the latter, she spiritualizes matter, and makes it the living body of the soul. She vivifies and vitalizes the form until it becomes o'er informed with spirit. Natural objects as used by the poet, derive all their effect from being the pictorial language of impassioned thought, the visible image being but the embodiment to the eye of the viewless force which penetrates and animates it; and fitly to employ objects as exponents of thoughts, a firm, decisive grasp of spiritual realities, of

something lying back of all expression, is necessary. The moment the material predominates over or precedes the spiritual, it becomes so much dead matter, without significance, because without life. A great excellence of the present story is the constant dominion exercised by the soul over or through its forms of expression, and the physiological character of the style and imagery. When we thus speak of it as pre-eminently spiritual, we of course imply that it is thoroughly alive.

But the wonder of the book, and the quality which will give it a permanent place in American literature, is the sure and fine adequacy with which it brings the supernaturally beautiful and the supernaturally terrible into vital relations with human life, without any shock or jar of the unnatural to disturb the exquisiteness of the combination; and this is done in a manner purely original, awakening no reminiscences of German or English supernaturalism, and giving unmistakable evidence of being drawn from the writer's own life and mental experience. Indeed, by the very constitution of her mind, Mrs. Smith seems to see things in their spiritual relations; consequently she not only looks at things and into things, but she looks through them, and discerns the supernatural region from which they proceed and on which they depend. This vision into a sphere above sense, is accompanied by an imagination of sufficient force to shape what she sees into a form palpable to sense, and thus to reach the mystical elements in other minds through their sensuous imagination. This vision and this faculty are possessed by all high and powerful natures, and the test of the reality of the powers is in the originality of the products. Similarity, even when it does not approach plagiarism, indicates the intercession of another mind, and by suggesting specious and unconscious conjecture on the soundness or reach of the eyes. Now the supernatural, as it appears in this volume, is strictly individual and peculiar, evidencing that the authoress has herself contemplated, face to face, the spiritual truths she has embodied.

While the present story is thus eminently a work of creative imagination, working in the region of the supernatural, and making "strange combinations out of common things," it is at the same time intensely human, touching at every step on some affection or aspiration of the human heart, and full of the gloom and gloom of our common life. As every thing is realized to the eye and imagination, and the vital relation between the natural feeling and the preternatural agencies is clearly represented, the reader is conscious of no unharmoniousness in the general impression left on his mind by the whole work, but simply feels as though he had been brought nearer to the life of things, and discerned evil and good in their spiritual natures. With a power of thought, as felicitous in its delicacy as in its strength, moral beauty and moral deformity are both seized in their intrinsic principles, and embodied in such a manner that the material form ceases to be the veil and becomes the vehicle of the nature it encloses.

To the shaping imagination which this work indicates, we must add that form or expression of the imaginative faculty, by which things inexpressible in images are suggested by cunning verbal combinations, or which escape in the peculiar turn of a period, or which are breathed to the inner ear of the mind in the rhythm of a sentence. This mystical charm, this elusive, dreamy, ever vanishing and yet ever appearing grace, gives to the whole work a character of strangeness almost bewitching, and produces that fine and faint intoxication of the imagination which makes it ready to receive and accredit wonders with as much faith as it commonly awards to possibilities. It is this quality also which makes it impossible to con-

vey the moral of the story in any didactic proposition. It has a profound moral, but it is a moral which refuses to be comprehended in an ethical axiom, being felt in the brain and "felt along the heart."

We have been so much engrossed by the merits of this story that we have little space left to notice some faults. The notes should not be retained at the bottom of the page, but should be transferred to an appendix. Occasionally the imagination of the authoress stutters in its sublime talk, and gives fragments of gigantic images instead of wholes. Here and there the philosophic prevails over the imaginative, and discourse monopolizes a sentence which should be strictly sacred to representation. But the sweetness, the tenderness, the beauty, purity and majesty, with which the work is so replete, hardly allow even the critical reader to be captious; and to the uncritical, the absorbing interest of the story would be sufficient to hide even prominent defects.

Poems. By James F. Fields. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Book-writing and book-publishing, according to the most approved doctrines of the division of labor, are to be kept strictly apart, and commonly there yawns a natural gulf between the two, as wide and deep as that which separated Lazarus and Dives. The present volume, however, illustrates this seemingly impossible combination, the author being also one of the publishers, and it must be confessed that the intellectual and mechanical execution reflect credit on each other. Mr. Fields has a mind of great flexibility and fertility, and occasionally he has compressed within the limit of this volume a large variety of matter, answering to the mirthful, the pathetic, the satirical, the tender, and the impassioned. He not only does not repeat himself, but the work is too small adequately to express the whole range of his poetic faculty. The two longest poems in the collection are the "Poet of Honor" and "Commerce," both of them originally pronounced before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, and each including many topics under the general subject. These evince a keen, shrewd eye for practical life and character, and the satirical portions are characterized by a mingled wit and humor unexcelled for general sharpness. "The Poet of Honor" is by far the best, and its pictures of life, both serious and mirthful, are exceedingly vivid and true. The versification evinces a complete mastery of the heroic couplet, in all its ease, energy and harmony of flow, and it is spangled with fine felicities of fancy and original verbal combinations. The passages relating to Lamb and Grey, are replete with a quiet searching pathos, which touches the inmost nerve of sensibility.

Many of the shorter poems have already had a wide circulation through the newspapers. "Fair Wind," originally published in "Graham," and "The Dirge," we have seen in the poetical corner of at least a hundred journals. The new ballads and lyrics, now first published, are among the best in the whole collection. "The Ballad of the Tempest," the "Pair of Antlers," and "Common Sense," are very brilliant and beautiful. "Life at Niagara," and the "Alarmed Skipper," are good specimens of mirthful poetry as distinguished from versified mirth. "Children in Exile," and "A Bridal Melody," have an intensity of deep and sweet feeling, which wins its way into the very core of the heart. We might refer to others as worthy of notice as these, but we must be content with quoting one instead of naming many, and we accordingly present our readers with a most beautiful specimen of blank verse, addressed to Rogers:

ON A BOOK OF SEA-MOSSES,
SENT TO AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET.

To him who sang of Venice, and revealed
How Wealth and glory clustered in her streets,
And poured her marble domes with wondrous skill,
We send these tributes, plundered from the sea.
These many-colored, variegated forms
Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
Such squalls we capture where the rainbows drop,
Melting in ocean. Here are broderies strange,
Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden hair,
And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.
From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we take
These fairy textures, lightly moored at noon,
Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep,
We roam at noon, and gather slayers like thorns,
Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles,
Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
What hues of land can rival this like these,
Torn from the seals and gossamers of kings
Who dwell beneath the waters.

Such our gift,
Cutted from a margin of the western world,
And offered unto Genius in the old.

Raphael; or Pages from the Book of Life at Twenty. By
Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lamartine, with many of the high qualities of genius, is deficient in one of the most important—Common Sense. He is a fine and eloquent singer of his own idealized and idolized self, but is gifted with very imperfect powers of objective perception. He sees nothing as it is, but every object is more or less a mirror of self. This is equally true whether the object be Mont Blanc or a Paris mob. All his descriptions of scenery, though often rising to a strain of rapturous eloquence and beauty, are never accurate, even in an elevated poetical signification of accuracy. Different scenes, in different climes, are all enveloped in one atmosphere, and all stand for one tyrannizing class of emotions. Lamartine is a sentimentalist, and no sentimentalist can celebrate any nature but his own, or consider the universe as worth any thing in itself. The excellence of the present volume consists in its subject admitting of a strictly lyrical treatment, and it accordingly is full to running over of Lamartine's strong but narrow genius, and is replete with glittering sentiment and decorative imagery. The work is not long enough to tire by its egotism and fine writing, and is closed before admiration has subsided from the interjection into the yawn of satisfaction. A nature so rich as Lamartine's might fill even a larger book without exhausting its wealth of sentiment or thought.

The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By Samuel Warren, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mr. Warren's works on Law are almost as entertaining as his novels. The present book is full of matter important to the young lawyer, and interesting to the general reader. All who are accustomed to have dealings with the profession, can obtain from this little volume many useful and some lucrative hints. The two points on which Mr. Warren expends his sense and his eloquence are knavery and incapacity, as those qualities exist among lawyers. As many lives and more fortunes depend on the existence of the opposite qualities in the profession, this volume will be equally valuable if it succeed either in expelling rogues and duces from the law, or in enabling clients to detect them.

Auriferina; or Adventures in the Gold Region. By Cantell A. Bigby. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 16mo.

The author of this little volume has availed himself of

the interest excited by the late disclosures in California, to construct a story of marvelous adventures in that region. In regard to probability the work is half way between Gulliver's Travels and the Arabian Nights. As every thing wonderful relating to California is greedily devoured, the disclosures of this work will undoubtedly receive their due attention. They are nearly as much entitled to belief as many of the newspaper accounts.

A New Spanish Reader: Consisting of Passages from the Most Approved Authors, in Prose and Verse. By Mariano Velasquez de la Calzadilla. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The editor of this volume is Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature in Columbia College. He has so arranged his matter as to remove all possible obstacles in the way of the learner, and to conduct him, step by step, into the heart of the noble language of Castile. The selections are admirably made. The volume is not only well adapted for schools and colleges, but for the private student, and we trust it will induce many to study a language which will give them a key to the versatile and fertile genius of Lope de Vega, the mystical beauty of Calderon, and the profound and genial humor of Cervantes.

Essay on the Union of Church and State. By Baylis W. Noel, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work has produced a considerable sensation in England, being a well-written protest against the Church Establishment, supported by a long array of facts and arguments. The author was for twenty-two years an Episcopal clergyman, and was at last forced by his reason and conscience into his present position. Mr. Noel does not attack the doctrine of the Church, but its union with the State, and he attempts to prove that this union is condemned by the letter and spirit of the Bible, is unjust, inexpedient, and productive of a host of evils, from which free churches are exempt.

History of Hannibal the Carthaginian. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

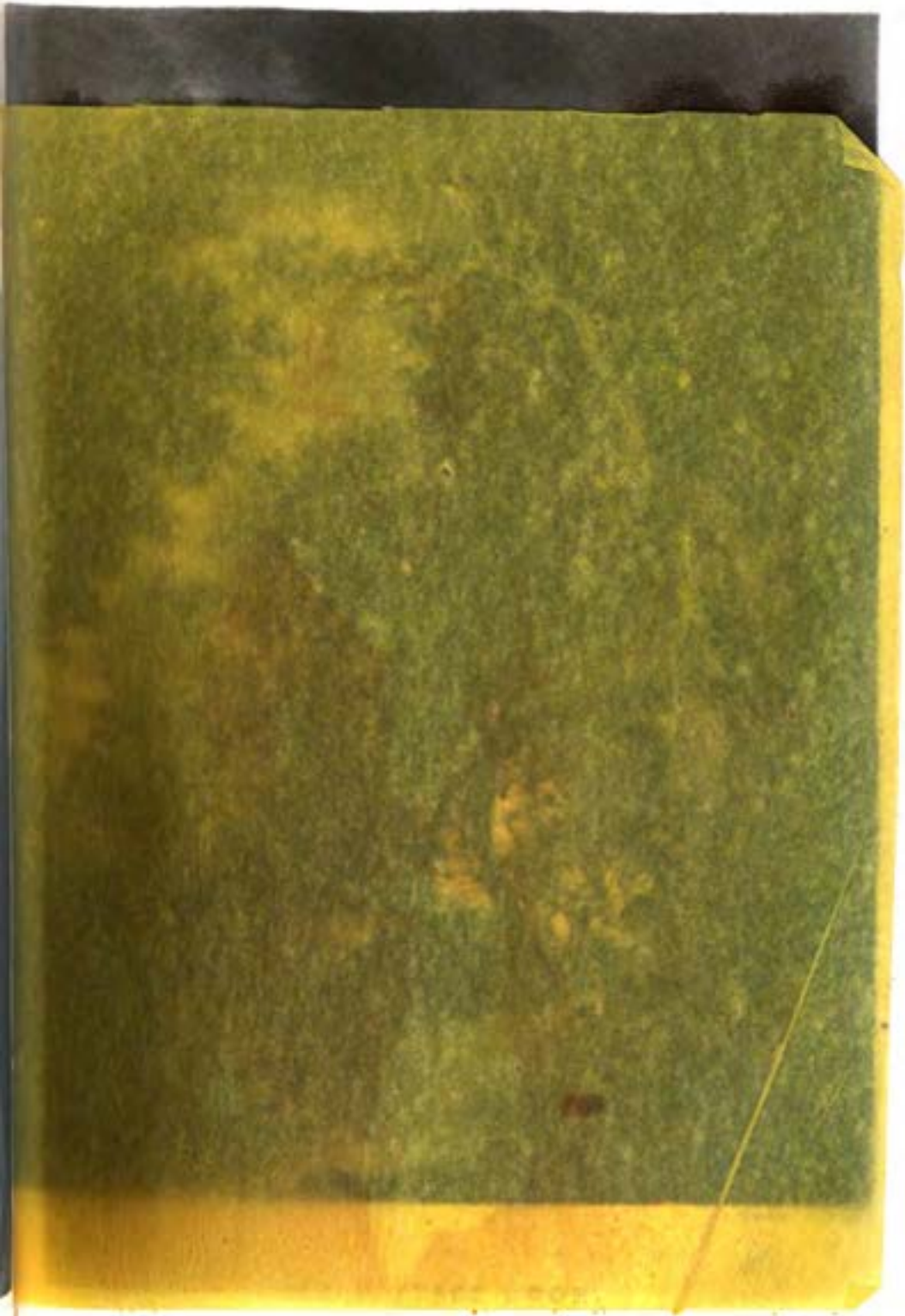
This is one of a series of historical books for the people, prepared by Mr. Abbott with his usual felicity of condensation and simplification. The series so far includes the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, Alexander the Great, Charles I. and the present volume, and others are to follow. The author manages his matter with much art, and while few can read his volumes without an addition to their information, they must be invaluable to a large class of minds almost altogether deficient in historical knowledge.

A Catechism of the Steam Engine, Illustrative of the Scientific Principles on which Its Operation Depends, &c. By John Bourne, C. E. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

Here, in the space of one small volume, is condensed a large amount of available information on the steam engine, its principles, the practical details of its structure, and its application to mines and mills, as well as steam navigation and railways. The author evinces an intimate practical acquaintance with his subject, and his work, while it is invaluable to the engineer, possesses great interest to every reader desirous of fathoming the mystery of the structure and operation of the steam engine.



Portrait of Mrs. J. G. ...
by ...
1850

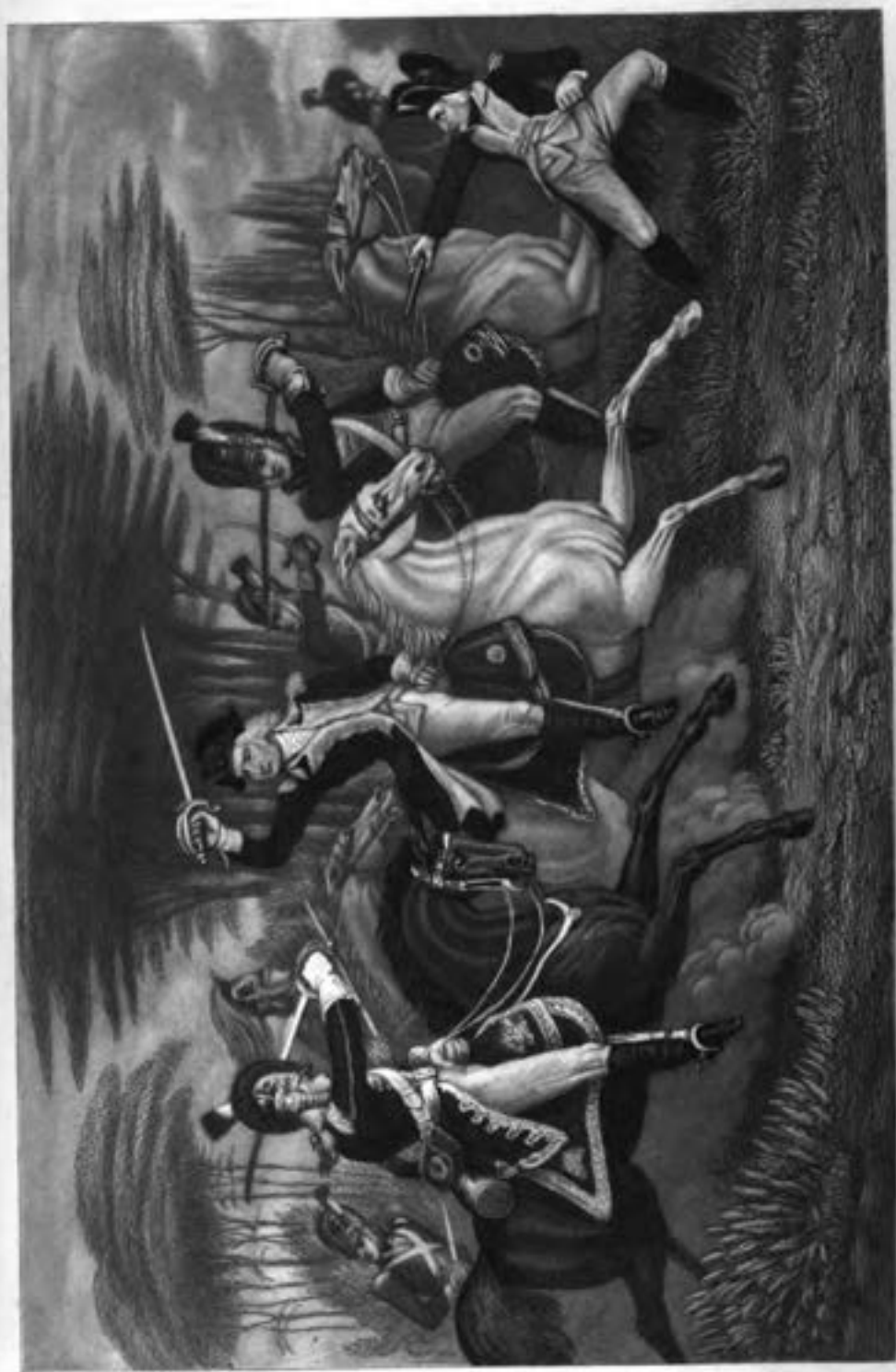


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COL. WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF CORNELL'S.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

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THE PICTURE OF JUDGMENT, ON THE GOSPEL OF THE INDIAN, A BALL BY THE GOSPELS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PICTURE OF JUDGMENT," "THE GOSPEL OF THE INDIAN," &c.

There are many ways of looking at things,
The world is full of things to see,
The world is full of things to see.

CHAPTER I.

The Spectacle of the Day.

It was a fine, clear, bright day, and the sun shined in the face of the company, as they gathered on the promenade of Jersey. In the distance, the towers of the great city of New York were visible, and the waters of the harbor shined in the light of the sun. The people of the city were all gathered on the promenade, and the great city of New York was visible in the distance. The people of the city were all gathered on the promenade, and the great city of New York was visible in the distance. The people of the city were all gathered on the promenade, and the great city of New York was visible in the distance.

The afternoon of the day was bright and clear, and the sun shined in the face of the company, as they gathered on the promenade of Jersey. In the distance, the towers of the great city of New York were visible, and the waters of the harbor shined in the light of the sun. The people of the city were all gathered on the promenade, and the great city of New York was visible in the distance. The people of the city were all gathered on the promenade, and the great city of New York was visible in the distance.

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No. 6.

THE PICTURE OF JUDGMENT; OR THE GROTTA DEL TIFONE. A TALE OF THE ETRURIAN.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "GOT RIVERS," "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," &c.

Ma se conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro, ancor in lui costante affetto,
Furo come colui che piange e dice. DANTE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory. The Sepulchres of Etruria.

THE "Grotta del Tifone"—an Etruscan tomb opened by the Chevalier Mauzi, in 1833—discovered some peculiarities at the time of its opening, which greatly mystified the cognoscenti of Italy. It was found, by certain Roman inscriptions upon two of the sarcophagi, that the inmates belonged to another people, and that the vaults of the noble Tarquinian family of Pomponius, had, for some unaccountable reasons, been opened for the admission of the stranger. No place was so sacred among the Etruscans as that of burial; and the tombs of the Lucumones of Tarquinia, were held particularly sacred to the immediate connections of the chief. Here he lay in state, and the scions and shoots of his blood and bosom were grouped around him, being literally, as the old Hebrew phraseology hath it, "gathered to their fathers." It was not often, and then only under peculiar circumstances, which rendered the exception to the rule proper, that the leaves of stone which closed the mausoleum were rolled aside for the admission of foreigners. The "Grotta del Tifone," so called from the Etruscan Typhon, or Angel of Death, which appears conspicuously painted upon the square central pillar, was the last resting-place of the distinguished family of Pomponius. It is a chamber eighteen paces long, and sixteen broad, and is hewn out in the solid rock. The sarcophagi were numerous when first discovered. The ledges were full—every place was occupied, and a further excavation had been made for the reception of other tenants. These tombs were all carefully examined by the explorers with that intense feeling of curiosity which such a discovery was calculated to inspire.

The apartment was in good preservation; the paintings bright and distinct, though fully twenty-two centuries must have elapsed since the colors were first spread by the hands of the artist. And there were the inscriptions, just declaring enough to heighten and to deepen curiosity. A name, a fragment—and that in Latin. That a Roman should sleep in a tomb of the Etruscan, was itself a matter of some surprise; but that this strangeness should be still further distinguished by an inscription, an epitaph, in the language of the detested nation—as if the affront were to be rendered more offensive and more imposing—was calculated still further to provoke astonishment! Why should the hateful and always hostile Roman find repose among the patriarchs of Tarquinia?—the rude, obscure barbarian, in the mausoleum of a refined and ancient family? Why, upon an Etruscan tomb, should there be other than an Etruscan inscription? One of the strangers was a woman! Who was she, and for what was she thus distinguished? By what fatality came she to find repose among the awful manes of a people, between whom and her own, the hatred was so deep and inextinguishable—ending not even with the entire overthrow of the superior race? The sarcophagus of the other stranger was without an inscription. But he, too, was a Roman! His effigy, betraying all the characteristics of his people, lay at length above his tomb; a noble youth, with features of exquisite delicacy and beauty, yet distinguished by that falcon visage, which so well marked the imposing features of the great masters of the ancient world.

The wonder and delight of our visitors were hardly lessened, while their curiosity was stimulated to a still higher degree of intensity, as their researches led them to another discovery which followed the

further examination of the "Grotta." On the right of the entrance they happened upon one of these exquisite paintings, in which the genius of the Etruscan proves itself to have anticipated, though it may never have rivaled the ultimate excellence of the Greek. The piece describes a frequent subject of art—a procession of souls to judgment, under the charge of good and evil genii. The group is numerous. The grace, freedom, and expression of the several figures is beyond description fine; and, with two exceptions, the effect is exquisitely grateful to the spectator, as the progress seems to be one to eternal delights. Two of the souls, however, are not freed, but convict; not escaping, but doomed; not looking hope and bliss, but despair and utter misery. One of these is clearly the noble youth whose effigy, without inscription, appears upon the tomb. He is one of the Roman intruders. Behind him, following close, is the evil genius of the Etruscan—represented as a colossal negro—brutal in all his features, exulting fiendishly, in his expression of countenance, and with his claws firmly grasped in the shoulders of his victim. His brow is twined with serpents in the manner of a fillet, and his left hand carries the huge mallet with which the demon was expected to crush, or bruise and mangle, the prey which was assigned him. The other unhappy soul, in similar keeping, is that of a young woman, whose features declare her to be one of the loveliest of her sex. She is tall and majestic; her carriage haughty even in her woe, and her face equally distinguished by the highest physical beauty, elevated by a majesty and air of sway, which denoted a person accustomed to the habitual exercise of her own will. But, through all her beauty and majesty, there are the proofs of that agony of soul which passeth show and understanding. Two big drops of sorrow have fallen, and rest upon her cheeks, the only tokens which her large Juno-like eyes seem to have given of the suffering which she endures. They still preserve their fires undimmed and undaunted, and leave it rather to the brow, the lips, and the general features of the face to declare the keen, unutterable woe that swells within her soul, triumphant equally over pride and beauty. Nothing can exceed in force the touching expression of her agony unutterable, unless in the sympathizing imagination of him who seeks for the sources of the painter's pencil into the very bosom of the artist. Immediately behind this beautiful and suffering creature is seen, close following, as in the case of the Roman youth already described, the gloomy and brutal demon—the devil of Etruscan superstition—a negro somewhat less dark and deformed than the other, and seemingly of the other sex, with looks less terrible and offensive, but whose office is not less certain, and whose features are not less full of exultation and triumph. She does not actually grasp the shoulders of the victim, but she has her nevertheless beneath her clutches, and the serpent of her fillet, with extended head, seems momentarily ready to dart its venomous fangs into the white bosom that shrinks yet swells beneath its eye.

Long, indeed, did this terrible picture fix and fasci-

nate the eyes of the spectators; and when at length they turned away, it was only to look back and to meditate upon the mysterious and significant scene which it described. In proceeding further, however, in their search through the "Grotta," they happened upon another discovery. They were already aware that the features of this beautiful woman were Roman in their type. Indeed, there was no mistaking the inexpressible majesty of that countenance, which could belong to no other people. It was not to be confounded with the Etruscan, which, it must be remembered, was rather Grecian or Phœnician in its character, and indicated grace and beauty rather than strength, subtlety and skill, rather than majesty and command. But, that there might be no doubt of the origin of this lovely woman, examining more closely the effigy upon the sarcophagus first discovered—having removed the soil from the features, and brought a strong light to bear upon them—they were found to be those exactly of the victim thus terribly distinguished in the painting.

Here, then, was a coincidence involving a very curious mystery. About the facts there could be no mistake. Two strangers, of remarkable feature, find their burial, against all usage, in the tumulus of an ancient Etruscan family. Both are young, of different sexes, and both are Roman. Their features are carved above their dust, in immortal marble—we may almost call it so, which, after two thousand years, still preserves its trust—and, in an awful procession of souls to judgment, delineated by a hand of rare excellence, and with rare precision, we find the same persons, drawn to the life, and in the custody, as doomed victims, of the terrible fiend of Etruscan mythology. To this condition some terrible tale was evidently attached. Both of these pictures were portraits. For that matter, all were portraits in the numerous collection. With those two exceptions, the rest were of the same family, and their several fates, according to the resolve of the painter, were all felicitous. They walked erect, triumphant in hope and consciousness, elastic in their tread, and joyous in their features. Not so these two: the outcasts of the group—*with* but not of them—painfully contrasted by the artist—terribly so by the doom of the awful providence whose decree he had ventured thus freely to declare. The features of the man had the expression of one whom a just self-esteem moves to submit in dignity, and without complaint. The face of the woman, on the contrary, is full of anguish, though still distinguished by a degree of loftiness and character to which his offers no pretension. There were the portraits, and there the effigies, and beneath them, in their stone collins, lay the fragments of their mouldering bones—the relic of two thousand years. What a scene had the artist chosen to transmit to posterity—from real life—and with what motive? By what terrible sense of justice, or by what strange obliquity of judgment and feeling, did the great Lucumo of the Pomponii, suffer the members of his family to be thus offensively perpetuated to all time, in the place of family sepulture? Could it have been the inspiration of revenge and hatred, by which this

vivid and terrible representation was wrought; and what was the melancholy history of these two strangers—so young, so beautiful—thus doomed to the inexorable torments of the endless future, by the bold anticipatory awards of a successor, or a contemporary? To these questions our explorers of the "Grotta del Tifone" did not immediately find an answer. That they have done so since, the reader will ascribe to the keen anxiety with which they have groped through ancient chronicles in search of an event which, thus wondrously preserved by art for a period of more than twenty centuries, could not, as they well conjectured, be wholly obliterated from all other mortal records.

CHAPTER II.

The Etrurian Captive at Rome.

The time had passed when Etruria gave laws to the rest of Italy. Lars Porsenna was already in his grave, and his memory, rather than his genius and spirit, satisfied the Etruscans. The progeny of the She-Wolf* had risen into wondrous strength and power, and so far from shrinking within their walls at the approach of the vulture of Volterra, they had succeeded in clipping her wings, and shortening, if not wholly arresting her flight. The city of the Seven Hills, looking with triumph from her eminences, began to claim all within her scope of vision as her own, and paralyzed at their audacity, their success, and their wonderful genius for all the arts of war, the neighboring cities began to tremble at the assertion of her claims. But the braver and less prudent spirits of young Etruria revolted at this assumption, and new wars followed, which were too fierce and bloody to continue long. It needs not that we should describe the varying fortunes of the parties. Enough for our purposes that, after one well-fought field, in which the Romans triumphed, they bore away, as a prisoner, with many others, Cælius, the youthful Lucumo of the Pomponian family. This young man, not yet nineteen, was destined by nature rather for an artist, than a soldier. He possessed, in remarkable degree, that talent for painting and statuary, which was largely the possession of the Etrurians; and, though belonging to one of the noblest families in his native city, he did not think it dishonorable to exercise his talent with industry and devotion. In the invasion of his country by the fierce barbarians of Rome, he had thrown aside the pencil for the sword, in the use of which latter weapon he had shown himself not a whit less skillful and excellent, because of his preference for a less dangerous implement. His captivity was irksome, rather than painful and oppressive. He was treated with indulgence by his captors, and quartered for a season in the family of the fierce chief by whose superior prowess he had been overthrown. Here, if denied his freedom, and the use of the sword, he was not denied a resumption of those more agreeable exercises of art to which he had devoted himself before his captivity. He consoled himself in this condition by his favorite stu-

* *Rome.*

dies. He framed the vase into grace and beauty, adorned its sides with groups from poetry and history, and by his labors delighted the uninitiated eyes of all around him. The fierce warrior in whose custody he was looked on with a grim sort of satisfaction at the development of arts, for which his appreciative faculties were small; and it somewhat lessened our young Etruscon in his esteem, that he should take pleasure in such employments. At all events, the effects, however disparaging, were so far favorable that they tended to the increase of his indulgencies. His restraints were fewer, the old Roman not apprehending much danger of escape, or much of enterprise, from one whose tastes were so feminine; and the more gentle regards of the family, in which he was a guest perforce, contributed still more to sweeten and soften the asperities of captivity. As a Lucumo of the first rank in Etruria, he also claimed peculiar indulgences from a people, who, conscious of their own inferior origin, were not by any means insensible to the merits of aristocracy. Our captive was accordingly treated with a deference which was as grateful to his condition as it was the proper tribute to his rank. The wife of the chief whose captive he was, herself a noble matron of Rome, was as little insensible to the rank of the Etrurian, as she was to the equal modesty and manliness of his deportment. Nor was she alone thus made aware of his claims and virtues. She had a son and daughter, the latter named Aurelia, a creature of the most imposing beauty, of a lofty spirit and carriage, and of a high and generous ambition. The brother, Lucius, was younger than herself; a lad of fifteen, but he, like his sister, became rapidly and warmly impressed with the grace of manner and goodness of heart which distinguished the young Etrurians. They both learned to love him; the youth, probably, with quite as unreckoning a warmth as his sister. Nor was the heart of Cælius long untouched. He soon perceived the exquisite beauties of the Roman damsel, and, by the usual un-failing symptoms, revealed the truth as well to the family of the maiden as to herself. The mother discovered the secret with delight, was soon aware of the condition of her daughter's heart; and the relations of the several parties being thus understood, it was not long before they came to an explanation, which ended to their mutual satisfaction. Cælius was soon released from his captivity, and, to the astonishment of all his family, returned home, bearing with him the beautiful creature by whom his affections had been so suddenly enslaved.

CHAPTER III.

The Brother and the Wife.

His return to Tarquinia was hailed with delight by every member of his family but one. This was a younger brother, whose position had been greatly improved by the absence and supposed death of Cælius. He cursed in the bitterness of his heart the fate which had thus restored, as from the grave, the shadow which had darkened his own prospects; and

though he concealed his mortification under the guise of a joy as lively as that of any other member of the household, he was torn with secret hate and the most fiendish jealousy. At first, however, as these feelings were quite aimless, he strove naturally to subdue them. There was no profitable object in their indulgence, and he was one of those, cunning beyond his years, who entertain no moods, and commit no crime, unless with the distinct hope of acquisition. It required but a little time, however, to ripen other feelings in his soul, by which the former were rather strengthened than diminished, and by which all his first, and, perhaps, feeble efforts to subdue them were rendered fruitless. In the first bitter mood in which he beheld the return of his brother, the deep disappointment which he felt, with the necessity of concealing his chagrin from every eye, prevented him from bestowing that attention upon the wife of Caelius which her beauty, had his thoughts been free, must inevitably have commanded. With his return to composure, however, he soon made the discovery of her charms, and learned to love them with a passion scarcely less warm than that which was felt by her husband. Hence followed a double motive for hating the latter, and denouncing his better fortune. Aruns—the name of the younger brother—was, like Caelius, a man of great talent and ingenuity; but his talent, informed rather by his passions than by his tastes, was addressed to much humbler objects. While the one was creative and gentle in his character, the other was violent and destructive; while the one worshipped beauty for its own sake, the other regarded it only as subserving selfish purposes. Caelius was frank and generous in his temper, Aruns reserved, suspicious and contracted. The one had no disguises, the other dwelt within them, even as a spider girdled by his web, and lying secret in the crevice at its bottom. Hitherto, his cunning had been chiefly exercised in concealing itself, in assuming the port of frankness, in appearing, so far as he might, the thing that he was not. It was now to be exercised for his more certain profit, in schemes hostile to the peace of others. To cloak these designs, he betrayed more than usual joy at the restoration of his brother. His, indeed, seemed the most elated spirit of the household, and the confiding and unsuspecting Caelius at once took him to his heart, with all the warmth and sincerity of boyhood. It gave him pleasure to perceive that Aurelia, his wife, received him as a brother, and regarded with delight the appearance of affection that subsisted between them. The three soon became more and more united in their sympathies and objects, and the devotion of Aruns to the Roman wife of Caelius was productive of a gratification to the latter, which he did not endeavor to conceal. It was grateful to him that his brother did not leave his wife to that solitude in her foreign home, which might sometimes have followed his own too intense devotion to the arts which he so passionately loved; and, without a fear that his faith might be misplaced, he left to Aruns the duty which no husband might prudently devolve upon any man, of ministering to those tastes and affections, the

most delicate and sacred, which make of every family circle a temple in which the father, and the husband, and the master, should alone be the officiating priest.

Some time had passed in this manner, and at length it struck our Lucumo that there was less cordiality between his brother and his wife than had pleased him so much at first. Aurelia now no longer spoke of Aruns—his name never escaped her lips, unless when she was unavoidably forced to speak it in reply. His approaches to her were marked by a timidity not usual with him, and by a *hauteur* in her countenance which was shown to no other person. It was a proof of the superior love of Caelius to his wife that he reproached her for this seeming dislike. She batted his inquiry, met his reproaches with renewed shows of tenderness, and the fond, confiding husband resumed his labors on the beautiful, with perhaps too little regard to what was going on around him. Meanwhile, the expression in the face of Aurelia had been gradually deepening into gravity. Care was clouding her brow, and an air of anxiety manifested itself upon her cheek—a look of apprehension—as if some danger were impending—some great fear threatening in her heart. This continued for some time, when she became conscious that the eye of her husband began to be fixed inquiringly upon her, and with the look of one dissatisfied, if not doubtful—disturbed if not suspicious—and with certain sensibilities rendered acute and watchful, which had been equally confiding and affectionate before. These signs increased her disquiet, and deepened her anxiety. But she was silent. The glances of her husband were full of appeal, but she gave them no response. She could but retire from his presence, and sigh to herself in solitude. There was evidently a mystery in this conduct, and the daily increasing anxieties of the husband betrayed his doubts that it might prove a humiliating one at the solution. But he, too, was silent. His pride forbade that he should declare himself, when he could only speak of vague surmises, and perhaps degrading suspicions. He was silent, but not at ease. His pleasant labors of the studio were abandoned. Was it for relief from his own thoughts that he was now so frequently in company with Aruns, or did he hope to obtain from the latter, any clue to the mystery which disturbed his household? It was not in the art of Aurelia so to mould the expression of her countenance, as to hide from others the anxiety which she felt in the increasing and secret communion of the brothers. She watched their departure with dread, and witnessed their return together with agitation. She saw, or fancied she saw, in the looks of the younger a malignant exultation, which even his habitual cunning did not suffer him entirely to conceal.

CHAPTER IV.

The Secret Picture.

At length the cloud seemed to clear away from the brow of her husband. He once more resumed his labors, and with an eagerness and an avidity which

he had not betrayed before. His passion now amounted to intensity. He gave himself no respite from his labors. Late and early he was at his task—morning and night—without intermission, and with the enthusiasm of one who rejoices in the completion of a favorite and long-cherished study. Aurelia was not unhappy at this second change; to go back to his old engagements and tastes seemed to her to indicate a return to his former equanimity and waveless happiness. It was with some surprise, however, and not a little concern, that she was not now permitted to watch his progress. He wrought in secret—his studio was closed against her, as, indeed, it was against all persons. Hitherto it had not been so in her instance. She pleasantly reproached him for this seclusion, but he answered her—"fear not, you shall see all when it is done." There was something in this reply to disquiet her, but she was in a state of mind easily to be disquieted. She was conscious also of a secret withheld from her husband—and her reproaches sunk back upon her heart, unuttered, from her lips. She could not, because of what she felt, declare to him what she thought; and she beheld his progress, from day to day, with an apprehension that increased momently, and made her appearance, in one respect, not unlike his own. She was now aware that he was the victim of a strange excitement, in which his present artist labors had a considerable share. He seemed to hurry to their prosecution with an eager impatience that looked like frenzy—and to return from his daily task with a frame exhausted, but with an eye that seemed to burn with the subtlest fires. His words were few, but there was a strange intelligence in his looks. His cheeks had grown very pale, his frame was thinned, his voice hollow, in the prosecution of these secret labors; and yet there was a something of exultation in his glance, which fully declared that, however exhausting to his frame might be the task he was pursuing, its results were yet looked to with a wild and eager satisfaction. At length the work was done. One day he stood before her in an attitude of utter exhaustion. "It is finished!" he exclaimed. "You shall see it to-morrow."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nay, to-morrow! to-morrow!"

He then retired to sleep, and rested several hours. She looked on him while he slept. He had never rested so profoundly since he had begun the labor from which he was now freed. The slumber of an infant had never been less disturbed, never been softer, sweeter, or purer. The beauty of Cælius was that of the most peaceful purity. She bent over him as he slept, and kissed his forehead with looks of the truest devotion, while two big tears gathered in her large eyes, and slowly felt their way along her cheeks. She turned away lest the warm drops falling upon his face might awake him. She turned away, and in her own apartment gave free vent to the feelings which his pure and placid slumbers seemed rather to subdue than encourage. Why, with such a husband—her first love—and with so many motives to happiness, was she not happy?

Alas! who shall declare for the secret yearnings of the heart, and say, as idly as Canute to the sea, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther—here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Aurelia was a creature of fears and anxieties, and many a secret and sad presentiment. She was very far from happy—ill at ease—and—but why anticipate? We shall soon enough arrive at the issue of our melancholy narrative!

That night, while she slept—for grief and apprehension have their periods of exhaustion, which we misname repose—her husband rose from his couch, and with cautious footsteps departed from his dwelling. He was absent all the night, and returned only with the dawn. He re-entered his home with the same stealthy caution with which he had quitted it, and it might have been remarked that he dismissed his brother, with two other persons, at the threshold. They were all masked, and otherwise disguised with cloaks. Why this mystery? Where had they been—on what mission of mischief or of shame? To Cælius such a necessity was new, and scarcely had he entered his dwelling than he cast aside his disguises with the air of one who loathes their uses. He was very pale and haggard, with a fixed but glistening expression of the eye, a brow of settled gloom, from which hope and faith, and every interest in life seemed utterly to be banished. A single groan escaped him when he stood alone, and then he raised himself erect, as if hitherto he had leaned upon the arms of others. He carried himself firmly and loftily, his lips compressed, his eye eagerly looking forward, and thus, after the interval of a few seconds, he passed to the chamber of his wife. And still she slept. He bent over her, earnestly and intently gazing upon those beauties which grief seemed only to sadden into superior sweetness. He looked upon her with those earnest eyes of love, the expression of which can never be misunderstood. Still he loved her, though between her heart and his a high, impassable barrier had been raised up by the machinations of a guilty spirit. Tenderness was the prevailing character of his glance until she spoke. Her sleep, though deep, was not wholly undisturbed. Fearful images crossed her fancy. She started and sobbed, and cried, "Save, O save and spare him—Flavius, my dear Flavius!"—and her breathing again became free, and her lips sunk once more into repose. But fearful was the change, from a saddened tenderness to agony and despair, which passed over the features of Cælius as he listened to her cry. Suddenly, striking his clenched hands against his forehead, he shook them terribly at the sleeping woman, and rushed wildly out of the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

Progress to the Sepulchre.

It was noon of the same day—a warm and sunny noon, in which the birds and the breeze equally counseled pleasure and repose. The viands stood before our Cælius and his wife, the choicest fruits of Italy, and cates which might not, in later days,

have misbeseemed the favorite chambers of Lucullus. The goblet was lifted in the hands of both, and the heart of Aurelia felt almost as cheerful as the expression on her face. It was the reflection in the face of her husband. His brow was gloomy no longer. The tones of his voice were neither cold, nor angry, nor desponding. A change—she knew not why—had come over his spirit, and he smiled, nay, laughed out, in the very exultation of a new life. Aurelia conjectured nothing of this so sudden change. Enough that it was grateful to her soul. She was too happy in its influence to inquire into its cause. What heart that is happy does inquire? She quaffed the goblet at his bidding—quaffed it to the dregs—and her eye gleamed delighted and delightfully upon his, even as in the first hours of their union. She had no apprehensions—dreaded nothing sinister—and did not perceive that ever, at the close of his laughter, there was a convulsive quiver—a sort of hysterical sobbing, that he seemed to try to subdue in vain. She noticed not this, nor the glittering, almost spectral brightness of his glance, as, laughing tumultuously, he still kept his gaze intently fixed upon her. She was blind to all things but the grateful signs of his returning happiness and attachment. Once more the goblet was lifted. "To Turmes (Mercury) the conductor," cried the husband. The wife drank unwittingly—for still her companion smiled upon her, and spoke joyfully, and she was as little able as willing to perceive that any thing occult occurred in his expression.

"Have you drank?" he asked.

She smiled, and laid the empty goblet before him.

"Come, then, you shall now behold the picture. You will now be prepared to understand it."

They rose together, but another change had overspread his features. The gaiety had disappeared from his face. It was covered with a calm that was frightful. The eye still maintained all its eager intensity, but the lips were fixed in the icy mould of resolution. They declared a deep, inflexible purpose. There was a corresponding change in his manner and deportment. But a moment before he was all life, grace, gaiety and great flexibility; he was now erect, majestic, and commanding in aspect, with a lordly dignity in his movement, that declared a sense of a high duty to be done. Aurelia was suddenly impressed with misgivings. The change was too sudden not to startle. Her doubts and apprehensions were not lessened when, instead of conducting her to the studio, where she expected to see the picture, he led the way through the vestibule and into the open court of the palace. They lingered but for a moment at the entrance, and she then beheld his brother Aruns approaching. To him she gave not a look.

"All is right," said the latter.

"Enter!" was the reply of Cælius; and as the brother disappeared within the vestibule, the two moved forward through the outer gate. They passed through a lovely wood, shady and hidden, through which, subdued by intervening leaves, gleamed only faintly the bright, clear sun of Italy. From under the huge chestnuts, on either hand, the majestic gods

of Etruria extended their guiding and endowing hands. Tina, or Jupiter, Aplu, or Apollo, Erkie, Turmes, and the rest, all conducting them along the *via sacra*, which led from the palaces to the tombs of every proud Etruscan family. They entered the solemn grove which was dedicated to night and silence, and were about to ascend the gradual slopes by which the tumulus was approached. Then it was that the misgivings of Aurelia took a more serious form. She felt a vague but oppressive fear. She hesitated.

"My Cælius," she exclaimed, "whither do we go. Is not this the passage to the house of silence?"

"Do you not know it?" he demanded quickly, and fixing upon her a keen inquiring glance. "Come!" he continued, "it is there that I have fixed the picture!"

"Alas! my Cælius, wherefore! It is upon this picture that you have been so deeply engaged. It has made you sad—it has left us both unhappy. Let us not go—let me not see it!" Her agitation was greatly increased. He saw it, and his face put on a look of desperate exultation.

"Ay, but thou must see it—thou shalt look upon it and behold my triumph, my greatest triumph in art, and perhaps my last. I shall never touch pencil more, and wilt thou refuse to look upon my last and noblest work. Fie! this were a wrong to me, and a great shame in thee, Aurelia. Come! the toil of which thou think'st but coldly, has brought me peace rather than sadness. It has made of death a thing rather familiar than offensive. If it has deprived me of hopes, it has left me without terrors!"

"Deprived you of hopes, my Cælius," said the wife, still lingering, and in mortal terror.

"Even so!"

"And, wherefore, O, my husband, wherefore?"

"Speak not, woman! See you not that we are within the shadow of the tomb?"

"Let us not approach—let us go hence!" she exclaimed entreatingly, with increasing agitation.

"Ay, shrink'st thou!" he answered; "well thou may'st. The fathers of the Pomponi, for two thousand years, are now floating around us on their sightless wings. They wonder that a Roman woman should draw nigh to the dwellings of our ancient Lucumones."

"A Roman woman!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"My Cælius, wherefore this?"

"Art thou not?"

"I am thy wife."

"Art sure of that?"

"As the gods live and look upon us, I am thine, this hour and forever!"

"May the gods judge thee, woman," he responded slowly, as he paused at the gate of the mausoleum, and fixed his eyes intently upon her. Hers were raised to heaven, with her uplifted hands. She did not weep, and her grief was still mixed with a fearful agitation.

"Let us now return, my Cælius!"

"What, wilt thou not behold the picture?"

"Not now—at another season. I could not look upon it now!"

"Alas! woman, but this cannot be. Thou must behold it now or never. Hope not to escape. Enter! I have a tale to tell thee, and a sight to show thee within, which thou canst not hear or see hereafter. Enter!" As he spoke, he applied the key to the stone leaf, and the door slowly revolved upon the massy pivots. She turned and would have fled, but he grasped her by the wrist, and moved toward the entrance. She carried her freed hand to her forehead—parted the hair from her eyes, and raised them pleadingly to heaven. Resistance she saw was vain. Her secret was discovered. She prepared to enter, but slowly. "Enter!" Dost thou fear now," cried her husband, "when commanded? Hast thou not, thou, a Roman, ventured already to penetrate these awful walls, given to silence and the dead—and on what mission? Enter, as I bid thee!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Chamber of Death—The Catastrophe.

She obeyed him, shuddering and silent. He followed her, closed the entrance, and fastened it within. They were alone among the dead of a thousand years—alone, but not in darkness. The hand of preparation had been there, and cressets were burning upon the walls; their lights, reflected from the numerous shields of bronze within the apartment, shedding a strange and fantastic splendor upon the scene. The eyes of Aurelia rapidly explored the chamber as if in search of some expected object. Those of Cælius watched them with an expression of scornful triumph, which did not escape her glance. She firmly met his gaze, almost inquiringly, while her hands were involuntarily and convulsively clasped together.

"Whom dost thou seek, Aurelia?"

"Thou know'st! thou know'st!—where is he? Tell me, my Cælius, that he is safe, that thou hast sped him hence—that I may bless thee."

He smiled significantly as he replied, "he is safe—I have sped him hence!"

"Tinai, (Adonsi,) my husband, keep thee in the hollow of his hand."

"How shameless! dost thou dare so much!"

"What mean'st thou, my Cælius?"

"Sit thou there," he answered, "till I show thee my picture." He pointed her, as he spoke, to a new sarcophagus, upon which she placed herself submissively. Then, with a wand in his hand, he himself seated upon another coffin of stone, pointed her to a curtain which covered one of the sides of the chamber. "Behind that curtain, Aurelia, is the last work of my hands; but before I unveil it to thine eyes, let me tell thee its melancholy history. It will not need many words for this. Much of it is known to thee already. How I found thee in Rome, when I was there a captive—how I loved thee, and how I believed in thy assurances of love; all these things thou know'st. We wedded, and I brought thee, a Roman woman, held a barbarian by my people, into the palace of one of the proudest families of all Etruria. Shall I tell thee that I loved thee still, that I love thee

even now, when I have most reason to hate thee, when I know thy perjury, thy cold heart, thy hot lust, thy base, degrading passions!"

"Hold, my lord—say not these things to my grief and thy dishonor. They wrong me, not less than thy own name. These things, poured into thine ear by some secret enemy, are false!"

"Thou wilt not wear it!"

"By all the gods of Rome—"

"And of what avail, and how binding the oath taken in the names of the barbarian deities of Rome."

"B. the Etrurian—"

"Perjure not thyself, woman, but hear me."

"Go on, my lord, I will bear thee, though I suffer death with every word thou speak'st."

"It is well, Aurelia, that thou art prepared for this."

"Thy dagger, my Cælius, were less painful than thy words and looks unkind."

"Never was I unkind until I found thee false."

"Never was I false, my lord, even when thou wast unkind."

"Woman! lie not; thou wert discovered with thy paramour, here, in this tomb; thou wert followed, day by day, and all thy secret practices betrayed. This thou ow'st to the better vigilance of my dear brother Aruna—he, more watchful of my honor than myself—"

"Ah! well I know from what hand came the cruel shaft; Cælius, my Cælius, thy brother is a wretch, doomed to infamy and black with crime. I have had no paramour. I might have had, and thou might'st have been dishonored, had I hearkened to thy brother's pleadings. I spurned him from my feet with loathing, and he requites me with hate. Oh! my husband, believe me, and place this man, whom thou too fondly callest thy brother, before thine eyes and mine!"

"Alas! Aurelia, this boldness becomes thee not. I myself traced thee to this tomb—these eyes but too frequently beheld thee with thy paramour."

"Cælius, as I live, he was no paramour—but where is he, what hast thou done with him?"

"Sent him before thee to prepare thy couch in Hades!"

"Oh, brother!—but thou hast not! tell me, my lord, that thy hand is free from this bloody crime!"

"He sleeps beneath thee. It is upon his sarcophagus thou sittest."

She started with a piercing shriek from the coffin where she sat, knelt beside it, and strove to remove the heavy stone lid, which had been already securely fastened. While thus engaged the Lucumo drew aside with his hand the curtain which concealed the picture.

"Look," said he, "woman, behold the fate which thou and thy paramour have received—behold the task which I had set me when first I had been shown thy perjuries. Look!"

She arose in silence from her knees, and turned her eyes upon the picture. As the curtain was slowly unrolled from before it, and she conceived the awful subject, and distinguished, under the care

of the good and guardian genii, the shades of well-known members of the Pomponian family, her interest was greatly excited; but when following in the train and under the grasp of the Etrurian demon, she beheld the features of the young Roman who was doomed, she bounded forward with a cry of agony.

"My brother, my Flavius, my own, my only brother!" and sunk down with outstretched arms before the melancholy shade.

"Her brother!" exclaimed the husband. She heard the words and rose rapidly to her feet.

"Ay, Flavius, my brother, banished from Rome, and concealed here in thy house of silence, concealed even from thee, my husband, as I would not vex thee with the anxieties of an Etrurian noble, lest Rome should hear and punish the people, by whom her outlaw was protected. Thou know'st my crime. This paramour was the brother of my heart—child of the same sire and dame—a noble heart, a pure spirit, whose very virtues have been the cause of his disgrace at Rome. Slay me, if thou wilt, but tell me not, O, Cælius, that thou hast put the hands of hate upon my brother!"

"Thy tale is false, woman—well-planned, but false. Know I not thy brother. Did I not know thy brother well in Rome. Went we not together oft. I tell thee, I should know him among a line of ten thousand Romans!"

"Alas! alas! my husband, if ever I had brother, then is this he. I tell thee nothing but the truth. O a surety, when thou wert in Rome, my brother was known to thee, but the boy has now become a man. Seven years have wrought a change upon him of which thou hast not thought. Believe me, what I tell thee—the youth whom I sheltered in this vault, and to whom I brought food nightly, was, indeed, my brother—my Flavius, the only son of my mother, who sent him to me, with fond words of entreaty, when the consuls of the city bade him depart in banishment."

"I cannot believe thee, woman. It were a mortal agony, far beyond what I feel in the conviction of thy guilt, were I to yield faith to thy story. It is thy paramour whom I have slain, and who sleeps in that tomb. His portrait and his judgment are before thee, and now—look on thine own!"

The picture, fully displayed, showed the wretched woman her own person, in similar custody with him who was her supposed paramour. The terrible felicity of the execution struck her to the soul. It was a picture to live as a work of art, and to this she was not insensible. She clasped her hands before it, and exclaimed,

"Oh! my Cælius, what a life hast thou give to a lie. Yet may I bear the terrors of such a doom, if he whom thou hast painted there in a fate full of dreadful fellowship with mine, was other than my brother Flavius—he with whom thou did'st love to play, and to whom thou did'st impart the first lessons in the art which he learned to love from thee. Dost hear me, my Cælius, as my soul lives, this man was none other than my brother."

"False! false! I will not, dare not believe thee!"

he answered in husky accents. His frame was trembling, yet he busied himself in putting on a rich armor, clothing himself in military garb, from head to foot, as if going into action.

"What dost thou, my lord?" demanded Aurelia, curious as she beheld him in this occupation.

"This," said he, "is the armor in which I fought with Rome when I was made the captive of thy people, and thine. It is fit that I should wear it now, when I am once more going into captivity."

"My husband, what mean'st thou—of what captivity dost thou speak?"

"The captivity of death! Hear me, Aurelia, dost thou feel nothing at thy heart which tells thee of the coming struggle when the soul shakes off the reluctant flesh, and strives, as it were, for freedom. Is there no chill in thy veins, no sudden pang, as of fire in thy breast. These speak in me. They warn me of death. We are both summoned. But a little while is left us of life."

"Have mercy, Jove! I feel these pains, this chill, this fire that thou speak'st of."

"It is death! the goblet which I gave thee, and of which I drank the first and largest draught was drugged with death."

"Then—it is all true! Thou hast in truth slain my brother. Thou hast—thou hast!"

"Nay, he was not thy brother, Aurelia. Why wilt thou swear thyself at this terrible moment? It is vain. Would'st thou lie to death—would'st thou carry an impure face of perjury before the seat of the Triune God! Beware! Confess thy crime, and justify the vengeance of thy lord!"

"As I believe thee, my Cælius—as I believe that thou hast most rashly and unjustly murdered my brother, and put death in the cup which, delivered by thy hands, was sweet and precious to my lips, so must I now declare, in sight of Heaven, in the presence of the awful dead, that what I have said and sworn to thee, is truth. He whom I sheltered within the tomb of thy fathers, was the son of mine—the only, the last, best brother of my heart; I bore him in mine arms when I was a child myself. I loved him ever! Oh, how I loved him! next to thee, my Cælius—next to thee! Could'st thou but have spared me this love—this brother?"

How knew I—how know I now—that he was thy brother?" was the choking inquiry.

"To save thee the cruel agony that thou must feel, knowing this, I could even be moved to tell thee falsely, and say that he was not my brother—but, indeed, some paramour, such as the base and evil thought of thy brother has grafted upon thine; but I may not, thy love is too precious to me at this last moment, even if death were not too terrible to the false speaker. He was, indeed, my Flavius, dear son of a dear mother, best beloved brother, he whom thou did'st play with as a boy, to whom thou gav'st lessons in thy own lovely art; who loved thee, my Cælius, but too fondly, and only forbore telling thee of his evil plight for fear that thou should'st incur danger from the sharp and angry hostility of Rome. Seek my chamber, and in my cabinet thou wilt find

his letters, and the letters of my mother borne with him in his flight. Nay,—oh! mother, what is this agony?"

"Too late! too late! If it be truth thou speakest, Aurelia, it is a truth that cannot save. Death is upon us—I see it in thy face—I feel it in my heart. Oh! would that I could doubt thy story!"

"Doubt not—doubt not—believe and take me to thy heart. I fear not death, if thou wilt believe me. My *Coelius*, let me come to thee and die upon thy bosom."

"Ah! should'st thou betray me—should'st thou still practice upon me with thy woman art?"

"And wherefore? It is death, thou say'st, that is upon us now. What shall I gain, in this hour, by speaking to thee falsely. Thou hast done thy worst. Thou hast doomed me to death, and to the eyes of the confiding future!"

She threw her arms around him as she spoke, and sank, sunk sobbing upon his breast.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that dreadful picture! I feel, my Aurelia, that thou hast spoken truly—that I have been rash and cruel in my judgments. Thy brother lies before thee, and yonder tomb is prepared for thee. I did not yield without a struggle; and I prepared me for a terrible sacrifice. Upon this bier, habited as I am, I yield myself to death. There is no help—no succor. Yet that picture! Shall the falsehood overcome the truth. Shall that lie survive thy virtues, thy beauty, and thy life! No! my Aurelia, this crime shall be spared at least."

He unwound her arms from about his neck, and strove to rise. She sunk in the same moment at his feet. "Oh, death!" she cried, "thou art, indeed, a god! I feel thee, terrible in thy strength, with an agony never felt before. Leave me not, my *Coelius*—forgive—and leave me not!"

"I lose thee, Aurelia! Where—"

"Here! before the couch—I faint—ah!"

"I would destroy," he cried, "but cannot! This blindness. Ho! without there! Aruns! It is thy step I hear! Undo, undo—I forgive thee all, if thou wilt but help. Here—hither!"

The acute senses of the dying man had, indeed, heard footsteps without. They were those of the perfidious brother. But, at the call from within, he retreated hastily. There was no answer—there was no help. But there was still some consciousness. Death was not yet triumphant. There was a pang yet to be felt—and a pleasure. It was still in the power of the dying man to lift to his embrace his innocent victim. A moment's return of consciousness enabled her to feel his embrace, his warm tears upon her cheek, and to hear his words of entreaty and tenderness imploring forgiveness. And speech was vouchsafed her to accord it.

"I forgive thee, my *Coelius*—I forgive thee, and

bless thee, and love thee to the last. I know that thou would'st never do me hurt of thy own will; I know that thou wert deceived to this—yet how, oh, how, when my head lay upon thy breast at night, and I slept in peace, could'st thou think that I should do thee wrong!"

"Why," murmured the miserable man, "why, oh, why?"

"Had I but told thee, and trusted in thee, my *Coelius*?"

"Why did'st thou not?"

"It was because of my brother's persuasion that I did not—he wished not that thou should'st come to evil."

"And thou forgiv'st me, Aurelia—from thy very heart thou forgiv'st me?"

"All, all—from my heart and soul, my husband."

"It will not, then, be very hard to die!"

An hour after and the chamber was silent. The wife had yielded first. She breathed her last sigh upon his bosom, and with the last effort of his strength he lifted her gently and laid her in the sarcophagus, composing with affectionate care the drapery around her. Then, remembering the picture, he looked around him for his sword with which to obliterate the portraits which his genius had assigned to so lamentable an eternity; but his efforts were feeble, and the paralysis of death seized him while he was yet making them. He sunk back with palsied limbs upon the bier, and the lights, and the picture, faded from before his eyes, with the last pulses of his life. The calumny which had destroyed his hopes, survived its own detection. The recorded falsehood was triumphant over the truth; yet may you see to this day, where the random strokes of the weapon were aimed for its obliteration. Of himself there is no monument in the tomb, though one touching memorial has reached us. The vaulted chamber buried in the earth was discovered by accident. A fracture was made in its top by an Italian gentleman in company with a Scottish nobleman. As they gazed eagerly through the aperture, they beheld an ancient warrior in full armor, and bearing a coronet of gold. The vision lasted but a moment. The decomposing effects of the air were soon perceptible. Even while they gazed, the body seemed agitated with a trembling, heaving motion, which lasted a few minutes, and then it subsided into dust. When they penetrated the sepulchre, they found the decaying armor in fragments, the sword and the helmet, or crown of gold. The dust was but a handful, and this was all that remained of the wretched Lucumo. The terrible picture is all that survives—the false witness, still repeating its cruel lie at the expense of all that is noble in youth and manhood, and all that is pure and lovely in the soul of woman.

THOUGHTS.

BY MARIE ROSKAU.

I HAVE thoughts that like the eagle soar to a daring height,
That boldly revel in the glare of strong and dazzling light,
That glory in such brightness, and wish 't was ever day,
That in unclouded brilliancy life's hours might pass
away.
I have thoughts that bow me to the dust in stupor-like
despair,
That bind my soul with fetters to keep it always there;
That whisper I can never rise, that my spirit has no
wings,
But must ever be content to lie amid earth's blighted
things.
I have gentle, holy thoughts that come with sweet and
soothing power
Instilling vigor in my heart, as dew upon the flower;
And then I feel that I would give the world if I could be
From all of human frailty and earthly passion free.
I have thoughts that breathe unholy air, that bring a chill-
ing blight
Upon each better feeling, each principle of right:
Vain, foolish, envious, wicked thoughts that fill my heart
with pain;
That pour wild tumult in my breast, and fever on my
brain.
I have thoughts that come like zephyrs in the spring-time
of the year,
That bear sweet memories of my friends—those who are
ever dear;
And some who at another time might seem but friends in
name,
Are made by those same gentle thoughts a friendship true
to claim.
I think me of the kindly deeds, the pleasant word or
smile,
Which sometimes served in sadder hours a sorrow to
beguile;
Oh, then I raise my heart in prayer for every one I know,
And ask our common God to bless and shield them from
such wo;

And there is naught of sacrifice too great for me to bear,
If so I might but glad their hearts, or free their souls from
care.
I have thoughts that spread deep shadows of unholy, dark
distrust,
That like a fearful whirlwind lay high hopes within the
dust;
That recall forgotten memories to a gloomy, clouded mind,
Of broken friendships, trusts betrayed, and words and
looks unkind.
Ah, then suspicion dark and drear spreads forth her chill-
ing blight,
And sick at heart I turn away, as withers in my sight
Bright hopes of future happiness—sweet friendships held
most dear,
And I seem to live 'mid shattered wrecks, in strange, un-
earthly fear;
And I start to hear a kindly word, and my spirit dreads a
smile,
Lest the word should be deceitful, or the smile be meant
in guile:
And I deem that the wide world contains no friend who
loves me well,
And I long to go away from earth to where the faithful
dwell.
I would not have them ever glad, those many thoughts of
mine—
I would not with unclouded beams life's sun should ever
shine:
For He who sends the clouds and rain knows when they
are needed best,
And I would upon his guiding care with firm reliance rest:
But I would my thoughts were ever right—were ever
firm and strong,
Such thoughts as nerve the heart in might to conquer
what is wrong,
I would not that my spirit breathe the taint of impure air,
But that not only holy, heaven-sent thoughts should have an
influence there.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. O. M. P. LORD.

THEE'S music in thy voice, love;
Such notes have never been
Since years and years ago, love,
God's angels talked with men;
It never chides nor blames, love,
But always seeks to praise.
In truth such gentle speech, love,
Thy native land betrays.
Like summer cloud thy brow, love,
And hue of summer sky,
As ocean gives it back, love,
Dwells in that tender eye;

The heaven without looks in, love,
And sees its image there;
The heaven within looks out, love,
So wondrous clear and fair.

Soon, soon, we all must sleep, love,
Through long and dreamless night;
And, waking, find these robes, love,
So changed, so clear and white;
But thou, so pure and free, love,
Thy garb from earthly stain,
E'en as thou laid'st it down, love,
Will take it up again.

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

OR THE NABOB UNCLE.

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

"WELL, girls, prepare your sweetest smiles, and best behavior, for your uncle has arrived at last, and I have just received this note, dated at the Astor, announcing his coming, and accepting my invitation to make our house his home; so, to use his own expression, we may expect him, 'bag and baggage,' this evening."

These words were addressed by Mrs. Medway to her daughters, as they sat at breakfast, in an elegant apartment in a fashionable street up town.

"That means, I suppose, that he comes with an ebony serving-man, in an immense turban, half a dozen hookahs, innumerable packages, and self-indulging contrivances, and all the et ceteras of an eastern nabob," replied Matilda. "I wonder where we are to stow away all the trash that he will undoubtedly pour in upon us? I wish, mamma, you had not invited him here; but if his coming prove but a golden one to us, I, for one, am perfectly willing to play the agreeable, with so bright a prospect in store."

"Not so with me," exclaimed her younger sister Sophy, "I am determined to do as I please, and not be like an automaton, at the will of a cross old invalid, as I have no doubt he is. I suppose we must have great fires built up all summer, and be content to be baked, and browned to crisps, in ovens of rooms, while old yellow-face shivers with cold, and swears at the climate. And then we must live on curries, and spices, and pilaus, and all sorts of horrid nauseous messes, until we are as yellow and bilious as himself. I boldly protest against all such proceedings, and thus, once for all, good people, declare myself free and independent."

"But recollect, girls," said their mother, while she laughed at Sophy's declaration, "he is your father's brother, and as such entitled to at least an appearance of respect. I wish he was less afflicted to be sure, for it will be a sad drawback, I fear, upon your amusement; but keep up your courage, and remember that to be co-heiresses of an Indian nabob is a distinction very much to be coveted, and worthy some sacrifices to attain."

"I am sure his deafness will be a great relief to us all," chimed in Matilda, "so as we play propriety and have plenty of delicate attentions, and wreathed smiles, in readiness, we can indulge once in a while in a theatrical aside of impatience, which will be quite a safety valve to the temper."

"But if he is an invalid he must necessarily be cross," answered Sophy, "and as his sight is impaired, he will probably want some one to read to him; that task I absolutely refuse to perform; for as to reading any thing more than the last magazine, it

is an effort I never was equal to. We will appoint Grace reader to his Indian majesty. What say you, Grace, are you not overwhelmed with the honor?"

This question was addressed to a quiet girl, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but who replied with a smile, "If your uncle is in reality the disagreeable person you describe, I shall not be emulous of the honor you design me; but if he is in truth an invalid, I will wait on him with cheerfulness, for you know I am accustomed to a sick chamber."

"That's just like you, Grace, always ready and willing to do for every one," answered Sophy. "Of course he is an invalid—all nabobs are. He has the gout, and we must all creep on tip-toe about the room, lest an unlucky jar might give him a twinge, and bring down a volley, not of blessings, upon our devoted heads. Then the liver complaint is a necessary appendage, and blue pills and calomel will abound. Bah! what a house it will be to be sure, I should not wonder if he has a pet monkey and half a dozen macaws, and we shall have a menagerie and hospital combined. If such is the case, I shall run off and get married; so don't wonder if some morning I am missing."

"And thus forfeit your claim to the fortune in store," said her sister; "for my part I am willing to take a pill every other day, in the hope that it will prove at last a gilded one, and will feed the macaws to a surfeit—"

"In fact, kill them with kindness," interrupted Sophy, laughing. "Well, you are welcome to all you can get, the pill will be bitter if it is gilded; I love my ease too well to be shackled even with golden fetters; so Grace and you may divide the labor and the reward."

"Grace will of course do whatever is required of her," said Mrs. Medway gravely, "but as she has no claim of kindred upon your uncle, she will not expect any other return than my approval. And now girls we have spent a long time chatting; I must go and prepare for our newly arrived relative's coming, and remember, Sophy, that you treat him with all deference and respect; you might have a little natural feeling—"

"All fudge, mamma," laughed Sophy, rising from her seat; "talk of natural feeling, indeed, for a cross old fidgetty fellow one never saw, and scarcely ever heard of, except when he sent you that superb India shawl. I tell you, mamma, it is a natural feeling for his presents and his rupees that inspires you and Matilda; I will none of them except they come in a natural way, without any force put on my in-

clination. You know I am a little Pickle, and I intend to be as sour as vinegar."

"And I as sweet as honey-water," cried Matilda, as she left the room.

"Yes, and as insipid, too," replied her sister, following. "As for you, Grace," she added, looking back, "as you fortunately have no selfish considerations, you can afford to be, as you always are, 'Simple Grace, gracious and graceful,'" so saying, the noisy girl slammed the door after her, leaving Grace to her daily duty of washing the breakfast things, and arranging the room.

Mrs. Medway was the widow of a merchant who had left his family possessed of a moderate income, which they contrived should, like a thin plate of gold, cover a large surface. They lived up to their means in every sense. Mrs. Medway gave parties, kept several servants, lived in a large house, showily furnished, and dressed herself and daughters splendidly. All this could not be done without strict economy somewhere; and while the soirées of Mrs. Medway were pronounced delightful, the servants made many complaints of their daily fare. Mrs. Medway was only one of a class, there are hundreds who, to use a vulgar phrase, "rob Peter to pay Paul," and fast at home, that they may appear to feast abroad.

The coming of Jacob Medway, an elder brother of her husband, who had spent his life in India, and now returned to his native land, to enjoy his fortune and find an heir, was an important event to Mrs. Medway. She would rather, to be sure, have him unacquainted with certain parts of her household arrangement, but she hoped to reap a golden harvest, and wished to give her daughters an opportunity of ingratiating themselves in his favor. These daughters were handsome, showy girls. Matilda, the elder, had been a decided belle for several seasons. She was tall and slender, with very fine dark eyes, rather long face, and that distinguished air and manner that stamps the woman of fashion. She was very anxious to secure her uncle's favor, for she argued that a fine fortune might secure her the alliance that her fine person had hitherto failed to win.

The younger daughter, Sophy, with less beauty than her sister, was still much admired. She had a rattling, dashing way of saying pert, and sometimes shrewd things, that passed for wit, among the idlers who surrounded her, though they often winced under the keenness of her remarks. She was not amiable, but possessed a sturdy independence that was a redeeming trait, and though often displaying it in a most disagreeable manner, was in reality much less selfish than her soft-lipped sister.

The other inmate of the family whom we have mentioned, was Grace Addison—"little Grace," as she was wont to be affectionately termed in her own happy home, but now, "Simple Grace," as Sophy loved to call her. The mother of Grace was a cousin of Mrs. Medway; she had been left a widow in very straitened circumstances her husband dying when Grace was just fifteen. Grief and anxiety threw her in a consumption, and she died two years

after, leaving her orphan child to the care of her cousin, Mrs. Medway, who had herself been tenderly reared under the roof of Mrs. Addison's father, and upon whom the grand-daughter of her benefactor certainly had a claim.

Mrs. Medway was a selfish woman, and the charge was irksome, but the circumstances of her own early life and adoption were so extensively known, that she dared not brave the censure of her friends by refusing it; and thus whilst Grace was ostensibly cared and provided for, she was made to feel her dependence, and had resolved in her own heart to seize the first opportunity of releasing herself from this thralldom, preferring to earn her daily bread, than to receive it as a favor while she toiled for it as a menial. But her gentle and pliant nature dreaded to offend or grieve Mrs. Medway, for she knew that she was really essential to her, whilst for Sophy, rude as she at times appeared, she felt a warm attachment, for she alone acted toward her as an equal and a friend.

Grace Addison was not beautiful, but she had charms enough to have made her a dangerous rival, had she appeared on equal terms with the sisters. She shrunk, however, from society, and seldom appeared at Mrs. Medway's soirées, very much, it must be confessed, to that lady's satisfaction. We have said Grace was not beautiful—lovely is the epithet properly belonging to her. Scarcely above the middle height, her slender form was inexpressibly graceful in all its attitudes; there were no angles about her, Sophy said. Every accidental position was a study for a sculptor—and never was the gentle name of Grace more fitly applied. Her deep, thoughtful blue eyes were shaded by long black lashes, that rested on a cheek whose deepest tint never exceeded the glow on the lip of a sea-shell, and the delicate features, and rich mass of dark hair, gave that air of refinement so rare and so indelible. Such was the family of which the nabob, Jacob Medway, was expected to become an inmate.

In Mrs. Medway's drawing-room the family was assembled to receive the expected guest. Sophy was ridiculing her sister, and imitating the welcome which she said Matilda had learned by rote, when the noise of carriage-wheels were heard, and presently a loud ring of the bell announced the arrival. Mrs. Medway arose, and went into the hall, and then came the sound of trunks unstrapped, and packages thrown in, and next, enveloped in cloaks, the rich uncle stepped from the carriage, and being welcomed by Mrs. Medway, was shown at once to his room, where every accommodation for his comfort had been made. He had a colored servant, and as many packages as even Matilda expected, but no pet monkey or macaws as yet appeared.

"Well, mamma, what is he like?" exclaimed both daughters in a breath, as she re-entered the room.

"You shall judge for yourselves presently," she answered. "He does not appear to be gouty, however, for he stepped quite firmly into the hall, and his voice is pleasant and not at all cross."

"So, perhaps, Matilda will not have the gratification of being a martyr after all," cried Sophy, laughing; "her honey-water will sour by keeping, and my vinegar become flat; well, after all, I am a little disappointed. I don't believe he is at all rich, Matilda, unless he is gouty, cross, and every thing bad; it would be too much of a good thing if he were."

Matilda did not much relish her sister's raillery, and a sharp reply rose to her lips as the door opened and her uncle entered. Mrs. Medway immediately rose, and introduced him to her daughters, and Grace offered him the arm-chair which he politely accepted, and then expressed, in a very few words, his thanks for her courtesy.

He was, of course, an object of great interest to the little group, and did not altogether answer their expectations.

Uncle Medway was tall, and rather stout, with a fine open countenance, yellow and brown, to be sure, in its hue, but the expression of his mouth contradicted at once all idea of ill-nature. His eyes were small, with a keen, shrewd, searching expression; and one could scarcely credit that their vision was impaired, so that without glasses he could not distinguish minute objects. He carried an ear-cornet in his hand, and apologized for his infirmities, speaking in a nervous and abrupt manner.

"You will find me a troublesome inmate, I fear, madam," he said to Mrs. Medway; "my infirmities make me a poor companion. I am a man of few words, and my loss of hearing renders it almost impossible to enjoy the conversation of others, while even the pleasure of reading is in part denied me."

"My daughters will be delighted to serve you in every way," said Mrs. Medway, graciously.

"Now is your chance," loudly whispered Sophy, to her sister, "lay your eyes, ears, and tongue, at the feet of your golden idol."

"Sophy!" exclaimed her mother, in an agony, but the sight of the ear-cornet calmed her fears.

The evening passed slowly away; Uncle Medway retired early, and the young ladies, after exchanging opinions of him, went to rest, to dream golden dreams, as Sophy maliciously said.

Uncle Medway did not appear at breakfast on the following morning, but during the forenoon, while the young ladies were occupied at their several employments, he unexpectedly entered, and with an apologetic smile and bow, took the seat which Matilda hastened to offer, tendering at the same time very affectionate inquiries regarding his health. The old gentleman quietly put on his glasses and lowered his ear-cornet, requesting her to repeat her words, while Sophy maliciously offered to prompt her, in case she forgot her lesson. Matilda looked thunder at her sister, and sunshine at her uncle as she repeated her questions.

"I rested well, thank you," said her uncle, "and as I hope to become better acquainted in time, you will not, I trust, be offended at my scrutiny." He took Matilda's hand as he spoke, and looked earnestly in her countenance.

"Do you consider me like papa?" she inquired

with her most engaging smile, and speaking in the cornet, without which it was evident he could hear nothing.

"Humph, not much; your sister there is more like him," he answered, pointing with his ear-trumpet to Sophy.

"There, Matilda, is ten thousand lost to you," laughed the giddy girl.

"What does she say?" asked the old gentleman, casting a shrewd look at her; "come here, merry one, and tell me yourself."

Sophy rose and courtesied before him, as she said to Grace, "Your turn next—so prepare. I wonder if the old Indian thinks he can turn us about as he would some China ornaments, while we stand bobbing like so many mandarins before him?" then turning to her uncle, she added, "I am delighted that you think I resemble my father, sir, although Matilda is counted the beauty, and I the fright."

"Oh, Sophy, how can you rattle so," exclaimed Grace.

"Now hush, Grace, until your time comes. You know I always speak out what I think."

"Especially when you know one party at least cannot hear," said her sister, sarcastically.

"You all seem to be chattering away among yourselves like so many magpies," said the old gentleman. "But who is this young lady in the corner?"

"Our cousin, Grace Addison," screamed Sophy, at the top of her voice, "and the dearest, best, kindest cousin in the world. She makes all our dresses, copies Matilda's music, waters her flowers, sketches in her album, and does a thousand things for which others get the credit; and more than all, she bears all my impertinences, and never gets out of patience. Now, Grace," turning toward her, "you are properly introduced, come and speak for yourself. I think I have made *one party at least* hear this time," she added, to her sister; "and if old yellow-face has half as much generosity as he should have, there is a nice little plum in store for Simple Grace." So saying, she ran out of the room.

When the party met at dinner, there were several dishes cooked to suit Uncle Medway's taste, among the rest a curry. Mrs. Medway and Matilda accepted some of the proffered viand, but when the old gentleman politely turned to Sophy, she exclaimed,

"No, I thank you, none of your nauseous messes for me—the very smell of them takes away my appetite. Marum, after this, I think I shall dine in my own room."

"What does the young lady say?" asked Uncle Medway, elevating his cornet, "that she has no appetite?"

"I say I can't bear curry," screamed Sophy.

"Oh, Sophy, how can you be so rude?" said her mother, in despair.

"Because I hate hypocrisy," answered the other, angrily. "There sits Matilda, striving to appear to eat what I know she abhors, afraid to say what her likes or dislikes are; it would not be worth the effort she makes to swallow it, if the hateful curry-

powder was gold-dust. See, she is pale now—and sick, too, I dare say; for shame, Matilda. Uncle Medway, must, indeed, be deaf, dumb, and blind, not to discover in a short time all your false pretences." Sophy spoke rapidly, despite of both mother and sister's attempts to stop her, and Grace's appealing looks. Secure in their guest's entire deafness, she railed severely at the deceit she despised. Uncle Medway cast a searching look toward Matilda, and then turning to Grace, who sat next him, invited her to partake of his favorite dish. Grace thanked him, but declined.

"What," said he, with a smile, "can't you bear curry either? Perhaps you have never tasted it."

"I am not fond of it, I confess," answered Grace. "I have often seen it on my grandfather's table, and he tried in vain to induce me to like it."

"Again those shrewd eyes of Uncle Medway rested on Grace's countenance, and no further discussion arising, the dinner passed pleasantly off.

After dinner Grace was left alone with the old gentleman, while the sisters took their usual promenade, when suddenly turning toward her, he said, in his peculiarly abrupt manner, "Who was your grandfather?"

Grace looked up in surprise, but immediately answered, "My grandfather's name was Maurice Addison."

"And your father's?"

"Jacob Addison; he was born in India—" and then, with a sudden impulse, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Medway, did you know my grandfather? Are you not the old friend I have so often heard him mention, who went out to India with him, and who was so true and kind to him in illness and trouble? You are, I am sure, and my father was named after you, Jacob Addison." It was unusual for the quiet Grace to be roused to such enthusiasm, but she rose from her seat, and laying her hand on the old gentleman's chair, looked into his face with such an affectionate and expectant gaze, that his heart must have been adamant, indeed, to resist it. And as his was, in reality, a loving and unselfish heart, he drew Grace gently toward him, and a pleasant smile lighted up his face, as he said,

"And are you Maurice Addison's own little merry pet, Grace, he so often mentioned in his letters to me? You are, I am sure; and you are the daughter of my little god-son, Jacob, who was only knee-high when I saw him last. And now, my dear child, for surely I have a right to call you so, why are you living here? Where are your parents?"

Tears started in Grace's eyes as she related the circumstances of her parents' death, and her admission into Mrs. Medway's family, adding, that though they were all very kind to her, she would remain no longer than until she could procure an independent situation, as she feared, in Mrs. Medway's circumstances, she was a burden.

"Humph!" was the only reply; and then the old gentleman added, "Say nothing about this conversation, if you please, until I give you permission."

Grace willingly acceded; she knew that Mrs. Medway would not like to believe she possessed any claim, however slight, on Uncle Medway's regard; and although feeling an attachment to him for her grandfather's sake, had not the slightest idea of endeavoring to rival her cousins.

One morning Uncle Medway expressed a desire to drive through the city, and wished one of the ladies to accompany him as a *cicérone*. Matilda's services were instantly offered, and politely accepted. On their return, Matilda threw herself on a sofa, exclaiming to her mother,

"Well, I never was so wearied in all my life; and I consider this splendid dress, which uncle purchased for me at Stewart's, as very hardily earned. Never will I consent to be driven about, shut up in a carriage with such a perverse, questioning old codger again for a dozen dresses. Why the old man seemed to think I must know the whole history of the city, from its first settlement—we will have to lend him Deidrich Knickerbocker's book. And then such stopping to admire the churches and other buildings, while groups of fashionables passed and stared; it is an ordeal I never will pass through again."

"The honey-water is exhausted, is it?" asked Sophy. "You gave it in too great quantities at first; well, for my part, I might be induced to take one drive with such a reward in view."

"What is that," asked the uncle, turning sharply around, "do n't Matilda like her dress?"

"Shall I answer for you?" said Sophy.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Medway, "she was expressing her admiration and gratitude; but she says she will fear to go with you again, lest you should think her motives interested."

"Humph! the motives are apparent enough!" muttered the old gentleman; then turning to Grace, he said, "Will you accompany me to-morrow, Grace. I promise faithfully that you shall have no reward, save the consciousness of obliging a troublesome old man?"

Grace gladly assented, and Mrs. Medway's consent being given, Grace became the almost daily companion of the old gentleman, who seemed, however, to bestow but little notice on her, lavishing all his preference on Matilda, who was elated with her success.

A few days after, Uncle Medway brought down a closely-written letter of several pages, which he asked Matilda to copy for him, as she had so often expressed the pleasure it gave her to do any thing for her dear uncle. Matilda received the document with a gracious smile, and promised it should be done by the following morning. That evening the sisters went out with their mother, and Mr. Medway retired early to his own room, but having occasion to come down again for his glasses, he saw Grace bending over a table, on which were spread writing materials. She leaned her head on her clasped hands and sighed heavily. As he entered the room she looked up, and hastily drew a blank sheet over the page she had written.

"You look pale, child," said the old gentleman, as he put on his spectacles. "What are you doing there?"

"Only writing a little—but I have a severe headache," answered Grace.

"Go to bed, then—what are you poking your eyes out there for? I dare say some long letter to a sentimental friend, eh?" He approached the table as he spoke.

"You shall not see it, if it is," said Grace, playfully putting her hand on the paper, "and I must finish it to-night, because I have promised—" she paused.

"Well, well," said the old man, kindly, "promises must be kept, of course. I hope Matilda has kept her promise of copying my letter—do you think it will be finished by to-morrow morning, Grace?" And without waiting a reply, he left the room.

The following morning, the letter and copy were laid by Uncle Medway's plate, and the old gentleman, examining it with an approving glance, took a fifty dollar note from his pocket-book, and said, "I do not wish to offend, by offering a remuneration for this correct and beautiful copy; but I know you ladies have always some charitable object of interest, and the fair writer of this must have devoted many hours to its accomplishment. It will gratify her to have the power of doing good in every way—a power which will, perhaps, ere long be unlimited. Will you accept it, Matilda, as to you it justly belongs, and be my almoner?"

Matilda's eyes sparkled; this speech inferred much, and as she gracefully took the note, she thanked her uncle, and promised to dispose of it in charitable donations.

After breakfast, Uncle Medway was deeply engaged in a paper, which he was endeavoring to decipher, and the sisters were sitting together, when Sophy said,

"Well, Matilda, what charitable institution do you intend to benefit by uncle's donation; as you earned the money so honorably, you will, of course, disburse it with equal honesty and justice."

Matilda colored slightly, but laughed, saying, "I shall do myself the charity to purchase that superb head-dress, and several costly et ceteras that I want for Mrs. Dayton's ball; and if you are a good girl, and hold your tongue, you shall be an object of charity, too."

"Now, Matilda, that is too mean, even for you," exclaimed the other, indignantly. "Shame on you, as Grace really copied the letter, she should at least have the privilege of distributing the money; here she comes now. Grace, in what way ought uncle's donation to be applied—you are the proper person to decide, and prevent Matilda from the selfishness she contemplates, in bestowing it all upon herself and me."

Her sister crimsoned with anger, but Grace spoke.

"I am sure you do Matilda injustice, Sophy; she would never act so deliberate a falsehood; as she told her uncle it should be applied to charity, she will certainly keep her word. And there is poor Mrs.

Brown, the laundress, it would, indeed, be a charity to assist her—"

"And begin by paying her bills," interrupted Sophy.

But her sister, rising angrily, exclaimed, "I will not be dictated to by either of you," and hastily left the apartment.

Uncle Medway had now been domesticated in the family for several weeks, and must, indeed, have been deaf, dumb and blind, to remain ignorant of the by-play going on around him. Secure in his entire deafness, Matilda frequently made use of her safety-valve aside; and once, when requested by her uncle to play, and she said to her sister, "I hope to have the pleasure of playing the Dead March for him ere long," she caught his eye fixed upon her with such a severe glance, that a momentary doubt of his inability to hear made her tremble; but again assured by his blind manner toward her, she plied her fulsome flatteries more assiduously than ever. Grace often wondered how one so clear-headed in all other things, should be so easily imposed upon, while Sophy regarded her sister with undisguised contempt; and by way of offset, became more rude and impertinent than ever.

The rich uncle had been a great assistance to the household; his generous heart was continually prompting him to make those presents which he saw were required—and this was done in the most delicate manner. It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Mrs. Medway met the information he one day gave, that he had purchased a house in one of the most fashionable squares, and desired the taste of the ladies to assist him in furnishing it. He intended to celebrate his installation in his own home, by a splendid ball and supper, to which, as he had few acquaintances, he begged the ladies to invite those friends whose society was desirable. He also told Mrs. Medway, in confidence, that if she would part with one of her fair charges, he wished on the appointed evening, publicly to announce his choice of one of them as his heiress and adopted daughter, on condition that she resided with him to cheer his lonely old age. Mrs. Medway gave a delighted assent. She had no doubt on whom the choice would fall, and immediately congratulated Matilda, and caused it to be whispered among her confidential friends that her eldest daughter would be the heiress of the Indian nabob. Matilda declared the infliction of residing with such a horrid bore a severe penalty, but promised herself the satisfaction of spending his money at pleasure, while Sophy maliciously advised her to practice the "Groves of Blarney" preparatory to the "Dead March."

The important evening arrived, and the three young ladies, elegantly attired in dresses of embroidered crape over India satin, presented by Uncle Medway, took their places in his splendid saloon to receive their guests. Matilda evidently took the precedence; and very handsome she looked in her stately beauty, doing the honors with all the grace which the future mistress of so superb an establishment should possess. While Grace, looking per-

fectly lovely in her pure and tasteful dress, shrank abashed from the admiring gaze bestowed upon her, and was confounded by the attention she excited. Uncle Medway went cheerfully among his guests, ear-cornet in hand, and spectacles on nose, quizzed by some, respected by many, and flattered by all.

Just as supper was announced, and the musicians had left the hall for the supper-room, Uncle Medway, supporting Mrs. Medway on his arm, and followed by the young ladies, stepped into the midst of the brilliant circle, and said,

"My guests are aware, I suppose, of my intention to adopt one of these fair young ladies as my sole heiress, my sister-in-law having kindly consented to spare one from her bright circle. I am a lonely old man, with many peculiar notions, and I require, therefore, a cheerful, yet gentle and patient spirit, to support my whims. Such an one I have found in the person of Grace Addison, the grandchild of my oldest friend, and the daughter of my namesake and godson. I therefore declare her my adopted child and heiress."

A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly, Mrs. Medway and Matilda seemed ready to sink with confusion, Sophy clapped her hands, and Grace, pale and trembling with surprise and emotion, suf-

fered herself to be led forward by the old gentleman, who continued,

"I have met with much kindness and attention beneath the roof of my sister-in-law, in token of which I shall bequeath to my niece, Matilda, the sum of thirty thousand dollars, when she has the pleasure of playing the Dead March for me. And to her sister, whose opinions were at least frankly avowed, I shall leave a similar amount. My ear-cornet and glasses have served me a trusty part, and I now lay them aside, I hope forever, trusting that the ladies have profited by the lesson they have themselves taught me, that appearances are often deceitful, and one need not be deaf, dumb and blind, though he is a Nabob Uncle."

Whether Mrs. Medway and her daughters stayed to the splendid supper prepared, and swallowed their mortification and the delicacies together, this record sayeth not; but that the beautiful heiress, Grace Addison, became at once a star of the first magnitude in the fashionable world, is to be expected; but the bright star ever found her happiness in enlivening the home of the eccentric but kind old man, who found in his adopted daughter the delight and solace of his old age.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

BY W. H. WELSH.

"T was night in Florence:

Pale the eye had come,
And flung o'er Nature's form a sable shroud.
With step as light as joy the day had gone,
And snook into his jeweled couch, o'erhung
With crimson canopy and crystal sheen.
The rosy-colored clouds, with emerald fringed,
That veiled the blushing sky, had faded far—
And as the night crept on with noiseless tread,
Bright starry eyes looked on the sleeping Earth,
And smiled that then it was so like their home.
Through latticed tower and tessellated hall,
The zephyr danced with wild and airy wing;
And spirit-songs sighed on the startled air
That blew as fragrant as in Araby!
The night was holy!

On the arching sky
The Painter turned and saw its thousand fires.
Around his peaceful form the breeze stole
With viewless pinions from Eolus sent,
While ever and anon a passing breath,
More eager than its fellow, rippled up
The curls that gathered on his glorious brow.
Like one whose spirit-form was not of Earth
He seemed that hour, for o'er him halos hung,
Such only as the vales of Paradise
Enclose around the beams of their birth.
And as he gazed upon the star-lit hall,
And then with straining sight looked on the sky,
As if to catch from it some angel glance,
He sat him down and buried up his face.
With agony oppressed, his very heart

Was shrank and wathered, c'en as when a bird
Whose little life has been a holyday,
Is overwhelmed as summer clouds have wept.
Why thus did shadows press upon his soul,
And with their awful wings fright hopes away?
Why thus disturbed? Fane in his way had strewn
With reckless hand, her fairest, proudest gifts—
Had taught his name to echo far and
The ages yet unborn, as though a God
From high Olympus he'd been missioned forth!
And yet his heart was sad—for in his dreams
There broke upon his fancy such a form
As dwelleth only in the Elfin-land.
For her he pined—for her he breathed a sigh—
And prayed to God that she might come to him,
And in his waking moments bid him live.
And as, with gloom and darkness thick'ning round,
He sat and wept for joys that might not be,
From out the dim and mystic land of dreams,
There came to him entranced such visioned sights
As never mortal eye had seen before.
Back on the crumbling path of Time he went,
And stood amid the light of ancient days—
Amidst the treasures of the mighty dead!
The seal that held the past was shivered up,
And from the breathing ruins wondrous forms
Swept by, and walked again the sen of Life.
The young and beautiful of olden time—
The giant habitants whose genius swayed
The visible creation at its dawn,
All gathered there in that fantastic realm,
To swell that ghastly throng!

And as they came,
 One form arose so matchless in its grace,
 That all, amazed, shrank tremblingly away.
 With queenly step she trod the ravished turf,
 And with her winsome foot the lovely buds
 In very ecstasy of rapture played,
 That one so gentle sought their perfumed home.
 A veil of silver-tissue, mottled o'er
 With sparkling stars, hung round her sylphid form,
 And tresses, rich like Autumn's golden grain,
 Fell down, and nestled on her snowy breast,
 Too exquisite for earth—of mould too fine—
 She seemed a herald from the beaming sky,
 Sent down to whisper of the spirit-land.
 Such sight, I ween, had painter never seen;
 And e'en the charmed breath of poetry,
 Whose blissful cadences the enrapt ear
 Of wondering mortals caught with silent joy,
 Had conjured up in wild and weird-like spell,
 No face that ever was so fair and bright.
 One look she gave the painter as he gazed,
 That made to him a desert of the world—
 A look so full of passion and of love,
 It turned the memory of the past a blank,
 And in the future left him naught but her.
 His soul was all afire, and his brain
 Swam round, as when the throbbing heart of man
 Is burst for happiness is cannot hold;
 And as he strove to break the mortal chain
 That bound him where he lay, a mist arose
 And envious bore that being from the spot.
 Far from his sight she fled: and passed away
 With floating witcheries of wildest song,
 Into the twilight land where spirit forms
 Like phantoms mingled with the swelling gale.
 Far from his sight she fled! and like a bark

Whose guiding star has left its native sky,
 The painter drifted on with heedless sail!

The morning breeze crept in the painter's hall!
 And near the window ledge, with pallid brow,
 He lay like one whose very pulse had gone.
 With tips of gold the princely apices and domes
 Of Florence gleamed, and on her throne she sat
 A queen in pride—queen of the Tuscan land!
 The morning grew apace, and fleecy clouds,
 The children of the dawn, trailed o'er the sky.
 Still Raffaele slept.

Near by his side

Were rudely strewn the handmaids of his toil;
 And on his easel hung a picture full
 Of beauty as the glow on Dian's front.
 No human eye had ever turned its gaze
 Upon that fair and sacred thing, save one,
 And little recked he now of bliss in store.
 The morning breeze crept in the painter's hall,
 And catching its fresh scent he woke and stared
 Upon the sky that blazed with living light;
 And then again around the hall he cast
 A look that spoke of sorrow and of pain.
 And while he tried to chase away the clouds
 That brooded o'er him like a fearful spell,
 The radiant image of that lovely one
 That was his nightly dream, flashed on his sight;
 With wonderment he stood and scarcely breathed,
 For fear a lightsome sound might fright her far.
 Ay! there she beamed—a rainbow in the storm—
 For in his sleep his mighty genius woke,
 And gave embodiment to face and form;
 And joy elung round his overhardened heart,
 Like sunlight on the drooping bud, when storms
 Have rocked its tender petals in the breeze!

TURN NOT AWAY.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

If a voice from the far and happy land
 Ever echoed over thy cradle bed;
 If a mother's voice and a mother's hand
 Ever laid a blessing upon thy head;
 If a golden truth from the sacred page,
 Ever was thine in an earlier day,
 And still lives on in thy ripper age—
 Turn not away.

If hope beest high when thy youth began—
 Bright hope and love for thy human kind—
 And cares have pressed on the heart of man
 Till love is weary and hope is blind;
 If still one star of all the host,
 Burns with an old remembered ray,
 Believe not all of thy life is lost—
 Turn not away.

If sickness calls thee with feeble cry,
 Or suffering moans from its bed of pain;
 If a piteous comes from the sunken eye,
 Or madneas shrieks from the fevered brain;
 Oh! watch, as the angels watch above,
 Oh! pray for them as the angels pray;
 Bring heart and hand to the labor of love—
 Turn not away.

If poverty stands at thy cottage door—
 Squid poverty, faint and weak—
 Begging a crust from thy little store,
 Or the poor, cheap rest that the weary seek;
 Remember thou, that the mighty wheel
 Of fortune changes, day by day;
 Never be deaf to the poor's appeal—
 Turn not away.

If thy brother fall in the slippery path,
 And his hands are stained with human sin,
 If the sword of the world is rained in wrath,
 And no city of refuge invites him in;
 If his piteful cry come up to thee,
 Remember that all men go astray,
 Still let thy heart his refuge be—
 Turn not away.

If life grows dark as thy years roll by,
 And Heaven is veiled in cloud and storm,
 Oh! still look up with a trusting eye,
 For a beckoning smile from an angel form;
 So shall thy heart keep its holy laws,
 Fulfilling its mission day by day,
 And God, when thou pleadest thy final cause—
 Turn not away.

Cousin Fanny.

BY M. S. G. NICHOLS, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE JOHN," "THE WORLD AS IT IS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A PALE, wan woman, with a young girl by her side, walked quickly along Clatham street, just as the twilight was deepening into darkness. She was very thinly clad, her light shawl was only a covering—it was no protection from the keen autumn air. It had once been an elegant and fashionable silk, but its fashion had long since passed away. It had been colored and colored again, until its substance had well-nigh disappeared. Her straw bonnet had been renovated many times, but not for a long time, and its faded ribbon was passed plainly over the crown, for it would have been mockery to make such ribbon into bows. Every thing that covered this young creature was passing away, and as she entered a pawn-broker's shop, you might have seen by the light of the lamp that fell on her face, that she, too, was passing from a world that had given her small welcome, at least for many years. It would have been a comfort to any benevolent person, who had looked into that pale face, to have seen the red spot on one of her cheeks, and to have heard her cough.

What had she to do in a world so cold, with that miserable shawl to wrap around her ulcerated lungs, that smarted like fire with every breath of cold air they inhaled. She might as well have wrapped herself in cobwebs, as in clothes such as hers.

She went into the shop, her poor, little, shadowy child clung close to her mother. She had little knowledge of the place or the people, though she had many times been there, but she knew that after many tears, her mother went there, and then that for a brief space they had food.

The poor lady took from her pocket two miniature pictures—the golden setting had been removed some time before. They were by a master's hand, worth at least one hundred dollars each, and infinitely precious to her, being the likenesses of her father and mother.

"What will you give me for these?" said she, trembling in every nerve as she spoke.

The hard money-getting son of Israel, whose trade was pawn-broking, and whose business, made him look on misery three hundred and thirteen days in the year, answered, "They are worth nothing to me, madam."

The lady shrunk into herself as if she had been strievled. Her face and lips became deadly pale. She supported herself against the side of the box in which she stood, to conceal herself from view; and her little girl held her hand and clung to her garments in great fear. Very soon she began to cough, and in a moment her thin, tattered, white handkerchief was saturated with the blood she raised.

The Jew looked at her with a mingling of kindness and fear. She must not bleed to death there. The pictures he knew were of much value, though there

was a good deal of risk in taking them. He pitied the bleeding woman. Yes, pawn-broker and Jew as he was, he pitied her.

"I will give you four dollars on them, said he, and he hastily ticketed them, and banded her the money, to her infinite relief. She felt that she and her child had now a reprieve from death. The Jew selected some bills that bore a discount of ten per cent., and yet he pitied the woman, and she was so grateful to him that she could have pressed his hand, and wept hot tears upon it. She hurried away to her attic in Frankfort street. It was dark, and she feared insult. New York was worse lighted and worse cared for than now. We had no gas and no star police then, but we had plenty of Jews and pawn-broker's shops.

As she passed along she raised the blood that pressed into her throat as fast as possible, but still it almost strangled her. Well-dressed people, men of business, returning home, and men and women hurrying to the theatre, the concert-room, or the prayer-meeting, or to the varied business or amusement of life, passed her without notice. She was their sister, but how were they to know that she was dying—that her scanty life-current was staining the pavement on which they stepped.

She reached the last landing-place, and thought that she could go no further, but it was not seemly to die there, and she made a last effort and entered her room. She was startled by a bright light in the room—light at night she had not had since she made the last dozen of shirts at ten cents a piece. Stranger still, there was a good, bright fire in the grate. Her husband stood before it, with his face toward the door, and his hands behind him, showily dressed as usual. She had not seen him for many days.

"O, Edward!" said she "I am so glad you are come—and she fainted, and would have fallen to the floor if he had not caught her in his arms. He laid her upon the meagre bed that had long since been robbed of every valuable article for the pawn-brokers.

"Fanny," said he, with a choking voice, "my poor Fanny!" He sprinkled water on her face, and she opened her eyes.

"I am going, Edward," said she.

"No, no!—you will not die now. O, don't die till you have forgiven me for being your murderer!"

"Don't say that—I forgive as I would be forgiven. Our child—"

A hard fit of coughing and copious bleeding hindered her from speaking for some time.

"Our poor Marie—give her to your Cousin Charles; he has wealth and none to care for. Promise me that you will do this."

The husband, trembling with fear, gave her the required promise, when she strangled from an excess

sive rush of blood into the trachea, and died with her daughter clinging madly around her neck.

Edward Evans, the gambler and man about town, was alone with his dead wife, who, fourteen years before, he had persuaded to elope from her parents, and to marry him. She had gone through every gradation of suffering and poverty, and but for a strange run of luck that he had had for two or three evenings, she would have died in that dark, cold room, alone with her child, and have been buried in Potter's Field. As it was, Evans had a basket of coal, a pound of candles, some food, and money to buy his wife a grave. And wretched as he was, we must do him the justice to say that he was glad to be able to bury his wife decently. And he did it.

And now he bethought him of her last request. He must make the effort to give away the child, who had clung to the corpse of her mother to the last moment, and who had not seemed to see or hear at all, since that mother was buried out of her sight.

CHAPTER II.

A patient, plodding man was Charles Evans—a man who had made his own fortune, and was perfectly sure that every man might do the same who chose to mind his own business and keep at work, and not spend money or time. He went to election and voted, and went home without drinking a "brandy-smasher," or a "whiskey-toddy." He was a democrat when he had no property to protect, and when he had acquired wealth, he had got in the habit of being a democrat—and his democracy was his religion, his Faith in Human Brotherhood. He immured himself in a living tomb in Wall street all day, and worked half the night at his home in William street, beside. It was here that Edward Evans found him, the evening after his wife's funeral.

"How are you, Ned?" said Charles, glancing at him to see if he were sober, and then continued to fold and direct letters, seeming a little nervous under the infliction of a visit from his worthless cousin.

"I have been very unfortunate," said Ned, a good deal troubled how to penetrate his thick-skinned cousin.

"I never knew you otherwise," said Charles, and he wrote on.

"I mean, I have had the bad fortune to bury my wife."

"Very good fortune for her," said his cousin, but he dropped his pen and regarded the weed on Ned's hat. "I did not notice that you were in mourning. So Fanny is dead. It is a long time since I have seen her. She died of a broken-heart, I suppose, you will allow."

"She bled to death from her lungs."

"All the same. Pity it had not been you."

"I came to see you about the child. She wished me to give her to you."

"To ME," said his cousin, starting with real astonishment. "What could I do with a child, and a child who could never see her father again if she were to live with me. How old is she?"

"I don't justly remember," said Ned.

"Is there a race-horse in the city whose age you do n't remember? How long did it take you to kill your wife—do you know that? How long have you been a drunkard and a devil? How long have you eaten when your wife and child starved? How long have you hid them where even I could not find them—can you tell me that, you decently dressed vagabond? I'll warrant your wife is clad as warmly in her grave as she was out of it."

Ned could answer nothing. He was a wretch—and he had the good sense to know it. He had not the slightest respect for himself, but he wanted his child taken care of; then, if he had a pint of brandy, and six feet of rope, he *thought* he would comfort himself with the brandy, and hang himself with the rope; but then he had a great liking for curds and a decent rig, and it is probable that while luck, or loaded dice, gave him broadcloth and brandy, he would have laid up the rope against a lack of either, which he would have considered a decided reverse of fortune.

"I promised my wife that I would give the girl to you. If you will take her, I will go to the South, and never show my face here again."

"What on earth am I to do with a child? My old blind aunt can't see to herself and me—how is she to take care of another? But it is a temptation to be rid of you. How does the girl look?"

The father was again at a loss.

"Oh, you don't know—what color is Kenny's horse, Eclipse? How many hands high is he, and how old? How far can he run in ten minutes and thirteen seconds?"

"Once for all—will you take the girl?" said the man whose life was exhausted by dissipation and excitement into an apathy that resembled patience. "She will have to go to the Almshouse if you don't, and your blood is in her veins. She is your grandmother's grandchild."

"I would like you to be the only one of our blood who should die in the Almshouse; but I say again—what am I to do with the child? I can only take her as a servant."

"Make a slave of your own blood if you like," replied the father, whose stupid apathy was pierced at last. "She had better serve you than serve the devil. She is a good, serviceable child."

"O, you know that, do you? No doubt you know all about that. Look you, Ned Evans, I owe you no service. I have earned every dollar I have, whilst you have squandered a fortune twice as large as mine, of your own, and another for your wife, whilst you have been a sponge to soak brandy, a gambler and a stool-pigeon for gamblers, and have made acquaintance with every horse-dealer and all the horse-flesh in the Union, and have murdered your wife by inches, till at the age of 20 years, an age when she should be as fresh as a new-blown rose, and with her fortune living as well as any lady in the land, you have done her the last and only kindness you ever did her—you have bought her a pine coffin, and have seen her buried. But though I know you ought to be hung, I will make a bargain with you. I will see you on

board a vessel bound for New Orleans, with your passage paid, and take your child. You agree to go to New Orleans. When once you are there, I have no fear of you or your ghost ever appearing to me again. On these conditions I will take the child."

"When must I sail for New Orleans? I'll go after Monday. The race with Eclipse and Black Bess comes off then. I have agreed to ride for Kenny. I know the horse better than anybody else. Besides, a fellow must keep his word."

"Very good," said Charles, after a moment's thought. "You may break your neck, and save me the passage-money. I agree to that—any thing more?"

"When may I bring the girl?"

"To-morrow morning at 6 o'clock."

"That's too early to wake her," mumbled Ned.

"Then, or not at all. You can keep sober one night, and get up in decent season one morning in your life, for the sake of getting your child a situation."

If a particle of Ned Evans' old spirit had been left, this taunt of getting his daughter a situation would have roused it. But his life was crushed. He was hopelessly besotted and exhausted, though now he had decent clothes, for which he had sacrificed the last remnant of decent feeling he possessed. These clothes belonged to the keeper of the vilest Hell in New York; and Ned was his "decoy-duck," and did any job the fellow set him about.

He was as craven before his cousin as possible. He had one instinct of his nature left—he wanted to provide for his child.

"I will be here at the time, so help me God," said he—and he kept his word. It was the last right act of his life. As if to make his cousin out a prophet, he rode Eclipse, and broke his neck in earnest, though not in "sober earnest."

When Charles Evans heard of it, he only said, "One poor devil less in the world;" but he murmured to himself, as he turned away, "Poor Cousin Ned!"

CHAPTER III.

"Send the little girl to my room to-night, aunty, when you have made her decent. I must see what she is fit for, and what she looks like. Remember, she is to have good warm clothes, but no gewgawry."

At 6 o'clock precisely, Marie came into Mr. Evans's room with a waiter, on which was spread the most frugal sort of a supper. Rye bread and butter and black tea, it was his sovereign pleasure to be served with at night.

Mrs. Evans had had time only to extemporize an amelioration in the girl's dress. She was at that very awkward age when a girl is not a child or a woman. She had a heavy burden of deep-red hair, and all her bones showed through their scant covering of flesh—and they seemed hung on wires, and very loosely hung, too. Her eyes were a very deep blue, but she had been somewhat "cross-eyed" from

infancy, and now the defect was much aggravated by her constant weeping. She was very timid, shrinking from every one. What had she ever found in her lot to assure her or give her confidence?

Poor, forlorn, ill-dressed, cross-eyed, red-haired, little one—all your defects are so many commendations to Charles Evans. In the deep selfishness of his benevolence he could love just such a child—one whom others would only pity and never think of loving. And he felt a sort of secure property in her when he saw that no one else would be likely to care for her; but he would be very certain not to let her know that he had any kind feelings for her. He was a scraggy limb of the law, and one would think that all the sap of his life had been written out in deeds and documents that brought him dollars, and that all the warmth of his heart had been expended on the *Luco Foco* candidates from his ward, district, city, county, etc., etc., during the time he had been a legal voter, which had now reached the term of fourteen years. He had amassed a large property, and had neither "chick nor child" to leave it to, as his friends said, all and singular of said friends having made up their minds that he would never marry, though he had only reached the mature and well-judging age of thirty-five.

He liked to be thought well of, as who does not; and there was a delicate flattery to him in the thought that Fanny Evans trusted her child to *him* before any of her own or her husband's relatives. To any one of these relatives he would have spoken of the burden of bringing up other folks' brats, but in his heart he thought "it was very wise, and well-judged, and kind of Fanny, to leave the girl to me; and when Ned is out of the way, I shall have nothing to interfere with my plans for the child's welfare."

When Marie had set his waiter upon the table, she stopped and timidly raised her cross-eyes to Mr. Evans, to see if he wanted any thing more.

"Sit down, Marie," said he. "I wish your name was Fanny, I do n't like fancy names and flummery."

"I was named for my mother, Frances Marie," said she, in the sweetest and softest voice that Evans remembered ever to have heard. Her voice penetrated his heart—and then her name was Fanny. He had always cherished a cordial friendship and a true respect for her mother—and he wished the girl to bear her mother's name.

"I would like very much to be called Fanny," said the child.

"Well, then, Fanny, how do you like your new home?"

"I am very glad of it," said Fanny, and the tears filled her eyes.

"Don't cry—there's a good girl. Do you wish to go to school?"

"I don't know how I would like school. My dear mother always taught me."

"Well, you must go and see how you will get on. You will be a good girl, I dare say. You will obey Mrs. Evans in all she asks of you. If you want any thing, come to me. You will call me Cousin Charles when you speak to me, and Mr. Evans when you

speak of me. When you speak to Mrs. E. call her aunty, and Mrs. Evans when you speak of her."

And thus little Fanny began her life at her cousin's comfortable home. When she was told of her father's death, she shuddered and felt relieved. Fanny loved her mother as we always love when we have few objects for our affections to rest on. But with the blessed faith of a child and a Christian, she believed she was now in heaven, where she would be perfectly happy forever, and she became strangely happy in her new home. All her studies and occupations were so many changing joys. From morning till night she was like some bright bird that knew not where to bestow the tulle of its brilliant and merry carolings. Everybody saw as the months passed away, how she wound herself around the heart of Charles Evans; and the friends began to prophesy that he would adopt her as his child, and make her his heir.

Mrs. Evans was a woman of great goodness, very old, and very pious. She had now but one wish ungratified, and that was that Charles Evans and his ward should be converted. This seemed a hard matter to accomplish as far as Evans was concerned. He was rather a hopeless subject, for he boasted that he was a temperance man, that he never drank any thing stronger than black tea, that he never chewed tobacco, took laughing gas, or went to a protracted meeting.

"Go to church with aunty enough to keep the peace," said he to Fanny. "You and I will not quarrel about it as long as it tends to aunty's comfort."

"I would not like you to quarrel with me if I went for my own comfort," said Fanny.

This touch of his own independence pleased him, and he said, "Go along, you gipsy—thistles and lilies never quarrel."

"Red-haired girls are never lilies, though cross cousins are very sharp thistles," said Fanny, who, a year ago, would as soon have indulged in repartee with her cousin as the lily he likened her to.

"You have grown very bold, if not very handsome," he replied—and Fanny went to church with her aunt. She was never disturbed there, however much good Mrs. Evans prayed for such result. Some of her prayers had been answered. She had prayed for many years that all the theatres might be converted into chapels, and at last *one* of them was, and she had the pleasure of hearing the divine Mr. Kirckard preach in it, from Sunday to Sunday, and various week days and evenings beside. He was an earnest preacher, and it was surprising the quantities of green tea, cayenne and cavendish that he converted into gospel. The ladies of his church presented the pulpit with an elegant cushion and spittoon, and never mortal minister had more use for both than the Rev. Mr. Kirckard. The way he beat the cushion and filled the other article, when he alarmed the sinners, was plentiful.

But Fanny was never disturbed with the powerful preaching of the reverend gentleman. Like a man who tends a saw-mill half the time, and sleeps soundly

when relieved by his companion who tends it the other half, so Fanny was always very peaceful in church, if she was not sleepy. I believe she had a conscience against sleeping, though what she kept awake for, perhaps she was not herself aware. But it was very exemplary of her, and very gratifying to good Mrs. Evans.

CHAPTER IV.

There are some good people who deny the doctrine of total depravity, who don't see how it is possible for a man deliberately to be a hypocrite. They say that a man can't live unless he has some good in him. I shall not dispute with these worthy people, because, in a free country, every man has a right to his own opinion, provided he does not happen to think that he may buy tickets in lotteries out of Wall street, and appropriate his neighbor's goods without the formalities made and provided in the righteous common law of our social code; but I must say that if goodness is necessary to keep people alive, some folks have the gift of living on "small means;" and it becomes my duty to introduce a young gentleman eminently gifted in this particular.

Sylvester Wilson was a young man who had a laudable wish for his own advancement, but, unfortunately for his piety, he was entirely indifferent to the means that contributed to his getting ahead, provided the world made no complaint of him. The opinion of those about him, with two-thirds the facts concealed from them, was a moral law for him, and he had no other. His father was a bad, ambitious and unscrupulous man, and the hereditary transmission of qualities would have charmed Fowler, though the qualities proved that he was "bad, born bad, and had no business here" but to make mischief. He was, however, an excellent dissembler, and passed for a pious and exemplary young man, punctual at church, and designed for the ministry. His family were friends of the Evans family.

"Well, mother, have you worried any thing out of old Aunty Evans about that red-haired horror's adoption?" said Sylvester Wilson, to his mother one day, when she had been taking an old-fashioned cup of tea with Mrs. Evans.

"How *can* you, Sylvester!" said his mother, a good deal disturbed. "The child is very well, I am sure."

"Frights generally have good health."

"I meant that she was very well-looking. She has changed much in the two years she has lived with her cousin. Her hair is deepening its color, her eyes do not squint any more, and she is very plump and fresh."

"All the better for me—fourteen, is she? She will get better still, perhaps, in two or three years. But about the cash, mother—will that old hunk of a cousin portion her? If so, I am his man."

"Mrs. Evans thinks he considers her as good as his own child now," said Mrs. Wilson. "You are to be three years in the University, my child, and you can't think of a wife till that time is past."

"I don't know what harm *thinking* is to do a

fellow. I am not in the University yet, and I don't exactly see how I am to be there, unless I find a gold mine. If I could get employed to give lessons to that fox-pate, I might earn some money, and borrow more, and get an education and independence at last. One can't expect beauty and tin together."

Success was all Mrs. Wilson asked for her son, and his life-plans did not seem to her at all profane. And he succeeded in obtaining the place he sought. He gave Fanny lessons in music and mathematics. It was a great triumph when Fanny got leave of Cousin Charles to learn music. She had thought of a piano, and dreamed of one, and thumped on one that belonged to a young friend for a long time—but she had no idea of ever being the happy possessor of a mine of music.

At Christmas, just about two years from the time when she came to live with her cousin, she made a little "Christmas box" for her best friend. It contained a pair of slippers, a watch-holder, and a lamp-mat, all worked by herself. They had grown very pretty under her skillful fingers, but the coarse canvas had not changed more under her hands than she had changed since she had lived in this happy home. And she was daily improving. When Charles Evans found this Christmas gift on his table, he resolved to give Fanny just what she should ask for, and so he said, "I have only got you a book for Christmas, Fanny, but if you think of any thing else that you want, you must tell me."

"And will you really give it me?" said Fanny, and her deep-blue eyes seemed melting in their own lustre.

"To be sure I will, because I have said so"

"Well, then, dear, good Cousin Charles, buy me a piano."

"Buy you a winter full of thunder storms—why you will bang me dead?"

"But not dumb, I'll bet any thing—you will always be able to scold your poor Cousin Fanny. But I shall play when you are away."

"I rather think you will when you get a piano. Why do you know what a deal of money one of those thunderers costs?"

Fanny began to be frightened. She did not know, but she was really like the child who cried for the moon. The tears came into her eyes as she thought of herself two years ago. She looked up at her cousin, with her grateful soul beaming from her beautiful eyes, and smiling through her tears, she said, "Cousin, I was very wrong to ask such an impossible thing—will you buy me a canary-bird?"

"Do you give up all claim to the piano if I do?"

"O, yes, to be sure. Please to forget it. Indeed, I did not mean to be a silly girl."

Thus ended the talk of the piano; but the next afternoon an elegant piano and a beautiful canary-bird, were domesticated in Mr. Evans's quiet parlor—and Fanny was perfectly wild with delight. That was a wonderful era in her life—a time to date from forever after—though Cousin Charles brushed her off as if she had been a whole swarm of black flies, when she ran to his room, on his return in the evening,

to overwhelm him with thanks, and tears, and crazy rejoicings.

"Bless me, Fanny," said he, "you had better make up your mind whether you are going to melt, or fly away, or go to a lunatic asylum; and when you have concluded, just come and let me know, will you? I can do without you till then."

The next thing to the piano must be a music-teacher. Young Wilson had played his cards skillfully. He had interested Charles Evans in his fortunes, and he engaged him, from motives of benevolence, to teach Fanny. To do him justice, he was a good teacher. But Evans was cheated. He did not think it possible that the fellow could have thought but to teach Fanny, that he might mend his small means—a most praiseworthy object in the young man, and one that Evans felt anxious to assist him in attaining. Though Fanny had grown very pretty, and was daily improving, yet her cousin was hardly conscious of it. He thought of her as a mere child as she was, and a very ugly child as she had been; and it never once entered his mind that any young man could have designs upon the heart of the little one. Young Wilson interested him, not because he knew him, but because he did not know him. He saw him struggling to get an education, and pay for it himself, and he was glad to have an excuse to offer him assistance.

Evans had small love for music, but mathematics was a pet of the first magnitude with him, and for the sake of this branch of study, he compromised and gave the girl her music. So he said; but the truth was, he wished Fanny to be happy. And he had his wish. The bird and the piano were all the time new, and she could never for a moment, asleep or awake, cease to rejoice in either. She kept her word not to play when Mr. Evans was at home. But then this was no great privation, for the bird sang like mad all the morning, and he went away early, and she managed to tire herself so thoroughly during the day, that she was very willing to go patiently and quietly into figures for the evening. Mr. Evans was quite satisfied, for as he said he saw Fanny always at her "sums," and never was disturbed by drums or thunder.

Wilson found himself of just as much social importance to Fanny as a piano or an algebra. She would have been just as much interested in a calculating machine; and if her piano could have taught her to play on it, she would have been neither better or worse pleased than now. To be sure she was glad when her Aunt Evans told her of the struggles of young Wilson to educate himself that she had him for a teacher, but she never thought enough of him to mention him to Mr. Evans; first, because she seldom needed his help in her mathematical studies, and of music she never spoke to her cousin.

Wilson was prudent and careful. He had good hope of getting into the University—in time of a pulpit, and a rich wife. No word, or look, or overt act ever revealed to Fanny or her friends, that he had designs on the fortune of Mr. Evans, through a marriage with his ward. For months he labored

seidously, when an accident occurred that changed the face of his fortune, though, perhaps, it did not materially affect Fanny. A merchant uncle of Wilson, who lived at New Orleans, found himself in need of an assistant, in consequence of failing health. He was a man of wealth, and Wilson considered his fortune assured by this chance—and so the church lost the chance of adding to her ornaments another of those paste gems that bring the real jewels into disrepute.

CHAPTER V.

Seventeen! sweet, gay, laughing seventeen had come to Fanny—and she had never once thought of getting married. Not she. She would have been obliged to contemplate marriage as something that must separate her from the only home she had ever known; and she would as soon have stepped out of her kin some cold night, as have gone away from her dear friends. She liked everybody and loved nobody, and wanted to hug the whole world, as she forcibly said, because she was so happy.

"Christmas Eve, to-morrow, Cousin Charles; I hope all my presents are purchased and directed."

"And what are you going to give me, little Miss Fairy?"

"Myself, to be sure," laughed Fanny. "What else have I to give away?"

"No, that you won't. You will keep yourself for some worthless fellow, I'll warrant."

"No, I thank you. I had rather be excused. I intend to make your black tea as long as you live, if you don't conclude to leave the tea out, and take water with me."

"I tell you you will marry a scump the day after you are eighteen—that is the way with all the women."

"There must be a prodigious number of scumps, then, cousin; and if you had only been one of them, you might have been *happily married*, instead of being the nicest bear of a bachelor at large."

"I think I might get married even now, if I were only fool enough."

"But as you are very wise, you shall be my Cousin Charles, and nothing else—and I would not exchange you for a pet porcupine. Don't you see how I prize you? So don't think of getting married—I should quarrel with your wife, to see which should love you best; and that would be very inconvenient for us all."

Christmas was a merry time at Charles Evans's. The man of deeds and documents always relaxed and came out of the world of business, or, as he said, "allowed the world to mind its own business" at Christmas and New Year. But something very serious happened to Mr. Evans from this year's Christmas merry-making. A pretty girl needed some one to see her home, and glowing and perspiring from the last game at "Blind Man's Buff," Mr. Evans attended her on a bitter night, which made him run home as rapidly as possible, with chattering teeth, and a chill that seemed to go quite to his heart. Next morning he awoke with a quaking headache and pains through all his bones, and great heat and

cold chills, and all the concomitants of a bad fever about him. Thanks to the exhaustion of unremitting and most unreasonable labor, such as a great many men perform who do the head-work for the headless multitude, and thanks also to the lancet of a certain doctor, who held to letting the bad blood out of a man, and poisoning what remained to purify it, Mr. Evans became dangerously sick. What an invaluable treasure was Fanny now. Her foot was the lightest—her hand was the softest and coolest—her eyes never closed in slumber, unless she left the best of watchers in her place—and she threw quantities of physic to the dogs, or some equally prudent place, and she nourished the patient carefully when he began to get well; and at last, in spite of all the evils in the patient, and out of him, doctors and drugs included, she saw Mr. Evans convalescent.

At length he came down stairs, and when he thought how long Fanny had left her piano locked, and not even listened to her Canary, he asked her for a song. It was in very kindness to her, and in accordance with his benevolent character—for he thought that he disliked music, and it is probable that he had the good taste to dislike the heathen discord that had been christened music, where he had happened to be the victim.

The Battle of Prague, thumped with indenting emphasis on a piano sadly out of tune, had given Mr. Evans his ideas of melody; and it is small wonder that he had as great dislike for music as prudent regard for his ears.

It was a great surprise to Mr. Evans when Fanny's melodious voice fell on his ear, appropriately accompanied by the instrument, which was one of the softest and sweetest in the world. He had expected the Battle of Prague, and it seemed to him, so great was the contrast, like humming-birds amid the flowers.

Fanny sang a song of her own composing, descriptive of her own life, first in its great sadness and trials and deep grief with her sainted mother, and then her bereavement, and then her adoption by her cousin, and the calm flow of her life since then. At the close of her song she alluded to her best friend's illness, and spoke of her joy that he was now safely recovering. The song and the music were her own, and they came from the depth of her heart. The sad, sweet murmur of her soul's sorrow in the first verses, was succeeded by the calm happiness and bird-like joy of the years passed in her cousin's home, and again the sorrowful notes spoke of his illness, and the winged joy burst forth in the happy conclusion.

It was a triumph to Fanny when she saw at the close of the piece tears rolling over Mr. Evans's face, and he said, with a voice rendered indistinct by emotion, "Sing it again, Fanny"—and she was only too happy to comply with his request.

When the song was ended, he conquered his emotion, and laughing through his tears, he said,

"You shall be my nightingale, Fanny."

"Thank you, I accept the appointment—what salary do you intend to give?" said Fanny, as she

sat down on the sofa by the invalid, and passed her hand over his high, white forehead, to see if any fever were warning her to send her patient away to rest.

"I will give you myself and all that I have," said he, again bursting into tears.

A flood of new thoughts rushed through the mind of Fanny. She paused to think what to say. "You are weak, cousin, and must not sit up too long. Will you go to your room, or will you rest and sleep on the sofa here?"

"Mr. Evans was frightened at what he had said. He was sure Fanny could never love him only as a father or elder brother; and now he thought he had broken the freedom of that relation, and he blamed himself, and troubled himself, and well-nigh fretted himself into a relapse of his fever. But his naturally strong constitution triumphed, and in a few weeks he was perfectly restored.

Meanwhile Fanny had become grave and thoughtful; and, truth to tell, she shunned her cousin more than she ought. She had not known how dear he was to her till his illness—during the time that he was considered dangerous she had neither eaten nor slept. She had watched over him as a mother watches her first born. She felt that if he should die, life, which had always seemed so full of joy and blessing, would be a blank to her. She had not asked herself if this were love. She had supposed it was only the interest she ought to feel in her cousin. Now she was put upon examining her own heart. She fully believed that her cousin was by no means in love with her, but that his tender confession was owing to the weakness induced by his severe illness and his gratitude to his fortunately successful nurse.

CHAPTER VI.

"And now, mother, tell me all about the Evanses. Is my flame as foxy as ever? She must be quite a young lady. Heaven forgive me for not being thankful enough for all mercies in general, and for the particular one that I am not obliged to marry red hair." Thus spoke the fortunate Wilson, the morning after his arrival from New Orleans, bringing the welcome news that his relative was dead, and that he was his heir.

"Do not be too hasty, Sylvester," said his mother. "Miss Evans has changed more than any one you ever saw. She is a perfect beauty, bating her freckles. Her hair is no more red than a chestnut. She is plump and round as an apple; she is white as snow, and her eyes are as pretty as possible."

"Amen, mother! One would think you were her lover instead of your hopeful son. But I will see for myself. I shall not take your word or your bond for that girl's beauty."

And so Mr. Wilson, armed for conquest, presented himself before Miss Evans. She had never cared enough for him to be very glad to see him, but she received him politely and kindly, as was her nature. He was a very good-looking, stylish young man, and he talked well on common topics, and soon succeeded in interesting Fanny. He was quite unprepared, not-

withstanding all his mother had said, for the beauty that had grown upon Fanny. He loved beauty just as he loved roast pig and canvas-backs—and he was smashed at once—Fanny had made an impression. He asked her to play and sing for her *ciderant* teacher, and the impression was fixed.

Wilson was sure at the end of an hour that he should marry Fanny Evans; and Fanny thought him a very good-looking, interesting young man, and she rejoiced in his good fortune; their musical tastes formed a bond between them, and it soon seemed very natural and proper to Fanny that she saw young Wilson daily. She was sad, and singing diverted her. His voice was good, and they sung duets. He played finely, and this was very pleasant. She had become estranged from her cousin, and she wanted some company. Fanny had never been so unhappy since she first came to live with her cousin. Finally, Wilson offered himself to her. This was an event to Fanny entirely unexpected.

"Do not speak of such a thing," said she, earnestly. "Pray excuse me, Mr. Wilson," and she went straight out of the room. When she reached her chamber, she felt very sorrowful, and, truth to tell, very sick. She had been worn down by labor and watching during Mr. Evans's illness, and her sadness in being estranged from him. She had got nervous, and began, for the first time in her life, to have the *blues*. She almost persuaded herself that she was become a burden to her cousin, and that she ought to marry Wilson. She wept till she had a dreadful headache, and when the servant came to call her to make Mr. Evans's tea, she was really too ill to go down—and with swollen eyes, red face, and dabbled and disarranged curls, she looked into the glass, and dared not present herself before her cousin.

"Tell Mr. Evans that I have a bad headache, and if he will excuse me, I will go early to bed. Make every thing very nice for him, Norah. Were his slippers warm when he came in?"

"I do not know, Miss, but I will get his supper good—and she went to carry Fanny's excuse to Mr. Evans.

"Go back, Norah, quickly, and ask Miss Evans if I may come up.

Fanny had wheeled her sofa to the fire, and had just buried her face in a velvet cushion to weep as long and as much as she wished. Mr. Evans, in his concern for her, had followed Norah, and stood outside the door.

"Tell him not to trouble himself to come up. I shall do very well as soon as I have slept."

"If you had asked me to take the trouble to stay down stairs, I might have thought of it; but seeing I am here, it is no trouble to come; and you are so bright and cosy, suppose you let the girl bring the waiter up here and make my tea for me."

Mr. Evans was quite sure that something beside sickness had happened to Fanny, and he intended to be confessor or doctor, as the case might be.

"Norah, bring Mr. Evans's supper to my room," said Fanny, more cheerfully than she would have thought possible a few minutes before. And she

passed into her bed-room and bathed her face and her eyes, and arranged her hair, and came back to make tea for Mr. Evans very much improved. But she could not talk—she had fairly lost her tongue.

Mr. Evans seemed more unconstrained and more fully himself than since his unfortunate offer of himself to Fanny.

"Fanny," said he, after the tea things were taken away, "I would like to ask you what is the matter, if I thought you would like to tell me. It is no common headache that is tormenting you; I would sooner guess it is a heartache."

"And what if it is a heartache?" said Fanny.

"You mean to ask what I should have to do with the diseases of your heart. I tell you, Fanny, I am not as bad as you may think, or so big a fool either. For instance, though I love you a great deal better than Heaven, and would sooner have you for my wife than an angel, yet knowing that you can't love an old codger like me, I want to see you happy with the man of your choice, and I tell you now, for the

cure of your headache, or heartache, that you have my consent to marry Mr. Wilson."

Fanny burst into so violent and uncontrolled a fit of weeping, that Mr. Evans was alarmed and puzzled.

"Speak to me, Fanny, tell me what is all this. I thought to give you great joy, and I only set you weeping. Tell me, what does all this mean?"

"Dear Cousin Charles," said Fanny, "you have given me the greatest joy of my life."

"Then you love Wilson, as I thought," said Mr. Evans.

"No, no—not Wilson, but you, Cousin Charles; and you said you would rather have me for your wife than an angel." And Fanny threw her arms around Charles Evans's neck; and there is not a shadow of doubt that he would cheerfully have exchanged all the pleasures of his long bachelorate in a lump, for the kisses of the next five minutes.

They were a happy couple that evening; but Wilson's prospects were worse damaged than his heart.

THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD.

BY HENRY S. BAGERT.

SWEET is the tomb—the all-forgetting tomb—

The dreamless couch round which no phantoms glide,

To harrow up the soul, or read a doom,

Of yore on their dread Sabbath prophesied.

Calm are its slumbers—never more shall pride,

Hatred or malice, wound the sleeping clay;

Wrong not the dead—they should be deified—

They lived and suffered, and have passed away;

Here be all feuds forgot—ye, too, shall have your day.

Your day of trouble, when the cup of Grief,

Full of its Marsh-waters must be drained

E'en to the dregs—when ye will need relief

From those upon whose head your lips have rained,

Curses; when they who were by you disdained,

Shall offer in their mockery, to dry

The hot dew of your brows by anguish strained

Through the parched skin. Ah! then, in grief to fly

For refuge to the grave, and find but calumny.

Let the dead rest—if ye must "snarl and bite,"

Turn to the living—there your venom spill;

Put on Deception's mask, then vent your spite,

Sharpen your fangs, and gnaw, and rend, and kill—

'T is a sweet banquet—eat and drink your fill;

Ye can thrive well on malice—but forbear

To stir the ashes of the dead, your skill

Can never fan a glowing ember there,

At which the hated torch of vengeance to repair.

Look on the dead, and if ye cower and quail

To think that ye shall be like them one day—

That the cold coffin-worm, with slimy trail,

Shall crawl across your forehead, or from play

Within your eyeless sockets forth shall stray,

To feast upon your rottenness, your hair

Shall drip the sick'ning grave-damps, and the gray,

Dry dust of the rank sepulchre, for air,

Fill up your nostrils—then by the cold grave forbear!

Think on your last dark hour, when a gaunt form,

Spectral and shadowy, shall stoop and set

A mystic seal upon you; when the storm

Of conscience rages, till its spray has wet

Your brow; when, like the doom in Venice met,

The walls of your lone chamber seem to close

Upon you, crushed and bleeding, dying, yet

Never to die—from torments such as those.

Would you be free? Withhold—break not the dead's repose.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

PARAPHRASE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

A STALWART blind man trudging through the mud,
O'ertook a cripple; side by side they stood.

"Cripple, you're stall'd," cried Blinky, "in this clay,"

Cripple replied, "Can Blinky see his way?"

"Not a d—d inch," the poor blind man replies,

"But mount my shoulders, boy, lend me your eyes;

Keep them wide open, let their light be mine,

Cling to my shoulders, and my legs are thine.

And with clear eyes, strong shanks and shoulders good

We need no more to travel through this mud."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY LEX.

A SIGH steals down the smiling valley—a gentle sigh of breezes, wafting happiness over the face of nature, and at the sound from out their beds of earth, myriads of things of beauty wake into existence;—meadow and plain and hill-side glisten in fairest verdure—flowers fling their fragrance on the gale—stately trees wave their foliage to the passing wind—while streams beneath dance onward to the ocean—and the dream-like hum that fills the air and swells in chorus to the arch of heaven, tells of the blooming Spring—of the transcendent pleasures of Life.

What a glorious earth has man for a habitation! what scenes surround him to ennoble the soul—what examples to elevate and incite the mind to strive for the goal of Happiness. That goal, alas! how distant and hard to reach; thorns hedge the road the aspiring one would tread, and weeds spring rank and choking in the pathway, or often, when the seeming height is won, the eminence fades to a common level, and Happiness is as distant as ever! But the soul must toil, though success is but a vision—the mind must work, although its labors be fruitless; for there is a Higher power controlling the actions of man—guiding his impulses and passions, and girding him for the conflict around him and within him—the struggle that is ceaselessly waging—the Battle of Life!

How sweet is Fame! Even now, upon men's tongues there dwells some name whose every syllable is a charm, thrilling to adoration. Here, a patriot spirit, whose fires have smouldered long beneath wrong and malice, rises superior to ills, and grasps—almost the consummation of his wishes; there, a warrior from the laureled field, receives the homage of a grateful people; or some philosopher, with potent wand, discloses to a wondering world a new discovery in Science. They stand aloft upon the pinnacle of Fortune, and eager crowds beneath echo their praises or envy their success; and upward still they gaze, blind to the rugged crags that lie between—the thousands round them on the same great plain, breathless and bleeding from their vain attempts to climb the dazzling steep—or happy in an humbler sphere.

Ah! had they seen that lofty mind on the chill yesterday of Adversity, with naught but obstacles before him; who knew that Country was upon men's lips only as a substitute for self, and yet heard his own efforts slandered as false and recreant, and whose high purposes had bent before the storm only to rise unbroken—they would not undergo the patriot's hard-

ships in the camp, with night's cold shadows closing round him, and no pillow for his head save the still colder earth; or 'mid the battle's carnage, or on the ensanguined field, strewn alike with friends and foes, would look not half so pleasant to their eyes as that exulting warrior; or had they watched the student through long years of vain research, poring o'er musty tomes till the stars paled before the light of day, with fevered brow and aching heart, filled with strong hopes that time still dashed to earth—though Time at last was destined to fulfill; the marvels wrought thus dearly, thus hardly given to the world, the car with wings of fire, the thought, borne as on the lightning's shaft, the shadow that no longer vanishes, when won at such a cost, would lose their value, and the philosopher stand unenvied though pre-eminent.

Men judge too oft by outward show, the glitter hides the dross which lies beneath, the peasant would seek happiness in palaces, the rich, perchance, see pleasures 'mid the poor; all err, all causelessly depend, for place nor circumstance alone can make life happy; there is no lake with breast by winds unruffled, no sea by billows always unconvulsed—even so is it with man. How many noble minds are crushed beneath adversity, and pulses that ere-while warmed with a kindred glow to kindred energies, throb now to sorrow and bereavement? How many hearts that loved—loved, oh, how fondly—are doomed, alas! to live, and live alone? How many breathing beings toil and travail on to gain wherewith they may drag out existence—how many lots that look the brightest, are fraught with bitterest wo!

And still the strife goes on, still the throng heaves and swells tumultuously, as waves that surge against the rocks which bind them, and one unceasing current flows turbulently onward, bearing with it the joys and sorrows, the hopes and passions of a world—onward ever, to the trackless ocean of Eternity.

But fields are green and flowers are fair—there is no warfare on the hills, nor in the groves, nor on the plains; the elements break in fearful grandeur above; the seasons come and go—yet sunshine follows storms as day the night, and Winter yields to Spring. No murmur is heard, save that which trembles through the air, of rippling streams and stirring leaves, and songs of sweetest music; and the works of Nature stand forth in majestic harmony, unmoved by the strivings around them, regardless alike of the fears and longings, the griefs and tumults raging in the breasts of men—serene and placid, despite the contest, and at Peace, though amid the throes of The Battle of Life.

FIFTY SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

(Concluded from page 319.)

26.

The taste manifested by our Transcendental poets, is to be treated "reverentially," beyond doubt, as one of Mr. Emerson's friends suggests—for the fact is, it is Taste on her death-bed—Taste kicking in *articulo mortis*.

27.

I should not say, of Tagliont, exactly that she dances, but that she laughs with her arms and legs, and that if she takes vengeance on her present oppressors, she will be amply justified by the *lex Talionis*.

28.

The world is infested, just now, by a new sect of philosophers, who have not yet suspected themselves of forming a sect, and who, consequently, have adopted no name. They are the *Believers in every thing Odd*. Their High Priest in the East, is Charles Fourier—in the West, Horace Greely; and high priests they are to some purpose. The only common bond among the sect, is Credulity:—let us call it Insanity at once, and be done with it. Ask any one of them why he believes this or that, and, if he be conscientious, (ignorant people usually are,) he will make you very much such a reply as Talleyrand made when asked why he believed in the Bible. "I believe in it first," said he, "because I am Bishop of Autun; and, secondly, because I know nothing about it at all." What these philosophers call "argument," is a way they have "*de nier ce qui est et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*"

29.

The goddess Laverna, who is a head without a body, could not do better, perhaps, than make advances to "La Jeune France," which, for some years to come at least, must otherwise remain a body without a head.

30.

Mr. A— is frequently spoken of as "one of our most industrious writers;" and, in fact, when we consider how much he has written, we perceive, at once, that he *must* have been industrious, or he could never (like an honest woman as he is) have so thoroughly succeeded in keeping himself from being "talked about."

31.

H— calls his verse a "poem," very much as Francis the First bestowed the title, *mes déserts*, upon his snug little deer-park at Fontainebleau.

32.

K—, the publisher, trying to be critical, talks about books pretty much as a washerwoman would about Niagara falls or a poulterer about a phoenix.

• Nouvelle Héloïse.

33.

The ingenuity of critical malice would often be laughable but for the disgust which, even in the most perverted spirits, injustice never fails to excite. A common *trick* is that of decrying, impliedly, the higher, by insisting upon the lower, merits of an author. Macaulay, for example, deeply feeling how much critical acumen is enforced by cautious attention to the mere "rhetoric" which is its vehicle, has at length become the best of modern rhetoricians. His *brother* reviewers—anonymous, of course, and likely to remain so forever—extol "the acumen of Carlyle, the analysis of Schlegel, and the style of Macaulay." Bancroft is a philosophical historian; but no amount of philosophy has yet taught him to despise a minute accuracy in point of fact. His *brother* historians talk of "the grace of Prescott, the erudition of Gibbus, and the pains-taking precision of Bancroft." Tennyson, perceiving how vividly an imaginative effect is aided, now and then, by a certain quaintness judiciously introduced, brings this latter, at times, in support of his most glorious and most delicate imagination:—whereupon his *brother* poets hasten to laud the imagination of Mr. Somebody, whom nobody imagined to have any, "and the somewhat affected quaintness of Tennyson."—Let the noblest poet add to his other excellences—if he dares—that of faultless versification and scrupulous attention to grammar. He is damned at once. His rivals have it in their power to discourse of "A. the true poet, and B. the versifier and disciple of Lindley Murray."

34.

That a cause leads to an effect, is scarcely more certain than that, so far as Morals are concerned, a repetition of effect tends to the generation of cause. Herein lies the principle of what we so vaguely term "Habit."

35.

With the exception of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," I have never read a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most delicate imagination, as the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" of Miss Barrett. I am forced to admit, however, that the latter work is a palpable imitation of the former, which it surpasses in thesis as much as it falls below it in a certain calm energy, lustrous and indomitable—such as we might imagine in a broad river of molten gold.

36.

What has become of the inferior planet which Decuppie, about nine years ago, declared he saw traversing the disc of the sun?

37.

"Ignorance is bliss"—but, that the bliss be real, the ignorance must be so profound as not to suspect itself ignorant. With this understanding, Boileau's line may be read thus:

"Le plus fou toujours est le plus satisfait,"

—"toujours" in place of "souvent."

38.

Bryant and Street are both, essentially, descriptive poets; and descriptive poetry, even in its happiest manifestation, is *not* of the highest order. But the distinction between Bryant and Street is very broad. While the former, in reproducing the sensible images of Nature, reproduces the sentiments with which he regards them, the latter gives us the images and nothing beyond. He never forces us to feel what we feel he must have felt.

39.

In lauding Beauty, Genius merely evinces a filial affection. To Genius Beauty gives life—reaping often a reward in Immortality.

40.

And this is the "American Drama" of ———! Well! —that "Conscience which makes cowards of us all" will permit me to say, in praise of the performance, only that it is not quite so bad as I expected it to be. But then I always expect too much.

41.

What we feel to be *Fancy* will be found fanciful still, whatever be the theme which engages it. No *subject* exalts it into Imagination. When Moore is termed "a fanciful poet," the epithet is applied with precision. He *is*. He is fanciful in "Lalla Rookh," and had he written the "Inferno," in the "Inferno" he would have contrived to be still fanciful and nothing beyond.

42.

When we speak of "a suspicious man," we may mean either one who suspects, or one to be suspected. Our language needs either the adjective "suspicious," or the adjective "suspectable."

43.

"To love," says Spencer, "is

"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To speed, to give, to want, to be undone."

The philosophy, here, might be rendered more profound, by the mere omission of a comma. We all know the *willing* blindness—the *voluntary* madness of Love. We express this in thus punctuating the last line:

To speed, to give—to want to be undone.

It is a case, in short, where we gain point by omitting it.

44.

Miss Edgeworth seems to have had only an approximate comprehension of "Fashion," for she says:

"If it was the fashion to burn me, and I at the stake, I hardly know ten persons of my acquaintance who would refuse to throw on a faggot."

There are *many* who, in such a case, would "refuse to throw on a faggot"—for fear of smothering out the fire.

45.

I am beginning to think with Harsely—that "the People have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them."

46.

"It is not fair to review my book without reading it," says Mr. M——, talking at the critics, and, as usual, expecting impossibilities. The man who is clever enough to *write* such a work, is clever enough to read it, no doubt; but we should not look for so much talent in the world at large. Mr. M—— will not imagine that I mean to blame *him*. The book alone is in fault, after all. The fact is, that "*er lasst sich nicht lesen*"—it will not *permit* itself to be read. Being a hobby of Mr. M——'s, and bristful of spirit, it will let nobody mount it but Mr. M——.

47.

It is only to teach his children Geography, that G—— wears a boot the picture of Italy upon the map.

48.

In his great Dictionary, Webster seems to have had an idea of being more English than the English—"plus Arabe qu'en Arabe."*

49.

That there were once "seven wise men" is by no means, strictly speaking, an historical *fact*; and I am rather inclined to rank the idea among the Kabbala.

50.

Painting their faces to look like Macaulay, some of our critics manage to resemble him, at length, as a Massaccian does a Raffaellian Virgin; and, except that the former is feebler and thinner than the other—suggesting the idea of its being the ghost of the other—not one connoisseur in ten can perceive any difference. But then, unhappily, even the street lazzaroni can feel the distinction.

* Count Anthony Hamilton.

STEINHAUSEN'S HERO AND LEANDER.

Faint from the wave, each nerve by toil unstrung,

Behold life mantle in his glowing face

With the delight that cannot find a tongue—

How vain are words to yield expression grace

When the instinctive grasp, the yielding form,

The lips that seem to quiver with content,

So well proclaim the haven in life's storm—

The heart's goal reached—the kindred spirits bleat!

Let the cold spray lave their unconscious feet.

And time bring round the parting hour again,

Now Love's pure triumph is once more complete,

And present joy oblivious of pain;

As in enraptured silence, heart meets heart,

Genius the moment seized to consecrate for Art!

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

MAY LILLIE.

OR LOVE AND LEARNING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER.

It was a most provoking thing that young Harry Warren should have fallen in love with pretty May Lillie—he simply a village school-master whom nobody knew—and she the only daughter of the richest and proudest man in the whole county of Erie, whom every body knew! It was not only very provoking, but it was also very unfortunate for the poor fellow, as he might as well have aspired to wed yon bright evening star, as to lead to the altar the daughter of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., Esq. M. C.

See the maliciousness of Fate! If May had been but the child of some poor widow or parson—or had Harry claimed descent from some lordly aristocrat, the course of true love might not have run so crooked. Leander swam the Hellespont to reach his love, breasting bravely the surging billows, which parting before him, bore him exultingly to the feet of Hero—but how shall Harry force the adamantine chains with which Mammon bars the way to happiness! Assist him ye gods of hapless lovers.

My hero was the son of a farmer, more rich in children than in acres, and who could only afford them in schooling, value received for a few bushels of wheat, rye, or potatoes.

Young Harry had no taste for agriculture. The plough furrowed his handsome countenance, and the harrow harrowed his soul. Neither did he fancy mechanics—he turned from the anvil, the carpenter's bench, the awl, and the scissors, with equal repugnance. Books, books alone were his passion. For these all else were neglected, the cattle strayed loose in the fields, the pigs crept through to the garden, the wheat remained unshocked, and the grass uncut, while Harry under a tree lost himself amid the tattered leaves of an old book, which every breath of wind threatened to sweep far from him. This was a sore trial to his father, but after fruitlessly exhausting all his arguments to dissuade his son from the folly of "larning," he finally gave it up, and left Harry unmolested to follow his bent. The clergyman of the village admiring the perseverance of the young farmer-boy, and wishing to encourage such laudable zeal, kindly volunteered to assist him in his studies, and with unwearied toil by night and by day, Harry Warren was finally prepared to enter college.

At the age of twenty-one he graduated honorably, and left the college walls, his head well-stored with knowledge—a light heart—a lighter purse, and a strong will to persevere in the path he had marked out for himself, a path which, after many crooked windings, was, as his sanguine imagination assured him, to lead him eventually on the high road to fame.

To put a little money in his pocket, and at the same time gain some leisure for study, he offered

himself as a candidate for the school in the beautiful village of G—, some fifty miles distant from his native town. He was accepted, and entered upon the duties of his new office with hope and energy. And then—the very first thing he did was to fall in love! foolish fellow—instead of teaching the young idea to shoot—he suffered himself to be shot—through the sparkling roguish eyes of little May Lillie did Cupid aim his dart—*tsang*—he was gone!

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., professed to be a very learned man, an immensely learned man, and his library accordingly occupied one whole wing of his large and costly mansion. No one far or near could boast of so many square feet of knowledge. He patronized the arts and sciences, and hinted at many wonderful inventions at work in his brain, which were in time to burst forth and astonish the world. He also courted the routes, and was convinced that should he once plume his flight to Parnassus, there would be an immense fluttering among all soaring poets, whom he should distance at once by his bold and flashing imagery.

Could the eyes of poor old Dominie Sampson have rested upon the countless volumes which like "Alps on Alps" arose to the lofty ceiling, would not his meagre, bony jaws have ushered in—"pro-di-gious!" for there was one compartment devoted to theology, another to geology, and spaces for all the 'ologies—then there were divisions for astronomy, for botany, for history, for travels—there was the poet's corner, and the niche of romance. There were books in French, and German, and Spanish, and Russian, and Italian, and a mausoleum for the dead languages. I cannot vouch that "one poor head could carry" all this, that the brain of the great Diogenes contained as many chambers as his library divisions—but it was a very pleasant thing for him to gaze up and down, and down and up, upon their costly gold-lettered backs! Then there were also busts, and statues, and globes, and blow-pipes, and barometers, and thermometers scattered around, and here in this hall of inspiration, devoted to the "sisters three and such branches of learning," did Mr. Lillie spend the most of his invaluable time.

Now great wisdom is said to bestow upon its possessor a contempt for wealth proportionate, which, by the way, may be the reason why so many learned writers and men of genius have died in a garret. If so—there was no fear that the last breath of Diogenes Lillie, Esq., would be drawn in an attic, for he lost not sight of his gold in the depths of his wisdom, but so skillfully managed his financial concerns, that though apparently paying little heed to business, as

he sat there ensconced amid his books and papers, the ball was kept constantly rolling and constantly accumulating.

Yet what militated most against the love of Harry Warren, he had resolved from the time when pretty May slipped her leading-strings, that she should be the wife of some great man wielding authority; and pray what virtue was there in the petty birch-twig, or the twelve inch ruler, which were the only symbols of authority the young school-master wielded!

"However, there is no need of my troubling myself upon that head yet!" would Mr. Lillie year after year say to himself—"May is but a child—it will be time enough years hence to pick out a husband for her."

Pick out a husband! just as if the bright eyes of May were not capable of selecting for themselves—or that the eyes of sixty could see for those of sixteen.

But there is in reality no need of Mr. Lillie's troubling himself, for the deed is done, and the little gipsy May engaged in as pretty a flirtation, as ever spread the rosy light of love around the hearts of youth.

Let me exculpate my unfortunate hero from all attempts to win the affections of his beautiful pupil. On the contrary, it seems a mystery that his oddities and awkwardness should have awoken any other emotion than pity in the heart of May—for he was so terribly ungraceful in her presence—why if he merely spoke to her his voice was so low and tremulous, that she had really to approach her little head quite near to catch a word he said—and as for his scholarship, you would have thought him a dunce, so many egregious blunders did he commit in hearing her recitations—and he could no more guide her little hand in making those pretty and delicate strokes which marked her copy-book, than he could fly to the moon. You would have been amazed that such a fine, handsome young fellow, could have made such a booby of himself!

However, never were scholars blessed with so indulgent a master, and his popularity rose in proportion, while as your lovers are for the most part but little given to the "flesh-pots of Egypt," he was pronounced by all economical housewives upon whose hospitality he was semi-monthly thrown, to possess the most accommodating taste, and could dine from beef and cabbage, pork and parsnips, peas porridge, or mush and milk, with equal relish.

I am sorry to say, that at first May joined in the laugh with her mischievous school-mates at the oddities of the master, and contrived many little tricks to vex him. Yet if she raised her eyes a moment from her book, she was sure to encounter those of Harry fixed upon her, with an expression so mournful, yet so tender, as bathed her cheek with blushes, and her eyes with tears of contrition. Her frolics therefore soon yielded to a more pensive mood. She could not tell why, but the thoughtless mirth of her companions vexed and annoyed her—she no longer joined in those idle pranks, which had for their object the ridicule of the master, but gave way to sudden fits of

musings and abstraction. When she heard his foot-step approaching, her heart beat audibly, and in her class she no longer raised her saucy eyes to misconstruct her lesson, but scarcely lifted their drooping lids as she answered in faint tones the questions put to her.

In short, Love had conquered the merriest and most mischievous maiden that ever laughed at his wiles!

One day in early spring, ere the snow-drop or the crocus, had dared to lift their pretty heads above the snowy mantle in which old winter had so long kept them snug and warm, May placed in her bosom a bright and beautiful rose-bud. It was the first her little conservatory had yielded, and as she that morning for the first time discovered it peeping through the rich green leaves, she thought she had never seen any thing so fresh and beautiful. Carefully plucking it from the luxuriant branch, she bore off the fragrant trophy to exhibit to her young companions.

Well to be sure it was only a rose-bud—but as Harry decried it sitting so proudly upon its pure and lovely throne, something whispered that with that tiny rose his fate was linked—was it thornless, or should be wounded and complaining henceforth bid adieu to happiness!

May caught the glance of the master, and blushed and trembled just as if she perfectly comprehended what was passing through his mind, and as suddenly the little rose-bud was invested with new and tenfold value. She would fain have hid it next her heart from the careless gaze of her young associates, for she felt that it had now become a sacred thing which their touch would profane.

Suddenly, May bent her head over her desk, and shook her long raven curls over her blushing cheek, as she heard a well-known step behind her, and felt that the large eloquent eyes of the master were fixed upon her. But for the throbbing of her own little heart, she could have heard the rapid pulsation of his, while his breath almost stirred the beautiful ringlet which rested upon her bosom. Rapidly her little hand now moved over the slate, glancing to the right and left, tracing figure upon figure, as though its mistress had not a thought, but was occupied in deciphering the rules of Coleman. It was a most puzzling sum—never had she attempted one so difficult—in vain she craved—in vain began again. Of course it was all wrong, and so Harry, as in duty bound, took the pencil and sat down by her side to extricate her from her difficulties—as a school-master you know, there was no other way!

But, dear me—instead of looking upon the slate, his eyes never fell a bit lower than that little rose-bud—a pretty teacher, to be sure!

"Ah—!—that is a beautiful rose, Miss May!"

"Yes, sir."

"You—you are fond of flowers, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"They are a favorite study of mine—are you much versed in the language of flowers, my—ah—Miss May?"

"They always speak to me of God's love and good-

ness," replied May, as demurely as if she had been answering her minister.

"True, dear Miss May," said Harry. "They are indeed, as the poet says—'the smiles of angels' blessing and cheering us on our earthly pilgrimage—but aside from this heavenly mission, the poet has also bestowed upon them another language :

'In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares,
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.'

Is it so—do you believe this, May?"

May made no answer, but bent her head still lower over the book before her, and the little rose-bud trembled as though moved by some breath of summer.

"The—the rose, May," continued Harry, "seems to have been ever a favorite and expressive flower of this mystic garland :

'The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn.'

There was a pause.

"May—May, will you give me the rose?"

May timidly raised her eyes to his—they were filled with tears.

"Will you, May—will you give me the rose?"

The next moment the little bud was in the hand of the transported Harry, accompanied with a look of such innocent, confiding love, as made his heart dance with rapture.

Was there ever in after life a moment of such pure and exquisite happiness as then filled the hearts of the lovers!

But the rose-bud, the poor rose-bud, bitterly did it rue the change from its lovely resting-place to the great hand of the school-master—besides coming very near being crushed to pieces between that and the dainty little fingers of May as she placed it therein!

Well, it must have been a puzzling sum indeed to keep the master so long at May Lillie's desk! and taking advantage of his inattention, the mischievous scholars carried on a pretty little by-play of their own—there was tittering in corners, and whispering behind torn covers—and soft, soft tiptoeing from one seat to another, and little paper pellets flying like hail-stones from side to side. Ah, dear, happy children—there is no danger—you might knock the master's head off, and he would never know it!

"Young ladies—children—I give you a holyday," quoth Harry, rapping his desk with the dread ferule, insignia of his power.

"A holyday—*huzza—huzza*—a holyday!" shouted the girls and boys, rushing from the school-room.

But the older girls looked slyly at each other, and then at the blushing May.

"Look—look!" exclaimed half-a-dozen in a breath. "The master is walking home with May Lillie!"

Diogenes Lillie, Esq., sat in his study. Around him were gathered all those powerful incentives necessary to call forth that great masterly genius which lay hid somewhere in his brain—somewhere—from

whence, though many times coaxed and flattered, it had as yet resolutely refused to stir.

Upon the table before him, bearing at each corner respectively a bust of Plato, of Shakspeare, Homer, and Milton, were pamphlets, reviews, folios, quartos and duodecimos, thickly strewn—but what was more to the purpose, there was drawn up close to the elbow of Mr. Lillie, a quire of hot-pressed letter-paper, with edges of gold—a silver standish, bearing the golden pen ingrafted in a feather of pearl, and the cerulean ink with which genius should indite the virgin page, whenever said genius should deign to issue from its dark hiding-place.

The lips of Diogenes were closely pressed together—his eyes upturned with a frenzied glare to the ceiling, and deep indentations, like the rind of a musk-melon, corrugated his brow.

Reader—he was conceiving.

Bringing down his clinched hand with a force which made old Homer nod, he exclaimed :

"I will write. Yes, I will write a poem—I will astonish the world—my talents shall no longer remain under a bushel, but shall go forth like the sword of Gideon to hew down all minor poets! Upon what theme shall I first spend my genius—let me consider," (drawing the paper still nearer and dipping the golden pen into the flowing liquid,) "gold—the Age of Gold—the Golden Age—yes, 'The Golden Age' it shall be. My sublimity shall throw Milton into the shade," (with a look at the blind bard)—"my glowing pictures of rural life shall startle the lovers of Homer," (a bow to the god)—"my wit shall cut with the keen sarcasm of Shakspeare," (looking glorious Will full in the face)—"while the *tout-ensemble* shall form such a completeness of wisdom, as might honor even the head of a Plato!" (a triumphant glance at the old philosopher.)

And thus encouraged, the gold pen capered, and flashed, and flourished from side to side like a mad thing—pointing notes of admiration here, dotting and scratching there, and then diving deep into the sea of ink, plumed its pearly pinion for new and higher flights.

For three weeks did the poet bury himself in his library with dead and living authors.

And every morning he kissed his pretty May-flower as she tied on her little bonnet :

"There, there—go along child; be a good girl and obey the master."

And then as she came to bid him good-night :

"There, there; go to bed, child, and don't forget your lessons."

Not she, bless her! Why she never forgot a single lesson the school-master taught her—she had every word by heart!

At length the Golden Age was ready to burst like a blazing star upon this dull coppery world, and was the most sublime thing, in the opinion of its author, that was ever written—and who, pray, could be a better judge!

Now Mr. Lillie having some conception of the ignorance of the critics, having once (although it is a great secret,) sent a huge MSS. to the Harpers, which

was pronounced "stuff"—it might have been very good stuff notwithstanding—resolved that ere he essayed the publishers, he would give his unique poem in all its unfeigned beauty to his native village. It was a capital idea. It should be delivered before the Lyceum to an astonished audience. He could then have some faint idea perhaps of the applause which awaited its appearance in 12mo., calf and gilt.

One evening he dispatched a hasty note to our young school-master, and requested to see him immediately upon business of a private nature.

Heavens how poor Harry trembled as he perused this terrible summons! All was discovered then—Mr. Lillie knew of his presumptuous love, and had sent to banish him forever from the presence of May. And then our little heroine—into what an agony of doubt and apprehension was she thrown, as she read the billet which Harry contrived to slip into her hand.

At the hour appointed, with an unsteady hand, Harry knocked at the door of Mr. Lillie's library. The great Diogenes himself appeared at the threshold—and imagine the surprise of our hero to be greeted with:

"Come in, come in, my dear sir—I am most happy to see you," (shaking him warmly by the hand.) "Sit down, Mr. Warren," (motioning to a seat at the table of the gods.) "It has long been my wish to know you better than my very limited time would allow—my pursuits!" (glancing complacently around him,) "are a great bar to social intercourse. The muses Mr. Warren, the muses I find are very jealous ladies—do you cultivate their acquaintance? No? Ah, I am surprised, for I assure you I have formed a very high opinion of your talents."

Harry bowed, and said something about honor, &c., &c.

"My daughter, Mr. Warren," (ah! now it is coming! thought poor Harry.) "my daughter, I am inclined to believe, has made great proficiency under your instruction—you have my thanks for initiating her into some of the more abstruse sciences which she never before attended to."

Did Harry dream, or was the wrath of Mr. Lillie veiled under the most cutting irony! He could only bow, and smile "a ghastly smile."

"And speaking of the Muses, my dear young sir," continued Mr. Lillie, "I have just been amusing myself with a trifle—a mere flight of fancy—if you have a few moments leisure now, I will read you a few passages."

Of course our hero considered himself favored—and accordingly with true bombastic style Mr. Lillie read several stanzas from the closely written pages of his poem. Never had Harry listened to such trash—he could hardly credit his senses that any man should be so inflated with vanity as to deem it even passable!

"Ah, it strikes you I see," said Mr. Lillie. "I knew it would. Yes, I see it hits your vein exactly—this convinces me that our tastes are congenial."

Again Harry bowed—not daring to trust his voice,

he was forced to nod his head continually like a Chinese mandarin in a toy-shop."

"Mr. Warren," proceeded the author, wheeling his chair round and regarding our hero with great benignity, "I have imbibed a great regard for you, and mean to make your fortune—to smooth your path to eminence. Yes, I like you, and am convinced there is no one more worthy than yourself to receive—"

Harry started—his face radiant with hope, he bent eagerly forward to catch the rest of the sentence.

"But, by the way, my young friend, this conversation must be strictly confidential."

"Certainly, my dear sir!" exclaimed Harry, almost breathless.

"Yes, Mr. Warren, there is something about you which pleases me, and therefore I am about to confer upon you a most precious gift—to bestow upon you my—ah, can't you guess what it is?" smiling archly.

"O, my dear sir," said Harry, seizing his hand, "if I might dare to hope!"

"Yes, Mr. Warren, I am about to give you my—poem!"

"Your poem!"

"My poem."

"Your poem!"

"Yes, my poem—that is, the reputation of the thing."

Harry started up and paced the room as if pursued by all the furies.

"Ah, I thought I should surprise you," cried Mr. Lillie. "Come, sit down again. I said I would make your fortune, and I will. Now this poem, Mr. Warren, you shall have the honor of delivering before the Lyceum as your own—think of that—as your own production."

Poor Harry was struck aghast. "But, my dear sir," he exclaimed, "I can never consent to such a gross imposition!"

"I honor you the more for your delicacy young man," replied the poet; "but banish it—here is no need of it between friends, we perfectly understand each other you know—you shall deliver this poem."

("The Lord deliver me!" mentally prayed Harry!) "Listeners will applaud—copies will be solicited—your fame will reach the city—Morris and Welles will rank you among their favorite young poets—the —"

"But, Mr. Lillie, why not deliver this poem yourself—why not wear your own laurels?" interrupted Harry.

"Ahem—Mr. Warren, I am averse to popularity—notoriety of any kind I detest—I prefer to quaff stealthily at the fount of Helicon, and tread with felted footsteps the Parnassian hill—stop, that's a new idea, I'll note it. So long as I have the mental satisfaction of knowing the poem is mine, what matters it whether you or I have the reputation! Say no more—you accept my proposition of course."

"Mr. Lillie—"

"Not a word, my dear sir—I will take care that you are invited to deliver the next Lyceum lecture—two weeks hence remember. That gives you ample

time to study the poem and conceive my meaning. Come here every evening—you shall have my assistance. I will not detain you longer—good-night. You will find May somewhere—in the drawing-room most probably; she will be glad to see you, for I dare say she is puzzling her little head about something which you can explain. Good-night."

This latter clause sufficed to check all further opposition from Harry, for the moment at least, and with rapid steps he now sought the drawing-room.

"Dear Harry!" cried May, springing toward him as he entered, and looking up in his face as if to read there the stern mandate which was to separate them forever.

"Dearest May, do not tremble thus," replied Harry, leading her to a seat; "believe me you have no cause."

"Ah—does he then approve of our love!" exclaimed May, her sweet young face illumined with hope.

"Your father has been kind, my dear girl, and that he does not even suspect our love I am convinced, or he would have been less so. His kindness, however, if it may be called so," (and the lip of Harry curled doubtfully,) "has placed me in a most awkward predicament. Listen, dear May, and help me if you can."

He then as briefly as possible related the conversation he had just held with her father, and the strange proposition made him. No wonder he felt provoked at the merry laugh with which the little maiden closed his rueful communication.

"Confess now, Harry, you deem papa's poem most execrable stuff!" she said, looking him archly in the face.

"Dear May, you know I—"

"Confess, confess Harry—no equivocation!" cried May, shaking her little finger.

"Well, May, I will be honest then—you know, dear one, I would not for worlds wound your feelings, but really I must confess I never listened to more senseless jargon!"

"That's excellent—the more absurd the better," said May, laughing; "and you will deliver it, Harry."

"May!" exclaimed her lover reproachfully, "you surely cannot ask me to make myself ridiculous!"

"Hem—do you love me, Harry?"

"Can you doubt, it dearest May?"

"Then if you love me, as Hamlet says, 'speak the speech I pray you.' No doubt it will be hissed—so much the better—you will be laughed at—better still—"

"May, May!" cried her lover, turning away from her, "if you loved me you would not say this!"

"Ah—not if it gains papa's consent to our union!"

"That indeed—but, dearest May, to become a laughing-stock—to have the finger of derision pointed at one—to feel the lash of the critic, and—"

"To call little May your own!" added the coaxing gipsy.

Who could resist such an appeal from such a pair of rosy lips? or unrelenting behold the mute elo-

quence of those beautiful eyes! Not Harry; no, nor any other young lover I am sure.

From that evening, dear reader, only imagine my unlucky hero imprisoned hour after hour with the learned author, declaiming that—"infernal poem," (I quote Harry's own words.) Do you not pity him?

But then—the stolen half hour below, assisting little May in her lessons—do you not envy him!

In the meantime Mr. Lillie had not been idle. He had forwarded letters to some of the most influential men of the neighboring towns, inviting them to attend the next Lyceum, where as he informed them, a young author, a poet, was to make his *début* before their intelligent community. In confidence he assured them they would be astonished at the depth and power of his genius. He had himself looked over the poem, and although he would not wish to forestall their admiration, thus much he would say, that he had never read such a production!

The eventful evening arrived, and from every turnpike and cross-road people came flocking in to listen to the young author—some because of the favor of Mr. Lillie, others to compliment their favorite—the school-master.

Escorted by the great and learned Diogenes Lillie, Esq., and a few of the leading members, Harry was conducted to the hall, and seated within the inclosure of the platform.

To depict his feelings would be impossible—he knew he was about to make himself ridiculous, and was tempted more than once to turn his back and quit the scene of his approaching disgrace. Notwithstanding the tempting reward he had in view, the alternative was a hard one—but his eye turned to a distant corner of the hall where the sweet face of May smiled upon him, and her fair hand waved encouragement. He wavered no longer.

Resolving to meet his fate like a hero, Harry now arose, and after a few preliminaries introduced—"The Golden Age."

The two first stanza elicited a general smile from the audience, the third and fourth exerted a different influence—influenza became universal, to judge from the coughing and *hem-ming!* Between the fifth and sixth, many persons left the house, and as Harry with the energy, of despair drew near the close of the first canto, the hissing and hooting of boys outside and in the building was almost deafening, while one of the committee arose and advised the orator to sit down!

With the self-satisfaction of a martyr he was preparing to do so, when his eye suddenly fell upon the author, whom he detected at a glance to be the most active in the war of ridicule which was waging against him. Rage for the moment overcame his discretion. Hurling the manuscript upon the floor, he sprang from the desk, made one leap down the steps, and rushed upon his deceitful patron!

"Do you dare to laugh at me!" he exclaimed, pale with anger, "do you dare to utter a word, you—you who are yourself the—"

A little hand was on his arm, and a soft voice whispered:

"Harry, dear Harry, come away." And obeying the gentle mandate our hero suffered himself to be led from the scene of his mortification.

"Poor fellow!" cried Mr. Lillie, recovering from the alarm of Harry's onset, "poor fellow, he is almost beside himself I see—well, it is pitiful trash after all, and I fear I gave him too much encouragement, my friend-ship got the better of my judgment—yet his delivery is the worst—why I am not sure gentlemen but his ranting and mouthing would render even Shakespeare ridiculous. The poem reads well—depend upon it gentlemen there is genius after all where that poem came from."

When Mr. Lillie reached home he found Harry awaiting him, storming and raving to and fro the library like a madman. Rushing upon the great Diogenes he seized him by the collar:

"Your conduct is unbearable!" he exclaimed. "You shall do me justice, sir—by heaven you shall! I am not to be treated in this way! After palming off your wretched stuff upon me, do you think I am going to submit to your ridicule! No, sir—either go forward and acknowledge yourself openly as the author, or I will post you at every corner!"

"Be calm, pray be calm—we'll settle it all in a moment," said Mr. Lillie, pale and trembling—"I am really sorry your first essay should have been so unsuccessful."

"My first essay!" interrupted Harry indignantly. "I am not to be trifled with—no, sir—I will expose you at once—it is you who shall bear the ridicule, not me!" and Harry rushed to the door.

"Stop—stop—my dear young friend," cried Mr. Lillie, catching his arm—"listen a moment; for heaven's sake don't expose me, it will be my ruin. I will give you any thing you ask if you will only spare me—you shall have money—"

"Money! Can money repair the disgrace you have heaped upon me—talk of money to a man who feels his future hopes blasted!" exclaimed Harry scornfully. "Sir, there is but one way to save your reputation."

"And what is that dear sir?" eagerly demanded the author.

"Give me the hand of your daughter," he replied firmly.

"My daughter, Mr. Warren—why you astonish me—my daughter!" and Mr. Lillie paused and pondered, bit his lips and rubbed his eyebrows. "Why bless my soul, Mr. Warren, May is but a child!"

"No matter," was the answer, "will you or will you not accept my proposition?"

"Will not five hundred dollars, Mr. Warren—"

"No—nor five hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, Mr. Warren, only don't expose me; only pledge me your word of honor that my secret shall be inviolate and May is yours!"

Harry calmed down wonderfully quick, considering he had been in such a passion, and very obligingly made all the pledges his father-in-law that was to be required.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Warren, which I must leave to your generosity," said Mr. Lillie.

"May is my only, and a motherless child—if this arrangement should be repugnant to her feelings, I trust you will not press your claim—we may perhaps find some other way to adjust this little difficulty. I will call May down, we may as well know at once what her feelings are."

Harry coughed, and walked to the window to conceal a smile, feeling at the same time more respect for Mr. Lillie for this last clause in favor of his child, than he thought him capable of inspiring.

One glance at the happy countenance of her lover informed May the day was theirs.

And so she immediately took a great many airs upon herself—pouted her pretty lips, and protested she thought it really absurd the idea of marrying a man who had made himself so ridiculous—she doted on poets, that she was willing to allow—but not such a conceited fellow as wrote that poem—she knew!

Harry meanwhile whistled "Rory O'More," and walked the room with an air as much as to say—"It is perfectly indifferent to me, Miss, which ever way you decide."

"But, foolish child!" whispered her father, "the poem is mine!"

"Yours, dear papa—oh that alters the case—then you wrote that stup—"

"Hush—bush May. The public are fools, and cannot appreciate true genius—the poem is a good poem."

"I think it has point, papa."

"Yes, and if those stupid ignoramuses had not made such an outcry, they would have seen that it terminates most felicitously."

"True, papa—one certainly could not wish for a happier termination."

"But you see, May, I have particular reasons for not wishing to be known as the author—and this poor young man feeling much chafed by the treatment he has received, and which is perfectly natural you know—"

"Certainly, papa—the school-master is very sensitive. Mercy, if you only knew—"

"Well, no matter now—and feeling as I said, greatly incensed, he threatens to expose me. You can save me May—your hand will make all secure."

"Very well, dear papa—Mr. Warren has always been kind to me in school, and I like him very well—I do papa, and so to oblige you I will do as you wish," said the arch maiden.

Taking her hand, her father now led her up to Harry, and placed it within that of the enraptured lover. And May, dropping a little courtesy, very gravely assured him that she would endeavor to make as obedient a wife as she had a pupil.

Madam Rumor is a prying gossip. How she found out the secret was never known—but away she went gadding from house to house, whispering the school-master had obtained his charming young wife by fathering the literary baiting of the learned Mr. Lillie!

THE NEW SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

A BUCOLIC.

BY E. FOXTON.

When with glances far and free
My Spirit stood at Childhood's knee,
And gazed and smiled with careless glee,
To see the fateful spinsters three
Draw deftly out from carded naught
Its first soft rainbow thread of thought,
My playmate true, delight and joy,
Was a tiny winged boy.
Nightly nestled in my breast,
His legends lulled me to my rest;
Thence his voice awakening gay
Trilled back the early linnets' lay;
In the bird's nest, in the tree,
By the purling rill met he;
From wind-rocked blue-bells flashed his eye;
He floated round the butterfly;
His little golden head rose up
In the water-lily's cup;
His saucy breath, with nectar fed,
Puffed at me from the violet's bed,
Half in sport and half caress;
Oh, dear artless Happiness!

Womanhood one day me found,
And my brows with roses crowned.
In a maid's glass I saw,
Pleased, my graces touched with awe;
And "These royal flowers shall be
Forged to links, my boy, for thee,"
So I said. From morn till eve
Through my haunts the shepherds grieve;
But the urchin bursts amain
Shouting from my bloomy chain,
Bursts and leaves me all forlorn,
Pricked and bleeding with a thorn.
"Why thus wrong my gentleness,
Light, inconstant Happiness!"

All in tears to bring me ease,
Back he flew, and made his peace;
And my every art I tried
Aye to keep him at my side;
April floods of tears and smiles,
Soft confessions, simple wiles;
Then I seized my harp and sang;
Far and wide the chorus rang;
(Round me flocked the grave, the gay,
But the rover would not stay);
"Peerless, wronged, thy votress,
Cruel, fleeing, Happiness."

Oft and oftener still his flight;
Longer still he shunned my sight;
Till I left my woodlands dim,
And set forth in quest of him
To the tourney, feast and ball,
(In their turn I peeped at all,
Court, and hermitage, and camp,
Still halls where burns the midnight lamp,
And the sunk-eyed scholar delves
Slowly through the groaning shelves,

Where old souls, that erst were men,
Spreuk and teach the young again,
And, while creation's bounds they track,
Chat their endless shadows back;
Vainly still I sought to find
Him I sought among mankind.
Still his semblance proved to be
Gaiety Mirth or Vanity;
And still of all I sought in vain
Good tidings of the lost to gain.
The scholar said, "In poet's book;"
The poet, "In some leafy nook;"
"Oh, which?" "I know not yet," he says,
"Go thou and seek—'mid clustering bays;"
The lawyer, "In the judge's gown;"
The judge, "In ermine's lordly down;"
The peer, "He's in my liege's crown;"
The king, "He rides the victor's glaive;"
And he, "In peaceful Lethæ's wave,
Or, haply, in the hermit's cell;"
The hermit said, "I know him well,
Seek him in the house of prayer;"
"Nay, I know he can't be there!
Pride shall bravely fill thy place,
False and treacherous Happiness!"

Prim sat Pride, then dropped asleep,
Leaving me to watch and weep.
Round my dimpled shoulders clung
My dewy locks at random flung;
Wildered strayed my fleecy band;
Loosed the crook my listless hand,
Playing with the dreary rue
At my cavern's mouth that grew,
And forgot its tuneful craft.
At my plight the shepherds laughed;
"She is sick at heart, you know;
She loved,—wise maidens do not so;
So fare all idle fools who chase
The subtle, coy sprite, Happiness!"

Dropped its silver balls from sight
The starry clepsydra of night;
And the morn brought jocund glee
To the world, and not to me,
"Would I ne'er had seen thy face,
Happiness, lost Happiness!"

Stung with swarms of wretchedness,
I plunged into the wilderness,
Toward the Eastern land of spells
Me some secret power impels;
"There some wily witch," I thought,
"In her toils the boy has caught."
Through the shadows, through the sun,
And surging sands I journeyed on,
Till the sun his gold lance set
In rest to prick from Olivet.
Glorious light the morrow showed,
Not to him its lustre owed.

Up the steep of Zion's hill
 Rose a being brighter still.
 Silvery white the garb she wore,
 And a cross of flowers she bore;
 From vulgar gaze her charms, amid
 A dark, enshrining mask, she hid,
 Lighted up like midnight skies
 With the splendor of her eyes;
 Her dainty feet, with sandals shod,
 Scarce touched the rugged road she trod,
 And a pearly scallop-shell
 Gleamed her pilgrim state to tell.
 Dully, long I strove to see
 What that which bore her train could be;
 Now on this side, now on that,
 Now it met a chiding pat,
 For resting on her skirts to impede,
 Impishly, her upward speed,
 From frowning cliff and wayside stone,
 Flitting far, as bribes, it won
 Blossoms fair and held before,
 As her constancy to lure.
 Graciously she marked its play;
 Steadfastly she held her way.
 Changed of mood, with tender gloom
 It hung its garlands o'er a tomb,
 Full in view thence reared its head,
 Looked at me and beckoned,
 Then, as if perforce, again
 Flew and bore the lady's train;
 Think my heart's full throbs confess
 "Surely that was Happiness!"

Panting, staring, faint, I stood,
 Then with foot and tongue pursued;
 "Sorceress, fiend—white'er ye be—
 Tear not thus my fere from me!
 I defy the loathly charms
 That keep him from his poor maid's arms!
 I will rend thy mask away!
 I will give those charms to day!"
 My whirlwind race was won, and lo!
 I tore it from her blushing brow,
 My foster-sister's, Holiness!
 And her page was Happiness!

Oh, I owned her might too well!
 Groveling in the dust I fell!
 Then wondering heard a whisper low,
 "Let 's be friends, my causeless foe."
 Doubtfully I raised my eyes;
 Down she gazed with mild surprise.
 Naught to fear I saw was there,
 But purity and beauty rare.
 As she raised me with a kiss,
 Through her veil laughed Happiness.

When I slumber at her feet
 Light pinions scatter odors sweet;
 While her step keeps pace with mine
 Round my neck soft fingers twine;
 If I chace him, he is gone;
 But the rogue returns anon,
 Charged with heavenly fruit, to bless,
 The handmaid meek of Holiness.

NIGHT.

BY MISS AUGUSTA C. TWIGGS.

BRIGHTLY the moonshine
 Glens on the dower,
 Sweetly the woodbine
 Twines round the bower;
 Lowly the lover
 Whispers his love,
 Angel forms hover
 Around from above.
 Purple-robed foxglove
 Is deep in the dell,
 Where the night-fays love
 To wind their dark spell;
 Beauty is hurried
 O'er meadow and lea,
 The sails are all furled,
 The ship sleeps at sea.
 The night-breeze now sighs
 So sweet and so glad;
 Bright gems deck the skies,
 So blue and so glad;
 The lapwing that brushed
 The dew from the hill,
 Now sleeps—all is hushed,
 'Cept the laughing rill.
 Moonlight's soft glances
 On every thing smile,
 Pure water dances
 Out laughing the while;

The cricket's chirp shrill
 Most merrily sounds,
 The fisher's bark still
 O'er moonlit wave bounds.
 Trees bathed in moonbeams
 Wave gracefully low,
 With beauty all teems
 'Neath its silvery glow;
 All nature's at prayer,
 The holy thoughts rise,
 On wings of the air,
 Up, up to the skies.
 The cricket has hushed
 Now his chirp so sweet,
 Rare perfume has gushed
 From the new-cut wheat;
 The lily has bent
 Down its head in sleep,
 Its odor is lent
 To the winds to keep.
 Mortals are slum'ring,
 Long hours fly past,
 Old Time is numb'ring
 The seconds so fast,
 Fears him no mortal,
 For slumber has tight
 Closed the portal
 Of thought—it is Night.

PASSAGES OF LIFE IN EUROPE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

NO. II.—A LONELY WEEK.

ONE of the loneliest hours I felt in two years of absence from my country, was on an afternoon in April, after leaving the gate of Cassel, in Northern Germany. There I had parted from Carl K—, a young student, whom I had met for the first time two days before, on entering the city. We met, strangers though we were, and ignorant of each other's name or condition, like old acquaintances who had been long separated; an invisible link seemed at once to attach us in friendship and confidence. He was a boy of seventeen, but already a poet, possessing a nature full of enthusiasm and the sorrowful inspiration of song. His heart beat with all true and tender impulses, and in its yet unfathomed depths there was a capacity for boundless passion. In those two days we were constantly together; we climbed the slopes of the Wilhelmshöhe, fragrant with early cowslips; we wandered among the giant ruins of the Katzenberg; we sat in the rich library, poring over the old illuminated pages of the Song of Hildebrand. When the time of parting came, it was a struggle for both of us, and as we gave the last warm pressure of hands at the gate of Cassel, his dark, mournful eyes were full of tears, and I turned away with a mist gathering over my own. I climbed the long hill which was to shut out all sight of the valley, with a feeling amounting to bitterness, heightened by the languid and feverish sensations of approaching illness.

The hazy sunshine shone warmly on the bare, bleak fields beside the road, and as the day wore away, my spirits sank down, down, into a bottomless gulf of despondency. The coolness of the woods into which the road finally led as it descended the hills of the Weser, made me shiver, though my veins were parched with heat. I threw myself down on the grass, and looked up into the gray sky, that I might lose the feeling of loneliness in its vast and sympathizing presence. This is always an encouraging contemplation, and I was aided by it in the present instance. I made out to reach the city of Münden before dark, and slept as I best could, a disturbed, unrefreshing sleep.

The next day, feeling unable to walk, I took the *eilwagen* to Göttingen, where I remained two days, and in spite of medicine and a physician, grew no better. It rained continually, and shut up in my chamber with no company but my own thoughts, which were by no means entertaining companions, I looked back with regret to the home-like comforts of Frankfurt and Heidelberg. Sickness is synonymous with impatience in my vocabulary, and after two days' trial of repose, I determined to continue my journey, trusting to the influences of scenery and exercise. Accordingly I took the *eilwagen* to Nordheim, twenty

miles nearer the Hartz, as it was raining heavily. In the capacious and cushioned vehicle, traveling was tolerable enough and I reached Nordheim at nightfall in better spirits.

In the damp, gloomy inn, after the stage rolled off, my fever returned. I went to bed, and lay awake for hours, listening to the rain beating on the windows and the monotonous wail of the wind down the valley. The rest of the night must have been passed either in the wildest dreaming, or in a waking fever bordering on delirium. My head throbbed painfully, and imaginary voices seemed calling me from a distance. Strange figures walked through the room and stood long, looking out the window. Some were familiar faces—faces of friends far away—and some that I knew not, spoke to me, or talked with each other till my brain was confused with the noises, and toward morning I slept.

The next day the sky was dark, without rain. I was weak, though no worse, and set out on foot, aided by a stout staff, toward the Hartz. In spite of the labor of plodding along the muddy roads, I was refreshed by the cool damp atmosphere and inspired by the scenery, which grew wilder and lonelier as I advanced. Spring, although late for Germany, had already covered the forests with their first light green foliage, and the meadows were luxuriant with grass and flowers. Whenever I grew weary, there was always a bank of moss somewhere under the pine-trees which the rain had not reached, and like Uhlend with his apple-tree, I greeted the pine as my landlord, who, if he could spread me no board from his juicy larder, at least kept for me his best arm-chair, and with the thatch of his roof protected me from the frequent showers.

So passed the day, with no incident except the challenge of a *gend'arme*, who could read no part of my passport but the name "America," in honor of which he made a stiff military salute and wished a pleasant journey. In the old, decaying village of Osterode, sunk deep among gypsum quarries in the valley of the Oder, I made a dinner of milk and black bread, and as it was late in the afternoon, pushed on to reach Herzberg, at the entrance of the Hartz. As the black and gusty sky deepened into night, I was joined by a traveling handwerker, who made the way shorter by his cheery conversation, half talk and half singing. We stopped at a little one-story inn, called, even in that unknown corner of the world, the "London House." The peasants employed by the landlord, who was rich in possessing several acres of barren meadow land, had just collected for supper, and we sat down with them at the table. An immense wooden bowl, filled with steaming potatoes, was placed in the middle, and a choppin of beer

set before each one. They used neither knife, fork nor plate, but took the potatoes in their fingers, and salted them from another dish with the same convenient appliances. I was civilized enough to ask for a plate and to call for tea instead of beer, at which these stout men and maidens were greatly amused. There was considerable doubt at first whether the last article could be had, but the *frank*, after some search, produced a package of the kind called Russian tea, which is brought overland to Russia through Tartary, and retains the delicate aroma of the shrub in a much greater degree than that which reaches us by a long sea-voyage from Canton. At least, it seemed to me, in my exhausted state, nothing short of nectar, and after some talk with the good people of the inn, who, enjoying only the merest necessities of life gave me a new lesson in the requisites of happiness, I went to bed in the loft and slept till my companion, the handwerker, awoke me at breakfast-time.

Our roads, unfortunately, were different. He was bound to Alexisbad on the southern edge of the Hartz, while I was for a visit to His Phantomship, the Spectre of the Brocken. So we parted, with mutual wishes of good luck, and I plunged into the grand mountain defile in front of Herzberg, my knapsack heavier by a loaf of bread. Thenceforward my way was solitude itself. The steep on either side were clothed to the summit with woods of black pine, with here and there a single larch, of a pale and misty green, like the ghost of a tree. The brawling river ran over cold black rocks, and even where the hills left a little eddy of meadow between them, the winter floods swept it bare and prevented the peasant from planting his scanty harvest. The only houses were those of the woodmen and mountain herd-men—the only sounds of human life the stroke of axes among the pines and the shout of men and boys driving their cattle up to the cleared places, which were already covered with thick grass. Snow-drifts still lay in the clefts of the rocks and under the boughs of trees which had been felled. Over this stern and lonely region was a dark and lowering sky and the only things that were truly bright and joyous were the crimson pinks that grew by the wayside.

I overtook a herdsman with his two boys driving their cows and goats up the valley, and we walked some time in company. With a frank curiosity he asked me why I traveled alone in the Hartz. It was too early, he said, to climb the Brocken, and then nobody went there without company. People said there were still spirits and witches among the hills, and I might easily lose the path and wander about till after night-fall, when I would be in their power. The boys listened to his warnings with perfect belief in their faces. I asked them if they had ever seen those witches. "No," they answered, but they had never been further than Andreasberg; yet the miners had told them of kobolds who guard the veins of ore and smothered them to death when they came too near their dwellings. The old herdsman said he had climbed the Brocken many years before, in the summer time, and added, "but we took good care to come

down again before night." I promised him to be careful about the road and not to be belated when the witches were abroad, but he still seemed unwilling that I should go alone. "Here are the cattle to take care of," said he, "but Ernest and Gottlieb could do that; if it were not for the wood I must cut, I would go with you myself the whole way." If my purse had been a little heavier, I would have paid him for the lost work, and taken him along. This I could not do, and when he reached the path which led to his pasturage, I shook hands with him and repeated my promises. "I hope you may be lucky," was the last he said, "but I wish I could go along."

Still climbing beside the stream, the road finally grew rough and narrow, hemmed by mountains too high and bleak as yet for pasture. I reached a pass where it was completely covered by an overhanging rock, and sat down to compare the directions of my guide-book with the appearances around me. I had come to the conclusion that I was in the wrong path, when two or three miners came under the other end of the rock. They confirmed my suspicions, but told me they were going to Andreasberg by a path over the mountain on our right and if I followed them I should gain what I had lost. This was a fortunate chance; I shouldered my knapsack and took the path, which was so steep and narrow that we climbed single file through the woods. It was half an hour before we reached the summit and I felt like sinking to the earth from fatigue, for my guides were strong-winded and athletic and went steadily forward, without taking breath. I kept pace with them in the descent, and learned from them something of their under-ground life and the extent and productiveness of the mines. This part of the Hartz is very rich in minerals, the mines producing gold, silver, lead, copper and iron. Some of them have been worked seven or eight centuries, and the deep shafts extend more than two thousand feet under the earth's surface. The great mine at Andreasberg, called the *Sampson*, is said to be twenty three hundred feet deep, and the town is inhabited entirely by the workmen. I have since regretted that I did not spend a day there in visiting these remarkable subterranean works.

The town is built near the summit of the mountain and commands a singularly wild and dreary view over that part of the Hartz district. Bleak hills, on which the snow still lay in patches, rose on every side, and the valleys they enclosed looked dim and gloomy in the distance. The Brocken was before me, but its top, fifteen miles off, was covered with clouds. I pushed on, hoping to reach it before night, but while I was tracing the course of the canal which carries water from the dammed mountain springs to the mines, the air grew dense and damp, and a wreath of cloud, trailing like a scarf along the cliffs far below me, portended that night and storm were coming together. When I reached the dam, on the side of the Brocken, it began to rain dismally. The wind whistled through the long dead grass and souged in the wet pines with a monotonous sound. No sign of house or human being was visible, but I

kept on till twilight, when I reached a large solitary building standing by the road. It was inhabited by some forest superintendent or other functionary, and is the second highest dwelling in the Harz. As the office of landlord was also included in the occupant's duties, I determined at once to spend the night there. The only residents were the landlord and his wife, two servants and a young man of polished manners, yet of quiet and reserved appearance, who seemed to be living there as much for the solitude of the place as any other cause. After supper he was more communicative, and by drawings and descriptions gave me a very good idea of the remaining eight miles to the summit of the Brocken, which I was to try alone on the morrow. All night the winds howled around the house as if all the witches were abroad. It was the second of May, the night after their yearly conclave.

I have related elsewhere my ascent through snow-drifts and snow-clouds—up rocky ravines and over mountain marshes—till I reached the Brocken House drowned with rain, a most woful-looking traveler. After drying beside a stove like a furnace, and a dinner which heat the blood warm and tingling through my limbs, I put the Brocken-nosegay of moss and lichens in my knapsack and passing the witches' cauldron, took the path for Schierke. It led down the southern side of the mountain, and the Brocken boat (Herr Nese, who for fifty years past has introduced his Spectre to poets, peasants, philosophers and princes) showed me a pile of rocks just under the summit, where a few weeks before, his dogs had found a handworker buried in a snow-drift and on the point of perishing. A half-hour's walk brought me below the region of snow, but not that of rain, for the clouds were gathered over the mountains to the right. As I reached the first forests they rolled up black and swift and the drops began to fall hard and heavily. Observing a little thicket of scrubby pines, I lay down on the ground and crawled under it, where I coiled myself up in the close and fragrant covert, just as the floodgates were opened. A perfect deluge succeeded; the trees roared and battled in the wind; the gullies on either side were full of foaming water and the air was nearly as dark as night. But scarcely a drop found its way through my shelter. I lay there warm and snug in the midst of a wild and dreary storm, and never shall I forget my exquisite sense of happiness while it lasted.

Just before sunset I came out upon a slope of rich green pasture where several boys were tending a flock of cattle. The sky was then partially clear but cold, and as I was anxious to reach a village before dark, I left the road to ask them my nearest way. One question succeeded another, and having told them to what country I belonged, I must needs stay with them awhile and tell them about it. We sat on a rock and talked until the shadow of the opposite mountain fell over us, when I left them. They had friends in America, and one of them thought he might visit them when he grew older.

They delayed me so long that the foot-path I had taken, through a deep and rocky hollow, was very

gloomy, and in the dim light, almost fearful. Vast masses of rock clung to the side of the mountain,

"Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans;
And leaving, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall;"

over and through the crevices were twisted the bony roots of the pines, and down in the chasms I heard the foaming of the swollen streams. This is the path by which Faust and Mephistopheles ascended the Brocken, and the storm which heralded my descent into it reminded me of Goethe's description:

"The night with mist is thick and black;
Hark, how the forests roar and crack!
The hooting owls affrighted fly,
Shivered fall the columns tall
Of the poles of pine.
See the uniting boughs entwine—
The mighty trunks that bend and groan—
The hard roots grating on the stone!
Mingling confusedly and madly, all
Over each other are heaped in the fall,
And around the crags, so wet and foul,
The winds in fury hiss and howl!"

I thought of this ghostly passage and remembered the caution given me by the old herdsman. But no wrinkled hag, coursing on her he-goat the haunted paths of the Brocken interrupted my progress, and the cheerful lights of Elbingerode soon glimmered through the wood.

The next day I set out for the Rosstrappe, but again went astray and came to a village on the river Bode, deep down under steep mountains and the abode of miners. The people told me of two noted caves within half an hour's walk, but the rain had again set in, and I hastened forward toward the Rosstrappe, the greatest wonder of the Harz. The scenery was no longer so lonely and exciting in its character. Open, upland plains, with occasional forests, skirted the road, and the men and women at work in their scanty fields and gardens saluted me with many a shout of laughter as I trudged along through the wood. Roads branched off in all directions from the main one, and left to my own judgment as to the proper course, I continued on till I reached the river, and saw a little hamlet on its banks. At the only inn—a hut with two rooms—an old grandam told me I had missed the way. The Rosstrappe was two hours distant, and I could not find it without a guide. The men were all away in the woods, but a neighbor of hers would go with me if I would give her a few groschen. To this I willingly consented, and the kind old woman dried my blouse carefully by the fire and brought me a dinner of bread and milk.

After dinner the neighbor made her appearance, with a large empty basket and announced herself ready to start. My landlady rolled up in a paper a large slice of bread and thrust it into my pocket, charging me two groschen (6 cents) for my dinner. I was about to shoulder my knapsack, when my guide asked for it, saying she had brought her basket on purpose for it. I hesitated at first; the thought of walking unencumbered, with a woman carrying my baggage seemed unchivalric, to say the least. I made a rapid comparison between my weakness and

fatigue and the distance still to be traversed, and decided by placing the knapsack in her basket and assisting her to lift it upon her head. Off we went under a clear sky, for the first time since I entered the Hartz. Through fine open forests and along precipices overhanging the Bode—past the bunting-grounds of the Dukes of Brunswick and across dells fragrant with spring flowers—so we walked, for nearly two hours, till the cottage-inn of the Rosstrappe was visible through a vista of trees. Here I took the knapsack and dismissed my guide with a ten-groschen-piece, which I had been told was the usual fee. It was evidently much more than she expected.

After I had seen the Rosstrappe, and bung over the fearful chasm where the Bode thunders and foams seven hundred feet below, not forgetting to note the marvelous giant hoof-merk in the rock, I went back to the inn. The landlady gave me the whole story of the Rosstrappe while she brought and uncorked a bottle of *birkensaft*, or birch sap, for which the Hartz is celebrated. This beverage, which is made in no other part of the world, consists of the sap of the birch tree, sweetened and suffered to ferment slightly. It is of a bright pink color and delicious taste. I had the table brought to the door, where I could see the savage desfilé below, while the landlady seated herself opposite with her knitting and gave her tongue full play. Such a tongue! the words came in an everlasting stream, and the faster she talked the harder she knit; so that one yarn kept pace with the other, and my visit increased the growth of her stocking considerably.

"There was once a pack of wild students here," said she, among the other marvelous stories she related; "though all students are wild enough, as is quite natural; but these fellows (I remember every one of them) made a terrible noise all afternoon, with their songs and their wine-bottles, and what not. They climbed down the rocks to the Bode and up again, and I must needs tell them the story of the

Rosstrappe twice over. When night came they were still here under the trees, drinking, and as it began to rain and they were not able to find their way, the dear Lord knows, what was to be done but keep them? We have no rooms for so many here, you see; so I told them to take this chamber where we are sitting and sleep as they best might. But no sleep had I nor my good man; there was nothing but singing and yelling the whole night. About midnight there was a terrible rap on my door. 'Himmel!' I cried, 'what is the matter?' and I started up in great fright. 'O mein Gott!' said one of the students, 'there are wolves at the door.' Now there never was a wolf near the house, but I feared it might be a spirit, or something as frightful, so I put on my gown as quick as I could and lit my lamp, for they had overturned theirs in their fright. When I came into the room I found them all in one corner, looking very wild and pale. 'There are no wolves here,' said I. Just then a night-owl among the trees began to hoot. 'There it is, there it is again!' they cried, but I laughed, although I was very angry, to be called up for an owl. 'Go to sleep, you fools!' I said to them, 'do you not know better than to be frightened by a *hoo-hoo*?' The next morning they were very much ashamed, as they truly might be, for I tell about their fright to every body who comes here."

At the Rosstrappe, I had reached the eastern extremity of the Hartz, and after I descended the mountain my way was enlivened by bloomy orchards and springing grain. At sunset I was so far out in the plain of the Elbe that I could see the snowy top of the Brocken, free from clouds. This was my last view of the bleak and spectral mountain. After a night of terror at Halberstadt, (an account of which the reader will find in my narrative of travel.) I took the cars for Leipsic, which I reached the next night, and where I found a companion waiting for me. So ended my Lonely Week of Travel in Northern Germany.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. HARRIET S. HANBY.

Oh! the bright and sunny days that long, long since were
ours,
Will they ne'er return again, with their wealth of sum-
mer flowers;
The sweet approving smile—the low, soft gentle tone,
With its murmured words of love, are they forever flown?
And from thy heart are banished all memories of me.
As a cloud upon the summer sky, a shadow o'er the sea?
Oh! deeply have I trusted, while I listened to thy vow,
And dreamed not that deceit could rest upon so fair a
brow;
But well unto my heart the bitter lesson has been taught
That oft love's words, when sweetest, with deceitfulness
are fraught—
And though the slighted heart may hide its bitterness of
wo,
There is yet a fount of sorrow, the world may never
know.

Then ask me not thy love and faithlessness so coldly to
forget,
Or that our early destinies have once so sadly met.
Can the sea blot out the burning stars reflected on its
breast,
Or the caged bird forget the haunts where first it built its
nest?
The wildest storm that rocks the one, gives place to stars
again,
And though the captive bird sings on, 'tis a loved green-
wood strain!
The ocean-shell forgets not its low, sweet plaintive moan,
Nor the human harp the tones that once were all its own;
But quivering on its strings, there ever will be found
An echo-tone of memory—an unforgetten sound—
And though the chords be broken—its glad music at an end,
With its murmured melody, a strain of other years will
blend!

FOR AND AGAINST.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE

WALTER HERRING, ESQ.

I do n'r think I ever really loved but once; fancies I have had, and fond ones, too; but now when the cold, gray twilight of age is dimming the visions of the past, memory still recalls, with wonderful power, one bright face from the fair picture gallery of my early loves—the face of Edla Fane, the schoolmaster's daughter. Beautiful she was not, and yet I loved her, as I learned too late. She seemed to bind me by some spell of witchery that I could not withstand, and yet against which I rebelled, because it appealed not to my outer senses. I understand it now; she bound me by the might of a lofty, spiritual love; and I blindly cast aside that gem of countless price to grasp the dross of earth.

High-toned, and pure-minded, tender, and confiding as a child, yet with a sweet womanly pride, and withal a dash of quiet humor, Edla Fane kept me vacillating near her for a many months. At one time feeling as though I could fall at her feet and worship her, at another fearing I had expressed too much, and withdrawing in cold reserve.

One evening a cold mood came over me; I feared I had committed myself in my ardent protestations to Edla, and now spoke with the calmness of friendship or platonic affection. She listened with a slight curve of her expressive lip, and assented to my proposal of affectionate friendship so readily, that my self-love was aroused, and with characteristic variability my feelings gained immediate force again. But Edla remained unmoved. The next day I received the following lines in a blank envelop.

You say that you love me, yet are not a lover;
As you know not yourself what it is you intend;
And right sorry are you, if I have chanced to discover,
That you're less than a lover, and more than a friend!
For you know you're a ranger,
And think there is danger,
That when you are weary, and wish to depart,

I, believing you true,
May have learned to love you,
And you'll leave me all lonely, without any heart!
You have cautioned me well, and have done but your duty;
The proverb says truly, "Forewarned, when forewarned,"
And though I can boast not of wealth or of beauty,
I yield not one feeling, I think would be scorned.
When a lover I find
Who knows his own mind!
I will give up my heart in return for his vow;
I must have all or none,
Must be wooed to be won—
And now I'll advise you, if you will allow.

You at once must restrain all expression of feeling,
Not only of words, but of glances and sighs,
Lest by some odd mischance the strange secret revealing,
Your friendship should prove to be—"love in disguise!"

Remember, take care,
I bid you beware,
For Cupid's a sly, little mischievous elf,
When you think your heart free
He may bind it to me,
And make you prove constant in spite of yourself.

Then, when I have plighted my vows to another,
You will sue for one glimpse of old feeling in vain;
For when once the bright flame of affection you smother,
You never can kindle its brilliance again;

I'll turn proudly away,
And will coldly say nay,
(While I look on you coldly, not seeming to see,
I esteem, and admire,
That is all you desire—
Think well of me always, but never love me!

Provoking! thus to have my own words turned against me, at the close of these unexpected verses. I saw Edla frequently after this; but my evanescent vows, were never after tolerated even for a moment, and thus, when too late, her prophecy was fulfilled—I loved her. But Edla Fane is now a happy wife and mother, and I—a Bachelor.

MY STUDY.

BY WILLIAM E. C. HOMER.

The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the night. SHAKESPEARE.

I love the circuit of thy narrow bounds
While my pale lamp gives light,
And, unattended by tumultuous sounds,
Presides the holy Night.

A quiet nook for reverie thou art
In the dim hour of shade,
When that wild, wondrous instrument, the heart,
Is lulled, and tranquil made.

My books—old friends that know not frigid change—
When come the evil days,
Unfold their lettered treasures, rich and strange,
To my enamored gaze.

While Folly wastes in lust and midnight wine,
Manhood and moral health,
True wisdom seeketh jewels in the mine
Of intellectual wealth.

Hunt, sacred to retirement and thought!
At night's dark noon alone,
Within thy hallowed precincts I have caught
Gleams of that world unknown,

Where the soul harbors when this life is o'er,
And closed our war with Time,
And the hushed bellify of the heart no more
Rings with a numbered chime.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We present our readers with an engraving of the birth-place of the celebrated American painter, Benjamin West, from an original drawing made by Mr. Croome, in the year 1845. The house is situated in the township of Springfield, Pennsylvania, about four miles north of Chester, on a considerable farm belonging to Mr. Peter Stewart. It will be perceived that the house is in rather a dilapidated condition, one of the posts of the portico being deficient. The house is substantially built of brick, and, at the time of its erection, must have been considered rather an elegant country residence; but its antiquity and state of decay will probably prevent any future attempt to put it in repair. The spot, however, will always be interesting to Americans, from its having been the scene of West's childhood, to which are referred those 'delightful and well known anecdotes, of his early life, which display the dawnings of that brilliant genius which was destined to astonish the world by its achievements in the graphic art.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

BY M. S. THEROFF.

IRREGULAR LINES.

From orient climes to the lands that glow
In the last red light of even,
Indian, Paynim, Moslem, Jew—
All have their dreams of Heaven.

The Moslem dreams of a green, fair clime,
Lit up by the sun's broad beams,
Where flowers gaze down at their own bright forms
In still transparent streams;

Where soft winds sigh, and gay birds sing,
In tones so sweetly clear;
Where palm groves rustle cool and still,
And bright-eyed Houries cheer;

Where the banquet waits, with its viands crowned,
And the wine-cup's rosy gleam,
While soft luxuriant bowers around,
Invite to recline and dream:

Such is the vision of future bliss
To the Prophet-followers given—
The "true-believer's" goal of hope,
The Moslem's dream of Heaven,

The Indian dreams of a sunset land,
Where the great Manitto reigns;
Where deer and stately bison roam
O'er broad, uncultivated plains.

A land whose giant lakes and streams,
With gleaming fish abound;
Where forests wave, and mountains tower—
A boundless hunting-ground.

'T is his dream, as he calmly looks abroad
On the sunset glow, at even—
A hunting-ground, where that sun sinks down,
Is the Indian's dream of Heaven.

The Jew of his New Jerusalem dreams,
With its streets of shining gold,
And temples, that rival the regal fane
On Moriah's brow of old.

Still dreams, that Judah's harp shall sound,
And Judah's pennons stream,
Where now muezzin's calls are heard,
And Moslem crescents gleam.

Zion rebuilt, and the land restored,
To his forefathers given,
Is the Hebrew exile's guerdon high,
His earnest here of Heaven.

The Norseman chief, in the olden time,
Sprung up, with Valkyrior calls
Ringing shrill and clear in his dreaming ear—
"Up! come to 'Valhalla's Halls!'"

Would ye know how the chieftain sought those halls?
—Away to the battle-plain—
The warrior sleeps on the ghostly heaps,
His own red sword has slain!

Visions of blood, in that dying hour,
To his atomy soul were given—
Feasts, and victorious battle-fields,
Were the Norseman's dreams of Heaven.

The Greek had high, ambitious dreams,
Of Elysium's fabled clime;
The Druid too—oh, many and strange,
Were the dreams of olden time.

How will those dreams accord with thee,
When time exists no more,
Unseen, unknown, unpictured realm
Beyond the silent shore?

Now, shines the gospel sun, the mists
Of Error roll away;
And earth, from pole to central zone,
Rejoices 'neath its sway.

Like some tired wanderer of the deep,
The Christian struggles on;
While day and night, in calm or storm,
How yearns his heart for home!

Dreams he of sensual joys? the chase?
Some ruined city, lone?
Of feasts and battle-fields? Not so—
His is a spirit-home.

To Him, who formed yon glorious sky,
This green enameled sod,
The Christian trusts his future home—
His architect—is God.



THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

A STORY OF THE COWPENS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

There is a thing—there is a thing,
I fain would have from thee;
I fain would have that gay, gold ring.
THE SPECTER LADY.

THE period of our revolutionary history immediately succeeding the defeat at Camden, is still remembered in the Carolinas with horror. The British, elated with their success, and regarding the South as now their own, proceeded in the work of confiscation and massacre with pitiless severity. In that terrible crisis many a family was deprived of its head either by exile or by execution. Yet larger numbers were shorn of their property and reduced to comparative indigence. In a word, terror reigned paramount.

But the common events of life still went on. The transactions of business, the struggle for wealth, the toils of the husbandman, births, deaths, marriages, cares, hopes, fears—all followed each other down the deep current of existence, almost wholly unaffected by the storm of war which agitated the surface. It is an error to suppose that great convulsions disturb the whole order of society. Men will still hate, though the entire nation be turned into a camp; will still strive for the dress of earth; will still, if young and generous, risk their heart's happiness in love.

It was toward the close of a winter evening that a youth of noble mien and handsome face stood at the foot of one of those long avenues of trees, which, in South Carolina, lead up from the road to the mansions of the wealthier proprietors. For nearly half an hour he had been there, as if awaiting the approach of some one from the house: now looking anxiously up the long avenue, now restlessly walking to and fro. During that interval but one person had passed along the highway, and the notice of this one the youth had skillfully avoided by concealing himself behind some dwarf trees within the plantation-fence. This act, as well as his whole demeanor, proved that he was awaiting some secret interview.

At last, just when the dusk began to deepen into night, the flutter of a white dress was seen coming down the avenue. A minute more, and a beautiful girl of eighteen summers appeared on the scene.

"Albert," said the new comer, as the youth, seizing her hand, passionately kissed it, "I have not a second to stay. It was with difficulty I could leave the house unseen, and my absence has doubtless been noticed before this; what we have to say, therefore, must be said at once; why have you sought this interview?"

"I have sought it, Ellen," he replied, still holding her hand, "because, despairing of gaining your consent, I have volunteered in Capt. Washington's cavalry corps, and to-morrow set for h. Perhaps you will never see me more. I could not leave the neighborhood without seeing you once more, and bidding you an eternal farewell; and, as your father's orders had banished me from the house, there was no method of giving you my adieux except by soliciting an interview."

The tears had started to the eyes of his listener, but she turned away her head to conceal them; and for some time neither spoke.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," said the young soldier, earnestly, "will you not now, in this solemn moment, say you love me? I once hoped you did, but since your father has forbidden me the house, you have been less kind; and I fear that I have lost your heart—that you, too, have ceased to care for me, now that I am beggared—"

His hearer suddenly turned her face full upon him, with a look of tearful reproach that cut short his words.

"Bless you, Ellen, for that look," he said. "Though my father's estate is confiscated, and he and I both indigent, it is not on that account that you have seemed so cold to me lately. Say then, dearest, only say that I have been mistaken in thinking you at all altered."

Another look, equally eloquent, answered him; but still his hearer did not speak.

"Oh! Ellen," he continued, "when I am far away fighting my country's battles, what bliss it would be to know that you sometimes think of me; and that if I should fall, you would shed a tear for me."

His listener, at these words, wept freely, and when her agitation had somewhat passed, spoke.

"Albert," she said, "you have conquered. Know then that I do love you." At these words the impetuous young man clasped her in his arms, but she disengaged herself, saying, "But, while my father opposes your suit, I can never be yours. The consciousness of his disapproval has made me affect a coldness to you which my heart belied, in the hope that you would think of some one more worthy of you—but—but," she hesitated, then quickly added, "in a word, if it will comfort you, when away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding,

she suffered her head to be drawn to her lover's shoulder, while a deep and holy silence succeeded, as these two young and already unhappy beings held each other in a first embrace.

It was only for a moment, however, that Ellen yielded to weakness. Raising her head and brushing the tears from her eyes, she said, while crimson blushes overspread her face,

"And now farewell—perhaps all this is wrong—but I could not see you leave me in anger."

"God bless you for those kind words," said Albert. "But, Ellen, before you go, one more request. That miniature that hangs around your neck—is it too much to ask for it?"

She hesitated: then, as steps were heard in the road, suddenly gave it to him. He drew a heavy signet-ring from his finger, and said, tendering it in exchange,

"Take this, and let us be true to each other—so help us God!"

And with this parting adjuration, he sprang over the fence to conceal himself behind the brushwood, while Ellen, hastening up the avenue, was soon lost to sight in the obscurity of the hour.

The wind sighed mournfully through the pine woods as this betrothal was consummated, and the dark, starless sky overhead looked down with its weird and melancholy face.

CHAPTER II.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse. GRAY.

It is well known that, after the defeat of Gates, Congress hastened to supersede that general, and appoint Greene to succeed him. At the period of the incidents narrated in the last chapter, the new commander-in-chief had arrived in the South, and was organizing his forces.

His very first proceeding showed the resources of an intellect, which, in military affairs, was second only to that of the "father of his country." Aware that the initiatory step toward redeeming the South was to arouse the confidence of its people, he determined to divide his force. While, therefore, he moved with one portion down the Pedee, he despatched Morgan, with the remainder, west of the Catawba, in order to encourage the inhabitants in that quarter. Morgan's corps was accompanied by Capt. Washington's light dragoons, of which our hero had already become a conspicuous member.

This division of his army, in the face of an active foe, would have been a capital error, but for the political advantages it offered, and which overbalanced the military ones. Cornwallis, then in command of the royal army, determined to frustrate the success of Greene's plan, by cutting off Morgan's detachment; and accordingly ordered Col. Tarleton, with his renowned dragoons, accompanied by a competent force of infantry, to give pursuit.

It was on the 14th of January, 1781, a day ever to be remembered in the annals of our country, that the heroic Morgan learned the danger in which he stood. He determined immediately to give battle. For this

purpose he halted at a place called the Cowpens, and having drawn up his troops, awaited, though not without anxiety, the appearance of the foe.

The attack of Tarleton, as usual, was impetuous, and for awhile the American militia were driven helplessly before it; but soon they rallied, under cover of a few continentals belonging to Morgan's command, and in turn forced the British to give ground. These brave soldiers of the line, led by their colonel, now charged with the bayonet, when the route of the royal infantry became complete.

Washington, with his cavalry, had been waiting impatiently a chance to participate in the fight; but having been stationed as a partial reserve, the order for him to engage did not for some time arrive. His troops shared his enthusiasm. Composed chiefly of young men of family, and mounted on thorough-bred animals, they presented a formidable appearance, as they stood, awaiting the order to engage, the horses champing at the bit, and the riders nervously fingering their swords: they saw the onset of the British, the flight of the first line, and the partial panic that extended through the foot soldiers with horror; but still their leader remained unmoved. Many had never been in battle before, and such believed the day lost; among these was Albert.

At last the confusion became so great around them that troops so undisciplined, if less brave, would have taken to ignominious flight; for the defeated militia were pouring down upon them from all sides, almost compelling them to break their ranks, or see the fugitives perish under the hoofs of their horses. But now Washington seemed to rouse from his inaction. Ordering his men first to allow the flying militia to gain their rear, he then directed them, his sharp, quick tones showing that the moment for action had come, to close up and prepare to charge.

As he spoke, he pointed with his sword ahead, and our hero beheld the renowned regiment of Tarleton coming down upon them at full gallop, and amid a cloud of dust, driving before a mass of dismayed fugitives. The keen eye of Washington measured, for an instant, the distance between them, and then said,

"I want no fire-arms used to-day, my lads. Stick to the cold steel. And now, for God and your country—charge!"

Away went the troop, like a thunder-bolt suddenly loosed from a cloud, with every scabbard jingling, every steed snorting with excitement, and the solid earth shaking under them. In full career they burst upon the flank of the enemy, who, disordered by his pursuit, could make but a feeble resistance. Horse and rider went down before the impetuous charge of the Americans, who for awhile fairly rode down their foes. But British valor soon proved too weak for the combined patriotism and courage of Washington's cavalry; and the royal troops, turning their bridle, took to ignominious flight.

"On, on," cried Washington, waving his sword for his men to follow, "remember the cruelties of these myrmidons. Revenge for our slaughtered countrymen!"

At the word, his men, thus reminded of the butchery of the Waxhaws and of the other atrocities perpetrated under the eye of Tarleton, spurred their horses afresh, and dashed on in pursuit. A complete panic had now taken possession of the royal cavalry, who hurried on at full gallop, each man thinking only of himself. Close on their heels followed the indignant Americans, cutting down mercilessly every red-coat they overtook, until the road was strewn with the dead. Foremost in this pursuit rode Washington, a precedence he owed, not only to his superior steed, but to his eagerness to overtake an officer just ahead, whom he judged to be Tarleton himself from his effort to rally the fugitives.

The tremendous pace at which Washington rode, at last carried him so far ahead of his men, that, at a bend in the highway, he found himself totally alone. At this moment, the British, looking back, perceived his situation, and immediately turned on him, his principal assailants being Tarleton and two powerful dragoons.

Knowing, however, that assistance must be close at hand, Washington resolutely advanced to meet the enemy, determined to seize Tarleton for his prisoner. But, before he could reach the colonel, the two dragoons dashed at him, the one on the right, the other on the left. He saw only the first of them, however, and accordingly turned on him, clove him down with a single blow of his sabre, then rushed at Tarleton himself.

But, meantime, the other dragoon was advancing, totally disregarding, upon him, and with upraised blade would have cut him down, had not our hero, who had pressed close after his leader, at this instant wheeled round the corner of the wood. At a single glance he took in the whole scene. Albert saw that before he could come up Washington would be slain, unless fire-arms were employed. In this emergency he did not hesitate to disobey the orders of his leader. Jerking a pistol from his holster, he aimed full at the dragoon, just as the sabre of the latter was sweeping down on Washington's head. The man tumbled headlong from his saddle, his sword burying itself in the dust.

"Ha! who is that?" said Washington, sternly, so astonished to find his orders disobeyed, that he turned; a movement which Tarleton took advantage of to make good his escape. "You, Albert!—you!"

"There was no other way," answered our hero, and he pointed to the dead dragoon, "to save your life. His sabre was within six inches of you when I fired."

"It could not be helped, then, I suppose," answered Washington, who now comprehended the event, and saw that he owed his life to the quickness of thought of his young friend; "but stay, you are yourself hurt."

As he spoke, he saw blood issuing from the sleeve of Albert, and immediately afterward the young soldier reeled and fell senseless to the ground.

Two pistol shots had been discharged from the enemy, Washington now recollected, immediately

after Albert had fired. On examination, one ball was found in the arm of our hero. The other had perforated the coat, immediately over the heart.

"He is dead," cried the leader, "that second shot has touched a vital part."

He tore away the garments as he spoke, but uttered a cry of joy when he exposed the chest, for there, right over the heart, lay a miniature, which had stopped the ball.

Washington looked at the picture, and muttered, "Ha! I have heard of this—and now I will see if I cannot serve my young friend a good turn."

CHAPTER III.

Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

When our hero, after a long interval of unconsciousness, opened his eyes, he found himself, to his surprise, in a large and elegantly furnished apartment, entirely strange to him. He pulled aside the curtains of his bed with his uninjured arm, and looked out. An aged female servant sat watching him.

"What massa want?" she said.

"How did I get here?" he asked.

"Captain Washington he self left you here, massa, after de great battle. De surgeon staid to dress your arm, and den follow arter de troops, who had lick de red-coats, dey say, all to pieces."

"Yes! I know—the army has pursued its march to the Catawba."

"It hab, massa; and you be to stay here till you well."

"But where am I?"

The old negro woman smiled till she showed all her teeth.

"You no know, massa?"

"I do no."

"You forgit me, Massa Albert—me, Missus Ellen's maman?"

"Good God!" cried our hero, scarcely believing his senses, and scrutinizing her features, "can it be? You are indeed she. And this is Mr. Thorndike's house."

He had started up in bed, and was now confronted by the figure of the owner of the mansion himself, who entered at an opposite door; but who, instead of wearing the angry air which Albert had last seen upon him, smiled kindly upon him.

"I was passing along the corridor," he said, seating himself on the bedside familiarly, and taking the hand of his wounded guest, "and hearing your voice, learned for the first time that you were awake. Accordingly I made bold to enter, in order to assure you of a welcome. When we last parted, Mr. Scott," he said, noticing our hero's look of astonishment, "it was with ill-feeling on both sides. Let all that be forgotten. Whatever I may have said then I now recall. In saving the life of Capt. Washington, who is my dearest friend, you have laid me under infinite obligations, and at his request I have consented to overlook the past, and to give you my daughter. I only make a single stipulation, which

is that you will not ask her hand until this war is over, which," he added, lowering his voice, "can not be long, now that things have begun to go so auspiciously."

Our hero well understood the character of Mr. Thorndike, who was noted for his prudent adherence to whichever side was uppermost, and he attributed this sudden change not only to Capt. Washington's intercessions, but also in part to the prospect there now was of the triumph of the colonial cause, in which case the confiscated estates of the elder Mr. Scott would be restored. He kept this to himself, however, and expressed his thanks for Mr. Thorndike's hospitality.

"But I shall owe you even more," he added, "for the happiness with which your promise has filled me, and I cheerfully accept your terms. Meantime, let me rise, and pay my respects to the ladies in person—I am sure I am well enough."

Our hero, however, was compelled to keep his bed for two entire days, in consequence of the fever, a period which appeared to him an age.

We shall not attempt to describe his meeting with Ellen. Let us pass over the first few minutes of the interview.

"I have but one thing to regret," he said at last, in a low whisper, for Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike were

at the other end of the apartment, "and that is the loss of your miniature. I had it around my neck when I went into battle, but have not seen it since."

Ellen smiled archly, and drew it from her bosom.

"How did it reach your possession?" he said in surprise. And, taking it in his hand, he added, "What means this dent, so like the mark of a ball?"

Tears gushed to Ellen's eyes, as she said—

"Capt. Washington, who gave it to me, said that it lay over your heart, and that but for it, Tarleton's pistol-shot would have killed you. Oh! Albert, I sometimes thought, after I gave it to you, that I had done wrong, knowing that my parents would not approve of the act; but when I heard that it had saved your life, I saw in it the hand of Providence."

"Yes! for it not only preserved me from death, but was the means of interesting Washington in our favor, and thus bringing about this happy re-union," said Albert, after a pause.

We have no more to tell. On recovering from his wound, our hero rejoined his corps, with which he continued until the expulsion of the British from the Carolinas.

After that happy event he was married to Ellen, and with her spent a long life of felicity.

Their descendants still preserve the battered miniature as an heir-loom.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

This species is widely spread over the United States, Mexico and the West Indies. Trappers have found it in abundance amid the wild solitudes of Oregon and the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. The great body of these birds winter within the tropics, from whence they reach the Southern States early in spring, and Pennsylvania in April. They begin to build in May, choosing for this purpose

either the thickest parts of the forest or a low meadow, retired from the intrusion of man. The nest is constructed of dry leaves and grass, and always concealed by thick grass, heaps of brush or other undergrowth. Indeed few of our songsters are more shy or modest than the Yellow-Throat, and he seems to be devoid of the apparent vanity evinced by most birds of handsome or gaudy plumage. The

lonely banks of a small stream, overgrown with reeds and bushes, is his favorite haunt; and here, with his sober mate, he whiles away the long sultry days of our summer's heat. The eggs are five in number, either entirely white or of a pale pink tint, varied by minute specks and lines, mostly toward the greater end. After being hatched, which occurs in June, the young birds join the parent pair, and all live as one family, roving along creeks and marshes, and defending each other from enemies. Sometimes, however, a second brood interrupts this connection. In August the lively song of the male ceases to be heard, and the whole party continue their pursuits in silence until warned by a scarcity of food to depart for the South.

The Maryland Yellow-Throat is nearly five inches long, and more than six across the spread wings.

The upper parts are a light olive; the throat and breast yellow; the wings and tail brown, mixed with black; the legs are pale flesh-color, and remarkable for their delicacy. The young resemble the female at first, but the male of the season, before his departure in autumn, exhibits the brilliant yellow throat, as well as some appearance of the gray and black which ornament the sides of the face in the adult. Small insects form the almost exclusive prey of this bird, and in capturing them he often displays much art and agility. His song is a plaintive whistle, varying in power and cadence, and sometimes associated with partial imitations of other birds. In September, small flocks depart for the South, only a few stragglers being seen after that month. A few pass the winter in the Southern States, but as already stated, the greater portion retire within the Tropics.



SUMMER YELLOW-BIRD, OR WARBLER.

Few birds are more common, or more widely spread than this well known species. According to Richardson, it is found as far north as the 68th degree of latitude, from whence it ranges throughout the entire North American continent, the West Indies, Bahamas, Colombia, Peru, Guiana, Brazil and other portions of South America. These latter countries are their winter residence. In the early part of March they arrive in Carolina, and two months later in Pennsylvania, New England, etc. Here they pass the summer, and leave for the South about the beginning of September, the time of departure varying with the season and latitude.

The Yellow-Bird is a general favorite with the farmer. In summer he may be seen upon almost every tree, but especially among the willows along water-courses, where his brilliant plumage forms a fine relief with the deep glossy green. Being familiar and playful, he often approaches so near as to be captured. His favorite food is larvae and small caterpillars, which he searches for with much industry, enlivening the hardship of his labor by a cheerful whistle or song. About the time of building, and

even after, the female sings almost as well as the male. Both these birds display great ingenuity and solicitude in the construction of their nest, which is usually placed on a small bush close to the ground. Instances are rare where they build on the ground or on a high tree. The nest is constructed externally of dried leaves, fine bark and fern, and within of down, wool, fine grass, and similar materials. Occasionally they forsake the woods, and build in the hedge or bushes of the garden, suiting the construction of their small home to the change of residence. "The labor of forming the nest," as Nuttall observes, "seems often wholly to devolve on the female. On the 10th of May, I observed one of these industrious matrons busily engaged with her fabric in a low hawberry-bush, and by the evening of the second day the whole was completed to the lining, which was made at length of hair and willow down, of which she collected and carried mouthfuls so large, that she often appeared almost like a mass of flying cotton, and far exceeded in industry her active neighbor, the Baltimoree, who was also engaged in collecting the same materials. Notwithstanding this industry, the

completion of the nest, with this and other small birds, is sometimes strangely protracted, or not immediately required."

The eggs of the Yellow-Bird are four or five in number, white, with small spots of brown. After they are hatched, or even while sitting, the female often feigns lameness at the approach of a stranger, falling down near him and uttering pitiful cries, or perhaps fluttering along the ground. It is frequently annoyed by the intrusions of the Cow Troupiel, which, building no nest of her own, makes use of the

Yellow-Bird's. The little builder being too weak to remove the incumbrance, generally builds a partition over it, thus preventing its being hatched. Nests have been found in which a second story has been raised in a similar manner.

The Yellow-Bird is five inches long, and seven across the wings. Greenish yellow above; below, with crown and front golden, and orange spots on the breast; wings and tail brown, and the bill blue. The female is without any variation of color on the breast.



BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.

The Green Warbler arrives in Pennsylvania about the beginning of May, and in New England somewhat later. When observed for the first time in spring, it is generally alone, seated on a fruit-tree, and industriously searching for the small insects and larvæ which constitute his food. The species is somewhat rare, rarely more than a single pair, as it is asserted, being seen together, except in the fall, when scattered individuals collect to prepare for migration. Except during the period of incubation, they are not very shy of man, often permitting him to approach within a few feet. They are supposed to wander in summer as far north as Canada and Hudson's Bay, but the larger portion remain in the Middle and New England States.

Little is known of the precise time of building, since the habits of this songster are then retired. They appear to prefer low, dry situations, and build on bushes, not far from the ground. A nest examined by Nuttall contained four eggs, of a light flesh-

colored tint, variegated with pale, purplish points of various sizes, interspersed with other large, brown or blackish spots. The outside was formed of fine strips of the inner bark of juniper, with another tough, fibrous bark, the whole lined with soft feathers, horse hair, and bent grass.

The Green Warbler is four and a half inches in length, and seven across the wings. The chin and throat are black, with spots of the same color on the sides under the wings. The breast and belly are white, the wings and tail dusky, with some white, and the legs and feet pale brown. A bird called by Latham and Pennant the Yellow-Fronted Warbler, is probably but a variation of the same species. The song of the Green Warbler is a somewhat plaintive note, not unlike that of the Chickadee, uttered at short intervals, in a slow manner and with some variation. Owing to its solitary habits, it rarely mingles in the chorus of our summer groves.

VINCENTE FILICAJA'S SONNET TO ITALY.

"*Dove Italia il tuo braccio.*"

Where is thy might, oh Italy! and why
Now dost thou humbly kneel to other powers?
They are thy foes, for both in bygone hours
Subject before thy thrones were forced to lie.
And is it thus thy honor is preserved?
And is it thus thy glory is maintained?
Thine old escutcheon thou hast darkly stained,

Widely from ancient valor hast thou swerved.
Well—be it so: yet cast the crown aside,
Put on the shame, the languor and the chains
Of slaves, and sleep while all mankind deride—
Sleep as the hireling harlot sleeps, who stans
Her bridal-bed with guilt, till in thy side
Avenging fate the glittering steel shall hide. P. A.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, Jr. With a Sketch of His Life and Character. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is printed for private circulation, and we should not have thought of making it the subject of a notice, were it not for the interest which attaches to the name of the author. Mr. Kennard was stricken early in life with a disease in his knee—was compelled, at the age of twenty-two, to have his leg amputated—and from that time to his death, ten years after, he was afflicted with a series of diseases, frightfully accumulating one upon another, which at last deprived him of all power of motion, and sparing not even his eyes. Yet though thus seemingly cut off from all enjoyments, and doomed to the peevishness as well as the pain of the sick chamber, he bravely surmounted by force of will the mental effects of his ailments, and developed in physical agony and deprivation one of the most beautiful and lovable characters we have had the fortune to meet in literature or in life. Serene, cheerful, hopeful, affectionate—never complaining in the midst of miseries, any one of which might well have quelled a strong spirit, and which, combined, seemed impossible for any spirit to bear—he not only was a genial companion, ready to talk of every thing but his own pains and deprivations, but a voluminous writer. The present volume, consisting of essays, reviews and poems, contributed to the *Kluckerbocker*, the *Christian Examiner*, and various newspapers and periodicals, indicates not merely the degree of excellence to which by self-culture he had trained his talents for composition, but also the wide range of his studies, and the wider range of his sympathies. For every holy and beneficent enterprise started to alleviate the miseries of the unfortunate, to assist the poor and the ignorant, or to champion the oppressed, this self-forgotten valetudinary had a word of cheer warm from his heart. There is also a sunny, almost frolicsome and dancing, spirit of enjoyment in many of his pieces, which is usually characteristic only of the highest physical health. The article on our "National Poets" is especially teeming with the very exuberance of fun. That on Alton's History of Europe is one of the most judicious and brilliant papers on the subject published on either side of the Atlantic. Indeed the whole book preaches on every page the most scorching rebukes to indolent and self-indulgent health, and the most inspiring hope to despairing sickness. The reading of such a book, in connection with the character of such a man, is enough to create courage, and cheer under the very "rubs of death."

Mardi, and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Melville has given us here an acknowledged romance, and those who doubted the veracity of "Typee" and "Omoo," may now have an opportunity of noticing the difference between Mr. Melville recording what he has observed, and Mr. Melville recording what he has imagined. It appears to us that the two processes in the author's mind have little in common, and the best evidence of the truthfulness of his former books is the decidedly romantic character of much of the present.

"Mardi" is altogether the most striking work which Mr. Melville has produced, exhibiting a range of learning, a fluency of fancy, and an originality of thought and diction, of which "Typee," with all its distinctness and

luxuriance of description, gave little evidence. At the same time it has defects indicating that the author has not yet reached the limits of his capacity, and that we may hope from him works better even than the present. "Mardi" is of the composite order of mental architecture, and the various rich materials which constitute it are not sufficiently harmonized to produce unity of effect. It has chapters of description, sketches of character, flashes of fanciful exaggeration, and capital audacities of satire, which are inimitable, but confusion, rather than fusion, characterizes the book as a whole. Of the two volumes the first is by far the best, but both contain abundant evidence of the richness, strength and independence of the author's mind, and are full of those magical touches which indicate original genius.

Nineveh and Its Remains. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan and the Yezidas, or Devil-Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D. C. L. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 2 vols. 8vo.

Private letters from England confirm the reports in the public journals of the great sensation which this work has excited in Great Britain: It divides with Macaulay's brilliant history the attention of the reading public. The American publisher, with commendable enterprise, has issued it in a style of great elegance, and has given all the illustrative engravings which decorate the English edition. The work, when we consider the expense of its mechanical execution, is placed at a very low price.

These volumes belong to a class of books which may be called the geology of history—the exhibition of a nation's history and social life through its monuments. The greatest work of this kind in English is doubtless Wilkinson's on the Ancient Egyptians, and the production of Mr. Layard is next in rank. It introduces us to the Assyrians through a process which enables us to comprehend their material and mental life—to see them as they eat, dressed, warred, thought and prayed. Their fine and useful arts, their costume, their amusements, their military system, their private life, their religion, are all brought directly before the eye and mind of the reader, and he is enabled to discern that peculiar combination of the elements of human nature which constituted the Assyrian mind and heart, and to reconcile the apparent anomalies in the national character. The picture is one of engaging interest, and cannot fail to enlarge every mind which contemplates it. It is almost needless to say that the course Mr. Layard has pursued is the only possible mode by which authentic information can be obtained of an extinct people, who left no historical records, and who were almost forgotten before history began. The illustrations given in the work of the truth of many passages in the Old Testament, are not the least interesting and remarkable portions of a most interesting and striking book.

The Gold Mines of the Gila. A Sequel to Old Hinks the Guide. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 2 vols. 12mo.

This work possesses a double interest; first, as a most striking and graphic delineation of life, character and scenery on the borders of Texas, and second, as indicating an almost unknown region of the Continent, rich in gold mines and wealth of various kinds, and tempting both

curiosity and cupidity to its exploration. Mr. Webber proposes to head an expedition of some sixty men, to be called the "Centralia Exploring Expedition to California, via the valleys of the Pecos, the Gila, and Colorado of the West," for the purpose of discovery and profit; and in the course of this delightful book of adventure, he spreads before his readers the evidence he possesses of the existence of the region into which he desires to penetrate. If his expedition succeed we have little doubt that it will be one of the most interesting and romantic since the time of Cortez; and the leader himself has qualities of valor, endurance and chivalric sentiment, sufficient to carry him through the difficulties of any enterprise, however arduous.

Apart from the information relating to a new gold region, Mr. Webber's volumes possess an engrossing interest as records of adventure. The author has a sureness and vividness of conception, and a power of expression, which combined make his delineations singularly fresh and life-like. To read this book is the next best thing to viewing the objects it describes. It displays a representative genius of a high order, and if the author would concentrate his energies, he might produce a novel which would give him a place in the front rank of our original minds.

Rural Letters and other Records of Thought at Leisure, written in the intervals of more hurried Literary Labor.
By N. Parker Willis. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publication of this delightful volume was well-timed, appearing as it did with the new grass and the first flowers; and we doubt not it will be the companion of many a city tourist during the summer months. It is, perhaps, the most fascinating of Mr. Willis's prose works, evincing more than his usual graceful facility of expression and fluency of thought, and variegated with the cosiest fancies and most genial wit. The author shakes hands with nature, and though the gleam of his jeweled fingers sometimes suggests that he is merely a visitor to her domains, his beautiful naivete of manner forces the old lady to tell him some of her finest secrets—secrets which she has not always confided to her unconventional adorers. We hardly know whether the book is more calculated to delight the citizen or the countryman, but certainly there is a sweet fusion of nature and convention in it which must win the hearts of both. The volume contains "Letters from Under a Bridge," "Open-Air Musings in the City," "Invalid Rambles in Germany," "Letters from Watering Places," and "A Plain Man's Love." It is dedicated to Imogene, the author's daughter, in five of the best pages that Mr. Willis ever wrote. The book is elegantly printed, and cannot but reach that wide circulation which it so richly merits.

Philosophy of Religion. By J. Morell, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The subject of this valuable volume is one to task the energies of the strongest intellect, and Mr. Morell seems to have exerted his to its utmost capacity in its production. Though it may not be in all cases sound and practical it evinces a wide knowledge of philosophical systems, is eminently suggestive, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit both of philosophy and religion. Mr. Morell is a metaphysician of the Scotch school, a follower of Reid and Hamilton, and from the latter especially he has drawn a good deal of his inspiration. Indeed, Sir William Hamilton's dissertations and notes annexed to the late

edition of Reid, are destined to have a wide if not a deep influence on contemporary thought. The present volume indicates how important are his distinctions of presentative and representative knowledge, for from Hamilton's philosophy of perception a good portion of the book is drawn. Mr. Morell is well adapted to popularize the principles of more scientific and original thinkers than himself, and we hardly know of two works better calculated to initiate the reading public into the nature of the problems which vex metaphysics and metaphysical theology than his history of Philosophy and his present volume on the Philosophy of Religion.

Les Confidences. Confidential Disclosures. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French, by Eugene Plunket.

This curious volume is the commencement of an autobiography, in which Lamartine confides to the public the thoughts and events of his life. Like all the other productions of the accomplished author it is written in a charming style, and with an abundance of captivating sentiment, but it gives no evidence of that robustness and solidity of nature we are accustomed to expect in a great man after the Saxon type. The sentimental dogmatist and egotist is predominant throughout, and with all its merit it seems to us one of those books which convey intellectual disease into the public mind, and enfeeble while they please. It would not, perhaps, be just to test its excellence by its agreement with English or American codes of taste, or object to some of its disclosures as puerile and unworthy, because so stigmatized by the customs of a particular nation, but we think on general principles of human nature it cannot stand a sharp examination. There is no evidence of any intrinsic greatness and grandeur of mind or heart in the book, nothing which justifies the author in making his weaknesses and vices, his virtues and fine notions, the subject of a particular work, and entrusting the public mind with himself. There is really no addition made to our knowledge of ethics or metaphysics, to society or psychology, by the exhibition here made of the interior nature of Alphonse de Lamartine. He "wears his heart upon his sleeve" to no other purpose than to gratify a ravenous vanity or to fill an empty purse—two of the poorest objects a man can have in view in exhibiting himself.

The American Bee-Keepers Manual. By T. B. Minor. New York: C. M. Saxton.

Mr. Minor here presents us with a very complete practical treatise on the history and domestic economy of the honey-bee, embracing a full illustration of the whole subject, with the most approved method of managing this insect through every branch of its culture. The work is the result of many years careful notings of personal observation and experience, and abounds in agreeable as well as useful matter. It is a very readable volume, and opens a pleasant leaf of knowledge to the student of nature.

The Spirit World, a Poem; and Scenes in the Life of Christ. By Joseph H. Wishes. Philadelphia, 1849.

This is a very beautifully printed little volume, embracing the author's first efforts—and very creditable they are. The design of the poem is, to unite the discoveries of astronomical science with consistent and Scriptural ideas of the powers, condition, and probable employment of a future state. We commend the volume to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN EARLY FLOWER.

Last month direct reference was made by our contributors to the beauties of May. Poets have felt the inspiration of the season from the first, and all the beauties and all the odors of the month have seemed transfused to their verse, rich in metrical excellence, and redolent of the sweets it embalmed. But we have taken a range among the hills and valleys, and, unable to express in poetry those sentiments which the season inspired, we must, though a month later, appeal to humble prose, and make a record of what we saw and felt, with no hope of suggesting high thoughts to others, or of awakening that feeling which, in the gifted and the good, may be aroused by eloquence.

The chill of April winds does not prevent the greenness of herbage which the fecundating power of April rains provokes. And hidden in among the relics of last year's vegetation, and the nascent herbage of young spring, little flowers had nestled away; little, but beautiful, flowers, decorating the narrow space between the new-born child and the dead parent. I plucked a few of those modest gems, almost afraid that I desecrated the altar of Nature, in thus taking its scanty decorations; but they did their office, since they awakened in me a remembrance of Him whose hand planted the towering oak that makes the forest majestic, and whose fingers scattered the seed that produced these minute ministers of his will, these records of his omnipotence and omnipresence.

"All things are full of God"—it is the language of the heathen poet, it is the language of divine inspiration, it is the language of the heart touched with the truths of Nature, and connecting them with Nature's Author. "Hill and dale are of thy dressing." And as I stood in the dale, amid the delicate outpouring of the beauties there, and looked upward to the hills studded with the time-marked trees, I said to myself, "Here is that volume of truth that speaks of the unknown, yet not unreverenced, God, whose will and providence are revealed in the volume of inspiration."

I had, almost inausibly, got within the enclosure of a burying-ground, which is situated near the Frankford Road, only a few miles from the city, and was transferring my thoughts from the beautiful objects of Nature to the specimens of human ingenuity that transmit the date of birth and death, with the name of the mortal, from one generation to the other. No one, I believe, passes through a burying-ground without pausing to read the little story, and thinking over the events which marked the life of the deceased. It is good when standing thus to think that he who is below was of like passions with ourselves—that he had all the social and domestic feelings which we possess, and was influenced by the events of life as we are. What a world do we animate when we thus think of each individual—thus place him in connection with social, domestic, political life. How we multiply interests, augment joys, and increase the pangs to which human existence is liable.

At the turning of one of the little avenues that "lead to the tomb," making an easy path to the grave, I saw that a new head-stone had been erected, and it bore the name of one whom I had known in her childhood. She was beautiful—but more lovely in mind than person. She married early, and gave birth to an infant, and died—a short biography. She was not forgotten. The memorials testi-

fied to the yet existing memory of her husband—and a nurse leading a little child toward the mound signified that her virtues were to be kept in remembrance by the child she had borne.

A little flower had sprung up on the very top of the grave. It had probably been planted in the autumn, but it was now beautiful in its solitude. Its colors were as rich as if the roots had struck down and drawn nutriment from the heart that mouldered below, and its odors were as rich as if they were imparted by the spirit that had gone upward. I know not when I have seen thus placed a more lovely flower; perhaps it owed a part of this estimate to its loneliness, a part to its connection with the beauty and purity of her over whom it expanded.

The little child on leaning over the grave fell prostrate, and manifested no disposition to rise. After a few moments delay, I gently raised her in my arms, and placed her on her feet. She seemed not pleased at first with my interference.

"It is my mamma's grave," said she, with much emphasis, "and she is down there now."

"But lying on that moist ground might expose you to take cold."

"Yet I love to throw myself there," she said. "I must do it, for I loved her much."

I tried to persuade her to desist, but she stepped toward the grave with a view of repeating her fall. Her attendant stooped down, and said in a low voice,

"But your dear mother would not be pleased to see you do wrong, even if it was in token of your love for her."

"Then I will not do it."

If there had been no good seed planted in the child's heart, at least the soil had been beautifully prepared for the planting—what could have been better done than this reverence for the name and virtues of a mother, and this obedience to her supposed will? I had, I thought, lighted on another truly lovely spring flower.

"Do you come often to visit your mother's grave?" I asked of the little one. The child looked up as if the inquiry should be repented.

"We make frequent visits hither," said the attendant, "we come almost daily in good weather."

"Oh, yes!" said the child, "we come every fine day to visit where mother lies—and I am not afraid."

"Why should you fear?" said I.

The child looked confused at the question.

"You will some day meet your mother if you are constant in your love, and thus seek to do whatever your friends tell you she would have desired, and to avoid what she would not have approved."

"I will endeavor to do so—but—I shall not meet her—we are going to Europe again, and shall not return."

"To Europe—but, my child, God is everywhere."

"Yes, sir; but my mother is not."

"But, my dear child, your mother's spirit, her soul, that which is loved in your mother, is, I hope, in Heaven; it is not in the grave to moulder into dust—the body takes that course, but the spirit returns to God who gave it."

"Sir," said the attendant, "they do not teach the child such things, and they do not approve of them."

"Who does not?"

"Her father and a cousin—they are good people, but are unbelievers in all such matters; and though they sel-

dom dispute with others, they never admit of any instruction to their child about religion."

"But," said I, "she must know something about it."

"Not at all, sir; she does not know what you mean by a spirit or a soul. How should she know—the cousin is her teacher, and she never refers to the subject, and forbids it to me."

"But the child has been taught something of the kind."

"Who taught her, sir?"

"Perhaps God. But I will see whether she has any ideas of the matter."

"Do you know, my child, what the soul is?"

"No sir—do you?"

I did not like to reply to her query—so I proceeded, "Your mother has yet an existence, and if she was good—"

"Oh, my mother was very good—always good."

"Then the spirit which animated her body is in the enjoyment of all the good belonging to its present state, which the body could enjoy on earth—it is happy." I was ashamed of the explanation.

"Would it be like her, if I could see it?"

"Probably exactly like her."

"And could I see or know of her real existence in that state?"

"Yes, though not usual. All is possible with God."

"Then I understand you. I have seen her often—often at night; and I have started as if I had been asleep. But at night I see my mother just as she looked when I saw her before her death, only there seemed to be light around her head, and she moved easily and rapidly. Oh, how night after night I have been with her, toiling on to overtake her steps, or carried rapidly forward; sometimes she seems to give me instruction—sometimes I rise in the morning and think I will pray to her, or I will pray God to give her to me again; and I have made known my feelings to cousin, and she has laughed at me or chid me for being so babyish as to be thoughtful about dreams. But I see now that this was truly my mother, and I will watch to-night, and when she comes again, I will ask her about her soul—have we all souls?"

I think, now, that I could have placed the child in a position to comprehend these things a little better; but then I was confused with the extraordinary state of the child's mind.

"Did God teach her that?" said the attendant.

"Did he not teach her that?" I turned away as I saw some one coming down the walk.

Did God teach that child? Was it the yet unfaded visions from which her soul was drawn, ere it became a tenant of the clayey tabernacle that was overshadowing her mind; the recollections of heaven illuminating its little earthly experience, growing dimmer and dimmer with time—was that the mother in the child, or was there, indeed, an appeal to its mind through its affections? Had she, shut out from all instructors during the day, denied all the knowledge which is the true foundation of a Christian's life—denied it by father and relative—had she, in her bed, been met as little Samuel was met, by the voice of God, calling up the mind to its high destiny, and instructing it in the things that were to come?

I could not solve this enigma. But how innocent, how attractive to the spirit of goodness must have been the mind of that little girl; and it would not be strange, at least it would seem most meet, that her guardian spirit should find means to awaken in her a sense of her importance, and to invite her to goodness by her love for a departed mother. I turned round before I left the ground, and saw the little child standing beside the grave. She looked down steadily upon the uplifted earth, and then turned her face upward, and seemed to gaze with intense

interest into the blue sky above. I would have given much to know the thoughts that had occupied her mind, to have seen how love for the perishing object below, how reverence for the purified spirit above were alternating in her mind. I am sure that her thoughts had in them more of maturity and truth relative to those objects of her contemplation, than they had of the things of this life.

I passed onward to the road, full of the idea of the child, who could not be deprived of knowledge. I had found an early flower—the chill of winter, its snows and its frosts, had forbidden its development—but a gentle ray from the sun of truth had called it forth; it was blossoming for men, delightful now, to be transplanted to its native heaven hereafter.

THE SEWING GIRL.—The inequality of social life and domestic comfort in large cities, is, we presume, inseparable from a state of society as at present organized, and the bold reformer, even while he is preaching, is illustrating its incapacity for sudden change. So long as capital possesses supreme power, and the inherent quality of reproduction, there must be dependents and laborers. We cannot all ride in carriages, or there would be none to build them, and the present stock, we think, would in time grow ricketty upon the hands of the most adroit ferrier. And if we descended into a race of pedestrians, we fear that we should in time, even if we divided the last dollar with a needy brother, be looked upon as swiftness and decidedly shabby. We do not know that Fourier, even in his maddest dreams of social reformation and equality, ever seriously contemplated an era when boots should grow upon trees, without the aid of human hands, and coats come down like snow-flakes to cover our nakedness. We think not. And even if he had, there are certain disagreeable anticipations—aside from want of modesty—in wandering about on a wintry day, bustling for garments—to say nothing of having our beef killed and cooked to stay our appetites the while.

We suppose then we must have sewing girls—but we see no necessity of forgetting that they are girls—and neither horses nor mules—that they are human beings—noble women, with as warm hearts, and as good blood as ourselves, feeling the same yearnings after sympathy, the same keenness of suffering under insult, neglect or wrong. There is no necessary humiliation in labor. It is in itself of the highest dignity and of the loftiest nobility of extraction. She who, by assiduous industry, makes her little home happy, clothes her infant brothers, and administers to the wants of an aged and decrepit parent, has clothed herself in the holiest of garments, and though their texture may not be of the finest, she may stand as proudly beside the purple of a queen, and if she sees but the trembling of sweat upon the royal lip, may say, "Stand off! I am nobler than thou!" The treatment, however, which some of them receive from very fashionable and very silly young ladies, who have been badly educated by ignorant and vulgar mothers, is humiliating to witness occasionally, and must be very hard to bear continually.

"Think! that rattle of a dream,
Stiff with leavish countenance;
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garment brush
Against the girl whose fingers thus
Wore the weary broidery in,
And in midnight's still and dark
Snatched her life into the work,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
Slipping from her bitter thought
Hart's-weed and forget-me-not.
Striving her despair
With the emblem woven there."

And yet the fashionable young lady may number among her accomplishments a smattering of French, or a villainous enunciation of Italian; may thrash the piano, with all discordancy, and nurse her poodle dog with infinite grace, and call it very fatiguing, and be obliged to take a nap after dinner, for fear her strength may fail her in the evening, in the waltz with Mr. Alfred Fitzhuggens, who labors under the accomplishments of an imperial and a dandy cane; while the young sewing girl may be devoting diligently sixteen hours out of the weary twenty-four, in earning the most indifferent food for a family of dependents.

We wonder if these young ladies while thumbing their gilt prayer-books on Sunday, and lisping over the prayer, "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, *Good Lord, deliver us,*" ever think of the resounding and solemn import of the words they are using. We doubt it. Or in the more direct adjuration, "That it may please thee to strengthen those who stand, and comfort and help the weak-hearted," they ever think how little their heartlessness to dependents justifies them in putting up the prayer. Or still further, do they ever think of the obligations of that sublime command, in which Christianity sparkles like a divine light, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." We fear that at many a table where grace is said, the hearts who hear it are utterly graceless in this regard, and that many who are very rigid in paying the formalities of prayer to God, forget the divine injunction, "feed my lambs," and would rather add an additional hour to the day of toil, and a shilling less to the pay of the tail-worn sewing girl, than to lighten her burdens by a cheerful word or token of encouragement.

Not that we wish for a moment to be supposed as intimating that this lack of enlarged charity is wanting in well trained hypocrites only—who do not dishonor religion, but by daily acts prove its truth and beauty, by showing that they are none of Christ's. The haughty assumption and vulgar domineering is far worse where all restraint is thrown off, and worldliness unmitigated and shameless, in scarlet and effrontery, rides purse proud over the decencies as well as the charities of life, and makes dependency a worse slavery than that of the poor Indian in the mines.

The character of a lady is in no way more surely tested than in treatment of her domestics—and, generally, in the frequency with which she changes them. Depend upon it—the house in which nobody can be happy, must be a miniature of existence in a darker world. O. S. G.

CAPE MAY SEASON.—As the warm weather steals upon us, our friends begin to talk of "the Capes," and to look up straw hats and bathing-dresses. Cape May has in its very sound a charm pleasingly familiar to almost every Philadelphia ear. Here visits the merchant in the summer months, for relaxation from the counting-room—the clerk for his holidays—the man of pleasure for enjoyment—the idle for luxurious indolence. It is Philadelphia in miniature, and full of life—lively, chatty, gossipy, and hilarious—disposed to enjoyment, and determined to have it. A family reunion at holiday times.

The old gentleman has a reputation abroad for great simplicity of manner—wearing his coat of the very purest material, and of the very plainest cut—and a hat of undeniable beaver, of great amplitude of brim; a sturdy old chap, with a benevolent face, who gives his simple and emphatic "No!" to the allurements and pressing solicitations of folly. The younger shoots have departed greatly from the plainness of the primitive tree, and flourish in the luxuriousness of magnolia and orange blossoms, and show

a strong tendency to burst out in all the beauty and splendor of hot-house "japonicadom." Yet under the eye of the old gentleman, in these holiday times, the youngsters seem to scorn the borrowed aid of lace, satins and jewelry, and give tight boots, dandy-coats, and perfumery the go-by; for it is whispered, that he shuts his money-box rather tightly to such of his heirs as run after worldly vanities; so that here you may see them in blouses and straw-hats, in dressing-gown and slippers, perfectly unrestrained with tight lacing, luxuriously happy, and indescribably gay. They go about with an honest, hearty, unrestrained laugh—snapping their fingers at care, and perfectly unconcerned at the imputation of having let down their dignity. The family improves evidently under this relaxation from brocades and stiff ceremonies. They have a more hearty expression of face, a more thoroughly robust and vigorous frame, and though the cheek may be a little browner, the eye is brighter, and the heart happier.

The regular visitor at these times is a black-eyed, cherry-cheeked cousin from Baltimore, a little given to flirting and dangerously fascinating, as graceful as a young fawn, and as frolicsome as a kitten. She always appears to have come down purposely for a romp, having left city affections at home, and brought her graces with her. Then she went home until she has half a dozen of her cousins—from the third to the sixth remove—desperately in love with her, to keep them in mind of Cape May.

Then "Tom"—"Our Tom"—he is always there; Tom would n't miss Cape May, in the season, for a £100—and the sly dog knows how to show off the attractions of his beautiful cousins. He is sure to decoy them into the Archery every bright morning, and has so many neat and appropriate remarks in regard to the health and gracefulness of the exercise—and the bows are so inviting, and the arrows so neat—the gold and crimson target so tempting that you do not wonder to see a cloud of arrows filling the air, and a crowd of lounging *beaux*, filled with shafts more dangerous. Then "Tom"—and Tom—knows that his fair cousins are as fearless as beautiful, and fire off pistols with quite a soldierly air—that is, when Tom loads them; and the sly scamp, speaks in so low a tone—so softly and so kindly—when he hands the pistol with the hair-trigger, that you are amazed to find that there was powder in it when it goes off—and at the first crack "Tom" has the whole family there; then he is such a lover of enjoyment himself—is good, honest, manly Tom Barrett—that it delights him to see them. Then he has his Bowling Saloons in tiptop order; his Billiard-room, too; his dogs and guns for crack shots at woodcock, and ambitious young sportsmen after curlew; and then he has— In short, it would n't be Cape May, if Tom was n't there—and there's an end of it. Well, well, Tom! we shall not try your pistols nor your archery this summer, but shall take a crack at Cape May, in a story, which we have in type. So let the surf come tumbling in with its musical roar—its wild waves wash out no memories. Our loves and our hates keep time in the heart which beats so proudly, yet bides its time hopefully. In the roar of the wilder ocean, where men go down battling unregretted, how many who now spread their bright sails to the favoring breeze, shall, ere the voyage is ended, find sail and cordage gone, their vessels wrecked, and the happy hearts of merry companions, one after the other, swept by the remorseless wave forever under—who shall tell, Tom! But so the side toward heaven has been ripened by the sunlight of kindness to man, what matters the breakers, Tom, to you or to me?

"Dipping his feathers in the briny foam;
Not less quick o'er the white wave Hermes rode."

O. S. G.



WAITING AT PANAMA FOR THE STEAMER.—The Sun going down on their Hopes.

WAITING AT PANAMA.

The end effects of an insane haste to grow rich by chasing gilded shadows, instead of taking the secure path of industry, are exemplified in the fact, that hundreds of our countrymen who have abandoned places of profit for the dazzling placera of speculation, and business, which afforded a decent competency, for wild and uncertain adventure, are now crowding the shore of the Pacific at Panama, with exhausted means and dissipated hopes. The all-absorbing desire for speedy fortune precluded even the common and most ordinary caution as to probabilities. At the first sound of the horn, the hunter was off, regardless of obstacles, defiant of fate, and with a recklessness unpardonable, the comforts of home were sacrificed, and all the dangers of a doubtful, hardy, and perilous enterprise were imprudently braved. The sad uncertainty of fortune—the more than doubts of her existence for them—has been cruelly thrust into their faces, and impressed upon their hearts. The return of that tremendous tide, which seemed to sweep wise men and madmen together resistlessly upon its bosom, comes freighted with the first fragments of hopes wrecked, and wealth, and perhaps health dissipated and lost. Time and opportunity here—more valuable than gold—are gone, and the adventurer comes back with unstrung nerves and faded visions of greatness, to battle again in the busy and uncompromising marts of trade, for bread. The illusion has vanished—the cheat is transparent! “The sober second-thought” has come with its impressive lesson. The blanks turn out in this, as in all lotteries, the most numerous and certain—the prizes equally few and unreliable. When the voice of that vast multitude now filling the streams and plains of California shall have been heard, we shall have a sonorous echo of the despairing wail of the impoverished and deluded at Panama. Mark it!

“Be sure you are right, and then go ahead” is a maxim so universally current in this country, that one would suppose that its practice would be more common. But no! in the rush of excitement, the go-ahead spirit takes the lead, leaving at home old father Caution to play with his thumb, and to wonder at his relations. “Get out of the way!” “Take care!” “Clear the track!” “Oh she goes!”—*whizz!* and the young generation is cut from leading-strings, and half-way on the road to fortune before Grandmother has rubbed his eyes, and opened them to the true state of affairs around him—no, not around, before him, but completely out of sight. Talk of Rome not having been built in a day, old Graybeard! You are behind the times. Kingdoms shoot up in a night, and nations are born between two breakfasts. Don't speak of the ingratitude of relations, old man; the thing is absurd. While you are hunting genealogies, the parties have belted the world, and are walking with their heads down directly beneath you, or are half-way to the Pacific on an air-line in the light that marks the horizon—skimming through the clouds in a flying machine. “Friendly ties. “Home affection?” Puh! you are in your dotage, old fellow! We have no time to waste on silly abstractions! Good bye! Take care of yourself! Will write you from the other side! So we go!

But are we happier for all this fiery impetuosity of disposition—this ginger-beer effervescence of intellect—this fussing, fretting, fuming wrath of haste to get on, to get off, to be going! Is this the true enjoyment of life! after all, to go whirling along in a state of high excitement without a moment's pause, with a sort of insane heat and fierceness of intellect, restless, roaming, and parched up with the fever of desire for wealth—to be enslaved by the eternal, all-absorbing all-engulphing I—the monster self,

grown Colossal, insatiate, and fiend-like. Is there nothing worth loving, that we may pause to cherish! No enjoyment worth a cool moment, in which the fevered lust of money may be forgotten? Pile up your gold, young man! Give your imagination its most boundless desire! Spread the base of your pyramid over an area of acres! Pile up!—pile high! oh, avarice and pride! Let its peak touch the skies! ay, higher still! And now we point you to that little cluster of bleached bones, whitening but a spot beside the gigantic god you worship, and to that young, pale face, sitting sighing by yonder fireside, thousands of miles away—would the wealth that might cover the Cyclops, compensate her for the chilled heart, the desolate days which are hers. Ah no! with but a crust to break with you, in a home of humbleness and peace, how that heart would bound with pride, those sad eyes sparkle with pleasure, and those pale cheeks regain their roses and bloom with health. And if all the wealth of India and Peru were here, how poor a gift would she esteem it to clothe those bones of yours once again with manly beauty, and to sit once again confidently by your side, her hand in yours, her eyes lifted to your dark gaze, as to the heaven of her dreams. Ah! but you will not die, you will take the risk. Pause awhile! think of it wisely! think of it well!

We are not talking in the language of statesmen. Ah, no! statesmen and warriors estimate men in masses—marshal them in squadrons and platoons; they form a State—they fill a list of 10,000 killed and wounded. Ours is the humbler view—the domestic ties lacerated—the friendships dissipated—the few hearts broken. The dead of the ten thousand slain upon the battle-field return no more—the three ten thousand hearts that mourn, bleed on, but form no part of the estimate of war's disaster. The thousands of brothers, young, impetuous, adventurous, are gone! they are the State's, and of it. The sister weeps—the mother droops and dies, as the long years roll on, and the lost ones return no more; and the proud page of history swells with the triumph, the pen grows eloquent as it records the foundation and the growth of empire, and bright names live and flash along the glowing line; but the desolate heart, and the desolate hearth, are forgotten and unknown. These are the sadder views of conquest—the inevitable results of adventurous migration. “And yet,” cries the brawling patriot who is never self-devoted, “you oppose the march of empire—the growth of nations?” By no means, good friend! If the thousands who are now pouring as a flood into California, or even a tythe of them, were whole families, with farming utensils, and domestic implements, seeking a far off and productive soil, where they might again erect their household gods, and live happily to a green old age, under their own vine and fig-tree, extending rationally and naturally the benefits of civilization, we should wish them God speed, and give them joy at their going. But how is it? Reader, we ask you—how is it with the adventurers, who are now rushing thoughtlessly, desperately from home? How few, even with the best success, will realize their dreams? and of those few, how many will really be personally benefited by the wealth thus achieved? But the vast army of the disappointed—what of them? With morals contaminated, hearts sickened, hopes crushed—how many will return useful members of society? How many settle quietly down as hardy tillers of the soil? We fear, oh, most wise politician! that this last is a work to be done by another class of emigrants, and by but few of the gold hunters, and desperate land speculators who now crowd the vessels of the Pacific. Our advice, deeply pondered, and calmly given, to those who have a longing for that far-off and fertile region, is, to sit earnestly down

to business here, and amass a few hundreds, or a few thousands, and when the scum of that boiling, seething cauldron shall have passed off—when the thousands which have been made—on paper—in land speculations and gold mining, shall be no more heard of—you will find a few quiet acres still untilled, a population improved, and a certainty of comfort and happiness awaiting you there. Until then, we think, you may make life bearable here, by diligent application to business, a devotion to your family, to home duties and affections, and to careful improvement of your mental capacity, and of such opportunities as God may furnish you for doing good. Think of it, reader!

G. R. G.

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.—This old and sterling family newspaper, we see, has been brought out in a suit of new and beautiful type, and is otherwise improved and adorned. It has had, too, an accession of editorial force, and the new pen, with the aid of Mr. Beckel, its old editor, makes the sweet sparkle again. We predict for the old favorite a new lease of popular favor, and a circulation unequalled by any paper of its class. Various other additions, in the mechanical as well as the literary department, are still to be added, when the office is removed to the new building in Chestnut street—the movements of beauty on that delightful promenade, will, of course, be duly chronicled hereafter, in the piquant style of the editors.

A POWERFUL NOVEL.—We shall commence in the July number, a powerfully written story from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., author of "Crownwell," "Ringwood the Rover," etc., which we pronounce the most brilliant of all the able novels of that accomplished and vigorous writer. It is entitled "JASPER ST. ALBYN; A Story of Passion," and for strength and beauty of expression, thrilling and intense interest, and high moral and tragic effect, our readers will regard it as the best story we have given them for many a day.

BIRDS BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.—We purpose to introduce into Graham's Magazine, in the coming volume, a series of Wild and Cage Birds, exquisitely designed and colored, and our artists are already at work. We think that this feature of the Magazine will be highly popular with our readers, and as the plates will be accompanied with carefully prepared letter-press descriptions; they will be found useful to the many who cultivate a taste for these beautiful subjects. This, we have no doubt, will be imitated, as every thing has been in the Magazine world which has originated with us.

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE.—Our correspondent, "History," is informed that he is right in his conjecture, that "Graham's Magazine" was based upon "The Casket," and hence is the oldest of the illustrated monthlies." It is our proud satisfaction that ours is the best, as well as the oldest Magazine. It does not require continued puffing, either hired or solicited, to make people aware of its existence.

OUR OWN ARTISTS ABROAD.—In order to keep the high position of this Magazine, as a work of art, fully up to the standard it has attained, we have sent our excellent engraver and designer, W. E. Tucker, Esq., to Europe to make careful drawings of such subjects as he may find upon the walls of the Academies, or in private collections, and to engage such American artists as he may find abroad,

who may be useful in carrying out our grand design of being the first to introduce new subjects to the American eye. Our contemporaries content themselves with re-engraving stale prints which may be found in the windows, or in using such cast-off English plates as may be offered here cheap; but the vast circulation and profit of this work returns to our readers in such liberal arrangements to keep them advised of the freshest and most beautiful works of art as may be found in the wide range of the world.

For several years our Fashion Plates have been brought freshly from Paris, and their beauty of design and coloring has been the subject of universal praise. Now, by having our own artists employed, both abroad and at home, we not only defy competition, but laugh at it.

THE NEW VOLUME.—With the next number we commence a new volume of Graham's Magazine, which, we do not hesitate to promise our readers shall be one of rare excellence and beauty. Our past volume, closing with this number, was exhausted very early, and we have consequently been obliged for two months past to refuse all orders for the work from January last. We shall therefore furnish our subscribers with a title page for the coming volume in our next issue. All our arrangements for the next six months are perfected, and from July to December our readers may expect a succession of brilliant numbers in every respect. Our increase for the past six months has been unexampled, and with the steady flow of new names, coming with every mail, we look forward to being compelled greatly to amplify our means of producing our edition. Our printers now run their presses both night and day—keeping us frequently waiting for copies to supply the demand. Hoe certainly must invent a book-press to run 10,000 per hour for us, and at our demise we shall leave him the copyright of Graham.

RIVALRY.—We see a great deal about the rivals of Graham, going the rounds in the way of paid notices. Does the oldest inhabitant remember a time when such notices were not given out? We have a brood of these rivals, freshly fledged every spring, who die somehow of the prize of the penny-a-liner in literature.

Snooks has an article in the "Great Monthly Thundergust," calculated to make a noise.

"I will write a first rate notice," says Snooks, "and mark it for the benefit of country members, and if that does n't settle Graham and Godey, I'll write you an article for nothing."

"Goodness!" says the new editor—"but—but do you think it is exactly fair to break down their business all at once, in that way? Remember their interesting families. Mr. Snooks."

"Families, sir! who talks about families when we commence a Thundergust! Get up a breeze! Pile on the agony, sir! You are too meek, sir!—too tame!—chicken-hearted, sir!—too tender!—too—too—will you oblige me with \$20 till to-morrow? Settle is the word!"

An awkward one it is, too—this settling with Indians, when they turn on you.

The fishermen of Philadelphia recently turned out in opposition to the firemen. They kept themselves close—coiled in covered wagons. *Self-fish fellows!*

Du Solle turned out a poor number of his new paper. "The Extra," lately. "Extra!" inquires a wag—this is extra-ordinary."





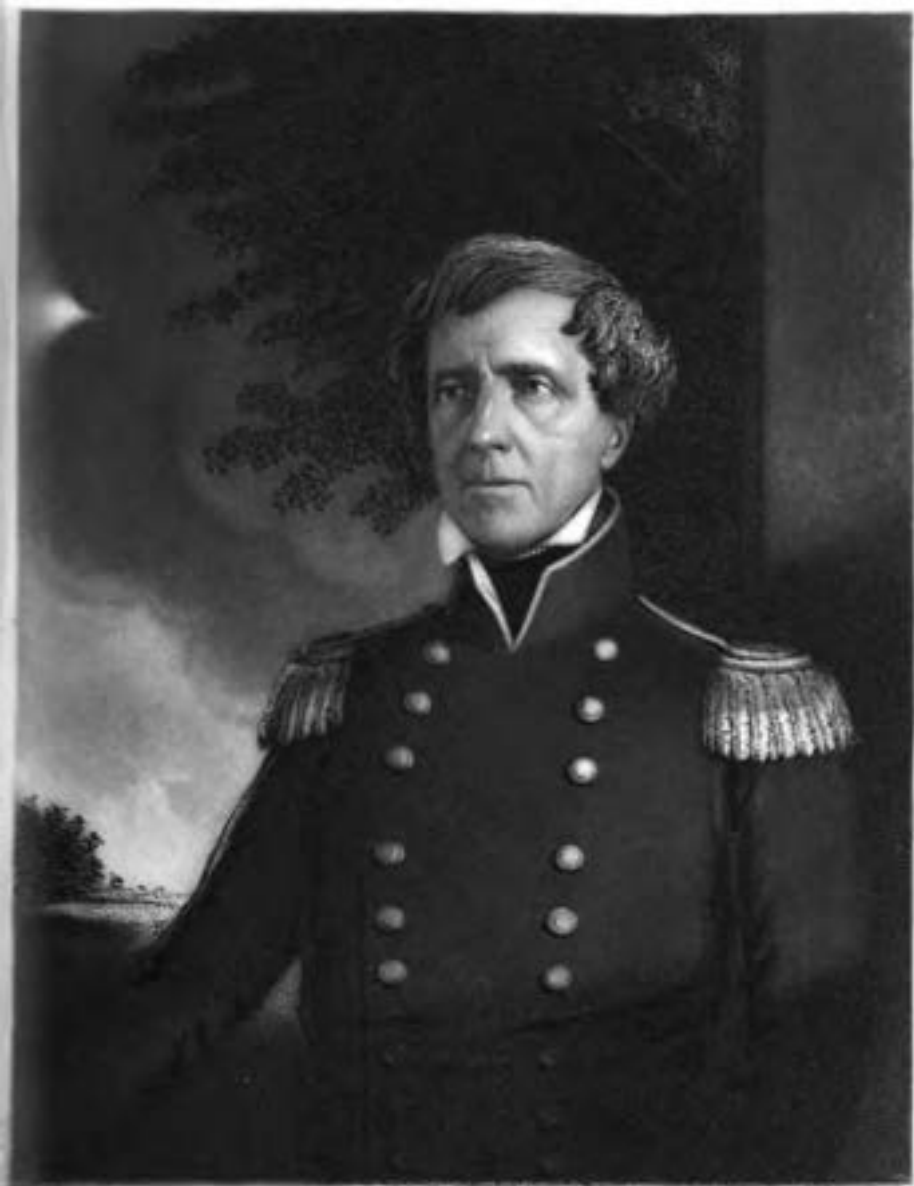
General G. B. ...

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中華民國二十一年一月一日

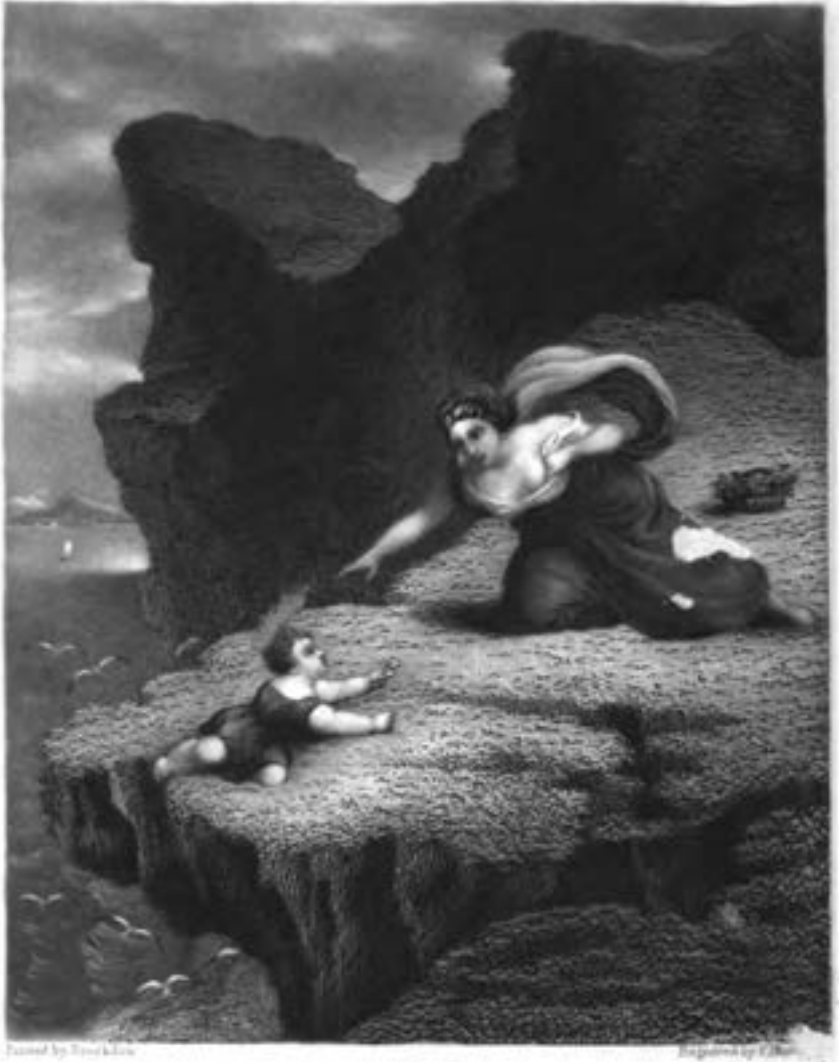
中華民國二十一年一月一日



BY W. W. HARRIS, 1861.

S. W. Kearny

General, U. S. Army, 1812-1820.



THE FALL OF MAN. — THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Painted and Engraved by Gustave Courbet.

JULY



G. R A H A M ' S

M A G A Z I N E

1849



GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art

EMBELLISHED WITH

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CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

JUNE, 1849, TO JANUARY, 1850.

A Biography of Major-General Stephen Watts Kearny, U. S. A. By FAYETTE ROBINSON, -	1	The Life Insurance. By HENRY G. LEE, -	301
A Voice from the Wayside. By CAROLINE C—, -	47	The Balize, - - - - -	304
A Memory. By JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON, -	122	The Conscrip. By JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, -	313
A Traveler's Story. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON, -	179	Three Pictures. By CAROLINE C—, -	331
A Year and a Day. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	193, 275	The Two Cousins. By KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH, -	365
A Harmless Glass of Wine. By KATE SUTHERLAND, - - - - -	230	Uncle Tom. By SIMON, - - - - -	61
An Adventure of Jasper C—, - - - - -	239	Unfading Flowers. By T. S. ARTHUR, - -	366
A Case of Gold Fever. By JOHN JONES, -	350	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST, -	57
Cross Purposes. By KATE, - - - - -	59	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST, -	126
Colored Birds. The Bullfinch. By BECHSTEIN, -	177	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST, -	189
Editor's Table, - - - - -	67	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST, -	245
Editor's Table, - - - - -	127	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST, -	304
Editor's Table, - - - - -	244	Wild-Birds of America. By PROFESSOR FROST, -	369
Editor's Table, - - - - -	248		
Editor's Table, - - - - -	307		
Editor's Table, - - - - -	372		
General Training. By ALFRED B. STREET, -	143		
Homewood. By P. C. SHANNON, - - - - -	250		
Indian Legend. By KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH, -	80		
Isa'd's Vision. By RICHARD PENN SMITH, -	220		
Jasper St. Aubyn; Or the Course of Passion. By HENRY W. HERBERT, - 7, 82, 140, 204, 253, -	322		
Jessie Lincoln. By Miss M. J. B. BROWNE, -	164		
Legend. By KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH, -	155		
Love Tests of Halloween. By T. S. ARTHUR, -	158		
Mary Wilson. By D. W. BELISLE, - - - - -	93		
Minnie Clifton. By EMMA C. EMBURY, -	222		
Men at Home. By Mrs. C. B. MARSTON, -	260		
Major Auspach. By MARC FOURNIER, -	282, 343		
Mr. Merritt and His Family. By F. SUMMERS, -	293		
My First Love. By Mrs. E. F. ELLET, -	360		
Olden Times. By J. R. CHANDLER, - - - - -	102		
Sketches of Life in Our Village. By GIFTIE, -	43		
Sketches of Life in Our Village. By GIFTIE, -	151		
Self-Devotion. By GIFTIE, - - - - -	349		
Troe Unto Death. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	17		
Thoughts on the Thermometer, - - - - -	25		
The Foundling. By JESSIE HOWARD, - - - - -	27		
The Neglected Grave-Yard. By PROF. ALDEN, -	36		
The Widow of Nain. By J. R. CHANDLER, -	41		
The Dream of Mehemet. By R. PENN SMITH, -	55		
The Curtain Lifted. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	73		
Two Hours of Doom. By Mrs. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL, - - - - -	110		
The Captive of York. By STELLA MARTIN, -	113		
The Two Paths. By Mrs. MARY B. HORTON, -	185		
The Engraver's Daughter. By H. SUNDERLAND, -	201		
The Recreant Missionary. By CAROLINE C—, -	215		
The Village Schoolmaster. By C. M. FARMER, -	233		
The Battle of Trenton. By C. J. PETERSON, -	288		

POETRY.

A Daughter's Memory. By MARY L. LAWSON, -	34
Alice. By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, - - - - -	200
A Parting Song. By PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, -	214
A Thought. By ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD, -	232
Alice Vernon. By E. CURTISS HINE, - - - - -	342
Bunker-Hill at Midnight. By E. CURTISS HINE, -	303
Communion of the Sea and Sky. By E. JONES, -	176
Dirge. By RICHARD PENN SMITH, - - - - -	371
Elim. By VIRGINIA, - - - - -	91
Ermengarde's Awakening. By F. S. OSGOOD, -	112
From Anathaus. By RICHARD PENN SMITH, -	34
Faith's Warning. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, -	92
Fragments of an Unfinished Story. By Mrs. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, - - - - -	263
Flower Fancies. By H. MARION STEPHENS, -	306
Good-Night. By WALTER HERRIES, Esq., -	130
I will be a Miner too. By Mrs. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL, - - - - -	6
I'm Thinking of Thee! By A. D. WILLIAMS, -	16
Kubleh. By BAYARD TAYLOR, - - - - -	120
Lines. By WALTER HERRIES, Esq., - - - - -	60
Lament of the Gold-Digger. By E. C. HINE, -	92
Little Willie. By Mrs. H. MARION STEPHENS, -	98
Lily Leslie. By GRETTA, - - - - -	156
Lines. By FORLORN HOPE, - - - - -	281
Lines. By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, - - - - -	303
Mary. By Mrs. O. M. P. LORD, - - - - -	15
My Spirit. By HENRY MORFORD, - - - - -	125
New Year Mediation. By ENNA DUVAL, - - - - -	40
Northampton. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, -	232
Parting. By Miss PHOENIX CAREY, - - - - -	213
Pleasant Words. By CAROLINE MAY, - - - - -	370
Passing Away. By ANNIE GREY, - - - - -	371
Song. By THOMAS FITZGERALD, - - - - -	225
Speak Out. By S. D. ANDERSON, - - - - -	238
Spiritual Presence. By MARY G. HORSFORD, -	306

Summer's Night. By SAM. C. REID, JR.	342
Song. By AGNES, - - - - -	342
The Emigrant's Daughters. By GRETTA,	8
The Tulip-Tree. By BAYARD TAYLOR, -	16
To My Wife. By S. D. ANDERSON, -	26
To ———. By HENRY B. HIRST, - - -	35
The Omnipresence of God. By R. COE, JR.	35
The Image. By A. J. REQUIER, - - - -	46
The Pilgrim's Fast. By MARY G. HORSFORD,	54
To My Mother in Heaven. By T. FITZGERALD,	51
The Fortieth Sonnet of Petrarche. By F. R.	58
The Improvisatrice. By MARY G. HORSFORD,	81
The Eighteenth Sonnet of Petrarche. By F. R.	81
To Mary. By LUCY CADELL, - - - - -	98
Translation from Sappho. By G. HILL, -	109
This World of Ours. By S. D. ANDERSON,	124
To the Lily of the Valley. By PROF. CAMPBELL,	129
The Spanish Maiden. By AGNES COLEMAN,	159
The Angel's Visit. By Mrs. S. ANNA LEWIS,	154
To a Portrait. By Mrs. H. MARION STEPHENS,	157
The Odalisque. By BAYARD TAYLOR, -	163
To Inez. By S. D. ANDERSON, - - - -	175
Time and Chance. By ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD,	178
The Rain. By T. A. SWAN, - - - - -	188
The Fountain in Winter. By BAYARD TAYLOR,	213
The Light of Life. By Mrs. O. M. P. LORD,	214
The Bride of Brook-in-Waterland. By C. P.	
SHIRAS, - - - - -	220
The Willow by the Spring. By J. HUNT, JR.	247
The Broken Household. By ALICE CAREY,	262
The Fear of Death. By MARY L. LAWSON,	271
The Seminoles' Last Look. By FAY. ROBINSON,	291
To My Sister E. By ADALIZA CUTTER, -	300
To My Steed. By S. ANDERSON, - - - -	321
The Death of the Year. By HENRY B. HIRST,	333
The Cottage. By J. HUNT, JR. - - - -	333
The Misanthrope. By A NEW CONTRIBUTOR,	349
The Broken Reed. By S. S. HORNOR, - -	348
The Old Wooden Church on the Green. By	
HENRY MORFORD, - - - - -	359
The Death of Cleopatra. By W. G. SIMMS,	363
The Fairies' Song. By HEINRICH, - - -	364
The Undivided Heart. By MYRRA, - - -	371
Watousku. By KATE ST. CLAIR, - - - -	79
Words of Waywardness. By PROF. CAMPBELL,	100
Woman's Heart. By RUFUS HENRY BACON,	178
We are Changed. By EDITH BLYTHE, - -	247

REVIEWS.

H. Kavanagh. A Tale. By H. W. Longfellow,	71
My Uncle the Curate. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," etc. - - -	71
The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger. By Charles Dickens, Characteristics of Literature. By Henry T. Tuckerman, - - - - -	131
The Earth and Man. By Arnold Guyot, - -	131
The History of the United States of America. By Richard Hildreth, - - - - -	191
Dante's Divine Comedy: The Inferno. By John A. Carlyle, M. D. - - - - -	192
A Second Visit to the United States of North America. By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S. -	251

The Liberty of Rome. By Samuel Eliot, -	251
The Penance of Roland. By Henry B. Hirst,	252
History of the National Constituent Assembly. By J. F. Corkran, - - - - -	252
Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography. By Washington Irving, - - - - -	311
Bulwer and Forbes on the Water Treatment, -	311
The Child's First History of Rome. By E. M. Sewell, - - - - -	312
A Lift for the Lazy, - - - - -	312
Poems. By Robert Browning, - - - - -	378
Physician and Patient. By Worthington Hooker,	379
History of England. By David Hume, - -	379
Success in Life. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, -	379
Sketches of Life and Character. By T. S. Arthur, - - - - -	380
History of the French Revolution of 1848. By A. De Lamartine, - - - - -	380

MUSIC.

What's a Tear. Composed by M. W. Balfie.	
Yes, Let Me Like a Soldier Fall. Written and Adapted by E. R. Johnston.	
Oh, Let Thy Locks Unbraided Fall. Words by John W. Watson, Esq. Music by John A. Jauke, Jr.	
I Love, When the Morning Beams. By D. W. Belsie.	
Wake, Lady, Wake. Music Composed and Arranged for the Piano, by B. W. Helffenstein, M. D.	
My Life is Like the Summer's Rose. Words by Hon. Richard Henry Wilde. Music by An Amateur.	

ENGRAVINGS.

Cross Purposes, engraved by J. M. Butler.	
General Kearny, engraved by T. B. Welch.	
Nature's Triumph, engraved by F. Humphreys.	
The Widow of Nain.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
Title Page, engraved by W. E. Tucker.	
The Golden Age, engraved by W. E. Tucker.	
La Siesta, engraved by Geo. P. Ellis.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
Olden Times.	
No Rose Without a Thorn, engraved by J. M. Butler.	
The Bullfinch, engraved by F. Humphreys.	
Love Tests of Hallowe'en, Nos. 1 and 2.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
Edie Deans, engraved by T. B. Welch.	
Rose Curton, engraved by W. H. Egleton.	
The Bazaar Wagon, engraved by A. L. Dick.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
The Engraver's Daughter.	
Happy as a King, engraved by J. M. Butler.	
Head-Quarters of Gen. Knox, engraved by W. H. Ellis.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
The Balize.	
The Death of the Year, engraved by Wm. E. Tucker.	
Opera Extravagance.	
The Conscript's Departure and Return, engraved by John M. Butler.	
A Case of Gold Fever.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	

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No. 1.

A BIOGRAPHY

OF MAJOR-GENERAL STEPHEN WATTS KEARNY, U. S. A

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

BY PATRIE ROBINSON.

Few men who have ever been in the service of the United States have enjoyed a more enviable reputation than Stephen Watts Kearny, or have left behind them more admiring friends. The recent death of this excellent soldier, and above all his distinguished services, covering a space of more than forty years, make his career at this time peculiarly an object of interest to the country.

Stephen Watts Kearny was born in the year 1793, in the town of Newark, New Jersey, in a mansion yet the property of his family. Though not prone to admit that the adventitious circumstances of birth add any real dignity to individuals, either in America or elsewhere, it may not be improper to state that the family connections of the deceased general were of such a character as to have entitled him to a prominent social position any where, he being a relation of the well-known Lady Mary Watts, and a connection of the gallant and noble General Alexander (Lord Stirling) of the revolutionary army. The grand-on of an emigrant, who settled in New Jersey, before the revolution, the family of Gen. Kearny had always occupied a prominent position in society, and exerted much influence in his native state.

At the commencement of the war of 1811, young Kearny, then about eighteen, was a student at Princeton College. Contrary, it is said, to the advice of his friends, he obtained a commission from Mr. Madison, and reported for duty as a lieutenant in the 13th regiment of infantry, in which he was attached to the company of which the present very distinguished General John E. Wool was the captain.

With two companies of his regiment he was present at the gallant affair of Queenstown, and with Colonel, since Gen. Scott, was surrendered a prisoner of war. This was on the 13th of October, 1812. In this affair the companies of the thirteenth had been long opposed to the greatly celebrated and highly disciplined fourteenth British infantry, a regiment which

had stood the ordeal of the Peninsula War, and had won laurels from the best troops of France. The forty-ninth had occupied, with heavy reinforcements of Canadian militia, a battery on a commanding position. The cannonade and musketry from this point was so severe that every commissioned officer was in the first assault either killed or wounded, and Col. Van Rensselaer, who commanded, was carried from the field unable to stand. Before he left, however, he ordered every man who could move to storm the battery. Three more gallant officers than those who carried his order into execution probably never lived. They were Captain Wool, Lieutenant Kearny, and 2nd Lieutenant T. B. Randolph, late of the Virginia regiment. By orders of Capt. Wool the two companies of the 13th, which originally had numbered but one hundred, all told, were extended and ordered to close upon the guns. This perilous manœuvre was executed with brilliant success, the enemy were driven precipitately from his guns, which were the first trophies to the United States of the war with Great Britain. This field was young Kearny's first army, and was a brilliant promise of what was to be his future career. The battle was important to the United States, though, as is well known, Col. Scott and his gallant command of regulars were forced to surrender. To the English it was most disastrous, Major Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the captor of Detroit, a man thought worthy to compete with Wellington for the command of the British army in Spain, having been picked off by an American marksman. Throughout this trying engagement young Kearny sustained himself with the firmness which he maintained through life. When driven to the hill selected by the present Col. Totten as the strongest point, his perseverance was as distinguished as his impetuosity had been during the charge.

After the surrender, Kearny, with the other prisoners, was marched to the Canadian village of Niagara, where, it is said, they were scarcely treated with the

consideration due such gallant soldiers. There occurred a circumstance of thrilling character often told—the attempted murder of Col. Scott by the Indian chiefs “young Brandt and Captain Jacobs,” which, had it proved successful, would have made irreconcilable the war between Great Britain and the United States. It failed through the great personal courage of Col. Scott and the gallantry of Captain Coffin, an aid of Gen. Sheafe, but the would-be murderers were never punished by the British government. The recurrence of such scenes, and the probability of long confinement, exercised a most unhappy effect on the mind of Kearny, who saw as the consequence of his captivity (at that day there were no exchanges of prisoners) the ruin of his professional prospects. After a confinement of some weeks at Niagara, Kearny was with the other prisoners sent to Quebec. For a long time he continued moody and morose, until a circumstance occurred, which the present general-in-chief relates, that restored his wonted alertness. The prisoners were taken to Quebec in a vessel, and from the carelessness incident to this mode of travel, the idea of a possible escape occurred to Col. Scott. The plan was to overpower the guard, to march at once to the nearest division of the United States troops on the frontier, and take their conductors with them as captives. Col. Scott imparted this plan to Kearny, who at once entered into it with his whole soul. His energy returned, and he became again the wild subaltern who had led the first platoon of the thirteenth at Queenstown. Circumstances prevented this plot from being carried into execution, but it had gone far enough to show that the subject of this memoir had as much prudence as valor.

The prisoners at last arrived at Quebec, and their situation at once became most painful. They were confined in the old French castle, and were subjected to many indignities. This was before Niagara and Lundy's Lane, and countless other fields had taught the British army that the American soldiers were worthy antagonists. At that time the British army was filled with the aristocracy of the country, which could not conceive or imagine the true position of a country without a nobility. Countless trivial insults were daily given, and which galled to the last degree the forbearance of the prisoners. The following anecdote may explain what they were.

On one occasion, when the American prisoners dined at the garrison mess, an officer of the British staff arose, and with a pointed pomposity gave the toast, “Mr. Madison, dead or alive.” The faces of the American officers flushed with indignation, which was not diminished when they saw a young American lieutenant rise from his chair, and in the blandest manner, and with a most insinuating smile, give thanks for the remembrance of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. All thought him drunk or mad, as he proceeded to say, “he felt the weightiness of the burden imposed on him by the silence of his seniors, that he would not give thanks for the toast last drunken, but would give another in return. He was sure the officers of both services present would understand him when he gave ‘the health of his royal highness, the Prince

of Wales, DRUNK OR SOBER.’” If a shell had exploded under the table the surprise could not have been greater, and the danger of a collision became imminent, when the senior officer of the British army present, a man of tact and taste, interfered, and sent the person who had given the first toast from the table under arrest. This anecdote is variously told in the service, and sometimes is attributed to Gen. Kearny, and sometimes to the late Mann Page Loumax, major of artillery, who was at the time a prisoner in the castle of Quebec. It is perfectly characteristic of each of these officers, and whether Gen. Kearny be the hero or not, aptly enough illustrates this portion of his career. The American victories in the West, by which hosts of prisoners were acquired, soon placed the men of Queenstown in a different position, and they were exchanged.

Kearny was with Scott at the time the latter officer resisted the attempt to place in confinement the Indians surrendered at Queenstown, and ably sustained him in his energetic action in relation to this high-handed measure. He sailed in the cartel to Boston, and immediately on his arrival, proceeded to rejoin his regiment. He was subsequently stationed at Sacket's Harbor, where he acquired the reputation for discipline and soldiery which never deserted him. While at this post the British commander, Sir James Yoe, and Commodore Chauncey, were manœuvring for possession of the lake. On one occasion, when in possession of a temporary superiority, Sir James appeared in front of the harbor and challenged the commodore to a fight. This the latter refused, because he had no warines. When the reason was told Capt. Kearny, (he had in the interim been promoted) and a gallant officer of New York, a captain of artillery, named Romain, offered at once to go on board and serve as marines. The offer was not, however, accepted, much to the chagrin of Kearny and Romain.

Captain Kearny served through the war, and on the reductions of 1815 and 1821, was retained in the service with his old grade and rank. In 1823 he received the usual brevet for ten years faithful service, and was assigned to the command of the beautiful post of Bellefontaine, near St. Louis, and in that year accompanied Brigadier General Atkinson in his famous expedition to the Upper Missouri. This was before the introduction of steamboats into those waters, and the expedition was one of the most tedious imaginable. The boats were necessarily to be propelled by poles and oars against the rapid current of the Missouri, and not unfrequently by the tedious process of *rapdelling*. This is done by extending from the capstan of the boat a cable, which is made fast to the shore, and thus the vessel must carefully be wound up until the rope is exhausted. Then a new rope is stretched, and the same tedious process undergone. Often, when in the midst of *rapids*, the cable would break, and before the vessel could be brought up, a greater distance than had been gained in a week would be passed over. In the course of two years they reached the Yellow Stone river, twenty-two hundred miles above St. Louis, and displayed the colors of the 1st and 8th infantry where the United States flag had never been seen be-

fore. The Sioux, the Pawnee, the Mandan, and Arickra, were made acquainted with the government, of which before they had but a vague knowledge, and the vast resources of that immense country for the first time revealed to the nation.

On his return Major Kearny received a full majority in the third infantry, and was removed to a new sphere, to the southern extremity of the Indian territory. While major of this regiment he established the post of Towson, on the banks of Red River. To reach this place, easy of access as it is at present, it was necessary to pass through what was then a wilderness of prairie, but which to the soldiers inured to the incessant storms of the Upper Missouri, seemed almost an Arcadia. After crossing the northern tributaries of the Arkansas, they were in the midst of the range of the buffalo, and the countless herds of wild horses which then abounded even there. The latter, not unfrequently, amazed at the novel sight of the marching troops, would dash up, as if to charge the columns, pause with as much unanimity as if they acted by command, encircle it, and tossing their long manes and forelocks, hurry out of view. New objects continually met his gaze, and the information then amassed was among the most valuable ever collected under the auspices of the government. On this march Major Kearny was accompanied by his accomplished wife, a step-daughter of Gen. M. Clark, of St. Louis, whom, about the time of his promotion, he had married. With the third infantry Major Kearny remained until the Black Hawk war, when almost all the troops of the country were concentrated in the country of the hostile Indians.

While a major of the third, an incident occurred, which, though often told, will bear repetition. On one occasion, while stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Major Kearny was drilling a brigade on one of the open fields near the post. The manoeuvre was the simple exercise of marching in line to the front. An admirable horseman, he sat with his face toward the troops, while the horse he rode, perfectly trained, was backed in the same direction, along which the command was marched. At once the animal fell, fastening the rider to the ground by his whole weight. His brigade had been drilled to such a state of insensibility, that not one of them came to his assistance; nor was it necessary. The line advanced to within about ten feet of him, when, in a loud, distinct voice, calmly as if he had been in the saddle under no unusual circumstance, Major Kearny gave the command, "*Fourth company—obstacle—march.*" The fourth company, which was immediately in front of him, was flanked by its captain in the rear of the other half of the grand division. The line passed on, and when he was thus left in the rear of his men, he gave the command, "*Fourth company into line—march.*" He was not seriously injured—extricated himself from his horse, mounted again, passed to the front of the regiment, and executed the next manoeuvre in the series he had marked out for the day's drill.

We are now, however, to see Major Kearny in a new and more important sphere of action.

During the whole of the last war with Great Britain cavalry was not once employed as a battle-piece, and

in spite of the great services of the horse which had been commanded, during the revolution, by Cols. Lee and Washington, and by Count Pulaski, this great arm had become most unpopular. Consequently, on the reduction, no skeleton even of a corps had been retained—the sabres were locked up, the saddles and horses sold, and the officers and men disbanded. The policy, however, of disposing the eastern tribes along the western frontier, and the rapid strides of emigration westward, brought the army into contact with the mounted tribes of the prairie, who evidently could never be overtaken or punished for depredations they at that time used to commit, by foot-soldiers, armed with heavy muskets, and laden down with knapsacks and camp equipage. Of this evident proof had been obtained in the expedition of Gen. Atkinson, mentioned above, and other excursions which had brought the officers and men of the 6th, 3rd and 1st infantry into contact with the nomad tribes of the Camanch. If other demonstration were required, it was furnished by the events of the Black Hawk war, when it became necessary to raise a body of mounted gunmen for special service, which was done under the auspices of the present distinguished Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Dodge. These troops, called Rangers, did good service enough to induce Congress to authorize the levy of a strict cavalry corps called Dragoons. The whole army, with very few exceptions, was impressed with the necessity of this corps, for which the most distinguished men in their several grades of the service applied. On its organization, Major Kearny was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and on him depended almost exclusively the discipline, the colonial, Dodge, though a brave man, not having the military education or experience requisite to make him the active head of a new corps, in the details of which not only men but officers were to be instructed. Col. Kearny, during his long seclusion in the west, had been a patient student, and had made himself master of all the theory of his profession, and in a short time made his regiment one of the best in the world. Within less than a year after the first muster of the regiment, it was sent, under its colonel, as a part of the command with which the lamented Gen. Leavenworth marched to the Spanish Peaks. This disastrous march, in the course of which so many men and officers died, was most trying to a new corps, which had no guide to direct them. Here all the experience of the old world was at fault. Cavalry had there to march but from one hamlet to another, finding forage and grain everywhere. Here eight hundred miles of wilderness were to be overcome, and more than once the jaded horses were without even water. This proved the perfectness of the regiment, and the thoroughness of the discipline which induced the gallant and veteran Gen. Guines to speak, in an official letter, of the first Dragoons as "the best troops I ever saw;" and the officer who had defended Fort Eric, beaten back a victorious enemy at Chrysler's Field, and received the keys of St. Augustine, certainly knew what a soldier was.

In 1835, Col. Kearny visited with one wing of his regiment, the Sioux, on the Upper Missouri, and had the satisfaction at a council to reconcile the long animosity between them and the Sauks and Foxes. He

also made a long march to the head-waters of the Mississippi, visiting the village of Wabishu, and effecting a cessation of the trespassing of the British subjects, from the Earl of Selkirk's settlement at Pembina, on the territories of the United States. In July, 1836, he was made colonel of the first dragoons; and from this period a sketch of his services would be almost a history of the West, not one trouble on the frontier occurred in the settlement of which he was not instrumental; and with six companies of his regiment he was able to protect a line of frontier eight hundred miles long. Stationed at Fort Leavenworth, he made himself the idol of the West, and devoting himself to his regiment, made its discipline perfect. He had now acquired a high rank, and the qualities he had always possessed became conspicuous. Bland in his manners, but of iron firmness, kind to his juniors, his equals, or those nearly so, requiring the strictest obedience, measuring his expectations by the rank of the officer, his conduct became proverbial. To his men he was most considerate, so that they looked on him as a protector. It is believed that during the whole time he commanded the first dragoons no soldier ever received a blow, except by the sentence of a general court martial for the infamous crime of desertion. The lash disappeared, and though probably the strictest disciplinarian in the service, there was less punishment in his corps than in any other. About this time the system of drill of the dragoons was changed, and he was long engrossed in the instruction of his regiment, leaving the troublesome task of unlearning them all he had taught of the old system, from which the new one differed entirely in mode and principle of combination.

In the year 1839, the two Ridges, father and son, and Elias Boudinot, chiefs of the Cherokees, were murdered by a hostile clique of their own tribe, and there seemed imminent danger that a war would originate. Immediately on the receipt of the news of a possible collision, Col. Kearny determined to proceed to the scene. The officer of the quarter-master's department on duty with him being unable to furnish the requisite funds, the colonel provided them from his own resources, and after a very rapid march appeared with six companies of his regiment at Fort Wayne. Words can not express the difference between his companies and those in garrison at that post; the beautiful condition of the men and horses of the first, and the rough-coated nags and unclean condition of the men of the second. After the difficulty had gone by, he effected an exchange of garrisons, and with the neglected and abused left wing, proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, where, in a short time these companies became equal in discipline to the others of the corps. The companies of the Fort Wayne garrison which he took with him to Leavenworth, were those which, under the command of the gallant and lamented Capt. Burgwin, and the excellent soldier, Major Grier, did such good service, and so much distinguished themselves in the campaign in New Mexico against the revolters and the Pueblo and Navajo Indians.

In 1842, he was appointed to the command of the third military department, with head-quarters at St. Louis. There he remained until 1846, with the exception of

his long march to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains in 1845. There is no doubt that this is one of the most extraordinary marches on record, both from its distance, its rapidity, and the fact that he passed among semi-hostile tribes nearly two thousand miles; crossed deep and rapid streams by swimming, gave protection to the immense army of emigrants *en route* to California, and returned without losing a man or horse.

In 1846, the war with Mexico began, and he was assigned to the command of the army of the West with orders to occupy New Mexico and California. To reach Santa Fe an immense march was to be undertaken across a country but sparsely furnished with wood and water, and where no supplies were to be met with or obtained until the enemy's country should be reached, and in all probability a battle fought and won. To accomplish this, precisely such a man as Col. Kearny was required. He was familiar with the service, and possessed the unbounded confidence of the people of Missouri, from which state the volunteers who were to compose the main body of his army were to be drawn. In a most unprecedented short time the men were enrolled, and all necessaries supplied, and before Arrijo, the governor of New Mexico was aware of his approach, the army was in the capital of the province. Like Cæsar, Gen. Kearny might say, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Immediately before the capture of Santa Fe, Col. Kearny had received his promotion to the grade of Brigadier-General, and abandoned to his successor the standard of a regiment he had borne from the Gulf of Mexico to the head-waters of the Mississippi, and which was to be the first flag of the army which waved on the shores of the Pacific. After obeying his orders, and providing for the future peace of the country, he proceeded to California, across a country where an army had never marched before, and which was considered impassable. Cold, a wilderness, absolute barrenness, were all to be overcome. Scarcely, however, had he set out on this expedition than he was met by an express, informing him that California was conquered. Relying on this, he sent back all his troops except one hundred men, and proceeded to the valley of the Gila. Of the sufferings of his men, of the almost starvation which forced them to eat the flesh of the emaciated dragoon-horses which had borne them so far we will not speak. When he emerged into the fertile country, it was not until after severe contests against immense odds, and until he had lost many favorite officers and picked men, to all of whom he had become endeared by participation in the dangers of a march across the American continent.

On the 2d of December, 1846, Gen. Kearny arrived at Warner's Rancho, one of the extreme eastward settlements of California. He there learned certainly what he had previously heard from a party of Californians, that the population had risen against the invaders and that Andreas Pico was near San Diego with a superior party, intending to give him battle. Though exhausted by a long march, and mounted on broken-down mules, Gen. Kearny hurried to attack him. On the night of December 5, he heard that Pico

was at the village of San Pascual, and on the next morning met him. At once a charge was ordered, which broke Pico's line and forced it to retreat. After a flight of half a mile, however, it was rallied and charged the head of the American force, and lanced many of the foremost men. A desperate hand to hand fight ensued, which resulted in the discomfiture of Pico, not, however, until Captains Moore and Johnston, and Lieutenant Hammond, and sixteen men had been killed, and fourteen persons wounded, including the general himself, and all the officers except Captain Turner, who, though he greatly distinguished himself, escaped untouched. The inequality of the contest was immense, when we remember that the Californians, the most superb horsemen in the world, were mounted on excellent chargers, while the dragoons were on mules which had marched from Santa Fe. The dead were buried; this sad duty, and the necessity of making further arrangements, detained the party all day. On the next day the march was resumed, but encumbered as they were, they were able to proceed but nine miles when the enemy charged them again. The needful preparations to receive them were made, when the enemy wheeled off, and attempted to occupy an eminence which commanded the route. From this, after a sharp skirmish, they were driven with some loss, and then Gen. Kearny encamped. As Pico evidently intended to dispute every pass, the general determined to remain where he was until reinforcements, for which he had sent to the naval commander at San Diego, should arrive. Four days afterwards a force of marines, under Capt. Zelin, U. S. M. C. and of sailors, commanded by Lieutenant Gray, arrived, and with this force Gen. Kearny marched without molestation to San Diego, a distance of thirty miles. A difficulty about the command here arose between Commodore Stockton and Gen. Kearny, which could not be settled in California, where the naval commander had far the superior force. It did not prevent their undertaking a joint expedition against Puebla de los Angeles, which was in possession of a strong Mexican force under Flores.

On the 5th of January the Mexicans were met six hundred strong, with four guns, in the face of whom the American force of sailors, marines, and the remnant of the dragoons, forded the river, and after a short, sharp, and decisive affair, drove them from the field. On the next day the enemy again appeared, and, as usual, were beaten, and on the 10th Puebla de los Angeles was occupied. At these affairs both the naval and army commanders were present, and the question of who was commander added somewhat to the difficulty already existing between them. At this time Lieut. Col. J. C. Fremont, then of the mounted rifles, commanded a numerous body of volunteers in California. Gen. Kearny ordered this officer to join him. This Col. Fremont did not do, but on the contrary, considered Com. Stockton as his commander. Consequently, when on the arrival of land reinforcements from the United States, Gen. Kearny assumed and maintained his command, he ordered Col. Fremont to accompany him home. Col. Fremont was subsequently arrested and tried for this dereliction of duty, found guilty of mutinous conduct,

and sentenced to be dismissed the service. A portion of the court which tried him having recommended the remission of the sentence, the President acquiesced, and he was ordered to duty, but immediately re-signed his commission. The prosecution of the charges against Col. Fremont detained Gen. Kearny in Washington during a portion of the winter of '47 and '48, and was, doubtless, most painful to him, for no man in the army had previously borne a higher character for soldier-ship than Col. Fremont. The court martial fully sustained Gen. Kearny in every pretension, and but one person has been found in America to cavil at the sentence.

In the spring of 1848, Gen. Kearny was ordered to Mexico, whither he proceeded at once. All hostilities were, however, then over, and though he was in the discharge of his duty, his service there was uneventful. On the conclusion of the war he returned home, and was assigned to the command of the military division of which St. Louis is the head-quarters. He there had the proud-satisfaction to receive the brevet of major-general for his services in New Mexico and California. He had, however, brought with him the seeds of an insidious disease which soon overcame his strength, enfeebled as it was by privations and trials of every kind. He died at St. Louis, October 31, 1848, leaving a wife and a family of young sons to regret him.

In the eventful career of Gen. Kearny he had always been distinguished as one of the best officers of his grade in the service. From a subaltern to the highest rank he rose, every step having been won by service. He was bland in his manners, dispassionate and calm. Quick and ready in forming his opinions, he yet did not act hastily, and when once he had decided, was immutable in his course. A great student and thinker, he never talked except when he had something to say, yet possessed a fund of anecdote and universal information rarely to be met with. In the West he was a popular idol, so that the whole population acquiesced in the apparently arbitrary steps he was often called on to take in the discharge of his duty. To his subalterns he was endeared by a thousand kindnesses, and to the whole army by respect and admiration. He left in all the army list no one superior to him in personal courage, science in his profession, or the minor qualities which contribute so much to make the soldier.

Immediately on the receipt of the news of his death, the Secretary of War, Mr. Marcy, published an order containing the following high tribute to his important services.

“WAR DEPARTMENT.

Washington, Nov. 6, 1848.

The President with feelings of deep regret announces to the Army the death of Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearny, Major-General by brevet. The honorable and useful career of this gallant officer terminated on the 31st of October at St. Louis, in consequence of a disease contracted while in the discharge of his official duties in Mexico.

General Kearny entered the army in 1812 as lieutenant, and continued in it until his death—a period of more than thirty-six years. His character and bearing as an accomplished officer were unsurpassed, and

challenge the admiration of his fellow citizens and the emulation of his professional brethren. His conquest of New Mexico and valuable services in California have inseparably connected his name with the future destiny of these territories, and it will be ever held in grateful remembrance by the successive generations which will inhabit these extensive regions of our confederacy."

He was buried in St. Louis by the 7th and 8th regiments of infantry and a squadron of that regiment of dragoons which he had made so famous, commanded by one of his favorite captains, the present Col. E. V. Sumner, of the 1st dragoons. All the city of St. Louis accompanied the cortège to pay their last tribute of respect to the general and the MAN.

I WILL BE A MINER TOO.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

ALL around me men are delving,
Deep within the troubled earth,
Searching for the darksome treasures
Hidden since creation's birth.
Wearying toil and ceaseless effort
Bring the buried ore to view ;—
Though I be but feeble woman,
I will be a miner too !

Heart of mine ! thou art a cavern,
Sud and silent, dark and deep—
In thy fathomless recesses
Spirit gnomes their treasures keep.
Gems of love, and hope, and joyance,
Bury there their flashing beam—
Wildier passions fret their prison
With the fierceness of their gleam.

Though unbrunished, prized and precious,
To the enraptured poet's sight,
As the jewels, proudly flashing,
On the brow of beauty bright.
True, unto the sordid worldling
These are gems of little worth,
Yet, for thee, high-hearted poet !
I will strive to bring them forth !

Lamp of truth, my brow adorning,
Lighting up the weary way—
I, in pain, will probe my bosom,
Bare its treasures to the day.
Wearying toil and ceaseless effort
Bring the buried ore to view ;—
Though I be but feeble woman,
I will be a miner too !

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTERS.

BY GRETTA.

I HAD but two ; they were my only treasure,
Two lovely daughters of the imperial isle ;
They gave my quiet hearth-stone every pleasure,
They gave my lone heart every sunny smile,
And to your land I brought them o'er the sea,
To hear the tones which tell of Liberty :

They were twin lasses ; one was like the Rose,
With deep, dark crimson on its opening breast ;
The other like the Daisy, when it glows
With evening's pearls upon its snowy crest.
And when they nestled near me lovingly,
They were like morn and quiet eve to me.

But she, the golden haired, is with the stars !
She, the blue-eyed, the fondest of the twin.
For her was opened heaven's glorious bars,
Just as the sun was sinking in the main,
And flowers less fair, each in its soft green nest,
On the far shore, had sunk like her to rest.

Upon the waves she died—the sounding waves—
The sands her pillow, and the weeds her pall ;
And there the deepest, tideless water lives
The mortal part of half my little ail ;
And though I know her soul is bright above,
Still earth is desolate without her love.

She drooped from day to day—within my arms
I cradled her dear form, so slight, so fair,
And gazed with doating love upon her charms,

While my big tears were glistening in her hair,
Till o'er her upturned eyes the fringed-lid fell,
And soft she said—I know she said—" Farewell !"

She died without a moan, without a sigh ;
A golden day had faded in the west,
And mother Night descending from on high,
Was hushing Nature to her dreamy rest ;
And ere another day broke o'er the sea,
Deep rolled the waves between my child and me.

I chanted o'er her lays of her old home—
And she, the stricken mourner by my side,
Mingled her tears with ocean's moonlit foam,
And sent her wail upon the shoreless tide.
Oh ! it was sad to hear that heart-wrung moan
On the wild sea, so vast, so still, so lone !

On my own native Scotland's hallowed ground,
In a low glen, from worldly din afar,
The stars look down upon the grassy mound
Where she is laid—my young life's morning star—
And in the trackless deep, the bud she gave
From her fond bosom, fills a briny grave.

And with this one, all that my heart has left,
I raise my altar where your heaven glows ;
Here the lone pair, of all they loved bereft,
Would find in you, Bethesda for their woes.
They'll think of home, with memory's burning tear,
But turn to meet Hope's smiling welcome here :

JASPER ST. AUBYN; OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the commencement of the seventeenth century, there stood among the woody hills and romantic gorges which sweep southwardly down from the bleak expanse of Dartmoor, one of those fine old English halls, which, dating from the reign of the last of the Tudors, united so much of modern comfort with so much of antique architectural beauty. Many specimens of this style of building are still to be found scattered throughout England, with their broad terraces, their quaintly sculptured porticoes, their tall projecting oriels, their many stacks of richly decorated chimneys, and their heraldic bearings adorning every salient point, grotesquely carved in the red freestone, which is their most usual, as indeed their most appropriate material. No one, however, existed, it is probable, at that day, more perfect in proportion to its size, or more admirably suited to its wild and romantic site, than the manor-house of Widecomb-Under-Moor, or, as it was more generally called in its somewhat sequestered neighborhood, the House in the Woods. Even at the present time, that is a very rural and little frequented district; its woods are more extensive, its moorlands wilder, its streams less often turned to purposes of manufacturing utility, than in any other tract of the southern counties; but at the time of which I write, when all England was comparatively speaking an agricultural country; when miles and miles of forest existed, where there now can scarcely be found acres; when the communications even between the neighboring country towns were difficult and tedious, and those between the country and metropolis almost impracticable; the region of Dartmoor and its surrounding woodlands was less known and less frequented, except by its own inhabitants, rude for the most part and uncultured as their native hills, than the prairies of the Far West, or the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains.

The few gentry, and lords of manors who owned estates, and had their castellated or Elizabethan dwellings, scattered here and there, at long intervals, among the sylvan scenery of that lonely region, were for the greater part little superior in habits, in refinement, and in mental culture, to the bores around them. Staunch hunters, and hard drinkers, up with the lark and abed before the curfew, loyal to their king, kind and liberal to their dependents, and devout before their God, they led obscure and blameless lives, careless of the great world, a rumor of which rarely wandered so far as to reach their ears, unknown to fame, yet neither useless nor unhonored within the sphere of their humble influence, marked by few faults and many unpretending virtues.

To this general rule, however, the lords of Widecomb Manor had long been an exception. Endowed with larger territorial possessions than most of their

neighbors, connected with many of the noblest families of the realm, the St. Aubyns of Widecomb Manor had for several generations held themselves high above the squires of the vicinity, and the burghers of the circumjacent towns. Not confining themselves to the remote limits of their rural possessions, many of them had shone in the court and in the camp; several had held offices of trust and honor under Elizabeth and her successor; and when, in the reign of the unfortunate Charles, the troubles between the king and his Parliament broke out at length into open war, the St. Aubyn of that day, like many another gallant gentleman, emptied his patrimonial coffers to replenish the exhausted treasury; and melted his old plate and felled his older oaks, in order to support the king's cause in the field, at the head of his own regiment of horse.

Thence, when the good cause succumbed for a time, and democratic license, hardly restrained by puritanic rigor, strode rampant over the prerogative of England's crown, and the liberties of England's people, fines, sequestrations, confiscations, fell heavily on the confirmed malignancy, as it was then termed, of the Lord of Widecomb; and he might well esteem himself fortunate, that he escaped beyond the seas with his head upon his shoulders, although he certainly had not where to lay it.

Returning at the restoration with the Second Charles, more fortunate than many of his friends, Sir Miles St. Aubyn recovered a considerable portion of his demesnes, which, though sequestrated, had not been sold, and with these the old man-ion, now, alas! all too grand and stately for the diminished revenues of its owner, and the shrunken estates which it overlooked.

It would not perhaps have been too late, even then for prudence and economy, joined to a resolute will and energetic purpose, to retrieve the shaken fortunes of the house; but having recovered peace and a settled government, the people and the court of England appeared simultaneously to have lost their senses. The overstrained and somewhat hypocritical morality of the Protectorate was succeeded by the wildest license, the most extravagant debauchery; and in the orgies which followed their restoration to their patrimonial honors, too many of the gallant cavaliers discreditably squandered the last remnant of fortunes which had been half ruined in a cause so noble and so holy.

Such was the fate of Sir Miles St. Aubyn. The brave and generous soldier of the First Charles sank into the selfish, dissipated roysterer under his unworthy successor. He never visited again the beautiful oak-woods and sparkling waters of his native place, but frittered away a frivolous and useless life among the orgies of Alsatia and the revels of Whitehall; and died, unfriended, and almost alone, leaving an only

son, who had scarce seen his father, the heir to his impoverished fortune and little honored name.

His son, who was born before the commencement of the troubles, of a lady highly-bred, and endowed as highly, who died—as the highly endowed die but too often—in the first prime of womanhood, was already a man when the restoration brought his father back to his native land, though not to his patrimonial estates or his paternal duties.

Miles St. Aubyn, the younger, had been educated during the period of the civil war, and during the protracted absence of his father, by a distant maternal relative, whose neutrality and humble position alike protected him from persecution by either of the hostile parties. He grew up, like his race, strong, active, bold and gallant; and if he had not received much of that peculiar nurture which renders men graceful and courtly-mannered, almost from their cradles, he was at least educated under the influence of those traditional principles which make them at the bottom, even if they lack something of external polish, high-souled and honorable gentlemen.

After the restoration he was sent abroad, as was the habit of the day, to push his fortunes with his sword in the Netherlands, then, as in all ages of the world, the chosen battle-ground of nations. There he served many years, if not with high distinction, at least with credit to his name; and if he did not win high fortune with his sword—and indeed the day for such winnings had already passed in Europe—he at least enjoyed the advantage of mingling, during his adventurous career, with the great, the noble, and the famous of the age; and when, on his return to his native land after his father's death, he turned his sword into a plough-hare, and sought repose among the old staghorned oaks at Widecomb, he was no longer the enthusiastic, wild and head-strong youth of twenty years before; but a grave, polished, calm, accomplished man, with something of Spanish dignity and sternness engrafted on the frankness of his English character, and with the self-possession of one used familiarly to courts and camps showing itself in every word and motion.

He was a man moreover of worth, energy and resolution, and sitting down peacefully under the shadow of his own woods, he applied himself quietly, but with an iron steadiness of purpose that ensured success, to retrieving in some degree the fortunes of his race.

Soon after he returned he had taken unto himself a wife, not perhaps very wisely chosen from a family of descent prouder and haughtier even than his own, and of fortunes if not as much impoverished, at least so greatly diminished, as to render the lady's dower a matter merely nominal. But it was an old affection—a long promise, hallowed by love and constancy and honor.

She was, moreover, a beautiful and charming creature, and, so long as she lived, rendered the old soldier a very proud and very happy husband, and when she died—which, most unhappily for all concerned, was but a few months after giving birth to an only son—left him so comfortless, and at the same time so wedded to the memory of the dead, that he never so much as envisaged the idea of a second marriage.

This gentleman it was, who, many long years after the death of the gentle Lady Alice, dwelt in serene and dignified seclusion in the old Hall, which he had never quitted since he became a widower; devoting his whole abilities to nursing his dilapidated estates, and educating his only son, whom he regarded with affection bordering on idolatry.

With the last Miles St. Aubyn, however, we shall have little to do henceforth, for the soldier of the Netherlands had departed so far from the traditions of his family—the eldest son of Miles—as to drop that patrimonial appellation in the person of his son, whom he had caused to be christened Jasper, after a beloved friend, a brother of the lady afterward his wife, who had fallen by his side on a well-fought field in the Luxembourg.

What was the cause which induced the veteran in other respects so severe a stickler for ancient habit, to swerve from this time-honored custom, it would be difficult to state; some of those who knew him best, attributing it more to the desire of perpetuating the memory of his best friend in the person of his only child; while others ascribed it to a sort of superstitious feeling, which, attaching the continued decline of the house to the continual recurrence of the patronymic, looked forward in some degree to a revival of its honors with a new name to its lord.

Whatever might have been the cause, the consequences of this deviation from old family usage, as prognosticated by the dependents of Widecomb, and the superstitious inhabitants of the neighboring woods and wolds, were any thing but likely to better the fortunes of the lords of the manor; for not a few of them asserted, with undoubting faith, that the last St. Aubyn had seen the light of day, and that in the same generation which had seen the extinction of the old name the old race should itself pass away. Nor did they lack some sage authority to which they might refer for confirmation of their dark forebodings; for there existed, living yet in the mouths of men, one of those ancient laws, which were so common a century or two ago in the rural districts of England, and connected with the fortunes of the old houses; and which were referred to some Mother Shipton, or other equally infallible soothsayer of the county, whose dicta to the vulgar minds of the feudal tenantry were confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ.

The prophecy in question was certainly exceeding old; and had been handed down through many generations, by direct oral tradition, among a race of men wholly illiterate and uneducated; to whom perhaps alone, owing to the long expatriation of the late and present lords of the manor, it was now familiar; although in past times it had doubtless been accredited by the family to which it related.

It ran as follows, and, not being deficient in a sort of wild harmony and rugged solemnity, produced, by no means unnaturally, a powerful effect on the minds of hearers, when recited in awe-stricken tones and with a bended brow beside some feebly glimmering hearth, in the lulls of the tempest happily raving without, among the leafless trees, under the starless night—It

run as follows, and, universally believed by the vassals of the house, it remains for us to see how far its predictions were confirmed by events, and how far it influenced or foretold the course of passion, or the course of fate—

White Miles sits master in Widecomb place,
The cradle shall rock on the oaken floor,
And St. Aubyn rule, where he ruled of yore.

But when Miles departs from the olden race,
The cradle shall rock by the hearth no more,
Nor St. Aubyn rule, where he ruled of yore.

Thus far it has been necessary for us to tread back the path of departed generations, and to retrace the fortunes of the Widecomb family, inasmuch as many of the events, which we shall have to narrate hereafter, and very much of the character of the principal personage, to whom our tale relates, have a direct relation to these precedents, and would have been to a certain degree incomprehensible but for this retrogression. If it obtain no other end, it will serve at least to explain how, amid scenes so rural and sequestered, and dwelling almost in solitude, among neighbors so rugged and uncivilized, there should have been found a family, deprived of all advantages of intercommunication with equals or superiors in intellect and demeanor, and even unassisted by the humanizing influence of familiar female society, which had yet maintained, as if traditionally, all the principles, all the ideas, and all the habitudes of the brightest schools of knightly courtesy and gentlemanly bearing, all the graces and easy dignity of courts, among the remote solitudes of the country.

At the time when our narrative commences, the soldier of the Netherlands, Sir Miles St. Aubyn—for though he cared not to bear a foreign title, he had been stricken a knight banneret on a bloody battle-field of Flanders—had fallen long into the mire, the yellow leaf; and though his cheek was still ruddy as a winter pippin, his eye bright and clear, and his foot firm as ever, his hair was as white as the drifted snow; his arm had lost its nervous power; and if his mind was still sane and his body sound, he was now more addicted to sit beside the glowing hearth in winter, or to bask in the summer sun-shine, poring over some old chronicle or antique legend, than to wake the echoes of the oak-wood with his bugle-horn, or to rouse the heathcock from the healthy moorland with his dyltly springers.

Not so, however, the child of his heart, Jasper. The boy on whom such anxious pains had been bestowed, on whom hopes so intense reposed, had reached his seventeenth summer. Like all his race, he was unusually tall, and admirably formed, both for agility and strength. Never, from his childhood upward, having mingled with any persons of vulgar station or unpolished demeanor, he was, as if by nature, graceful and easy. His manners although proud, and marked by something of that stern dignity which we have mentioned as a characteristic of the father, but which in one so youthful appeared strange and out of place, were ever those of a high and perfect gentleman. His features were marked with all the ancestral beauties, which may be traced in unmingled races through so

many generation; and as it was a matter of notorious truth, that from the date of the conquest, no drop of Saxon or of Celtic blood had been infused into the pure Norman stream which flowed through the veins of the proud St. Aubyns, it was no marvel that after the lapse of so many ages the youthful Jasper should display, both in face and form, the characteristic lines and coloring peculiar to the noblest tribe of men that has ever issued from the great northern hive of nations. Accordingly, he had the rich dark chestnut hair, not curled, but waving in loose clusters; the clear gray eye; the aquiline nose; the keen and fiery look; the resolute mouth, and the iron jaw, which in all ages have belonged to the descendant of the Northman. While the spare yet sinewy frame, the deep, round chest, thin flanks, and limbs long and muscular and singularly agile, were not less perfect indications of his blood than the sharp, eagle-like expression of the bold countenance.

Trained in his early boyhood to all those exercises of activity and strength, which were in those days held essential to the gentleman, it needs not to say that Jasper St. Aubyn could ride, swim, fence, shoot, run, leap, pitch the bar, and go through every manoeuvre of the *salle d'armes*, the tilt-yard, and the *manège*, with equal grace and power. Nor had his lighter accomplishments been neglected; for the art of his father and grandfather, if profligate and dissolute even to debauchery, was still refined and polished, and to dance gracefully, and touch the lute or sing tastefully, was as much expected from the cavalier as to have a firm foot in the stirrup, or a strong and supple wrist with the backsword and rapier.

His mind had been richly stored also, if not very severely trained and regulated. For Sir Miles, in the course of his irregular and adventurous life, had read much more than he had meditated; had picked up much more of learning than he had of philosophy; and what philosophy he had belonged much more to the cold self-reliance of the camp than to the sounder tenets of the schools.

While filling his son's mind, therefore, with much curious lore of all sorts; while making him a master of many tongues, and laying before him books of all kinds, the old banneret had taken little pains—perhaps he would not have succeeded had he taken more—to point the lessons which the books contained; to draw deductions from the facts which he inculcated; or to direct the course of the young man's opinions.

Self-taught himself, or taught only in the hard school of experience, and having himself arrived at sound principles of conduct, he never seemed to recollect that the boy would run through no such ordeal, and reap no such lessons; nor did he ever reflect that the deductions which he had himself drawn from certain facts, acquired in one way, and under one set of circumstances, would probably be entirely different from those at which another would arrive, when his data were acquired in a very different manner, and under circumstances altogether diverse and dissimilar.

Thence it came that Jasper St. Aubyn, at the age of seventeen years, was in all qualities of body thoroughly trained and disciplined; and in all mental faculties per-

fectly educated, but entirely untrained, uncorrected and unchastened.

In manner, he was a perfect gentleman; in body, he was a perfect man; in mind, he was almost a perfect scholar. And what, our reader will perhaps inquire, what could he have been more; or what more could education have effected in his behalf?

Much—very much—good friend.

For as there is an education of the body, and an education of the brain, so is there also an education of the heart. And that is an education which men rarely have the faculty of imparting, and which few men ever have obtained, who have not enjoyed the inestimable advantage of female nurture during their youth, as well as their childhood; unless they have learned it in the course of painful years, from those severe and bitter teachers, those chasteners and purifiers of the heart—sorrow and suffering, which *two are* experience.

This, then, was the education in which Jasper St. Aubyn was altogether deficient; which Sir Miles had never so much as attempted to impart to him; and which, had he endeavored, he probably would have failed to bestow.

We do not mean to say that the boy was heartless—boys rarely are so, we might almost say never—nor that the impulses of his heart were toward evil rather than good; far from it. His heart, like all young and unfainted hearts, was full of noble impulses—but they were *impulses*; full of fresh springing generous desires, of gracious sympathies and lofty aspirations—but he had not one principle—he never had been taught to question one impulse, before acting upon it—he never had learned to check one desire, to doubt the genuineness of one sympathy, to moderate the eagerness of one aspiration. He never had been brought to suspect that there were such virtues as self-control, or self-devotion; such vices as selfishness or self-abandonment—in a word, he never had so much as heard

That Right is right, and that to follow Right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence—

and therefore he was, at the day of which we write, even what he was; and thereafter, what we propose to show you.

At the time when the youthful heir had attained his seventeenth year, the great object of his father's life was accomplished; the fortunes of the family were so far at least retrieved, that if the St. Aubyns no longer aspired, as of old, to be the first or wealthiest family of the county, they were at least able to maintain the household on that footing of generous liberality and hospitable ease which has been at all times the pride and passion of the English country gentleman.

For many years Sir Miles had undergone the severest privations, and it was only by the endurance of actual poverty within doors, that he was enabled to maintain that footing abroad, without which he could scarcely have preserved his position in society.

For many years the park had been neglected, the gardens overrun with weeds and brambles, the courts grass-grown, and the house itself dilapidated, literally from the impossibility of supporting domestics sufficiently numerous to perform the necessary labors of the estate.

During much of this period it was to the beasts of the forest, the fowl of the moorland, and the fish of the streams, that the household of Widecomb had looked for their support; nor did the table of the banneret himself boast any liquor more generous than that afforded by the ale vats of March and October.

Throughout the whole of this dark and difficult time, however, the stout old soldier had never suffered one particle of that ceremonial, which he deemed essential as well to the formation as the preservation of the character of a true gentleman, to be relaxed or neglected by his diminished household.

Personally, he was at all times clad point device; nor did he ever fail in being mounted, himself and at least one attendant, as became a cavalier of honor. The hours of the early dinner, and of the more agreeable and social supper, were announced duly by the clang of trumpets, even when there were no guests to be summoned, save the old banneret and his motherless child, and perhaps the only visitor for years at Widecomb Manor, the gray-haired vicar of the village, who had served years before as chaplain of an English regiment in the Low Countries, with Sir Miles. Nor was the pewter tankard, containing at the best but toast and ale, stirred with a sprig of rosemary, handed around the board with less solemnity than had it been a golden hamp mantling with the first vintages of Burgundy or Xeres.

Thus it was that, as Jasper advanced gradually toward years of manhood, the fortunes of the house improving in proportion to his growth, seeing no alteration in the routine of the household, he scarcely was aware that any change had taken place in more essential points.

The eye and ear of the child had been taken by the banners, the trumpets, and the glittering board, and his fancy riveted by the solemnity and grave decorum which characterized the meals partaken in the great hall; and naturally enough he never knew that the pewter platters and tankards had been exchanged, since those days, for plate of silver, and the strong ale converted into claret or canary.

The consequence of this was simply that he found himself a youth of seventeen, surrounded by all the means and appliances of luxury, with servants, horses, hounds, and falcons at his command, the leading personage, beyond all comparison, of the neighborhood, highly born, handsome, well bred and accomplished. All this, by the way, was entirely uncorrected by any memory of past sufferings or sorrows, either on his own part or on that of his family, or by any knowledge of the privations and exertions on the part of Sir Miles, by which this present affluence had been purchased; and he became, naturally enough, somewhat overconfident in his own qualities, somewhat overbearing in his manner, and not a little intolerant and inconsiderate as to the opinions and feelings of others. He then presented, in a word, the not unusual picture of an arrogant, self-sufficient, proud and fiery youth, with many generous and noble points, and many high qualities, which, duly cultivated, might have rendered him a good, a happy, and perhaps even a great man; but which, untrained as they were, and suffered to

run up into a rank and unpruned overgrowth, were but too likely to degenerate themselves into vices, and to render him at some future day a tormentor of himself, and an oppressor of others.

Now, however, he was a general favorite, for largely endowed with animal spirits, indulged in every wish that his fancy could form, never crossed in the least particular, it was rarely that his violent temper would display itself, or his innate selfishness rise conspicuous above the superficial face of good-nature and somewhat careless affability, which he presented to the general observer.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Jasper, no less than for those who were in after days connected with him, whether for good or evil, that, at this critical period of his adolescence, when the character of the man is developed from the accidents of boyhood, in proportion as his increasing years and altered habits and pursuits led him to be more abroad, and cast him in some degree into the world, the advancing years and growing infirmities of his father kept him closer to the library and the hall.

So that at the very time when his expanding mind and nascent passions most needed sage advice and moderate coercion, or at least wary guidance, he was abandoned almost entirely to his own direction. The first outbreaks, therefore, of evil principles, the germs of a masterful will, the seeds of fierce and fiery passions, and, above all, the growing recklessness with regard to the feelings and the rights of others, which could scarcely have escaped the notice of the shrewd old man had he accompanied his son abroad, and which, if noticed, would surely have been repressed, were allowed to increase hourly by self-indulgence and the want of restraint, unknown and unsuspected to the youth himself, for whom one day they were to be the cause of so many and so bitter trials.

But it is now time that, turning from this brief retrospect of previous events, and this short analysis of the early constitution of the mind of him whose singular career is to form the subject of this narrative, we should introduce our reader to the scene of action, and to the person whose adventures in after life will perhaps excuse the space which has necessarily been allotted to the antecedents of the first marked event which befel him, and from which all the rest took their rise in a train of connection, which, although difficult to trace by a casual observer, was in reality close and perfect.

The manor-house of Widecomb, such as it has been slightly sketched above, stood on a broad flat terrace, paved with slabs of red freestone, and adorned with a massive balustrade of the same material, interspersed with grotesque images at the points where it was reached from the esplanade below, by three or four flights of broad and easy steps.

The mansion itself was large, and singularly picturesque, but the beauties of the building were as nothing to those of the scenery which it overlooked.

It was built on the last and lowest slope of one of those romantic spurs which trend southerly from the wild and heathery heights of Dartmoor. And although the broad and beautifully kept lawn was embowered in a very woody and sylvan chase, full of deep glens

and tangled dingles, which was in turn framed on three sides by the deep oak-woods, which covered all the rounded hills in the rear of the estate and to the right and left hand, yet as the land continued to fall toward the south for many and many a mile, the sight could range from the oriel window of the great hall, and of the fine old library, situated on either hand of the entrance and armory, over a wide expanse of richly cultivated country, with more than one navigable river winding among the woods and corn-fields, and many a village steeple glittering among the hedgerows, until in the far distance it was bounded by a blue hazy line, which seemed to melt into the sky, but which was in truth, though not to be distinguished as such unless by a practiced eye, the British Channel.

The Hall itself and even the southern verge of the chase, which bounded the estate in that direction, lay, however, at a very considerable distance from the cultivated country, and was divided from it by a vast broken chasm, with banks so precipitous and rocky that no road had ever been carried through it, while its great width had deterred men from the idea of bridging it. Through this strange and terrific gorge there rushed an impetuous and powerful torrent, broken by many falls and rapids, with many a deep and limpid pool between them, favorite haunts of the large salmon and sea trout which abounded in its waters. This brook, for it scarcely can be called a river, although after the rains of autumn or the melting snows of spring it sent down an immense volume of dark, rust colored water, with a roar that could be heard for miles, to the distant Tamar, swept down the hills in a series of cascades from the right hand side of the park, until it reached the brink of the chasm we have described, lying at right angles to its former course, down which it plunged in an impetuous shoot of nearly three hundred feet, and rushed thence easterly away, walled on each side by the precipitous rock, until some five miles thence it was crossed at a deep and somewhat dangerous ford, by the only great road which traversed that district, and by which alone strangers could reach the Hall and its beautiful demesnes.

To the westward or right hand side of the chase the country was entirely wild and savage, covered with thick woods, interspersed with lowly heaths, and intersected by hundreds of clear brawling rills. To the eastward, however, although much broken by forest ground, there was a wide range of rich pasture fields and meadows, divided by great overgrown hawthorn hedges, each hedge almost a thicket, and penetrated by numerous lanes and horse-roads buried between deep banks, and overcanopied by foliage, that, even at noonday, was almost impenetrable to the sun-beam.

Here and there lay scattered among the fields and woods innumerable farm-houses and granges, the abodes of small freeholders, once tenants and vassals of the great St. Aubyns; and, at about six miles from the Hall, nestled in a green valley, through which ran a clear, bright trout-stream to join the turbulent torrent, stood the little market town of Widecomb-Under-Moor, from their unalienated property in which the family of St. Aubyn derived the most valuable portion of their incomes.

Over the whole of this pleasant and peaceful tract, whether it was still owned by themselves, or had passed into the hands of the free yeomanry, the Lords of Widecomb still held manorial rights, and the few feudal privileges which had survived the revolution; and, through the whole of it, Sir Miles St. Aubyn was regarded with unmingled love and veneration, while the boy Jasper was looked upon almost as a son in every family, though some old men would shake their heads doubtfully, and mutter sage but unregarded saws concerning his present disposition and future prospects; and some old grandames would prognosticate disasters, horrors, and even crimes as hanging over his career, in consequence, perhaps, of the inauspicious change in the patronymic of his race.

They were a happy and an unsophisticated race who inhabited those lonely glens. Sufficiently well provided to be above the want of necessaries, or the fear of poverty, they were not so far removed from the necessity of labor as to have incurred vicious ambitions—moderate, frugal, and industrious, they lived uncorrupted, and died happy in their unlearned innocence.

It was the boast of the district that bars and locks were appendages to doors entirely unusual and useless; that the cage of Widecomb had not held a tenant since the days of stiff old Oliver; and that no deed of violence or blood had ever tainted those calm vales with horror.

Alas! how soon was that boast to be annulled; how soon were the details of a dread domestic tragedy, full of dark horrors, and replete with guilt through generations, to render the very name of Widecomb a terror, and to invest the beautiful scenery with images of superstitious awe and hatred. But we must not anticipate, nor seek as yet to penetrate the secrets of that destiny, which even during the morn of promising young life, seemed to overhang the house,

And hushed in grim repose,
Expects its evening prey.

CHAPTER I.

The Peril.

I say beware—
That way perdition lies, the very path
Of seeming safety leading to the abyss —MS.

It was as fair a morning of July as ever dawned in the blue summer sky; the sun as yet had risen but a little way above the waves of fresh green foliage which formed the horizon of the woodland scenery surrounding Widecomb Manor; and his heat, which promised ere midday to become excessive, was tempered now by the exhalations of the copious night-dews, and by the cool breath of the western breeze, which came down through the leafy gorges, in long, soft swells from the open moorlands.

All nature was alive and joyous; the air was vocal with the piping melody of the blackbirds and thrushes, caroling in every brake and bosky dingle; the smooth, green lawn, before the windows of the old Hall was peopled with whole tribes of fat, lazy hares, limping about among the dewy herbage, fearless, as it would seem, of man's aggression; and to complete the picture, above a score of splendid peacocks were strutting

to and fro on the paved terraces, or perched upon the carved stone balustrades, displaying their gorgeous plumage to the early sunshine.

The shadowy mists of the first morning twilight had not been long dispersed from the lower regions, and were suspended still in the middle air in broad fleecy masses, though melting rapidly away in the increasing warmth and brightness of the day.

And still a faint blue line hovered over the bed of the long rocky gorge, which divided the chase from the open country, floating about it like the steam of a scething caldron, and rising here and there into tall smoke-like columns, probably where some steeper cataract of the mountain-stream sent its foam skyward.

So early, indeed, was the hour, that had my tale been recited of these degenerate days, there would have been no gentle eyes awake to look upon the loveliness of new-awakened nature.

In the good days of old, however, when daylight was still deemed to be the fitting time for labor and for pasture, and night the appointed time for natural and healthful sleep, the dawn was wont to brighten beheld by other eyes than those of clowns and milkmaids, and the gay songs of the matutinal birds were listened to by ears that could appreciate their untaught melodies.

And now, just as the stable clock was striking four, the great oaken door of the old Hall was thrown open with a vigorous swing that made it rattle on its hinges, and Jasper St. Aubyn came bounding out into the fresh morning air, with a foot as elastic as that of the mountain roe, singing a snatch of some quaint old ballad.

He was dressed simply in a close-fitting jacket and tight hose of dark-green cloth, without any lace or embroidery, light boots of untanned leather, and a broad-leaved hat, with a single eagle's feather thrust carelessly through the band. He wore neither cloak nor sword, though it was a period at which gentlemen rarely went abroad without both these, their distinctive attributes; but in the broad black belt which girt his rounded waist he carried a stout wood-knife with a buckhorn hilt; and over his shoulder there swung from a leathern thong, a large wicker fishing-basket.

Nothing, indeed, could be simpler or less indicative of any particular rank or station in society than young St. Aubyn's garb, yet it would have been a very dull and unobservant eye which should take him for aught less than a high-born and high-bred gentleman.

His fine intellectual face, his bearing erect before heaven, the graceful ease of his every motion, as he hurried down the flagged steps of the terrace, and planted his light foot on the dewy greensward, all betokened gentle birth and gentle associations.

But he thought nothing of himself, nor cared for his advantages, acquired or natural. The long and heavy salmon-rod which he carried in his right hand, in three pieces as yet unconnected, did not more clearly indicate his purpose than the quick-marking glance which he cast toward the half-veiled sun and hazy sky, scanning the signs of the weather.

"It will do, it will do," he said to himself, thinking as it were aloud, "for three or four hours at least; the sun will not shake off those vapors before eight o'clock at the earliest, and if he do come out then hot and

strong. I do not know but the water is dark enough after the late rains to serve my turn awhile longer. It will blow up, too, I think, from the westward, and there will be a brisk curl on the pools. But come, I must be moving, if I would reach Darringford to breakfast."

And as he spoke he strode out rapidly across the park toward the deep chasm of the stream, crushing a thousand aromatic perfumes from the dewy wild-flowers with his heedless foot, and thinking little of the beauties of nature, as he hastened to the scene of his loved exercise.

It was not long, accordingly, before he reached the brink of the steep rocky bank above the stream, which he proposed to fish that morning, and paused to select the best place for descending to the water's edge.

It was, indeed, a striking and romantic scene as ever met the eye of painter or of poet. On the farther side of the gorge, scarcely a hundred yards distant, the dark limestone rocks rose sheer and precipitous from the very brink of the stream, rified and broken into angular blocks and tall columnar masses, from the clefts of which, wherever they could find soil enough to support their scanty growth, a few stunted oaks shot out almost horizontally with their gnarled arms and dark-green foliage, and here and there the silvery bark and quivering tresses of the birch relieved the monotony of color by their gay brightness. Above, the cliffs were crowned with the beautiful purple heather, now in its very glow of summer bloom, about which were buzzing myriads of wild bees sipping their nectar from its cups of amethyst.

The hither side, though rough and steep and broken, was not in the place where Jasper stood precipitous; indeed it seemed as if at some distant period a sort of landslide had occurred, by which the fall of the rocky wall had been broken into massive fragments, and hurled down in an inclined plane into the bed of the stream, on which it had encroached with its shattered blocks and rounded boulders.

Time, however, had covered all this abrupt and broken slope with a beautiful growth of oak and hazel coppice, among which, only at distant intervals, could the dun weather-beaten flanks of the great stones be discovered.

At the base of this descent, a hundred and fifty feet perhaps below the stand of the young sportsman, flowed the dark arrowy stream—a wild and perilous water. As clear as crystal, yet as dark as the brown cairn-gorm, it came pouring down among the broken rocks with a rapidity and force which showed what must be its fury when swollen by a storm among the mountains, here breaking into wreaths of rippling foam where some unseen ledge chafed its current, there roaring and surging white as December's snow among the great round-headed rocks, and there again wheeling in sullen eddies, dark and deceitful, round and round some deep rock-brimmed basin.

Here and there, indeed, it spread out into wide shallow rippling rapids, filling the whole bottom of the ravine from side to side, but more generally it did not occupy above a fourth part of the space below, leaving sometimes on this margin, sometimes on that, broad

pebbly banks, or slaty ledges, affording an easy footing and a clear path to the angler in its troubled waters.

After a rapid glance over the well-known scene, Jasper plunged into the coppice, and following a faint track worn by the feet of the wild-deer in the first instance, and widened by his own bolder tread, soon reached the bottom of the chasm, though not until he had flushed from the dense oak covert two noble black cocks with their superb forked tails, and glossy purple-lustrered plumage, which soared away, crowing their bold defiance, over the heathery moorlands.

Once at the water's edge, the young man's tackle was speedily made ready, and in a few minutes his long line went whistling through the air, as he wielded the powerful two-handed rod, as easily as if it had been a stripling's reed, and the large gaudy peacock-fly alighted on the wheeling eddies, at the tail of a long arrowy shoot, as gently as if it had settled from too long a flight. Delicately, dextrily, it was made to dance and skim the clear, brown surface, until it had crossed the pool and neared the hither bank; then again, obedient to the pliant wrist, it arose on glittering wing, circled half round the angler's head, and was sent thirty yards aloof, straight as a wild bee's flight, into a little mimic whirlpool, scarce larger than the hat of the skillful fisherman, which spun round and round just to leeward of a gray ledge of limestone. Scarce had it reached its mark before the water broke all around it, and the gay deceit vanished, the heavy swirl of the surface, as the break was closing, indicating the great size of the fish which had risen. Just as the swirl was subsiding, and the forked tail of the monarch of the stream was half seen as he descended, that indescribable but well-known turn of the angler's wrist, fixed the barbed hook, and taught the scaly victim the nature of the prey he had gorged so heedlessly.

With a wild bound he threw himself three feet out of the water, showing his silver sides, with the sealice yet clinging to his scales, a fresh sea-run fish of fifteen, ay, eighteen pounds, and perhaps over.

On his broad back he strikes the water, but not as he meant the tightened line; for as he leaped the practiced hand had lowered the rod's tip, that it fell in a loose bight below him. Again! again! again! and yet a fourth time he bounded into the air with desperate and vigorous soubresauts, like an unbroken steed that would dismount his rider, leaping the eddies of the dark stream into bright bubbling streaks, and making the heart of his captor beat high with anticipation of the desperate struggle that should follow, before the monster would lie panting and exhausted on the yellow sand or moist greensward.

Away! with the rush of an eagle through the air, he is gone like an arrow down the rapids—how the reel rings, and the line whistles from the swift working wheel; he is too swift, too headstrong to be checked as yet; tenfold the strength of that slender tackle might not control him in his first fiery rush.

But Jasper, although young in years, was old in the art, and skillful as the craftiest of the gentle craftsmen. He gives him the butt of his rod steadily, trying the strength of his tackle with a delicate and gentle finger,

giving him line at every rush, yet firmly, cautiously, feeling his mouth all the while, and moderating his speed even while he yields to his fury.

Meanwhile, with the eye of intuition and the nerve of iron, he bounds along the difficult shore, he leaps from rock to rock, alighting on their slippery tops with the firm agility of the rope-dancer, he splashes knee deep through the slippery shallows, keeping his line ever taut, inclining his rod over his shoulder, bearing on his fish ever with a killing pull, steering him clear of every rock or stump against which he would fain smash the tackle, and landing him at length in a fine open roomy pool, at the foot of a long stretch of white and foamy rapids, down which he has just piloted him with the eye of faith, and the foot of instinct.

And now the great salmon has turned sulky; like a piece of lead he has sunk to the bottom of the deep black pool, and lies on the gravel bottom in the sullenness of despair.

Jasper stooped, gathered up in his left hand a heavy pebble, and pitched it into the pool, as nearly as he could guess to the whereabouts of his game—another—and another! Aha! that last has roused him. Again he throws himself clear out of water, and again foiled in his attempt to smash the tackle, dashes away down stream impetuously.

But his strength is departing—the vigor of his rush is broken. The angler gives him the butt abundantly, strains on him with a heavier pull, yet ever yields a little as he exerts his failing powers; see, his broad, silver side has thrice turned up, even to the surface, and though each time he has recovered himself, each time it has been with a heavier and more sickly motion.

Brave fellow! his last race is run, his last spring sprung—no more shall he disport himself in the bright reaches of the Tamar; no more shall the Nixiads wreath his clear silver scales with river-greens and flowery roshes.

The cruel gaff is in his side—his cold blood stains the eddies for a moment—he flaps out his death-pang on the hard limestone.

"Who-whoop! a nineteen pounder!"

Meantime the morning had worn onward, and ere the great fish was brought to the basket the sun had soared clear above the mist-wreaths, and had risen so high into the summer heaven that his slant rays poured down into the gorge of the stream, and lighted up the clear depths with a lustre so transparent that every pebble at the bottom might have been discerned, with the large fish here and there floating mid depth, with their heads up stream, their gills working with a quick motion, and their broad tails vibrating at short intervals slowly but powerfully, as they lay motionless in opposition to the very strongest of the swift current.

The breeze had died away, there was no curl upon the water, and the heat was oppressive.

Under such circumstances to whip the stream was little better than mere loss of time, yet as he hurried with a fleet foot down the gorge, perhaps with some ulterior object, beyond the mere love of sport, Jasper at times cast his fly across the stream, and drew it neatly, and, as he thought, irresistibly right over the

recalcant fish; but though once or twice a large lazy salmon would sail up slowly from the depths, and almost touch the fly with his nose, he either sunk down slowly in disgust, without breaking the water, or flapped his broad tail over the shining fraud as if to mark his contempt.

It had now got to be near noon, for in the ardor of his success the angler had forgotten all about his intended breakfast; and, his first fish captured, had contented himself with a slender meal furnished from out his fishing-basket and his leathern bottle.

Jasper had traversed by this time some ten miles in length, following the sinuosities of the stream, and had reached a favorite pool at the head of a long, straight, narrow trench, cut by the waters themselves in the course of time, through the hard shistous rock which walks the torrent on each hand, not leaving the slightest ledge or margin between the rapids and the precipice.

Through this wild gorge of some fifty yards in length, the river shoots like an arrow over a steep inclined plane of limestone rock, the surface of which is polished by the action of the water, till it is as slippery as ice, and at the extremity leaps down a sheer descent of some twelve feet into a large, wide basin, surrounded by softly swelling banks of greensward, and a fair amphitheatre of woodland.

At the upper end this pool is so deep as to be vulgarly deemed unfathomable; below, however, it expands yet wider into a shallow rippling ford, where it is crossed by the high-road, down stream of which again there is another long, sharp rapid, and another fall, over the last steps of the hills; after which the nature of the stream becomes changed, and it murmurs gently onward through a green pastoral country unrippled and uninterrupted.

Just in the inner angle of the high road, on the right hand of the stream, there stood an old-fashioned, low-browed, thatch-covered, stone cottage, with a rude portico of rustic woodwork overrun with jasmine and virgin-bower, and a pretty flower-garden sloping down in successive terraces to the edge of the basin. Beside this, there was no other house in sight, unless it were part of the roof of a mill which stood in the low ground on the brink of the second fall, surrounded with a mass of willows. But the tall steeple of a country church raising itself heavenward above the brow of the hill, seemed to show that, although concealed by the undulations of the ground, a village was hard at hand.

The morning had changed a second time, a hazy film had crept up to the zenith, and the sun was now covered with a pale golden veil, and a slight current of air down the gorge ruffled the water.

It was a capital pool, famous for being the temporary haunt of the very finest fish, which were wont to be there awhile, as if to recruit themselves after the exertions of leaping the two falls and stemming the double rapid, before attempting to ascend the stream farther.

Few, however, even of the best and boldest fishermen cared to wet a line in its waters, in consequence of the supposed impossibility of following a heavy fish through the gorge below or checking him at the brink of the fall. It is true, that throughout the length of the pass, the current was broken by bare, slippery rocks

peering above the waters, at intervals, which might be cleared by an active cragman; and it had been in fact reconnoitered by Jasper and others in cool blood, but the result of the examination was that it was deemed impassable.

Thinking, however, little of striking a large fish, and perhaps desiring to waste a little time before scaling the banks and emerging on the high road, Jasper threw a favorite fly of peacock's back and gold tinsel lightly across the water; and, almost before he had time to think, had hooked a monstrous fish, which, at the very first leap, he set down as weighing at least thirty pounds.

Thereupon followed a splendid display of piscatory skill. Well knowing that his fish must be lost if he once should succeed in getting his head down the rapid, Jasper exerted every nerve, and exhausted every art to humor, to meet, to restrain, to check him. Four times the fish rushed for the pass, and four times Jasper met him so stoutly with the butt, trying his tackle to the very utmost, that he succeeded in forcing him from the perilous spot. Round and round the pool he had piloted him, and had taken post at length, hoping that the worst was already over, close to the opening of the rocky chasm.

And now perhaps waxing too confident he checked his fish too sharply. Stung into fury, the monster sprang five times in succession into the air, lashing the water with his angry tail, and then rushed like an arrow down the chasm.

He was gone—but Jasper's blood was up, and thinking of nothing but his sport, he dashed forward and embarked with a fearless foot in the terrible descent.

Leap after leap he took with beautiful precision, alighting firm and erect on the centre of each slippery block, and bounding thence to the next with unerring instinct, guiding his fish the while with consummate skill through the intricacies of the pass.

There were now but three more leaps to be taken before he would reach the flat table-rock above the fall, which once attained, he would have firm foot-hold

and a fair field; already he rejoiced, triumphant in the success of his bold attainment, and confident in victory, when a shrill female shriek reached his ears from the pretty flower-garden; caught by the sound he diverted his eyes, just as he leaped, toward the place whence it came; his foot slipped, and the next instant he was flat on his back in the swift stream, where it shot the most furiously over the glassy rock. He struggled manfully, but in vain. The smooth, slippery surface afforded no purchase to his gripping fingers, no hold to his laboring feet. One fearful, agonizing conflict with the wild waters, and he was swept helplessly over the edge of the fall, his head, as he glanced down foot foremost, striking the rocky brink with fearful violence.

He was plunged into the deep pool, and whirled round and round by the dark eddies long before he rose, but still, though stunned and half disabled, he strove terribly to support himself, but it was all in vain.

Again he sunk and rose once more, and as he rose that wild shriek again reached his ears, and his last glance fell upon a female form wringing her hands in despair on the bank, and a young man rushing down in wild haste from the cottage on the hill.

He felt that aid was at hand, and struck out again for life—for dear life!

But the water seemed to fail beneath him.

A slight flash sprang across his eyes, his brain reeled, and all was blackness.

He sunk to the bottom, spurned it with his feet, and rose once more, but not to the surface.

His quivering blue hands emerged alone above the relentless waters, grasped for a little moment at empty space, and then disappeared.

The circling ripples closed over him, and subsided into stillness.

He felt, know, suffered nothing more.

His young, warm heart was cold and lifeless—his soul had lost its consciousness—the vital spark had faded into darkness—perhaps was quenched for ever.

[*To be continued.*]

M A R Y .

BY MRS. O. M. P. LORD.

HUMBLE Mary! thus in breaking
Vows I never meant to keep,
Who will blame me for forsaking,
Though a love-sick girl may weep?

Humble Mary! high born maiden
Must my name and honours share,
With ancestral glory laden—
Matters not less good and fair.

Angel Mary! madly pleading,
Sinking low on bended knee,

See remorse to scorn succeeding—
Mary! Mary! pardon me.

Angel Mary! lost forever!
What are name and fame to thee?
Cursed the pride that bade us sever—
Angel Mary! pardon me.

Mary! cold the earth above thee,
Cold and calm thy broken heart—
Canst thou not to him who loved thee
Something of thy peace impart?

I'M THINKING OF THEE!

BY A. D. WILLIAMS.

When the wild winds are howling,
Now distant, now nigh,
And the storm-king is growling,
And clouds veil the sky ;
When the tempest is foaming,
O'er ocean and lee,
My thoughts are not roaming—
I'm thinking of thee!

When the mild, gentle showers
Distil from the sky,
And the bright blooming flowers
Delight the glad eye ;
When the zephyrs are playing
So blandly and free,
My thoughts are not straying—
I'm thinking of thee!

When the beams of Aurora
Are flooding the earth,
With morn's radiant glory
And day's jovial mirth ;

When the gay birds are singing
In innocent glee,
As their clear tones are ringing,
I'm thinking of thee!

When day's fading sky-light
Wanes slow from the west,
And the shadows of twilight
Steal soft o'er its breast ;
When Luna is shimmering
O'er land and o'er sea—
While the bright stars are glim'ring,
I'm thinking of thee!

Amid gay festive pleasure,
Where mirth leads the song,
There my heart has no treasure—
Thou'rt not in the throng.
But forgetting the present,
Its wild merry glee,
My commandings are pleasant—
I'm thinking of thee!

THE TULIP-TREE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bounds my blood with long-forgotten fleetness
To the chime of boyhood's blithest tune,
While I drink a life of brimming sweetness
From the glory of the breezy June.
Far above, the fields of ether brighten ;
Forest leaves are twinkling in their glee ;
And the daisy's snows around me whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lee!

On the hills he standeth like a tower,
Shining in the morn—the Tulip-Tree!
On his rounded turrets beats the shower,
While his emerald flags are flapping free :
But when Summer in the fields is standing,
And his blood is stirred with light, like wine,
O'er his branches, all at once expanding,
How the starry blossoms shine!

Through the glossy leaves they burn, unfolded,
Like the breast of some sweet oriole—
Filled with fragrance, as a joy new moulded
Into being by a poet's soul!
Violet hills, against the sunrise lying,
See them kindle when the stars grow dim,
And the breeze that drinks their odorous sighing
Wooes the lark's rejoicing hymn.

Then all day, in every opening chalice
Drains their honey-drops the revelling bee,
Till the dove-winged Sleep makes thee her palace,
Filled with song-like murmurs, Tulip-Tree!

In thine arms repose the dreams enchanted
Which in childhood's heart were nestled long,
And, beneath thee, still my brain is haunted
With their tones of vanished song.

Oh, while Earth's full heart is throbbing over
With its wealth of light and life and joy,
Who can dream the seasons that shall cover
With their frost the visions of the boy?
Who can count the years that downward darken,
While the splendid morning bids aspire,
Or the turf upon his coffin hearken,
When his pulses leap with fire!

Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,
Thou shalt wait in branches rough and bare,
While the tree, o'erhung with storm and shadow,
Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.
All thy leaves, like shields of fairies scattered,
Then shall drop before the Northwind's aspects,
And his limbs, by hail and tempest battered,
Feel the weight of wintry years.

Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory
Of the Beautiful, that still remains?
Life, alas! will soon reverse the story,
And its sunshine gild forsaken plains.
Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,
Happy heart, as doth the Tulip-Tree,
While the daisy's snows around us whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lee!

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

PART I.

A GENTLE breeze swept through the vine-latticed crevice of a small apartment, filling it with all the balmy odors of a June evening, while the moonbeams stealing softly on its track, broke through the leafy screen in fitful shadows. The sighing of the wind through the long, slender branches of the willows—the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will, and at a little distance the murmuring sound of water, as the waves of the lake broke gently upon the shore—all were in unison with the sad hearts of the two—a youth and maiden, who, in that little room bathed by the moonbeams and the breeze, were now about to be parted, perhaps forever.

Deep anguish was depicted on the countenance of the young man—calm resolve and pious resignation on that of his companion, who, with her hands clasped before her, and her deep mournful eyes fixed tenderly upon his, said,

“No, Richard, it cannot be—urge me no more to a course which seems to me both cruel and unnatural. Think you this sacrifice is not as painful to me as to you, dear Richard?” she added, taking his hand and pressing it to her lips, while a tear trickled slowly down her pale cheek; “then reproach me not—call me not heartless, unfeeling; rather encourage me to fulfill faithfully the part which duty allots me—will you not, Richard?”

“And thus destroy my own happiness and yours, Margaret! It is, indeed, a cruel task you would impose on me. No—I cannot make our future life so desolate as to sanction your cruel decision. Believe me, dearest, your resolution is but the delirium of a moment—grief for the loss of your beloved mother, and sympathy with your afflicted father renders you morbidly sensitive on that point alone. I entreat you, then, dearest, beloved Margaret—I entreat you by all our hopes of happiness, revoke your cruel words, and reflect longer ere you consign us both to misery.”

“I have well deliberated, Richard, and my decision is unalterable. Call it not delirium, or the shadow of a grief which a moment’s sun-line may dispel; every hour, on the contrary, will but strengthen my resolution, and convince me I have acted rightly. My poor father—can I leave him in his sad bereavement! who else has he now to love but me—and shall I selfishly turn from him in his loneliness! Ah, Richard, ask me not—for never, never will I leave him or forsake him.”

“And have you, then, no care for my wretchedness?” exclaimed her lover with bitterness, as he rapidly paced the floor; “no sympathy for my disappointment! Think, Margaret, how long I have waited to call you mine—how many years I have cheerfully toiled, looking to this dear hand as my reward. O, Margaret, Margaret!—and now, even now, when that joyful hour was so near—when but a few days more

would have made you mine forever—it is you who speak those bitter words—it is you who place a barrier between our loves!—cruel, cruel girl!”

“It is the hand of Death, not mine, which has placed the barrier between us, Richard—the who would have blessed our union is no more! “*Forsake not your father, my child!*” were her dying words—and so long as God gives me breath, I never will! Come here, Richard, listen to me, and pity me—for not a pang rends your bosom but finds an answering pang in mine; nor do I hesitate to confess it to you in this sad moment—there shall be no concealment from you—I will not wrap my heart in maidenly reserve, but confess alike my tenderness and my grief. No longer, then, dearest Richard, accuse me of coldly sacrificing your love to filial duty—for God knows the agony with which I have decided.”

“Forgive me, my beloved,” said Richard, “I have been too selfish. I should have known that pure heart better. However my own feelings may dictate, Margaret, I will no longer oppose the course to which the most devoted filial piety leads you, in thus unselfishly renouncing love and happiness that you may devote your days to a beloved parent. God bless and reward you, dearest.”

“Richard, how much your words comfort me,” replied Margaret; “you no longer oppose but encourage me. Thank you, dear Richard; yet one thing more, when you leave me, you must be free from all engagement—may, do not interrupt me—many long years may intervene ere I shall be free to give you my hand; nor would I have its disposal linked with such a dreadful alternative as my father’s death. The few charms I may possess will ere long have faded, and I would not bind you to me when the light of youth has passed from cheek and eye. No, Richard—go forth into the world, it claims your talents and your usefulness, and in time some other will be to you all that I would have been.”

“Margaret, you do not know me,” he replied. “Think you another can ever come between me and your image. I go, but the memory of our love shall go with me—your name shall be my star, and for your dear sake I will devote all my energies henceforth to the happiness of my fellow-beings; your noble example shall not pass without its lesson. But promise me one thing, Margaret—let there be one solace for my wretchedness—one hope, though faint, to cheer my lonely path—promise me that should any thing hereafter occur, no matter how long the flight of years, which may induce you to waver your present decision, you will write to me—will you—will you promise me this, my best beloved?”

Margaret placed her hand in his: “Yes, Richard, I promise you—should that time come you shall be informed; and I ask in return this, if your feelings have

meanwhile changed, if through time and absence I may have become indifferent to you, Richard, then make no reply to my communication—let there be forever *silence—or joy—between us.*"

And thus parted two fond devoted hearts—a noble sacrifice to filial love.

Never, perhaps, was there a more striking illustration of the frail basis on which all human hopes are placed, than was presented by those sudden events overwhelming the inmates of Willow Bank Cottage with affliction. Thus our most ardent expectations are frequently met by disappointment, and our most promising joys blighted. Even when happiness and peace irradiate our hearts, and on the buoyant wing of hope our fancy soars into a future of unclouded bliss, even then desolation and woe may be at our very threshold.

Thus it proved with those whose history I will briefly relate.

Willow Bank, for many years the residence of the Gardner family, was delightfully situated near the borders of a lovely little lake, whose circling waters rippled gently to the shore beneath the deep shadows of the maple and sycamore—occasionally weeping willows swept by their long golden pendants the bright water, or the branches of some stately pine in green old age, rose proudly above the lowly alder and silvery birch here and there skirting the bank. Thus rocked in its cradle of green, lay this beautiful little lake, as blue as the blue sky above it were its waters, now dimpled by the passing breeze, now breaking in tiny wavelets, each with its cap of pearly foam, sportively chasing each other like a band of merry children to lose themselves at the feet of the brave old trees. From the windows of the cottage the lake was seen spreading itself out like some broad and beautiful mirror, and then gently diverging into a narrow rivulet, winding through meadow and woodland, until it sprang joyously into the bosom of the Ohio. Nature had done much to beautify the spot Mr. Gardner had selected for his residence—taste and art had also united their skill; the three combined had created almost a Paradise.

But it is to those who dwelt therein, not to its local beauties, my pen must confine itself.

Early in life Mr. Gardner had married a lovely and amiable woman, and removed from Virginia, his native state, to the beautiful residence I have described, a few miles from the town of S—, Ohio. Blending his profession of the law with that of agriculture, a few years saw him one of the most influential men in the country; and had he offered himself as a candidate for office, he would have been almost certain of success, such was his popularity; but his ambition took not that course. Domestic happiness was to him worth more than all the perishable honors of public life—to Willow Bank and its beloved inmates were all his wishes centred; and uninterrupted and continued for many years were the smiles of Providence. It seemed, indeed, as if this favored spot was exempt from all the ordinary ills of life—sickness came not to fright the roses from the cheek of health, neither did strife, envy, or sullen discontent intrude upon this earthly paradise.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner had but one child—it was Margaret. When about seventeen, chance led to an

acquaintance with Richard Leland, employed by an eminent firm at the South upon business connected with the sale of lands in Ohio. Among other letters of introduction he brought one to Mr. Gardner, who, favorably impressed with his appearance, invited him to pass a few days at Willow Bank.

Upon what slight chances does our happiness or misery rest. *A few days*—how simple their signification; and yet from their brief circle how many hours of bitter anguish may take their rise. Little did Leland or Margaret dream of the untold future, whose all of earthly weal or woe these few days decided.

To know Margaret was to love her—yet she was not strictly beautiful; there may be features more regular, complexions more dazzling, and forms of more perfect symmetry than she possessed. She was one of those whose gentle and winning manners stole into your heart, and then only you saw her loveliness, or acknowledged the light of love and tenderness which beamed from her large, dark hazel eyes. Her beauty was not that which attracts the eye of every careless observer—it was the beauty of the mind and heart.

Richard Leland was at that time twenty-one, rather above the ordinary height, and of graceful, polished manners, with a frank and open countenance, at once a passport to your favor and respect. His complexion was almost as delicate as a girl's, a large, full, dark-blue eye, and hair of rich wavy brown.

Business detaining young Leland in the vicinity of Willow Bank for some weeks longer than he had first anticipated, he took frequent opportunities of improving his acquaintance with Miss Gardner, and the interest she had first awakened in his heart soon ripened into a deep and fervent attachment. But he possessed a firmness and decision of character seldom met with in one so young; and he resolved to bury his love for Margaret in his own breast, until he could produce such testimonials as to family, etc., as should warrant his openly paying her his addresses. He therefore returned to the South leaving his love unspoken; but there is a language more eloquent even than words, and this had already made known to Margaret the sentiments of the young stranger; this, too, had whispered in the lover's ear, thrilling his soul with ecstasy, that when he should ask the love of the pure and gentle girl, it would be his.

Within the year the lovers were betrothed, with the full sanction of Margaret's parents, with the proviso that their marriage should not be consummated until Leland, who had now nothing but his salary to depend upon, should be in a situation better calculated for the maintenance of a family. This was as much his wish as theirs, for he loved Margaret too well to take her from all the comforts and luxuries of the paternal roof, only to offer in exchange the embarrassments and privations attendant upon a narrow and straitened income. For three years, therefore, early and late did he cheerfully give all his energies to his business, and at the end of that time became a partner in the mercantile house in whose employ he had so faithfully exerted himself. There was no longer, as it would seem, any impediment to his union with his adored Margaret. The wedding-day was appointed, and the happy Lel-

land, with all the rapture of a bridegroom, flew to claim his bride.

Had the hand of misfortune been so long withheld but to crush with one fell blow so much of love and happiness.

The very evening of his arrival at Willow Bank, Mrs. Gardner was seized with a sudden and violent illness, which, alas! baffled all medical skill, and in less than twenty-four hours the beloved and idolized wife and mother was no more. To depict the anguish of the bereaved husband and daughter were a vain attempt. To those in whose dwellings the destroyer has never come, who have never read that fatal sentence, "*Thou art mine!*" imprinted by his icy fingers on the brow of the loved and cherished, or followed to the dark and silent chambers the lifeless forms of earth's treasured ones, to them death is, indeed, a fearful thing. To *them*—yes, to all; and did not our Heavenly Father graciously extend to us the hand of mercy, and bid us, with smiles of ineffable love, turn to him for consolation in this hour of despair, how could we sustain the anguish of separation, as one after another the loved ones go home.

To Margaret the death of her mother at once opened a new path of duty, and however painful the sacrifice to herself, she hesitated not a moment as to the course she should pursue. But when she thought of Lelland—of the anguish her decision would cause him—of the bitter disappointment—of fond hopes all blasted—then, indeed, she faltered, and her heart shrunk from inflicting a blow so terrible. And again as she thought of her unhappy father, her resolution strengthened. Could she leave him; no! better sacrifice love, happiness, and with them perhaps life itself, than forsake him in his desolateness.

Stupefied as it were with amazement and grief, Lelland listened at first in silence to the cruel words of his beloved Margaret—then remonstrated—entreated—all in vain. Reproaches were alike unavailing to alter her decision, until touched at length by her grief, and filled with admiration of her self-sacrificing devotion to her parent, with an almost breaking heart he yielded to her persuasions.

A new character must now be introduced. Henry Wingate was an orphan nephew of Mr. Gardner, and since the death of his parents, which took place when he was quite young, Willow Bank had been his home. As a boy he was artful and selfish, passionate and cruel. As he grew up to manhood he still retained the same foibles, with the double art of veiling them under the most specious and insinuating address. If he loved any one when a child, it was his Cousin Margaret—she only had power to quell his wild storms of passion. With years this love (if it be not profanation to call it so) increased, until it took possession of his whole being—yet, characteristic of himself, it was purely selfish; so that he could make her his, it little mattered to him whether his love was returned.

That he should hate Lelland followed of course, and that his soul should be filled with jealousy and rage, as he saw the time so rapidly drawing near when another should snatch from him the charms he so much coveted. The sudden death of her who had ever been as a kind

and tender mother to him, gave him therefore but a momentary pang. Her grave only opened to him new hopes, new machinations, and with such joy as filled the Tempter at the destruction of Eden, did his heart leap at the wretchedness of his hated rival; thus doomed to see his long cherished hopes all blasted, and to part, perhaps forever, with her he so devotedly loved. And now all his sophistry and cunning were brought to bear. Carefully concealing his own fiendish joy under the mask of deep sympathy and sorrow, he breathed only to Margaret words of tender pity—stabbing his own ears by dwelling upon the virtues of Lelland, and assuring her that his own life would be a cheerful sacrifice if thereby he might advance her happiness. Thus artfully did he begin his course, trusting in time to supplant his rival in her affections. But he little understood the heart of a faithful woman, or he would not have undertaken a task so hopeless. Margaret was grateful for his kindness, and it was a relief to unburthen her heart to one who seemed so truly to sympathize with her; nor did she hesitate to speak of Lelland, or conceal from her cousin the sorrows which sometimes oppressed her when reflecting upon their separation. Like hot molten lead did her every word seethe and scorch his jealous soul, yet resolved to win her, he persevered in the artful course he had marked out.

Thus passed two long weary years to Margaret, sustained by the consciousness that she was administering to the happiness of her father, and by that Higher power to whose never-failing support affliction had taught her to look. But now another trial even more severe awaited her.

Ah, poor return for such filial love and piety. A thankless boon, young Margaret, did you offer, when for a father's happiness you so devotedly sacrificed your own? A sacrifice, however, not the less to be admired—for where is the heart that does not reverence such a beautiful trait of filial love.

Mr. Gardner suddenly announced to Margaret his intention of marriage with a young, thoughtless girl of rather doubtful reputation, who had been occasionally employed to assist in the work of the family. A cruel stroke was this, to which all that had gone before seemed light in comparison. What though it released her from all obligation of duty; what though she was now free to accept the hand of Lelland, the thought gave her no satisfaction—not a ray of happiness gleamed from out the darkness of her despair. To have retained her dear father *her own*; to feel that in her all his happiness was still treasured, she would have deemed almost any sacrifice too poor; or had he been about to unite himself with one more worthy to fill the place of her sainted mother, she would have schooled herself to resignation. But that her father should have selected for a wife one so unsuited by birth and education, and of a character so vain and frivolous, filled her with dread for the future.

It was a strange hallucination of Mr. Gardner. There is no way of accounting for a procedure so at variance with the whole tenor of his former life, and it can only be regarded in the light of insanity.

Margaret shrunk not from the task to which duty

impelled her, namely, to remonstrate and warn her father against the step he was taking. The winds which buried the dead leaves of autumn in fitful showers against the window, as she thus tearfully besought his consideration and forbearance, would have yielded to her voice as soon.

Passing over the further grief of Margaret, I will only say that in a few weeks this ill-assorted marriage took place, and a system of petty tyranny and malice commenced on the part of the new Mrs. Gardner as almost broke her heart. Captive to the arts of an intriguing woman, her father heeded neither her tears or her complaints, until at length Margaret finding all remonstrance vain, passively yielded herself to the cruel yoke.

Thus repulsed as it were from the affections of her father, all her domestic happiness destroyed, and subjected more and more to the insults of a low, vulgar-minded woman, it would seem the time had come when Margaret might redeem the promise made to Lelland, that should any thing occur which might induce her to waive her decision, she would write to him. A doubt of his constancy had never darkened her mind; she judged of him by her own true heart, which never could know change. If at first she hesitated, it was from maidenly timidity, not distrust; but when she reflected what happiness those few brief lines would cause him, she hesitated no longer. The letter was written. To her cousin, the specious Wingate, she frankly confided her resolution, and asked his assistance in forwarding her letter safely and surely to the hands of Lelland. Skillfully as he wore the mask, he was almost betrayed as he listened to the artless details of Margaret, who faithfully related to him the promise each had made at their last sad parting. Recovering himself, however, he promised to secure the safety of her letter, even if it should include the necessity of journeying himself to place it in his hands.

With thanks warm and sincere for his kindness and sympathy, the deceived, trusting girl gave her letter to his charge—that precious letter, which thus, like the dove, went forth to seek rest for her weary soul.

"Ah! thank you, my pretty cousin, I value my own purposes so lightly as to risk the work of years within the delicate folds of this envelope!" exclaimed Wingate, as he entered his own apartment, and crushing the letter of Margaret in his hand as he spoke. "I should be a fool, indeed—no, no, fair lady, content you that my eye alone may read this pretty sentimental effusion. Now, thanks to my lucky stars, this letter proves almost a sure passport to my desires—ha! ha! pretty little fool, how she will wait for an answer! And what then? Did she not entreat *silence if he no longer loved*—let there be forever silence or joy between us—were her words—*silence*—ay, of that I will take care, and then she is mine—mine as surely as yonder setting sun will rise again! With your leave, Mr. Richard Lelland—" and thus violating every honorable principle, Wingate tore asunder the seal of affection, and ran his eye over the sacred contents: "D—n him!" he exclaimed, hurling the letter across the table with a look almost demoniacal: "I could tear his very heart out—his heart!—why here

it is—yes, fond fool, why here is his very life—his soul!"—once more snatching the letter—"and thus I hold him in my power!—if more were needed to spur on my revenge of a hated, detested rival, I have it here in these tender, trustful lines. By heavens it turns my very blood to gall to find with what fidelity that man has been loved—while I—but no matter—your letter goes no further, fair cousin, and thus do I annihilate your fond hopes and devote you mine!" thrusting as he spoke poor Margaret's epistle into the flames, and watching it with a fiendish smile until of those tender, confiding lines, nothing but a blackened scroll remained.

At the expiration of a week he informed her that he had heard from the friend to whose care he had enclosed her letter, stating that he had delivered it into Lelland's own hand.

Poor deceived girl! O the wretchedness of hope deferred, as day after day flew by, and still no answer came! It was only by her more pallid cheek, her drooping eyelids, and the wan smile by which she strove to hide her dejection, that Wingate saw his belated scheme was succeeding, and his victim sinking under the belief of her lover's inconstancy—for she never again mentioned to him the name of Lelland. Nothing could be kinder, or better calculated to touch the heart of Margaret than the demeanor which her cousin now assumed. His countenance wore a look of such subdued pity—such heavy sighs would now and then burst from his heart—and then meeting her inquiring glance, he would turn from her, or perhaps rush from the room, as if to conceal the tears her sorrows called forth.

Thus another six months passed—bringing no change for the better in the alienated affections of Mr. Gardner for his child—they were all engrossed by the artful woman he had so unhappily married. He did not, it is true, treat her with visible unkindness, but with a coldness and jealousy which stung the heart of Margaret perhaps more deeply.

Wingate now resolved to delay no longer the avowal of his love! And accordingly most adroitly opened the subject to Margaret—he told her for how many years he had loved her—of the silent grief which he had so long endured under the conviction that her affections were given to another—and how by many bitter struggles he had schooled his heart to relinquish her at last to a happy rival. He did not ask her love in return, but the privilege to protect her! Her pity and kindness were all he dared to hope for *now*—but perhaps at a future time his long-tryed devotion might be rewarded with her affection—and for that he was willing to wait—too happy if he might look for such a priceless recompense.

Not doubting for a moment his sincerity, and touched by his kindness, Margaret yielded to the tempter's wiles and became his wife.

And here we must leave her, allowing for the lapse of some sixteen years ere we again take up the story.

PART II.

In the summer of 1810, a gentleman embarked at Albany, on board one of those magnificent steamers

which ply between that city and New York. The morning was one of unrivaled loveliness. A soft haze curtained the landscape, veiling the shores and the silvery outline of the river in one dun, undefined perspective of beauty, through which the sun like a large ball of fire floated on the verge of the eastern sky. As the morning wore on, a gentle breeze was seen curling the smooth surface of the river, and then fold after fold of the beautiful curtain was lifted from the landscape. The silvery vapors circling, dividing, re-uniting, and wreathing themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes, floated lightly away, leaving the charming scenery of the Hudson unveiled to the admiring eye of the traveler.

The gentleman to whom allusion has been made, was apparently near or over forty years of age, of a most prepossessing exterior. He was tall, finely built, and his countenance denoting benevolence and peace with all men. A shade of sadness, however, evidently of no recent origin, was stamped upon his fine features, involuntarily claiming your sympathy and respect. Such was the person who now slowly paced the deck—now stopping to admire some beautiful point of scenery, now communing with his own thoughts.

The boat was crowded with passengers, presenting the usual variety composing the "world" of a steamboat. But with these the stranger held no communion—not a familiar face met his in all that motley assemblage. It was already near the dinner hour, and many of the passengers had descended to the dining-saloon, or gathered around the companion-way waiting the deafening stroke of the gong, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a little group seated under the awning aft of the ladies' cabin. Reclining on cushions spread over one of the settees was a lady whose hollow, racking cough betokened the last stages of consumption. A large shawl carefully enveloped her figure, and one pale, attenuated hand rested heavily upon her bosom, as if to stay the rapid pulsation of her heart caused by those violent paroxysms of coughing. A thin veil was thrown lightly over her head, screening her marble paleness. Two young girls, almost children, sat by the couch—the eldest, whose profile only could be seen as she sat with her back nearly turned to the passengers, was gently fanning her mother, and now and then moistening her fevered lips with the grateful juice of an orange, or when seized with coughing, tenderly supporting her head, and wiping the perspiration from her throbbing temples. The younger, a sweet little child of perhaps ten years, had thrown off her bonnet, and thick masses of rich brown ringlets fell over her neck and shoulders. She was seated on a low ottoman by the side of the settee, reading from a small Bible which she held in her hand—pausing whenever the terrible cough racked the poor invalid, and then stooping over her would kiss her pale lips, and the little white hand, and again in sweet low tones resume her book.

The stranger found himself deeply interested in this little group—it was in harmony with his own melancholy thoughts, and stirred the deep waters of kindness in his soul. Mechanically he stopped in his walk, and leaning over the rail continued to muse upon the

sick lady and the affectionate little girls, occasionally resting his eyes upon the unconscious objects of his meditation. When the deck was nearly deserted for the dinner-table, the youngest of the two girls finding her mother slept, softly rose and without putting on her bonnet drew near the spot where the stranger was still standing, and bent down her beautiful head over the railing as if to peer into the depths of old Hudson. At that moment one of the river gods (possibly) in the shape of a large sturgeon, his scaly armor all flashing in the bright sunbeams, leaped up some twelve or fifteen feet above the surface. An exclamation of surprise burst from the little girl.

"O, sir, what was that?" she asked, turning her large black eyes upon the stranger.

At that sweet face, and those deep, earnest eyes, sudden emotion thrilled his heart, and sent the blood coursing rapidly through his veins. That face—it was so like—so very like one with whose memory both happiness and misery held divided sway! Scarcely could he command himself to answer her artless question; and after having done so, in an agitated voice he asked—

"Will you tell me your name, my dear?"

The child hesitated a moment, as if doubting the propriety of giving her name to a stranger, but there was something so kind and benevolent in his looks that compelled her irresistibly to reply.

"My name is Margaret—Margaret Wingate."

Richard Leland took her small slender hand, put back the beautiful curls from her forehead, and gazed long and mournfully into her face, then turning away walked slowly to the opposite side of the deck and soon disappeared. And the little girl, wondering at his strange behaviour, returned to her seat by the side of her mother.

It was more than an hour ere Leland again made his appearance. He was pale, and it seemed as if an age of sorrow had in that brief hour swept over his soul. Again he took his station near the little group.

In the mean time the sick lady had remained quiet, and the sisters still retained their position by her side. Margaret soon raising her eyes met those of the stranger, who smilingly beckoned her to approach. Rising very softly, the child glided to his side, and placed her little hand confidently in his.

"Will you ask your sister to come to me, my dear, I would speak with her a moment?" said Leland, laying his hand tenderly on her head.

Margaret returned to her sister, who, in a few moments, timid and blushing, drew near. She seemed about fourteen, of a slight, graceful figure, and with the same expression of countenance, only more thoughtful, as her younger sister.

"You will excuse the presumption of a stranger, young lady," said Leland, "but unless I greatly err, I see before me the daughter of a much loved friend. Tell me, was not your mother's maiden name Margaret Gardner?"

"Yes, sir, that was her name," she replied in evident surprise.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," continued Lel-

land, sighing deeply—then after a pause—“and your—your father—is he with you?”

“He is not—but will meet us on our arrival in New York.”

“Has your mother been long ill?” inquired Lelland, his voice faltering as he spoke.

“She has been declining for several years,” replied the young girl, “but for the last six months her strength has rapidly failed. O, my dear sir,” she added, bursting into tears, “if she should die!”

Lelland could not answer—at length he resumed.

“And are you then traveling alone, my dear young lady?”

“We came as far as Albany under the protection of a neighbor, and the captain of the boat has promised to take charge of us to the city.”

“Can I do any thing to aid you? Is there not something you would like to have for your mother? if so, consider me in the light of an old acquaintance, and frankly tell me. My name is Lelland, Richard Lelland—I knew your dear mother when she was but a few years older than yourself;” he paused, and overcome with emotion turned away.

Mary took his hand. “I have often heard her mention you. O let me tell her at once that such an old and valued friend is near—she will be so glad to see you!”

“No, my dear girl, not now—the surprise might prove too much for her in her present weak state—but allow me to be near you, and call upon me if need require.”

Mary thanked him, and then resumed her faithful care of her mother, who was now apparently in an easy slumber; and walking lightly around the settee, Lelland took a seat near the head of the invalid.

Who can describe the anguish of his soul as he thus watched over the dying form of his first and only love. And yet, with its bitterness was mingled a strange feeling of happiness, and his heart rose in thankfulness to be near her—even in death!

The day was now nearly spent, and the boat shooting rapidly past the beautiful Paliades, when Mrs. Wingate awoke, and complaining of a slight chilliness proposed retiring to the cabin. With difficulty she arose and leaning on the arm of Mary attempted to walk, but she was so feeble she could scarcely stand, and the slender strength of Mary seemed all too frail a support. Lelland immediately advanced, and, averting his face, proffered his assistance. Thanking him for his kindness, Mrs. Wingate placed her arm in his, and carefully supporting her to the cabin, and placing her in an easy commodious seat, he left her to the care of her children.

Ah, little did the poor invalid dream whose arm had so tenderly sustained her feeble steps!

When the boat was nearing the wharf, Mary came out of the cabin and joined Lelland, who was standing close by the door, and taking his arm crossed over to the side, that she might recognize, and be recognized at once by her father, whom she was expecting every moment to appear among the crowd collected on the wharf. Once or twice she thought she saw him, but it proved not. The boat stopped at length, and the

passengers group after group dispersed, until scarcely any one was left on board save the officers of the boat. Still Mr. Wingate did not appear, and overcome by disappointment and their lonely situation, poor Mary burst into tears. Lelland strove to comfort her, and having ascertained from her the hotel where her father lodged, he offered to go himself in search of him. Bidding her return to her mother, and calm any uneasiness she might feel at the nonappearance of her husband, he left the boat and proceeded to the hotel. Mr. Wingate was not there. He had been gone some days, nor could they give any information respecting him.

What was to be done?—something must be decided upon at once. It was getting late—already the street lamps were lighted—and hastily retracing his steps to the steambot, Lelland went for Mary. She turned pale when she saw he was alone.

“My father—where is my father?” she cried.

“No doubt, my dear, your father has been called away unexpectedly—you will see him I am sure to-morrow. In the mean time don't be uneasy—you are with one who will not desert you for a moment—but lest your mother may hesitate to entrust herself to the protection of an apparent stranger, I think it will be necessary for me to reveal myself to her.” Taking a card from his pocket he wrote a few lines upon it, and handed them to Mary, who quickly glided back into the cabin.

Lelland now strove to calm his agitation, that he might meet his still beloved Margaret with firmness—without betraying more than the pleasure one naturally feels at meeting with an old friend.

It was half an hour ere Mary again appeared, and informed him her mother would be pleased to see him.

He entered the cabin. The light of an argand lamp fell gently upon the pale countenance of Mrs. Wingate, who was partially reclining upon one of the settees, with her head resting against the crimson silken panels. She had thrown off her little cap, on account of the heat, and her jet-black hair was swept back from her brow by the slender little hand which pressed her temples. Little Margaret was kneeling at her feet, and looking up into her face with an expression of childish pity.

The step of Lelland faltered as he drew near—as his eye fell upon that countenance so changed from its youthful loveliness,—so pallid, so wan, and on which it seemed Death had already stamped his seal—scarcely could he command himself to speak.

“Margaret, you will trust yourself with me?” he said at length, forcing a smile and extending his hand.

A slight color for an instant suffused her pale cheek, and her still beautiful eyes were lifted to his—he attempted to speak, but could not, and placing her thin, feverish hand in his, she burst into tears. For a few moments no word was spoken. Mrs. Wingate was the first to recover herself.

“My nerves are very weak, as you see,” she said, with a sad smile, pressing his hand, “and the sight of an old friend quite overpowers me—but I am very glad to see you, and thank you for your kindness.”

Mr. Wingate must have been unexpectedly detained from us, or—" she hesitated.

"And you will allow me, I trust, the pleasure of attending upon you, and of procuring lodgings for you until the arrival of your husband," said Lelland. "You must be very much fatigued—a carriage is in waiting, and if you will allow me, I will soon place you in a more comfortable situation—if you will point out to me your trunks, Miss Mary, I will take care of them." And Lelland gladly left the cabin, that he might school himself to more fortitude ere meeting the poor invalid again.

When all was ready, he tenderly lifted the frail form of Mrs. Wingate and placed her in the carriage, Mary and little Margaret sprang after, and then giving the driver the necessary directions Lelland himself took a seat therein. The carriage in a short time stopped before one of the large private hotels in the upper part of the city, where he was certain both quiet and comforts of every kind might be obtained for the invalid. They were conducted at once to a pleasant, retired little parlor, opening into a commodious sleeping-room, and after attending to all their immediate requirements Lelland left them for the purpose of again seeking Mr. Wingate; resolving to leave a note for him at the hotel where he had boarded, and also to drop another into the post-office. Meeting the maid-servant in the hall, he put some money in her hand, and charged her to be very attentive to the sick lady, promising her she should be well rewarded for her kindness.

Upon returning to the hotel early in the morning, he was inexpressibly grieved to find that Mrs. Wingate had passed a wretched night, and was now so ill that it had been thought advisable to send for a physician. Doctor M. soon arrived, and after visiting his patient, returned to the saloon where Lelland was anxiously awaiting him. His opinion was but a sad confirmation of his worst fears—he pronounced Mrs. Wingate in the last stage of decline, and that in all probability a few days or weeks at furthest must close her life. "Was there nothing could be done to save her?" Lelland asked—nothing—she was past all human aid; and now all there was left to do, was to smooth her passage to the grave by kind and tender care. The doctor promised to see her every day, and expressing much sympathy for the little girls took his leave. That day Lelland did not see Mrs. Wingate, yet he heard her low stifled moans, and occasionally the faint tones of her voice, for he had taken an apartment adjoining hers, that he might be near in case his services were required. Once or twice during the day and evening he passed out the hotel, and jumping into a cab, sought the former lodgings of Wingate, in the faint hope of meeting him, and then returned to his sad and lonely watch.

For some days Mrs. Wingate remained nearly the same, during which time nothing was heard of her husband. No doubt the agitation of mind this caused her had a most injurious effect upon her, and probably hastened her death. Finding herself growing weaker, Lelland was at length admitted to her room; and from that time until her death a portion of every day was spent by him at her bedside. He calmed her appre-

hensions when speaking of the strange absence of her husband, and strove to remove those delicate scruples which she entertained that herself and children were so entirely dependent upon him, assuring her he thanked God it was in his power to be of service to her. He read to her from the sacred Scriptures, and as much as her feeble strength would admit conversed with her of that unrevealed future into which her soul must so soon take its flight. Of her husband she never spoke but in terms of kindness, nor by her words gave him reason to suppose he was not the best of husbands and fathers.

Days passed on. Mr. Wingate did not come.

And now the last sad hour was at hand. Upon going into her room one morning, Lelland was shocked at the alteration a few hours had made in her appearance. Death was there. Not as a tyrant—not armed with terrors to seize the shrinking soul—but as some gentle messenger, clad in robes of peace and joy, sent to bear her to the arms of her Father. Lelland was at first too much overcome to speak, and walked to the window to recover composure. In a faint voice she called him to her.

"Richard," she said, pressing his hand, "there is but one pang in death—it is that I must leave my poor children unprotected."

"Dearest friend, do not suffer that thought to disturb your peace of mind," he replied tenderly; "they shall be mine; until their father's return I will be a parent to them, and if he come not, Margaret—still they will be mine. I have wealth, and how freely it shall be used for their advantage and happiness you surely cannot doubt. My life has been a lonely one—they will cheer its decline"—he paused as if irresolute whether to proceed—"I waited long and in vain for that letter, Margaret—it came not!"

It was the first allusion made to their former love.

She feebly pressed the hand which held hers: "It was written, Richard—there came no answer."

"It ~~was~~ written then—thank God for that!" he exclaimed.

A cold shudder crept over the frame of Margaret.

"Ah! I see it all," she said. "Richard, we were betrayed! but may God forgive him, as I do!"

There was no reply; but stooping down Lelland imprinted a kiss upon her cold brow, and turning away, the strong man wept as a little child!

Once more he approached the bed.

"Give your children to me, Margaret; I swear to you I will faithfully protect and cherish them. I shall never marry, and my whole life shall be devoted to them."

A sweet smile illumined her features. "Yes, Richard, they are yours. For my sake forgive their father, and should he return, O, I beseech you, lend him your counsel, and say to him all that I would say—" she paused—"perhaps he will tear the children from you; if so, at a distance watch over them, and protect them when they require it. Now, my friend, call them to me; I would say a few words to them, and I feel my strength rapidly fading."

Mary and Margaret remained with their mother near an hour, and then Lelland was hastily summoned to

the chamber of the dying. She was already speechless, but with a look of ineffable sweetness, she turned her eyes first upon her children, then upon Lelland; with her little strength she placed their hands within his, her lips moved as if in prayer, celestial beauty overspread her countenance, and the weary soul of Margaret was at rest in the bosom of her God.

Soon after the last melancholy rites Lelland placed the girls at school, under the care of a most excellent woman whom he engaged to accompany them. Not a day passed that he did not see them, and on Saturdays he took them pleasant excursions into the country, as much as possible striving to divert their minds from dwelling upon their recent loss. In the meanwhile he took every measure he could possibly devise to discover Mr. Wingate—but for many months in vain, his disappearance was veiled in impenetrable mystery.

It was nearly a year after the death of Margaret, that one day business took Mr. Lelland to one of the slips on the North river. As he passed along, his attention was suddenly drawn to a man who stood leaning against one of the piers. He was very shabbily dressed, and held in his hand a small faded well-worn carpet-bag. Giving no heed to the moving crowd around him, buried in thought, he stood with his eyes fixed vacantly on the river. There was something in his features which seemed familiar. Turning, Mr. Lelland again passed him, fixing his eyes intently upon him as he did so, and more and more confirmed that his suspicions were correct, he stepped up to him, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, said,

"Excuse me—but is not your name Wingate?"

"Suppose it is—what the d—l is yours?" replied the man sullenly, without turning his head.

"My name is Lelland, Mr. Wingate—for such you are, or I greatly err."

With an expression of malignant hate, the man suddenly turned, and shook his fist almost in the very teeth of Lelland.

"So we have met again, Mr. Richard Lelland, have we? Well, we shall see who will be the better for the meeting, that's all—d—n you!"

"Your words are idle," replied Lelland, calmly. Answer me one question—do you know aught of your wife and children?"

At the mention of his family, Wingate grew suddenly pale, and seemed much agitated.

"And you—what—what do you know of them?" he demanded, but in more subdued tones.

"If you will go with me into the hotel yonder, I may perhaps give you some information respecting them," he replied.

Without a word Wingate mechanically followed Lelland, who, ordering a private room, sat down to the melancholy duty before him.

"You spoke of my wife and children," exclaimed Wingate, the moment they entered the room, "if you know any thing of them, for God's sake tell me, for it is many months since I heard from them."

"Prepare yourself for the most melancholy tidings," said Lelland, in a sympathizing voice and manner. "You have no longer a wife—it is now ten months since her death."

The wretched man buried his face in his hands.

"Dead—dead—dead! and without forgiving me—dead!" he exclaimed.

"With her latest breath she forgave and blessed you," said Lelland, taking his hand kindly.

"But my children—where are they—are they dead, too?"

"Your children are here—here, in the city; you may see them in an hour if you will," replied Lelland.

"Here! here in the city—here, with you!" cried Wingate, starting up, every feature distorted by passion; "with you, do you say! how came you near her death-bed—ha! did you dare—" seizing Lelland by the breast as he spoke. But shaking him off, Lelland placed his hand on his arm, saying,

"First listen to me, Mr. Wingate, and you will see how little provocation you have for such anger."

He then briefly related his unexpected and providential meeting with Margaret and her children, and the painful scene which so soon followed it. He spoke of Mary and Margaret—of their loveliness, their sweet dispositions, and of the consolation and happiness Wingate might yet receive from their affection.

When he had done speaking, the unhappy man seized the hand of Lelland, and expressing it fervently, said,

"Wretch—wretch that I am! how little have I merited such goodness. It is, indeed, more than my guilty soul can bear. I had rather you would stab me to the heart than thus pierce my soul with deeds of kindness—for I deserve it not. It was I, Lelland, who robbed you of one of God's choicest treasures. When driven almost to despair by the unjust treatment of her father, who should have been to her more than father ever was, poor Margaret wrote you that letter which would have confirmed your happiness and hers. It was I, who, goaded on by hate for you, and a determination to make her mine—it was I who destroyed it! I watched the struggle of her pure heart; I saw her cheek pale day by day, and yet I repented not—nay, I gloried in my revenge. At length she became my wife—and an angel she ever was to me, always so kind, so patient with my follies; but I knew she loved you—I knew her heart was silently breaking, her strength wasting, and instead of moving my pity, it only drove me to madness. I was jealous even of my sweet babes, that they were loved more than me. For years I ran a wild career of riot and debauchery, and only came to my senses to see my poor injured wife was truly dying; then came remorse—but it was too late. My business had been neglected—my affairs were in ruin, and I saw myself on the brink of poverty. The doctor had said that change of air would do much toward her restoration; and now, as anxious to restore as I had been to destroy, I resolved to come to New York and find some employment which should warrant my removing my family here. I did so, and was so fortunate as to obtain a situation as book-keeper, with a handsome salary. In a few months I wrote my wife and children to join me. I received for answer that she was now too feeble to journey. This made me angry, though why, God only knows, except that I would not let her die among scenes your love had hallowed—and I immediately wrote a peremptory

command for her to come, naming the day I should expect her. In this wicked frame of mind I went out into the streets, and, unfortunately meeting a gay companion, was induced to enter a gambling-house, and ere I left, every dollar I possessed in the world was swept from me. In the vain hope of winning back my money, I again sought that den of destruction; need I say, so far from retrieving, I left it hundreds in debt. Then, then, Richard Lelland, I became a forger—yes, forged the name of my worthy employer—was detected, and fled with my ill-got gains. The day I had appointed my poor Margaret to arrive in the city I was on the way to the West Indies. From thence I went to Paris, where, as long as my money lasted I led a mad career; that expended, I was forced to the most menial offices to obtain my daily food. At last driven by remorse, I determined to return to my native country; see Margaret and my children once more, and then give myself up to the laws I had outraged. I flattered myself that my wife still lived, and that not finding me in the city on her arrival, had gone back to Ohio. I arrived last night, and was even now about to take passage in a sloop for Albany, thinking I should be less likely to meet any acquaintance, when you so unexpectedly appeared before me."

To this dreadful recital Lelland had listened in silence. When it was ended, he took the hand of Wingate,

"Wretched man," said he, "I forgive you for the misery of a lifetime, as did that suffering angel, now in heaven; and may God extend to you his peace and mercy!"

Then calling for pen, ink and paper, he drew a check for the amount Wingate had forged, and placed it in his hand.

"There, Mr. Wingate, take that; in the morning see your late employer, and restore him the money of which you defrauded him; in the meantime I will see what can be done for you—rely upon me as your

friend. But remain here for the night, and on no account leave the room; have patience, for to-morrow you shall see your children." So saying, Lelland took leave, promising to call for him in a carriage at an early hour in the morning.

Immediately after breakfast, therefore, he proceeded to the hotel. But Wingate had already left—had been gone some hours. On the table was a letter directed to Lelland. Hastily breaking the seal, he read:

"Burthened with grief, and overwhelmed with remorse, life is insupportable. I can no longer endure the torments of self-reproach, and I fly to end alike my wretchedness and my life. Heaven is dark—but earth is hell! Protect my innocent children!"

The next day the body of Henry Wingate was exposed in the Dead-House. Lelland recognized and claimed it for burial.

Mary and Margaret were told their father was no more—but of the manner of his wretched death they never knew.

Facts have often the appearance of fiction—such is the story I have given. If it has called forth any interest in the minds of my readers, the assurance that its principal incidents were gathered from real life, will not, I trust, lessen that interest. Names and scene are, of course, fictitious.

In a splendid mansion on the banks of the Potomac, Mr. Lelland still resides with the two fair daughters of his adoption. They are beautiful and accomplished, beloved by all who know them, and most tenderly protected and cherished by their more than father; while those germs of early piety implanted in their minds by their mother, have, under the careful culture of Mr. Lelland, put forth the most lovely and Christian graces.

Thus in the happiness and the virtues of her children, has God rewarded the filial piety of poor Margaret.

THOUGHTS ON THE THERMOMETER.

CLIMATE is said to have much influence on the physical, moral, mental, political and social condition of mankind. Experience and observation certainly give force to such an opinion. The difference in manners, customs and character of the Russ and the Italian is as much owing to latitude as lineality. One's happiness, and even one's destiny in life, depend alike on Seasons and on Self.

The iron constitution, the sharp wit, the keen sense, the peculiar individuality, the guessing and bartering of the man of Maine, contrasts with the singing, siesta-seeking, music-loving, rich intellectuality of the Mexican of the hacienda. Even in religious sentiment the difference is striking. Look upon the cold, austere meeting-house worship of the Puritan, and side by side behold the rich, voluptuous cathedral services of the Catholic. These at least indicate the extremes of the influence of the climate. The whole physical,

mental and moral constitution of man is operated upon by the temperature of his location, and thus affecting not only his individual existence but the ultimate condition of his race.

What would have been the fate of "The Colonists" of the "May-Flower" had they landed at San Francisco or St. Domingo? If instead of the stern, bracing, labor-requiring, excess-denying latitude of Plymouth, the Pilgrims had rested in the land of the palmetto and the pomegranate? Or who would have ventured on an unknown ocean, in search for a new world, if the hope, the imagination, the enthusiasm, the poetry, the mental excitement, the superstition even of Columbus, the child of the South, had sunk in despair, or yielded to first disappointment? Where would the close calculation of the North, founded on a philosophical hypothesis, have sought for continued animation, after error has resulted from experiment?

Where would the literature of the Past have found admirers, and even devotees, if the mythology of the East had not been nursed in the soft lap of a congenial temperature?

Why is it that the Latin classics yet hold a place as familiar as household words, if a Southern sky had not invited to the rich developments of the highest mental creations?

Where could the painter and sculptor have sought models and studies, if the winter of the Mediterranean had been as relentless and as rigid as that of Moscow?

Can it be maintained that Solon and Lycurgus would have alike given their fame in trust to immortality, if the genial influences of the land of their nativity had not been the same "at Rome as it was at Attica?"

Who will venture to assert that a similar fate would have followed the siege of Troy in a land of snows, or that Marathon would have been a northern Moscow?

Science, too, has felt the force of the benefit of its more northern home. With a temperature unshocked by extremes, the highest mental industry yields more, or rather different, fruit than the richest intellectual soil. The wheat and the corn of the necessities to progress, are gathered only where the wine and the oil of luxury do not grow.

That Tyre and Sidon were marts for the cosmopolite, and now are but the refuge for the wanderer, while Boston, New York, New Orleans were the seaboard of the savage, and are now the emporiums of a

hemisphere, is as true as that the causes are to be found in some degree dependent upon the influences of climate.

That Rome was the mother of nations, the terror of thrones, and the great entrance into eternity, and now is the dismantled wreck of her illustrious past—while the hunting-grounds of the "Six Nations" are transformed into a mighty empire, is but the melancholy picture of the past, gorgeous in its dilapidation, under the luxurious warmth of an Italian sky, while the other is the picture of the present, more magnificent and vigorous, tinted by the rays of a western sun.

Climate was not alone in producing these changes, yet its influence was potent.

The Religion of Nazareth took its metaphors from the land of Aristotle, its enthusiasm from the nations on the "seacoast," its energy from the Northmen, but *its divinity from God!*

The songs of labor are heard loudest and sweetest where the valley and forest yield an annual tribute over the grave of all that is beautiful, born of the spring; while the songs of the sentiments take their melodies from the land of soft sunlight, scented with perennial perfumes.

In considering the Future let us look at the Past, and among the most remarkable of physical causes which have marked their existence on the history of nations and of men, climate will be found to have exercised by no means an inconsiderable influence.

TO MY WIFE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

GLADLY to thee, amid the wreck of years,
Will memory's pinions wing their eager way;
To thee, who ever through this life of tears
Has lit its darkness with thy sunny ray;
Thou wast my empress in the morning hours,
The star amid my dreams of poesy;
The single rose amid the dewy bowers,
That lured my soul to thoughts of purity.

As rivers glancing in the glorious sun,
Voice out their gladness to the perfumed air,
So heath the presence of that treasured one
My hopes were mirrored in a world more fair;
A magic world, within whose blessed light
All things the richest and the best did come,
Bringing unto the weary dreams as bright
As those that fit around our quiet home.

And I did love thee, not a transient flame,
Burned on the altar of an early dream;
No, I have dwelt upon that cherished name
Till it became the priestess and the beam,
And softly came around our household hearth,
The angel wings of woman's ministry,
Rich hopes, as wild and joyous in their birth
As were the early dreams of loving thee.

And ever thus has been the full, deep tide,
Upheaving from this ocean love of ruine;
A memory forever by my side,
To lead me onward to a nobler shrine;
The calm, hushed voice still sounding in my sleep,
Like to a strain of distant melody,
The holy light from out those eyes so deep,
That shines on all so clear and tranquilly.

Amid my dreams of human faith and love—
Of love, that stems the tempest and the blast—
Of faith, that in its tenderness shall prove
Its holy office even to the last,
Thou hast been present with thy watchful care,
Guarding a heart too prone to dream at best,
Too much forgetting one whose sinless prayer
Has lingered round his home a heavenly guest.

But brightly now the sun of promise shines,
The dark and stormy waves of time along,
With all some token of thy virtue twined,
Sweet as the cadence of the evening song;
And truly now, when youth's wild day is o'er,
And every fancied passion's hushed to rest,
I give this song to thee from memory's shore,
The echo of the tide within my breast.

THE FOUNDLING.

BY JEMIE HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE March winds blew chillingly over a wide and barren moor in the Highlands of Scotland, and howled fiercely around the isolated dwelling in the middle of it, from whence gleamed a faint light like a beacon in the midst of that desolate waste. Black majestic clouds gathered darker over head, and the wild whistle of the coming tempest grew every moment more shrill; but little were the boding sounds noted within the cottage of Donald McLane, for sterner and fiercer was the storm of sorrow gathering in the human heart of the one lonely watcher, bending over the low pallet where lay, in a still dreamless slumber, the forerunner of one more dreamless yet, the form of her only child. Long silken curls fell on the white pillow, from the still whiter brow of the little sufferer, and pearly lids, with long, dark fringes, drooped over the fair cheek. The coverlet had been cast aside, as by some restless motion, and the snow-white drapery fell in careless folds, half-covering, half-revealing those round and dimpled limbs.

The light from a solitary candle flickered over the child's face, so marble-like in its quiet beauty; oh! there is a touching loveliness that waking life never bestows in that death-like slumber which precedes the parting hour of a young, sinless spirit! Angels waited to bear it upward, and the shining light from their own immortal faces, was reflected upon the form of clay it was so soon to leave. Close beside the couch, with clasped hands and a fixed gaze, motionless as the object of her solicitude, knelt the young mother—so very young and so fair; surely it was early for such sorrow to weigh down her happy heart.

The dull moments wore away, and still those two pale faces gleamed in the half-darkness, silent and still. The embers on the hearth burned low, louder howled the tempest without, and the white snowflakes dashed against the window with a startling sound—but the mother heard it not, until the door softly opened, and a light touch upon her arm roused her to consciousness.

"Oh, Donald, Donald, I'm glad ye're come," was her tremulous salutation.

"And yet, Maggie," he said, "I'm not so sure o' that when you see what I've brought you. I would not add to your cares if I could help it, but I could not leave a babe to perish in the cold snow to-night," and unfolding his plaid, he displayed to her astonished eyes, a fair and beautiful infant, richly dressed, who, as she took it tenderly in her arms, opened its large dark-blue eyes, and smiled in her face.

"Oh, Donald, how lovely!" she exclaimed, almost forgetting for the moment her sorrow; but a glance toward the couch again brought the tears to her eyes,

and again she sunk beside it, with the little stranger in her arms.

By the exertions of Donald, a brisk fire was soon burning on the hearth, and the bright blaze disclosed the table, with its neat white cloth, on which his frugal repast was spread; but he seemed to think little of his supper that night, for drawing near to the bedside, he bent over his child with an earnest, anxious expression on his manly features.

"How long has she been so, Maggie?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Since noon," was the reply, and her breath came more quickly as Donald bent closer and closer to the quiet face, placing his hand softly on the still breast, and his lips to the dimpled mouth whence no breath seemed issuing, then, with a stifled sigh as he gazed lingeringly on those beautiful features, he turned to his wife, who was looking up in his face with that gaze of mute terror which says so much more than words,

"Maggie, God has taken our Ally to be an angel in Heaven."

No loud exclamation of grief followed his words. Tearless she stood with her eyes fixed upon her husband's face, as if unable to comprehend his meaning, but, sinking on his knees beside her, and enfolding her in his arms, he prayed from a full heart that God would be with them in this their first trial. The low, soothing tones of his voice unlocked the fountains of the mother's heart, and blessed tears came to her relief. Long might she have indulged in this luxury, but a faint cry awoke her maternal sympathies. She had forgotten the babe so strangely thrown upon her care, but now her gentle nature could not think of self, while another was suffering and in preparations for the comfort of her charge, the first wild burst of anguish was passed through.

"We will call her Ally, after our own lost one. Donald. Surely God has sent her to soften this sore trial to us, and we will love her as our own. May He help us to submit. Oh, my Ally! my darling, my precious one—can any one ever fill thy place. God help us!"

CHAPTER II.

The simple funeral was over; the last look had been taken, and little Alice McLane was hidden from the weeping eyes that still turned toward her lowly resting-place, as if yet unwilling to leave her alone beneath that cold, cold sod.

Donald and Margaret McLane had been very happy until now—too happy perhaps. They had loved each other in early years, and when Donald had earned enough by his own honest labor to purchase the cottage on Burnside Moor, they were mar-

ried without a shadow on their young, hopeful hearts.

Margaret was a careful housewife, and Donald had ever a warm welcome and comfortable home when, wearied with his daily toil, he came back to her whom he had promised to love and cherish; and when little Alice came to gladden the young mother's lonely hours while he was away, sunshine reigned in the household. In all their happiness they never forgot who gave them all their blessings, and daily was their morning and evening sacrifice of praise sent up to their Heavenly Father in confiding and child-like simplicity.

A cherished flower was Ally McLane, with her bright blue eyes sparkling with joy and affection, her round, dimpled, rosy cheeks, and baby tones, so sweet to a parent's ear; her mother's sunny spirit seemed hers from her very birth until the heavy hand of sickness came down to hush those happy notes, and dim the light of health and joyousness that ever danced around her.

Perhaps she was too fondly loved; perhaps their hearts clung with too much of idolatry to their only one; and a watchful Father saw that the ties must be loosened. While yet her lisping tones seemed ringing in their ears; while yet the flush of health lingered on her cheek, the dart of the spoiler came, and with scarce a pang of suffering to rend the mother's heart with deeper anguish, little Ally was taken away from the ill to come.

Overwhelming as was the blow, a mitigation was sent with it. The stranger babe thus thrown upon Margaret's tenderness, proved a solace which nothing else could have afforded, and in the cares attendant upon her new charge, the dreary sense of loneliness, following the loss of a loved one, was robbed of half its power.

Many were the wondering surmises of Donald and his wife, in reference to the manner in which the babe had been thus given to them. The dark mantle in which it had been closely enfolded, had first attracted Donald's attention amid the snow-drifts, for the little forsaken one was already wrapped in that fatal slumber which, if not soon broken, knows no waking—and the young man's heart was melted with kindly sympathy as he thought of his own darling, so he raised the light burden from its soft but dangerous resting-place, bore it to gentle and tender hands—and as days, and weeks, and months wore away, no one appearing to claim the lost one, closer and closer their hearts were wound about her, till their love seemed even as that they had borne their *own* angel Ally—as they called her.

Sometimes Margaret would almost forget that her second Ally was not, indeed, the very same as that one they had laid with such heart-yearnings beneath the snow-clad turf; and yet the two were very unlike. The face of the stranger was full of earnest thought. Her large, dark, liquid eyes, so full of dreamy tenderness, beamed with almost spiritual beauty; and a hazy word would bring the tears to her eyes, the warm blush to her cheek, and a strange imploring expression over her whole countenance;

whereas her elder namesake was ever a joyous child, light and graceful, full of the heedlessness so natural to her tender age—and few things there were that had power to dim her sunny spirit.

Year after year sped on unmarked, save by the introduction of one little stranger after another into the once lonely household of Donald McLane. Alice, their eldest and loveliest, had ripened gradually from the beautiful child, their pet and plaything, to the gentle, thoughtful girl of sixteen, watching with unwearied care the slightest wish of her parents, (for she knew not that they were otherwise,) and striving by every means in her power to lighten their burdens. The secret of her history had been carefully kept from her as well as the fair-haired, buppy flock around them; for why should they saddle a life so unshadowed as hers, with thoughts that must bring suffering to her loving nature?

The promise of rare beauty which her infancy had held out was more than realized. There was a spirituality about those dark-blue eyes, in every graceful movement—a native ease and sweetness of manner so unusual among the classes in which she moved—so unlike the frank, noisy ways and ruddy countenances of her younger brothers and sisters, that Margaret often gazed upon her with a wondering sigh and a trembling of heart, she could not tell why. Alice had been reared with more than maternal tenderness—a fond yearning over her deserted helplessness—a sympathy for those who must have mourned the loss of such a child, together with her own irresistible winningness, had led Margaret unconsciously to indulge the child of her adoption even more than the members of her own little flock; but Ally was one of those rare natures in whom indulgence only brings forth warmer, purer feelings of love and gratitude, and even from babyhood, as Margaret would often say, she seemed like an angel sent down to them from Heaven.

Sweet Alice McLane had not arrived at the age of sixteen without admirers. Lonely as was the situation of the cottage, many had been attracted thither by the fame of such a jewel. But there was a quiet dignity and purity about the gentle girl that repulsed the most presuming; and Ally was still, child-like, happy in her home, without a wish to leave it, at least so far as was known to her own heart.

There was, indeed, one, who had been a play-fellow from childhood, being the son of their only neighbor within many miles, who was ever a welcome guest at the cottage, beneath whose glance her own never drooped, nor the painful blush rose to her transparent cheek—and why was it? Because Dugald Lindsay had never spoken of the trembling hopes that lay nestling at his heart, though they had wandered together for hours over the hills, or sat side by side before the bright fire, in the winter evenings, while he entertained them with merry tales; and though Ally loved him dearly, yet it was with the pure, happy love of a sister. So they lived from day to day, unconscious of the cloud that was gathering over the future happiness of one, and the brightest hopes of the other.

CHAPTER III.

Donald McLane was a hard-working man, and seldom was any recreation beyond the quiet enjoyment of his fire-side and home-circle indulged in. It was therefore an occasion of no little joy among the little folks, and perhaps not less so with the older heads who showed less boisterous happiness, when, on the return of the annual fair, a whole holiday was promised with a visit to the village where it was held.

On the evening preceding the day so long and anxiously looked for, a handsome traveling-carrriage, with servants and outriders, drove up to the inn door of the village, creating an excitement among the good people unheard of before. A tall, majestic, and beautiful lady was assisted from it by a youth whose noble and elegant appearance spoke of rank and wealth.

The poor landlord, confused, and almost paralyzed by the unexpected honor conferred upon him, with difficulty recalled his scattered senses in time to receive his guests, and provide them with the best his poor house could afford; but they, smiling at his consternation, retired immediately to their apartments, where, at their own request, a simple repast was served, and they appeared no more that evening. The servants were surrounded and eagerly questioned, but nothing could be elicited from them, except that the strangers were the Countess of Weldon and her son, who were traveling for the benefit of their health, impaired by the close air and dissipation of London.

The next morning, just as the party from Burnside Moor had reached the village, after a weary walk of many miles, the coach drove up once more to receive its noble inmates. Donald and Margaret were foremost, and had already passed by, the younger children following them; but Ally had lingered somewhat in the rear, for Dugald was beside her, and in earnest conversation they had unconsciously slackened their pace, thus arriving opposite the inn door just in time to see the carriage drive up and the noble pair preparing to enter it. Surprised out of her usual quiet demeanor, Ally gazed eagerly at the novel sight. Her hood had fallen back, and her soft brown curls came clustering around her face, generally so pale, but now with the warm blood tinging its snowy surface, and her dark, dreamy eyes turned wonderingly toward the strangers, she was lovely beyond description. At this moment the countess turned her eyes in the direction where Ally stood leaning on the arm of her companion, and with a thrilling cry, stretched out her arms toward her, then fell back insensible. In an instant all was confusion.

The lady was borne into the house, and all intruders waved off; but Ally had never yet seen suffering without endeavoring to relieve it, and springing impulsively forward, she entered the inn, followed by Dugald.

When the countess again opened her eyes, a sweet, loving face looked into hers, and an arm, soft and white as her own, supported her head. Another

wild exclamation burst from her quivering lips, and again she sunk back, murmuring, "Adela, my sister—have you come back from the spirit-world to bless me!"

"What ails you, dear lady," said Ally, tenderly—can I do any thing for you?"

For the first time those who stood around the couch, anxiously waiting the solution of this mystery, observed a striking resemblance between the noble stranger and the lovely peasant girl, who stood pale and bewildered by her manner, yet unwilling to leave her while yet she seemed to need assistance.

"Tell me, child," said the countess, suddenly rising from her recumbent position, "tell me, who are you?"

The question was hasty, the tone almost harsh, and Ally's face flushed again, as she replied timidly. "My name is Alice McLane, lady—my father lives on Burnside Moor."

"Where is your father—I must see him instantly." Dugald turned in search of him, but Donald, having quickly missed his daughter, had come back in search of her, leaving the rest of his charge in a booth near by, and was even now at the inn door.

As soon as his eye fell on the pale, agitated countenance of the stranger, and from her to his idolized daughter, every trace of color left both cheeks and lips, and unable to support himself, he sunk into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

In that brief moment he comprehended it all. Sometimes, in past years, the unwelcome thought would painfully force itself upon him, that his precious Ally was not, indeed, his own. Hearts that must have mourned her loss, might again rejoice over their recovered treasure, but an year after year went by undisturbed, Donald grew strong in hope, and had almost banished every fear of the kind, when this terrible realization of the worst came so suddenly upon him.

No wonder that his strong frame was bowed, and his stout heart wrung with anguish, as he felt that even resistance would be vain. No wonder that Ally stood by him terrified at the sight of grief such as never in her whole peaceful life had met her eyes before. Her arms were thrown around him, her warm kisses fell upon his cold brow, as she implored him to unfold this mystery. The countess watched him silently, yet a wild gleam of triumph flashed from her dark eyes, as she exchanged glances with her son, who stood looking on with no less appearance of interest than herself. Dugald, fearing he knew not what, only showed by his varying color, the thoughts that thronged rapidly upon him.

The story was soon told, and none present could doubt that Alice, the poor cottage-girl, was the orphan niece of the proud countess, and through her, heiress to untold wealth. And how did Ally receive the news of her sudden elevation? With agony that moved the little circle of auditors to tears, as she clung wildly to the only father she had ever known, and implored him not to send her away from him.

Donald looked up with a sorrow-stricken expres-

sion on his manly face, saying, "See you not the child's distress, lady. Say no more now. Let her go home with us once more. Time will reconcile her to it, perhaps, but do not torture her now. God help us! for he only knows how great is the love we bear each other."

He motioned to Dugald, whose countenance, like his own, was ashy pale, but who, summoning the strength that in these few brief moments of anguish seemed to have deserted him, raised the almost insensible form of the weeping girl, and bore her away without resistance.



CHAPTER IV.

"Forget you, Dugald! and do you think Ally so changeable as to be carried away by the high-sounding titles and useless baubles of this wicked world? Could I be happier anywhere than I have been in my own dear mountain home. My aunt has promised that I shall return if I am not satisfied, and in one twelvemonth we will meet again. Nothing shall keep me from you if life is mine."

"Ally, dear Ally, you do not know the world you are about entering. The rich and the great will be there to court you, and the splendors that will glimmer around you, have dazzled many a stronger head, though not a purer heart, Ally. But I ought not to murmur, since this parting has brought me joy as well as sorrow—since it has told me that you love me, darling. God keep you in temptation, and bring you back to us unchanged."

And so they parted. When did they meet again?

Let us now turn back in the page of by-gone years, and trace the history of our little foundling so suddenly raised to a station that the proudest might envy.

Clara and Adela Dundas were the daughters of an English nobleman; their mother dying before they had emerged from the school-room, they were left without that guiding hand so necessary to the maiden ignorant of the world, and heedless of warning from less beloved lips.

Clara, the eldest, married, at an early age, a wealthy earl, the choice of her father, and departed to her princely home, with a father's blessing, leaving her young, gentle sister more lonely than ever. Adela had ever been of a clinging, dependent spirit, loving

with her whole heart the few objects she had as yet found in life worthy or unworthy; and was it, then, to be wondered at, when in the solitary hours after her sister's departure, her affectionate nature should pine for some new companion on whom to pour out the rich treasures of a heart that could not be satisfied in selfish ends. Unhappily, the one on whom her choice fell, was a poor, untitled gentleman, holding an honorable office in her father's household, but on whom Lord Dundas looked as so far inferior to his beautiful daughter in every respect, as never to dream of danger in allowing the occasional intercourse which passed between them.

Knowing as they both did the proud and immovable spirit of Lord Dundas, and hopeless of gaining his consent to what in their own young hearts, full of the romance of first love, seemed necessary to their very existence, they fled—and the lovely Lady Adela Dundas, who had never known one hour's privation from luxury, became, in a poor Highland cottage, the wife of him for whom she had forsaken all—father, friends and home. A letter was written more from the warm feelings of affection and respect than from any hopes of moving the stern parent whom, as Adela felt, they had offended past forgiveness—and so it proved—an answer came, only to announce her disinheriting, and exile for life from her father's home and heart. Then was it that Adela for the first time felt the fearful consequences of her rash step, and it needed all the persuasions and soothing caresses of a husband whom she loved tenderly, to bring her to any degree of composure.

After many months of suffering and privation,

during which time her sister had privately sent her aid whenever she could do so with impunity. Mr. Moreton obtained employment which again raised them to comfort if not affluence. A lovely infant now brought new hopes and new feelings into poor Adela's sorrowful heart, and to her husband's delight she became once more cheerful. Sorely had they suffered for their sin, yet kind and gentle and loving to each other they had ever been. Poverty had not had power to dampen the pure affection of earlier days, and its calm light shone upon their paths with a hopeful radiance even in the darkest hours of their probation.

The little Adela was but a few months old when a letter arrived from the steward of Lord Dundas, with a hasty summons to the death-bed of the now relenting parent. Sorrow and joy struggled for pre-eminence in Lady Adela's bosom, as she hastily prepared to obey; but a new difficulty now arose. The winter had just set in with great severity—the journey was a long and fatiguing one; Adela spurned all objections on her own part, but her babe, how could she expose it to the inclemency of the weather, and the dangers that must attend them. Brief and bitter was the conflict—but the child was left in the care of a faithful nurse, who promised to watch over it as her own.

They arrived only in time to receive the parting blessing of their beloved father, and after the requisite arrangements of the estate, which was equally divided between the two sisters; it was settled that Adela should now remain at the castle, at least until some further disposal of the property should be made, and that Mr. Moreton should return for the child, as the spring would soon open with sunshine and air, balmy enough even for the little traveler.

Days and weeks dragged slowly their way along to the young wife, now, for the first time since her hasty marriage, separated from her husband. He came at last—but he came alone! Short and terrible was the tale his pale lips had to utter.

The woman in whose care the babe had been left, faithfully watched over it, never resigning her charge to another, save when necessity required.

One cold but bright, sunshiny day, having occasion to go to the neighboring village, she wrapped the child carefully in a heavy mantle, and set out with it in her arms on her errand.

From that time neither nurse nor babe had been heard of. A violent snow-storm came on toward night, and it was feared that both had perished, yet singular to tell, no trace of their bodies had been discovered on the road wherein their way led.

Silently the young mother listened to these crushing words. Hope itself was extinct, and from that day, though every endearing cure that love could devise was lavished upon her, sweet Lady Adela drooped like a frail lily, growing paler and weaker, yet ever gentle, patient and loving to the last—for ere the spring flowers had faded, a husband and sister wept bitter tears over her early grave. So young and so lovely, thus Ally's fair mother died.

Comparing this sorrowful tale with Donald's ac-

count, it was inferred that the woman, returning from the village, became bewildered by the snow-storm, and turned in the direction of Donald's cottage instead of that leading to her own, which was directly opposite, and losing her way, had wandered on until wearied with her heavy burden, and hopeless of saving both lives, had deserted her charge, and proceeded, unencumbered, to find shelter for her own exhausted frame. In this, perhaps, she succeeded; but with the consciousness of safety came the harrowing reflections of her faithlessness, and unable to meet those she had so wronged, she had most probably left the country, for no trace of her was ever discovered.

Mr. Moreton did not long survive his idolized wife; and now, when our gentle Ally awoke to the proud consciousness of rank, wealth, a new name and new relations, the tidings brought only sorrow and suffering to one so loving and happy as she had been—for was she not an orphan? Bitter tears flowed at the recital of her mother's history, but turning from all the allurements and persuasions that were lavished upon her by her new aunt and cousin, she flung herself on Margaret's bosom, saying, "I have one mother still! oh, let me stay—let me stay!"

Yet as we have seen, Ally did go at last, pale and sorrowful, but with a kind word for all, and bidding them not to weep, for she would soon return—"She knew she would not love the great world of London. Oh, no! she would soon be back, never, never to leave them again!"

CHAPTER V.

Twelve months had passed by, lingeringly to the little lonely band on Burnside Moor, and sunshine seemed to spring up afresh in every heart when the first tiny green leaves and blue-eyed violets peeped through the snow. "The spring is coming," shouted the children, gleefully, "the spring is coming, and Ally will soon be here!" The shadow passed off from the mother's thoughtful brow, and Donald looked happier than he had yet since the parting, but Dugald grew more and more silent—as each budding tree put forth its tiny sprouts and the verdure became brighter and fresher on the hill-side, the flush paled on his cheek and his dark eyes grew heavy with thought. Week after week glided on, and the children wearied with watching turned with eager questions to their elders, but mournfully, eyes dim with tears, met theirs—still Ally came not.

The warm harvest days stole on—the grain was all gathered in—the cool autumn winds blew chillingly—the snow flakes again robed the earth in their pure mantle, and still Ally came not.

Bitter as was the disappointment, it fell not on un-submissive hearts. The children alone were clamorous in their expressions of regret, but like the summer cloud, the sorrow passed from their memories and they found in present amusements that forgetfulness which others sought in vain.

"Sick with hope deferred," they mourned unceasingly their lost one—yet upheld by that faith in a Heavenly Guardian, to whose care they had given

her, and who would be faithful to the trust though all earth should conspire against them.

And where was the object of this fond solicitude? What fate had been hers since she tore herself away weeping, yet strong in hope and confidence, fearless of the temptations, whose power she had yet to learn? Was she indeed changed? Could not the shield of love and innocence, so close about her, guard every avenue of that guileless heart? Alas! no; Ally had been too trustful in her own strength, and so insidious was the approach of the evil-spirit that she was unconscious of danger until bitterly awakened to self-reproach, to feel that it was too late!

As the Lady Adela Moreton, co-heiress with her cousin of their grandfather's broad lands, she was courted, caressed and flattered by the noblest and most wealthy—her own rare loveliness adding new attractions to her proud triumph, and though at first pained—then disgusted—sad to tell—she at length learned to love the adulation that followed her steps. Her cheek would flush and her eye brighten with conscious pride—yet beautiful as she then was in the eyes of a gazing world, Dugald would almost have failed to recognize in her his own pure-hearted love.

Her aunt had been steadily pursuing a scheme which had been busy in her brain since the first un-

looked for recognition of her sister's long lost child, which was the union of her eldest son, Sir Frederic, to his beautiful cousin, and thus preserve undivided the family estate. Poor Ally little dreamed of the snares that were laid for her. The kindness of her aunt won her gentle, affectionate heart to implicit obedience, and her handsome cousin, possessed of every art of pleasing—beauty, rank, wealth, grace, (few could resist their united influence,) moved her by every loving device.

Was Ally happy? Those who saw her in the festive halls, brilliant and animated, the centre to which all eyes, all hearts turned, might have deemed her happy—but in the solitude of her chamber, when lights and flattering tones had fled, pale, sorrowful faces would rise up, as if upbraiding her; memories of the past would so flit before her, searing her brain as it were fire, and remorseful tears would flow through the long sleepless nights, stealing away the freshness from her fair cheek, the brightness from her eyes. Was this happiness?

Yet the golden chains were close around her, and Ally asked not to break their glittering links.

Donald—Margaret—Dugald—a fearful snare is weaving around your darling one—a little longer and she may be lost to you forever—save her if yet you may—God speed your efforts, for man is powerless now.



CHAPTER VI.

Another spring had come. Calmly and gently as on the heart-sick watchers fell the last rays of the setting sun on Ally's weary brow as she sat by the window of her boudoir listlessly gazing into the street. Gay dresses were strewed around her—jewels flashed from their velvet cushions upon the dressing-table beside her, and ornaments of rich and varied style lay beside them—yet Ally's thoughts seemed far away. Her sweet face was paler and

thinner, and on her dimpled mouth lay that peculiar expression of suffering which the lips only can show forth—her dark-blue eyes seemed larger, and a wild look had taken the place of the soft dove-like glances which had won Dugald's heart. Oh! Ally was fearfully changed.

Suddenly, as though an ice-bolt had stricken her, the young girl started from her dreamy posture. The color faded from her parted lips and she clung to the window sill as she gazed at some object below.

A young Highlander, in the garb of his native hills, had just passed by, and even now paused before the arched gate-way of that princely mansion. Ally looked no longer, but sinking upon her knees, she wept.

A few moments afterward, her slight form might have been seen gliding down the wide staircase and entering a small library adjoining the drawing-room, with which a glass door communicated—softly the curtain was lifted, while with clasped hands and a frame shivering with the intensity of her agitation she saw and heard all that passed within.

Dugald, her own wronged Dugald was there—she had not been deceived then in that hasty glimpse of his figure from the window. A chill crept over Ally's heart as she saw his pale face and sorrowful look—but this was as nothing to the agony that thrilled through her ere long. Dugald sat in one of the richly embroidered chairs, with the graceful ease so natural to him in any society, while directly opposite, in a large arm-chair with a cushion beneath her feet, sat the countess. An air of haughty indifference was meant, perhaps, to check the young man's hopes, for well did the proud lady know the object of his long journey, and sorely did she tremble lest her plans should yet be defeated. Leaning carelessly on a massive table close by, with an air that affected to be contemptuously easy, while the working of his fine features betrayed an inward conflict, stood Sir Frederic.

"I assure you, sir, Lady Adela is too much indisposed to see any one this evening," were the first words that the trembling girl heard."

"Oh, if she is ill, lady, do not refuse to let me see her. Surely, surely, news from home would do her good—oh, never was she too ill yet to see Dugald!

"Only let me see her for a moment—let me hear from her own lips that she has forgotten us." And the young man grew eloquent as he pictured in the simple language of exquisite pathos, the more touching as it came every word from a full heart, the distress of those who loved and watched for their absent one till their hearts grew faint within them. He told of their bitter disappointments—their home now overshadowed because the sunbeam that once lighted it was gone. He spoke not of his own feelings for they were too sacred to be displayed before the cold natures that listened unmoved even now—and Dugald ceased with a sinking heart as he watched their haughty brows grow darker with suppressed anger.

The countess rose and with a frigid salutation left the room, and her son, with an expression of withering scorn, demanded how he dared to expect that his cousin remembered or wished to know aught of such low associations?—then followed his mother, leaving Dugald stunned and motionless.

In those few brief moments the evil spirit had departed from Ally's misguided soul and the good regained its influence over her.

With the last echoing sound of the departing footsteps, she opened the door against which she had been leaning, with that temporary strength excitement ever gives—she beckoned to the startled

youth, who, half-dreaming, obeyed the signal, and found himself face to face with her whom he had just deemed lost to him forever.

"Ally, dear Ally, what have they done to change you thus," he exclaimed as he stretched out his arms toward her. She threw herself weeping upon his bosom, clinging to him as if fearful of being again torn away. "Take me home, Dugald, take me home. Thank God I am not quite helpless yet."

Tenderly as a mother soothes her restless child, did Dugald caress and whisper sweet words of comfort to the trembling one he folded to his heart—and at last she looked up through her tears with her old familiar smile, so that she seemed almost herself again.

By a side-door Dugald reached the street, unobserved by those who deemed him long since gone—a light was in his eye, his step was free and elastic, and his whole face beamed with the inward delight that caused his heart to throb wildly as he traversed the streets toward his temporary residence.

A few hours passed and he came forth again—when he returned he was no longer alone. Like her gentle mother, Adela Moreton fled from wealth and rank to share the lowlier lot of him who had won her heart. But unlike that mother our sweet mountain flower fled from the evil to the stern yet blessed path of duty, and the blessing of Heaven followed upon her steps.

Great was the amazement of the countess and her too sanguine heir when on the following morning they discovered that their dove had escaped from the net laid for her. Bitter were the curses that descended on Dugald's now unconscious head, but the affectionate little note left on the table of the vacant boudoir, showed too plainly by its gentle but decided tenor that further hope was vain.

The sun-bine came back into Donald's cottage—laughter and mirth were no longer strangers there, for Ally, their "lost and found," had returned to them, paler and thianer it is true, and with a deeper shadow on her fair brow, but with her loving heart and gentle voice unchanged.

Ally well knew the sacrifice she made, but it was made willingly. Her wealth was all in the power of her aunt, and she hoped for no concession from the disappointed schemers—but Dugald had not been idle during the years of his probation, and he was no longer a poor man.

One bright summer's day when all nature seemed rejoicing and human hearts were filled with thankfulness, in her own simple cottage-dress, and under her old name of Alice McLane which she had again adopted, Ally, now blooming and happy, stood before the altar in their own dear kirk, and promised to be the wife of him who had loved her so long and so faithfully. Joy beamed from every countenance, as they now felt that no power on earth might rend these ties, and Ally, their own beautiful Ally, was theirs till death should part them.

Only once did the proud countess seek to recall her blown bird to her glittering but uneasy nest, and the day on which she arrived with Sir Frederic,

eager and hopeful, was Ally's wedding-day, and so they became unwittingly sharers in that beautiful scene—the only angry spirits in all that peaceful band of worshippers. Bailed again, they left without even seeking an interview with the object of their long journey, and Ally never heard of them again until the arrival of a strange-looking epistle many years after, announcing the death of her aunt, and her own ac-

cession by right of birth to the half of Lord Duodas' princely fortune.

Sweet Ally McLane! would that more angels like thee in the likeness of sinful flesh might dwell among us—raising our hearts to higher, holier purposes, and fitting us while here for a better home above, where envy, malice, pride, or sorrow never may be known or felt.

A DAUGHTER'S MEMORY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

My father, by the simple stone
That marks thy grave I stand alone;
The birds with joyous love-notes sing
A welcome to the early spring;
The cloudless skies, the balmy air,
And soft young flowers, proclaim it fair;
But now their gladness can impart
No sense of beauty to thy heart.

Yet first I learnt from thee to trace
Each varying hue on Nature's face,
Its teachings bade thy spirit move
My heart to deeper truth and love;
For varied lore, arranged, defined,
Was graven in thine active mind,
And every path thy footstep trod
Seemed written with the name of God.

And well remembrance wakes for me
My ne'er forgotten walks with thee;
How oft we paused with thoughtful eye
To mark the changes of the sky,
Or idly lingered, to inhale
The breathings of the summer gale,
On bird and tree and flower to look—
As pages in Creation's book.

Then questions of thy boyhood's day
Would lead thy musing soul away,
And borne along by memory's tide
Came visions of thy native Clyde,
The ripple of the mountain rills,
The heather scent from breezy hills,
Until thy glance would brightly beam
With interest in thy chosen theme.

I listened then with eager ear
The tales of other days to hear,
For oft thy voice would lead me back,
From life's insipid daily track,
To wild romance and warfare rude,
That mingle in old Scotland's mood,
For thou didst know and paint them well,
And wandering fancy warmed the spell.

My father, how the tear-drop swells
As o'er the past my vision dwells,
When I have stood beside thy chair
And smoothed and kissed thy silvery hair,
Whose silken threads are dearer now
Than hope's gay dream or lover's vow,
For life can hold no joy for me
More cherished than my thoughts of thee.

And thou hast left a name behind
That Art must prize and Science find;
Thy talents to the world are known,
But dearer memories are my own.
Though all approve the stainless worth
That sleeps beneath this spot of earth,
The kindness that awakens love
Thy children's hearts alone can prove.

No gorgeous tomb in words proclaim
Thine honest truth and well earned fame,
Nor sculptured urn, nor heartless praise,
The stranger's studied care betrays;
But thou wert fondly laid to rest
Where tender tears thy grave has blest,
Embalmed in feelings pure and high
That soar from earth beyond the sky.

FROM AMALTHEUS.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

There were three distinguished Latin poets of Italy of this name, whose compositions were printed at Amsterdam in 1655. The following epigram was occasioned by the alliance of two children of remarkable beauty, though each had lost an eye:

Lumine Acron dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro;
Et poterat forma vincere uterque deus.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

TRANSLATION.

Of his right eye young Acron was bereft;
His sister Leonilla lost the left;
Still each in form can rival with the gods,
And, though both Cyclops, bent them by all odds.
Spare her, my boy, your blinker, be not stupid;
She then will be a Venus, you a Cupid.

TO _____.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

<p>I HAVE had my days of sadness: youth, which we review in age, Spelling once again its syllables, was a blurred and blotted page.</p> <p>Drifting down the tide of Time my tiny bark, unguided, passed Toward the Mæstrom of Manhood, puppet both of wave and blast.</p> <p>But an all-protecting Providence watched the craft, when tempest-tost On the Atlantic of Adversity; and the vessel was not lost.</p> <p>Through the distance, when the clouds were lifted by the eddy breeze, Sunny sapphire skies shone on me, with, beneath, Pacific seas.</p> <p>But the gloom came down around me, and the billows rolled and moaned, And the little laboring ark with more than human agony groaned.</p> <p>Shoals and snaken rocks around it,—like a frenzied steed that flies, Terror burning, like a beacon, in his wide-distended eyes,—</p> <p>Through this Archipelago of danger such as no one knows, Save the wanderer in a wilderness, filled with savage hungry foes—</p> <p>Rode the Argo of my Destiny; for what storm could over- whelm When God's holy hand, or else His angel's, held the fragile helm?</p> <p>Suddenly from the desperate darkness stole the tender, trembling light Of a luminous, blushing planet, gleaming gently on my sight.</p>	<p>And the gloom fell down before it, and the billows knew succor, And the horrid howling winds reclined in slumber, breath- ing peace.</p> <p>Night by night the sun descended, and I saw the moon arise, With that luminous planet near it, like a deity, in the skies.</p> <p>Then said I unto my spirit—"Reigning in those realms above, O, my soul, behold at last the unassuming star of love.</p> <p>"Like a queen she walks the infinite, saying softly, 'Peace; be still!'" And the lion winds and waters crouch, submissive to her will."</p> <p>Now in safety rides my vessel, for that luminous, blush- ing star Sits forever in my "House of Life," a ruling Guardian Lar;</p> <p>And the haven it has entered lies encircled by a shore Green as Eden was, calm as Heaven is; and the storm is known no more.</p> <p>There with one whose type is Beauty, Adam-like, I dwell in dreams, Whose realities were delirium, sleeping by love's silver streams.</p> <p>Eve, my angel, always with me, leads my spirit by the hand Tenderly from its painful memories toward the Better— Happier Land.</p> <p>And like ghosts, when, clarion-tongued, proud Chanticleer salutes the dawn, All my ghostly recollections fit, like shadows, and are gone.</p>
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THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Come! Come! Come!
Nature, teacher sweet, will tell
Where the Lord of all doth dwell,
He who doeth all things well,
And in glory reigns!

In the mountain—in the stream—
In the hushed and charmed air—
In the working of a dream—
God is everywhere!

In the star that decks the sky,
Shining through the silent air;
In the cloud that smileth by—
God is every where!

In the lily of the field—
Or in floweret more rare—

In the perfume roses yield—
God is everywhere!

In the sunbeam clear and bright—
In the rainbow wondrous fair—
In the darkness of the night—
God is everywhere!

In the gentle summer breeze—
In the rushing winter air—
In the rustling of the trees—
God is everywhere!

In the organ's solemn sound—
Or in music's lighter air—
All above—beneath—around—
God is everywhere!

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE-YARD.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I never have you a fowling-piece to lend me?" said Henry Deforest, on the morning after his arrival at Beech Grove, whither he had come to enjoy a brief interval of rest from his professional studies.

"Yes," replied Mr. Woolcott, "as fine a one as you ever handled."

"What do you want to do with it, pray?" said Aunt Martha, Mr. Woolcott's maiden sister and house-keeper, who, like a sensible woman, believed that guns and gunpowder were infernal inventions, and dangerous in every possible shape and shade of combination.

"I have some thoughts of taking a gunning excursion," said Henry.

"Are you a good shot?" said Mr. Woolcott.

"About equal to Mr. Winkle."

"I don't know him—where does he live?"

Henry was happily relieved from the necessity of replying to the question of his matter-of-fact uncle, by Aunt Martha, who declared her somewhat exulting belief that the gun was lent.

"No, it is at home—it came home last night. Here it is," said Mr. W., bringing it forth from a secure hiding-place constructed under Aunt Martha's sole direction and authority.

"Is it loaded?" said Henry.

"No, I guess not," said his uncle.

"I'll warrant it is," said Aunt Martha.

"What is there to shoot in these parts?" said Henry.

"Boys," replied Aunt M., rather sharply. "Mr. Johns shot one last week."

"Boys are not good to eat, my dear aunt, and I cannot in conscience shoot any thing not good to eat."

Aunt Martha uttered an inarticulate aspiration which signified that she should lose her temper if she said any thing more.

Mr. Woolcott, who had been quite a rustic sportsman in his younger days, furnished his nephew with a liberal allowance of powder, shot and wadding, and the said nephew sallied forth with murderous intentions toward all feathered bipeds possessing the attribute of being good to eat.

It was early in June. The sweet breath of the morning spoke so lovingly of peace and gentleness, that he began to question the propriety of his savage purposes. His conscience, or his good sense, or his humanity, or something else, suggested, that to pollute the flower-laden breeze with sulphurous vapors, and to hush the sweet music of God's innocent creatures, was not the most fitting employment for one proud of his immortality. He had not a very definite idea of the pleasures of bird-murder—in fact, that it might be a source of pleasure to him at all, it would be necessary for him to "make believe" with as much intensity as

did "the small servant," when she used orange-peel water for wine.

He soon reached a beautiful meadow. In consequence of his admiration of the lilies and daisies which adorned it, he failed to observe the meadow-larks that frequently rose before him, and uttered their notes of gladness to the mounting sun. At length one rose from his very feet. In an instant his finger was upon the trigger; but the sweet note of his intended victim charmed him. While he listened, the bird passed beyond the range of his weapon. Perhaps he mentally compared the pleasure of listening to its song with that of witnessing its dying gas-pangs.

The murmuring of a streamlet fell upon his ear. In a moment he was bending over its pure, bright waters. A large, smooth stone, shaded by a clump of willows, invited him to a seat. He laid aside his weapon, and sat down, baring his forehead to the breeze, and fixing his eyes upon the tiny inhabitants of the rivulet, his thoughts took the peaceful hue of the objects around him. It was not till the changing shadows of the willows exposed him to the rays of the sun, that he became conscious of the flight of time. He then rose and went to a small grove which clothed the summit of a gentle elevation in the vicinity. The grove was composed of saplings, about twenty feet in height. As he entered it, a false step led him to cast his eye downward. He had planted his foot in the hollow of a sunken grave. On looking around him, he found he was in the midst of an ancient grave-yard. The head-stones which marked the resting places of the sleepers, had apparently been taken from a neighboring ledge. Only one bore an inscription, or had received the impress of the chisel. He looked in vain for a new-made grave. It was long since the funeral-train had entered that grave-yard—long since the mourner had come thither to weep.

Deforest had visited cemeteries in which wealth had lavished its treasures, and art exhausted its resources in order to disrobe death of his gloom. No splendid mausoleum, no carefully penned epitaph, so disposed him to reflection, as did the leaf-filled hollows and rude stones of that neglected grave-yard. He spent an hour in serious thought, and was about to leave the place, when the sound of approaching footsteps arrested his attention. He turned and saw an aged man entering the grove. The stranger approached the grave near which Deforest was standing. He appeared slightly embarrassed when he perceived that he was not alone. He returned the courteous salutation of Deforest, and seemed disposed to converse with him.

"You do not live in these parts?" said he.

"I am on a visit to my uncle, Mr. Woolcott. I reside in the city," said Deforest.

"Your uncle came into the place after I left it. I was born here, in a house that stood on the knoll yonder. That cluster of bushes stands where the hearth-stone used to lie."

"I noticed, as I passed the spot this morning, that a building once stood there. It must have been a long time ago."

"Sixty-nine years ago, last March, I was born in that house, or rather in the house which stood there then. This country then was a wilderness. There was one log-house where the village now stands, and one between this and the river. I have not lived here for more than forty years. Latterly I go through the place once a year, as I go for my pension, and I always come to this spot. My father lies here, and—another friend. I always come and look upon the place of their rest. They do not know it. It does not do them any good, but it does me good. This is the grave of my father," laying his hand on the stone noticed above as being the only one which bore an inscription. The inscription was as follows: "James Hampton, died July 16, 1777, aged forty-five years."

The old man uncovered his head as he laid his hand upon the stone, and gazed in silence upon the earth which lay above the remains of his parent. Deforest felt that he was an intruder, and was about to retire.

"Do not go," said the stranger. "I never met any one here before. It seems like meeting with a friend. That is a feeling which persons as old as I am seldom experience."

Deforest, whose warm heart was strongly interested in the aged stranger, gladly accepted his invitation to remain.

"You were young when your father died," said he, looking again at the inscription.

"I was in my fourteenth year. He was killed by a rifle-ball, in an attack made upon the house by a party of Indians. I have no doubt they were led by a tory who lived in a house which stood behind the ridge yonder, to the east. My friends wished to have it put on the tombstone that he was shot by the Indians. I believed that the shot which killed him was fired by a neighbor. I would not have the stone tell an untruth; so nothing is said about the manner of his death."

"I should be greatly interested in hearing an account of the matter, if it be not painful to you to relate it."

"Come and sit down on this rock and I will tell you all about it. It happened more than fifty years ago, yet it is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday."

He led the way to a large moss-covered rock, which afforded them a comfortable seat under the shade of a thicket of young chestnuts. Near it was a grave on which the old man's eyes were fastened. He did not seem disposed to resume the conversation. A tear ran down his furrowed cheek. Deforest sympathized with him in silence.

"You must ask me questions, my young friend," said he, somewhat abruptly, "or my mind will wander away from the things you wish me to speak of."

"Did your father build the house in which you were born?" said Deforest.

"Yes, he came here about ten years before the war,

when, as I said before, there was only one house between this and the river. I was born the year after the house was built. I was but a little over ten years old when the troubles with England came on. My father and mother had many consultations upon the question, whether it was best for them to return to the east or not. There were no Indians near, and there was nothing to call them—for nearly all the people along the river were friends to the king. My father was from Massachusetts, and of course, liberty was natural to him; but he had said little or nothing about matters in dispute, for the very good reason that there were but very few persons to converse with. So he concluded to remain here. I could see that my mother did not feel easy. She grew thin and pale, and seemed unwilling to have us out of her sight.

"Once in a while, a rumor of what was going on reached us, though the accounts were always in favor of the king's troops.

"In June of the year '77, one day, as my father was in the cornfield, he saw an Indian skulking behind a large tree in the woods, that then stood where those oats are now growing. He continued at his hoeing for an hour or two, and was careful not to indicate by his appearance that he had seen any thing unusual."

"Was he not afraid that the Indian's bullet might put an end to his work?" said Deforest.

"No, he reasoned in this way. If the object of the Indian had been to kill him on the spot, he would have done so before he was seen. When my father came to the house, he was not disposed to say any thing about what had occurred, for he was not willing to give unnecessary alarm to his family. His anxious countenance led to inquiries which revealed the true state of the case. He began at once to make preparation to resist an attack, which he anticipated would be made in the night. I was employed in casting bullets, while he was busy in barricading the windows, and in making openings between the logs to serve as port-holes. Night at length drew near, and we sat down to supper, sad and silent, feeling that in all probability it was the last meal we should ever take together. The night passed slowly on. None of us were disposed to sleep. About midnight my father persuaded my mother to lie down, with my sister, who was sleeping unconscious of danger. Very soon there was a gentle knocking at the door. We had no light burning. My father had his rifle in his hand, while I held a musket, ready to exchange with him as soon as he had fired. He crept silently to the port-hole that commanded the door. He saw an Indian, with a rifle, standing before the door. The moonbeams fell full on his face, the expression of which left no doubt on my father's mind respecting the object of the visit. The knocking was repeated. The answer was the discharge of the rifle from the port-hole. The Indian bounded high in the air, and fell to the earth a corpse. A yell from about half a dozen voices in the vicinity revealed the probable number of our foes. We were greatly encouraged, for it seemed well-nigh certain that their numbers would be so far diminished ere they could effect an entrance, as to render the result of the conflict by no means doubtful. The opening from which the shot was fired did not

command the approach to the door. This was probably observed by our enemies, and after some time, apparently spent in consultation, two of them took a long, heavy pole from the fence, and drew near with the evident purpose of using it as a battering-ram to force the door. My father placed himself before an opening which he had made for the purpose of commanding the approach to the door, and when they were near enough to make the aim sure, he fired, and the hindmost man fell, never to rise again. I instantly gave my father the musket, and he fired at the other man, who had made a brief halt before he commenced his retreat. Either because the smoke prevented a good aim, or the musket carried ball less accurately than the rifle, the Indian did not fall, but from the blood that marked his retreat, it appeared that he was severely wounded.

"We could see a group of four or five persons in the distance. They were not quite near enough to make a sure shot, and my father thought it of the utmost importance that every ball should tell. While our attention was fixed upon them, a light shone in from a crevice on the side of the house opposite to the door. On that side there was neither door nor window. The enemy had sent one of their number, who had procured a bundle of straw from the barn, and placed it against the side of the logs, and set fire to it. It was their object to burn us alive, or to shoot us down when attempting to extinguish the flames. From the crevice which revealed the fire, my father saw an Indian grinning like a demon as he watched the progress of the flames. The good rifle soon put him out of the way of doing any more mischief. He then seized a pail of water, and ran to the chamber, and removed a board from the roof, and poured the water upon the fire. He had loosened the board in the course of his preparations for defence, thinking it possible that the opening might afford a means of escape. Fortunately the opening was immediately over the spot where the fire was kindled. Three of our foes had now been killed, and one of them wounded, (though we did not know it till the next day,) and we hoped they would become discouraged and retire. We heard nor saw nothing of them for an hour or more, though we kept watch in every direction.

"A new danger revealed itself. The fire had not been wholly extinguished; it had caught in the logs, and now began to blaze. My father took a bucket of water and went to the roof as before, but the moment his head appeared, three or four rifles were discharged from the grove near by. One of the balls slightly grazed his cheek. He had the presence of mind to make immediate application of the water before they had time to reload, but he did not succeed in applying it to the spot where it was most needed. Before another pailful could be procured, they had loaded their pieces. He raised his hat above the opening in the roof, in hopes that they would all fire, that he might then extinguish the flames before they could reload. Only one shot, however, was fired. It pierced the hat, which fell. A savage yell of triumph caused our blood to curdle. The hat was raised again, and another shot fired, and another, both of which missed it. The

water was then poured on the fire; but just as he was descending the stairs, a ball, apparently fired at random, passed through the clay between the logs, and entered his neck. He told us that he should bleed to death in a few minutes, but encouraged us to hope that the enemy would retire without any further efforts. He told me to keep a vigilant watch, and to shoot down those that came near the house. 'Take care of your mother and sister,' said he, 'take them to the east if—' he never finished the sentence. He bled to death in spite of all we could do."

The old man paused in his narrative, and again fixed his eyes upon the grave noticed above.

"Was the attack renewed?"

"No, they went off before daylight, leaving their dead unburied. I dug a grave in the cellar, and buried my father. We then took our horses, and were on the other side of the river before night."

"Were you not afraid of being waylaid and murdered?"

"We were, chiefly from the fact that so many of the Indians had been killed. We felt safe when we had crossed the river. We went to my mother's native place, and remained there till the war was over, when we returned here. I was in the army during the last year of the war."

"I should hardly have thought that your mother would have been willing to return here."

"We had a good farm here, and several families from her native place concluded to come with us and settle here. By cultivating the farm I could fulfill my father's command to take care of my mother and sister, and I did not see how I could do it in any other way. The first thing I did was to bury my father in this place. Several years afterward this stone, which marks his grave, was brought on from the east."

"You told me you thought the shot which killed your father was fired by a neighbor."

"We had no suspicion of any such thing at the time. As was natural, I kept the ball that caused the death-wound. It was of a peculiar size, and had a singular mark upon it. After my return, I happened one day to be present where there were a number of persons shooting at a mark. After they had finished their sport, the boys began to cut the balls out of the tree on which the mark had been placed. I was standing near and happened to hear one say, 'that was Sawyer's ball. I can always tell his ball by this mark.' I looked at the ball, and saw that it bore the same mark as the one that was taken from my father's neck. I put it into my pocket, and went home and compared it with the ball I had preserved. The size and marks corresponded perfectly. I then went to the boy and found that all Sawyer's balls had the same mark. There was something in the bore of the rifle that made a peculiar crease in the ball as it was forced out. I then got a neighbor to inquire of Sawyer how long he had owned his rifle, and I found that it was in his possession before the war came on. My suspicions were then strongly excited. It was not probable that there were two rifles that would make the same impression upon the ball discharged from them. I remembered, too, that Sawyer had expressed great surprise at our

return, and had appeared somewhat embarrassed when he met me. I met him in the street one day, and took the bull out of my pocket and held it before him, and fixing my eye fully upon his, asked him if he had ever seen it? He turned very red, and then came near fainting. I laid my hand upon him. He trembled like a leaf. I repeated the question in a louder tone, for I was sure that the murderer of my father was before me. His lips moved, but he could not speak. "Do you think," said I, "that it is safe for you to stay in this country?" I flung him from me, and went on my way. The next day he left for the west, and some time afterward sent for his family."

"How long did you live here after your return?"

"Nearly ten years; I lived here till my mother died."

"Is she buried here?"

"No, she died while we were on a visit to the east. She was buried among her kindred. After her death, I returned here and remained till I helped fill up that grave," pointing to the one which he had gazed at so earnestly when he took his seat upon the rock. "Then I felt there was nothing more to keep me here—in fact, I felt that I could not live here. My sister was married at the East; so I sold the farm and became a wanderer. I did not visit the place for nearly twenty years. When the pension-law was passed, I had occasion to come here, for one who was in the same company with me lived here. Since then, I have commonly passed through the place once a year, and I always visit this spot. This is the first time I ever met any one here. I once thought of having the bushes cut down; but on the whole, I concluded to let it grow up to wood. It will shield the graves from the gaze of the careless passer-by; and I like, too, the idea of having the birds sing over her grave. Farewell," said he, rising and extending his hand. Henry returned the warm pressure of his hand, and was retiring, that he might be left alone by the sepulchre of his parent. The stranger, however, kept by his side till he reached the stone wall which separated the grove from the meadow. He seemed unwilling to part with his new acquaintance. Henry laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Will you not tell me about her?"

After a moment's silence the stranger replied, "Young man, I will, though it is many a year since I have pronounced her name aloud, unless I have done so in my dreams. They say I often talk in my sleep. I often dream of her, and sometimes it seems so much like reality, that I cannot help weeping when I awake, and find it nothing but a dream. She lived in a house which stood beyond the hill yonder. I have never seen it since the day she was carried out of it, and I shall never see it again."

"Her name?" whispered Henry.

"Mary Everson lies in that stoneless grave—I wanted no stone to keep her in my memory, and I wanted nothing to call strangers to her resting-place. The world never contained a purer and warmer heart. She came here with her uncle about a year before my mother's death. Her father had been wealthy, and had taken great pains with her education. He lost his property in time of the war, and died soon afterward.

His wife soon followed him, and Mary became dependent upon her uncle, who removed here, as I said, about a year before my mother died. I saw her, for the first time, at a meeting in a log school-house. She was seated opposite me, and I thought I never set eyes on so fair an object. I have seen countenances which would form better subjects for description, but I never saw one which spoke to the soul like hers. It was transparent. It seemed as though you could see the flow of her pure thoughts and the beatings of her warm heart.

"It so happened that on the next day I had occasion to see her uncle on business. As I drew near the house, I heard the loud and angry voice of a female. I soon saw Mary coming down the foot-path. She was sobbing. 'O, mother,' said she, 'I am glad that you do not know what your poor child has to suffer.' She looked up and saw me with tears in my eyes—the words she had spoken brought them there—and felt, as she afterward told me, that I sympathized with her. I passed her without speaking, transacted my business with her uncle, and took my leave as speedily as possible, hoping to meet with her on my return. But I was disappointed. She had gone into a retired thicket to unburthen her grief by prayer. The truth was, her aunt treated her with great cruelty. Her uncle had little power to protect her. I made an errand there the next day, and found Mary alone. We sped rapidly in our acquaintance, and our parting was like that of old familiar friends. I became a frequent visitor at Mr. E.'s house. He received me cordially, but his wife, I could see plainly, disapproved my visits, and the more as it became evident that Mary and I were attached to each other. When it was known to her that we were engaged to be married, she became outrageous in her treatment of the poor orphan. She caused her many days of bitterness, and many nights of weeping.

"We were to be married on my return from a visit with my mother to the east. My mother never returned. As soon as she was buried I hastened here, and found Mary ill of an inflammation of the lungs. The disease was brought on by exposure occasioned by the cruelty of Mrs. E.

"I watched by her bed-side till she died. When she was laid in the grave, I felt that there was a void in my heart that could never be filled. Nearly half a century has passed—the shadow of no earthly attachment has ever fallen for a moment on the place in my heart which belongs to her. The grave, as you see, is no longer a hillock—the coffin has fallen in—the heart that loved me so truly has mouldered, but her memory is as fresh as when I felt the last feeble pressure of her hand, or when I passed the whole night on her grave before I left the place. Men have called me indolent, irreligious, weak; but they know not of the shadow which rested upon my path.

"Of late, I trust, I have known something of the higher life which her dying lips entreated me to live. I am waiting for my appointed time, when I shall meet her in a world where affliction is never blighted, and reparation is unknown.

"I have never said as much as I have now to any mortal; you seem to be capable of sympathizing with

one. May your young heart find one whom it may love as entirely as I loved her; and may she be spared to you, that your life may not, like mine, be wasted. Farewell!"

He turned and walked into the grove. Henry set out on his return to his uncle's house. On his way, he thought of his gun with which he was to do such execution. He returned to the place where he had left it. It had fallen into the water, and was apparently an object of great curiosity to the whiners who surrounded the lock in great numbers. A frog sat resting

on his elbows on the opposite bank, surveying the examination. When the gun was lifted from the water, he disappeared with a sound rather indicative of contempt either for the gun or its possessor.

Aunt Martha received Henry with smiles, when she was assured that he had not silenced any innocent songsters, and her complacency was positive when she learned the manner in which the gun had been disposed of during the morning. She suggested that it would be an improvement if it were kept under water all the time.

NEW YEAR MEDITATION.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

'T is midnight.

Lo! the Old Year stands upon
The threshold of the Past. To God it speeds
Its way, but bears a burden, for I see
Its form bend drooping with the weary weight
Of evil deeds, and feelings harsh and cold.
Farewell, Old Year! With light heart full of joy
I greeted thee, before thou mad'st thy sad
And bitter revelations to my soul.
Temptations, grievous trials thou didst bring,
And sorrow's blinding, overwhelming tide.
And yet I leave thee with a grateful heart,
Thou stern but blest Instructor! Lessons harsh
Of thee I've learned, but strength'ning have they been:
And though thou bearest with thee record sad
Of my poor deeds, and goodness left undone,
That fills my heart with sorrow for the past,
Bright blessed hopes like angels hover round
This coming year.

Hail, then, thou unknown one!

I see proceeding from thee spirit forms;
They are my future hours, good or bad.
Mysterious shapes are they. Their mantles hang
Around them dark and heavy—hooded, veiled,
They give no sign of sorrow, nor of joy.
Slowly each form advances; and to me
Alone is given the right to raise those veils;
But as I lift each hood, upon the face
Beneath, my spirit traces there a mute
But yet unchanging record of my thoughts—
A faithful impress of my inner self—
Then past recall the hour floats away!

A gift these hours have in charge for me,
My weal or wo they hold—my light—my shade.
Dark sorrow they may bring me—bitter tears—
Or sunny joys—bright Laughter's merry crew
May playful lurk behind these gloomy folds
But if to me the right were given to lift
Those veils, before the ordered time, and know
The gifts they bring—I'd pause. I do not seek
To know my future. This I humbly ask,

In joy or wo, that God may give to me
A firm, strong faith, and purity of heart.
With gifts divine like these, my future years
Might come unfeared, and pass without regret
Or sad remorse.

And now, my soul, regard
This new-born year, just launching on the sea
Of life. Twelve moons will roll around, and thou
May'st stand as now, with sad and heavy thoughts,
Upon its brink, and see with hopeless tears
This year float from thee. Dark and mist-like shapes,
Dim spirit forms may hover o'er the past.
Forms that were once, like youth's sweet visions, bright
And filled with glory—resolutions, hopes,
And thoughts of what thou purposed to have been;
But unfulfilled and fading there may float—
These are the forms that spectre-like my heart
And darken then thy past.

Think well of this,

My soul, and ere within the portal dark
Of this unknown and silent future thou
Doest float, remember that within thyself
No power lies. Thou may'st have brilliant dreams,
And aspirations grand and holy thou
May'st cherish—aimless, futile all, without
The aid and strength which God alone can give;
Pray then to Him for faith, confiding, true,
And strength to make thy resolutions firm—
For all the good that in thy future thou
Wouldest purpose to perform ask aid of Him.
Then with this help divine thou need'st not dread
Dark Sorrow's form, nor Pleasure's tempting smiles,
And when the future years which God may give,
Have each their changing cycles rolled around,
Then floated off unto the solemn Past—
When life's last hour comes, with drooping wing,
And thou art borne unto the judgment seat
Of God! Eternity's dread bar! o'er thee
No shadows dark will hang, but Faith's bright form,
And heav'nly Love, will clasp thee round, and bear
Thee up unto thy Father, God!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

How little can we of this latitude, or rather of this country, for latitude seems not to rule in all cases with regard to temperature; on one side of a continent, that parallel which gives agreeable winters and dry, healthful summers, is marked on the other side with cold, snowy winters and most unhealthful summers; what the various circumstances are which produce this difference it is not easy to tell; the difference *does* exist, and ingenious theories have been constructed to suit those results; we say then again, how little can we of this latitude, or this country, judge of the enjoyments which others at a distance from us, but with the same shadows, have in the dry coolness of their evenings, or lassitude to which they are subject by the peculiar warmth which prevails during most of their summer days. The habits and customs among us are soon made conformable to the circumstances of our climate; though it must be confessed that people will always pertinaciously insist on a warm day on the first of May, and a stinging cold one on the 25th of December, while actual experience has shown that the thin floral garb adopted for the first has often led to consumption, and the winter furs and the great Yale-log that have distinguished the latter, have been considered rather *seasonable* than pleasant. So much for a poetical conformity, but in the every-day business of life things are better disposed of; people do not think in this country of sitting under their own *vine* till mid-summer, and then they look out for spiders; and as to their fig-trees, nobody gets under them unless it be the house-cat for a summer *siesta*. While eastward of the shores of the Mediterranean, people stretch themselves out upon the house-top for a comfortable night's sleep, and spend a warm summer's day beneath the cooling shadow of the fig or the olive, and make life itself a blessing, not the means of enjoyment, but enjoyment itself; life and its accidents, the gratification of simple appetites—eating, drinking, and sleeping. Leaving to others the profuse toils that accumulate heaps of gold, only a portion of which can ever be used, and that portion will buy little more than what may be had and enjoyed without it. In this country we retreat away from an oppressive heat or a stinging cold, and make the absence of either an excuse for our merriment. In that other land to which we have referred, positive enjoyment is had in the uses of the evening air, and the contemplation of the heavenly hosts. Stars and planets twinkling in the clear blue ether above, not larger than seen from this continent, but far, far more intensely brilliant in the atmosphere, which allows of little refraction, and whose purity makes an upward gaze like the contemplation of some sanctified enclosure.

Sitting on a bank that faced westward were observ-

able two human figures in the closing twilight of an autumn day. They were gazing out upon the gorgeous west, and marking the successful struggles of the starry host to obtain visibility above. In all the rich flush that marked the pathway of the sun, and hung a glory around his place of exit, only one light had strength enough to be visible; and so pure was the atmosphere, that when the flush in the heavens retired, the splendid planet Venus seemed a delicate crescent—a diminutive moon, sinking downward to the western waters.

"How beautiful, dear Reuben," said the young female, as she pressed closely the hand of her companion; "how beautiful the heavens above us are to-night. It seems as if a peculiar brilliancy were observable; and I hope it is not sinful for me to say that the glorious array of stars seems to have communicated to my bosom something of their own transparent light; an unusual serenity seems to descend from them to me, and I feel now as if I owed to them sensations of inexpressible delight—quiet, gentle, but full. Whence is this, Reuben?"

"May you not, my dear Miriam, have mistaken a cause for an effect? Is it not the quiet, peaceful delight of your heart that makes all outward objects more lovely to you? And, as the stars are the most brilliant and the most distant objects at the present moment, your feelings have connected themselves with those ministers of *Him*, and allowed that deep, mysterious connection of the planetary world with ours to work upon your imagination, as if the stars had a direct influence upon your condition."

"Perhaps so; but I alluded to my feelings and not my condition. How beautifully did our Prophet King refer his own elevated sensations to the planetary world, 'The moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained.'"

"True, true, my dearest Miriam; but you will recollect that while he made himself, and man generally, small in his *contemplation* of the heavens, it was not in *comparison* with them, it was comparing or contrasting man with *Him* who garnished the heavens, and wrote 'all our members in a book.' But are not your feelings, like mine, elevated with a hope, nay, with almost a certainty, that the elders will persuade my mother that the rights of our family can be retained, even though I marry you, or rather that the argument against our union was as unsustained by our laws, as the attempt to give you to Sathiel was a violation of your affection and my rights."

"I know not but that may be the case. I feel it, Reuben, warmly at my heart. Let me say it without violating the delicacy of a maiden's feelings, that such was my love for you, that even the alternative to which

I consented, though of no moment, gave me a severe pang."

"What was that alternative?" asked the young man, with impertunity.

"Simply, that if you should not live to marry me, then Salathiel might take me to wife."

"I would haunt him with terrible bodings," said Reuben, "even as Samuel frightened the falling Saul."

"And I, dear Reuben," said the maiden, with a smile, "should, I suppose, be the Witch of Eudor to call up your wandering and jealous spirit."

"And it is settled, then," said Reuben, "and you are to be mine with the consent of our families. And the next new moon shall see us one."

"It shall be thus if your mother consents. I have none to consent or refuse, save my aunt. But let it not wound your feeling or excite suspicion in your mind, Reuben, that I ask you not to cherish feelings of unkindness against Salathiel. He is my kinsman and my early friend."

"Has he not sought to supplant me in your possession?"

"Have you not supplanted him in my heart? Is it so much, my dear Reuben, for you to fear to lose me, and is it nothing for him to see me given to another?"

"He tried for your possessions, Miriam, for your wealth only."

"Does not my wealth, little as it is, go with my hand—and why may not he have designs honorable as well as others?"

"Because he would not leave it to your decision, to the arbitration of your affections. He could not love you and be willing to do violence to your love."

"May he not, dear Reuben, say the same of you?"

"Of me! Miriam, you plead the cause of Salathiel. You wish the alternative—you would be free."

"Reuben, you may wound my pride by your injustice, but you cannot make me cease to love you. You may hereafter learn that woman may esteem a man for his virtues without loving him as a husband; and that for me to wish that you were less unkind to Salathiel, is no evidence that I love you less. I have heard within a few weeks such lessons of forgiveness, such preaching of high virtues—high, though always practical—that I desire to conform in some measure to them, and to have him whom I love and respect, augment my affection, not by any new *love* on his part, but by a new exaltation of greatness of mind. Reuben, though protracted maidenhood is a reproach in Israel, be assured that my love is stronger than death—as I feel that your jealousy is more cruel than the grave."

"I will not be jealous. I will forget what I have deemed the wrongs of Salathiel. I will learn of you to respect my-self. But, Miriam, what teaching is that to which you allude—what lessons of forgiveness have you received, and from whom? Is not the law of Moses sufficient for the daughters of Israel?"

"I suppose the laws of Moses are not sufficient, else why have kings and prophets written and preached? But you know that several times within a year the teacher from Nazareth hath been in the synagogues of Naim, and has, indeed, spoken in the houses of our relatives, wether he hath come and broken bread."

"I have heard of his visits, and that his teaching had been eminently attractive—how *instructive*," continued Reuben, with a sneer, "how instructive may be inferred from the proportion of women among his immediate followers."

"There were more women than men, undoubtedly, at his household instruction, because more women had leisure to listen. But let me tell the truth, Reuben. There *are* many women among his followers, for he speaks to the heart of woman. He recognizes woman as the equal of man in the necessity for salvation, and he appeals to her affections, her experience, her wrongs and her neglect. What other prophet has come among us, that has thought it needful to recognize even his descent from woman, while He of Nazareth soothes our sorrows, elevates our hopes, and sanctifies our human relations. As I listened of late to him which be reproved but encouraged our sex, my heart said: 'this teacher's doctrines may *save* man,' but how they *elevate* and *purify* woman. And then the lessons of love, of forbearance, of forgiveness, that he inculcates, belong to what I have deemed woman's nature and man's *necessity*."

"You have followed the teacher, then, Miriam?"

"He is a prophet, Reuben, and he attests his divine mission by miracles. He has healed the sick, he has cured the lame, and made the blind see and the deaf hear."

"Has he raised the dead, as did the bones of Eli-ha?"

"I have heard that he has wrought *that* miracle, but do not know it, though I have such faith in his mission as to believe he might."

"If he would raise me from the dead when I come to die, I would have faith too!"

"I should think, Reuben, that this act would be the consequence rather than the cause of faith. Though many others believed, in Jerusalem, as my Cousin Jacob says, in consequence of the restoration of blind Bartemus to his sight, yet the Master said, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole!'"

"I have, nevertheless, no faith in this teacher as a prophet—why, whose son is he, Miriam?"

"He is of the house of David, Reuben, and even though his parents are poor, are they much poorer than David's parents? May there not be something in the great truths which he teaches, that is not dependent upon the parentage of the teacher?"

"These things are important, Miriam, I confess, and we will confer of them together, but not now. We are about to part, let us mark the separation by a recurrence to a subject on which we both agree. The next new moon sees us united, and my joy at the anticipation is doubled by the belief that you share with me in the pleasure."

Miriam pressed the hand of her lover as they rose to descend the hill; and as they entered the gate of Naim, the rising moon poured its strong light through the gorges of the mountain, the pair wended their way through the broken streets of the city to the residence of Miriam, blessed in their mutual affection, and refreshed by the dry, cool breeze of evening, which had fanned them on the elevated seat which they had just left.

Reuben turned toward home with a resolution to discuss the doctrine which he had heard imputed to the new teacher. Miriam, with woman's humility, "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

Miriam and Reuben met daily as espoused people; and frequent allusions were made to the doctrines of the teacher; and the pride of a Hebrew man was a little touched at the evidences of the elevating effect of a doctrine upon women, which Miriam's language and conduct presented. Yet Reuben loved her too well to regret any circumstance which pleased and benefited Miriam. The customs of the country were too well fixed to lead him to fear the assumption of any inappropriate position by his future wife; indeed, it is believed that men do not begin to grow jealous of the authority of women until after marriage.

"I do not find in the teaching of the new master," said Reuben, one day as they were conversing on the subject now so important to her, and so generally interesting to him, "I do not discover any denunciations of our creed or our system and form of worship—why may not his doctrines prevail without danger to the Hierarchy?"

"I cannot guess of that, Reuben; but certainly the teacher, while he refers to particular virtues and special sins, seems to desire a purification of the motives. He has conformed to all the requirements of our religion, but seems at times to be above it. I wish I understood him better. And yet how simple, how comprehensible are all his teachings. Why should I seek to know more? Why should I desire ought but that which shall make me better—happier—more hopeful? How the poor, the afflicted in body and in mind seek him out, and sit in joy at his teaching."

"Miriam, I will hear him—I will hear him soon," said Reuben.

It was only a few days before the new moon that Miriam had from the widow mother of Reuben an intimation that her only son and heir was prostrated by sudden and very severe sickness. The young woman hastened across the town to be in attendance upon Reuben, and to cheer him into health by her presence. But when she reached the house, she learned rather by the appearance than the words of the widow, that the sickness of Reuben was not of a kind to yield to such remedies as she had to offer.

The attention of Miriam to Reuben was all that her feelings would permit her to give. She sat by his side and bathed his temples, and moistened his feverish hands, and listened with painful satisfaction to his unconscious utterance of her name.

On the seventh day of Reuben's sickness all awaited the crisis, and a few hours before sunset he awakened from a protracted sleep, and turned his eyes on the hopeful countenance of Miriam. The members of the family present saw with inexpressible pleasure that his consciousness had returned, and they hoped.

But the physician pronounced against them. It was but a restoration of mental light before the darkness of death should set in.

"Miriam," said Reuben, "let me speak to thee alone one moment"—and the family retired.

"I am dying, and the truths which you announced

to me as we sat upon the hill-side some nights since—truths which the new teacher uttered, come home with strange distinctness to my heart. But is he, as his disciples would have us believe—is he the Messiah?"

"Do you believe it, dear Reuben?"

"I do not know, but I forgive all who have injured me, and I ask pardon of all whom I have injured."

Surely that is the spirit of the Master's teaching, Reuben, and what can you more?"

"But, oh, Miriam, where are the blessings which I had promised myself in thy love? Where the years of happiness in thy possession—when thou shouldst have been only mine?"

"Are these regrets, my beloved, suited to one who leans upon the verge of the grave? Oh, look forward, Reuben, and look upward. In heaven we can meet again—meet without fear of separation, without doubt of love."

"But in heaven, where, oh, where shalt thou be, Miriam?"

"Reuben, dear Reuben?"

"Nay, my beloved, let me show my affection for you and my sense of duty to God at this last moment. I know, my Miriam, that by the customs of our people you should have been the wife of Salathiel, and I feel that next to me, (I do your love no injustice, my betrothed,) next to me, Salathiel has your affection. Hear me out. When I am gone, it must be your duty. Oh, then, let it be your pleasure to receive him. Why better than he can be your protector? He is your nearest kinsman, and the laws and customs of our people are in his favor—promise me."

"Reuben, shall I call in your mother?"

Reuben turned his eyes again toward the west, and the sun was sinking with all his evening glory into the great sea. A zephyr breeze swept into the window, and blew the hair of the kneeling maid upon the pale face of her lover.

"Turn my face, Miriam, to the east, let me pray thitherward. Let me hold you thus, though the sorrows of death compass me about—"

When the widowed mother entered the room the dead form of her son was resting in the arms of the unconscious Miriam.

Stricken with grief, and with a sense of her utter loneliness, the widow lifted up her voice and wept.

Miriam was conveyed away—to be purified from the legal uncleanness that results from contact with the dead.

It was the morning of the third day from the death of Reuben, and Miriam was sitting lonely in her chamber.

"And this," said she, as she looked forth from her darkened room, "this was the day appointed for our marriage; and to-day they will take my beloved and carry him forth from the city, and lay him in the earth with his fathers; and his beautiful form shall moulder into the dust, and the worms shall feed sweetly on him. Yes, he shall return to the dust again, and his spirit to God who gave it. 'Oh, Father,' said the anguished maiden, as she knelt with folded hands and upturned, streaming eyes, 'oh, Father, receive his spirit.'" And she poured out her soul in prayer for

the dead, "after the custom that is among the Jews, even unto this day."

"Shortly afterward the relatives of Miriam came in to comfort her before they went to assist in the funeral of Reuben. They respected her grief too much to make open allusion to a subject which was occupying their minds.

One of the elders of the family, before going out, took aside the afflicted girl and attempted to console her with those cold arguments that interest suggests, and a want of respect for woman's position warrants.

"Still, Miriam," continued the old man, after disregarding her requests to be left alone, "still the possessions of your father's family remain with you; and these may now, as they ought to have been before, be, with you, the property of our Cousin Salathiel."

"Nay, my Uncle Achan, "you trouble me, indeed; spare me that, let the possessions of our house go whither you list, to yourself or to Salathiel, but let me remain as I am. Give me peace—give me peace and time for my tears, and I will endure the reproach of maiden-widowhood, and let my name be lost from the family of our fathers."

Achan and his friends departed to meet at the house of the widow, and to be of the company of those who should assist in the funeral of her son.

Miriam sat in her chamber, looking forth from the closed lattice to mark the first approach of the funeral-train which would pass her aunt's dwelling on its way to the burying-place that lay beyond the walls of the city.

The solemn train at length approached, and the cold, insensible form of her lover lay upon a bier, wrapped round with grave-clothes, and borne forth by men.

As she gazed down upon the appalling sight, her heart seemed ready to burst with the grief that had no utterance, and she fell insensible to the floor.

When Miriam opened her eyes, they rested upon the forms of her aunt and of Salathiel bending over her.

"Was this well, Salathiel? Could you not have spared me one day for grief, must my affections for another be outraged, even in the presence of his passing remains?"

"Miriam, my cousin," said Salathiel, "I came in hither only to assist your aunt. No selfish feeling brought me into your presence. I know where your affections are, I know how deep-seated is your grief. Let me rather, my Miriam, be to you a means of consolation, than an occasion of offence, since my love to your person is less than my sympathy in your grief."

Miriam placed her hand in that of Salathiel, and a gentle pressure signified her appreciation of his feelings—and such a sign, at such a moment, too, told him how hopeless would be his love. He obeyed the sign.

"The funeral has passed on," said she.

"It is now near the gate of the city," said Salathiel.

"We shall see it once more," said Miriam, "as it ascends the hill that overlooks the valley of tombs."

"What is that faith, Miriam," asked her aunt, "of which you spoke to me yesterday?"

"It is but confidence in the promises and power of the teacher."

"Confidence that he will grant your wishes?"

"Yes, if they be right, or that if he grant them not, then confidence that the refusal is best."

"Have you that confidence, Miriam?"

"Oh aunt, oh my mother, do not tempt me. I would believe; my heart tells me that miracles such as his, could only be performed to attest a momentous truth. But do not tempt me, the body of Reuben is scarcely passed, in him my heart, my affections, my hope were centered—and he is taken from me. Why? is it good for me to be afflicted?"

"Could the Master have saved his life, my child?"

"Did he not yesterday save the life of the Centurion's servant at Capernaum," answered Salathiel, struck with the coincidence of the woman's question with the recent fact.

"Did you ask him, Miriam?"

"I saw him not, and if I had seen him, what am I to him?"

"If you had asked him, might he not have done it?"

"I believe, aunt; I believe, Salathiel, that he *could* have saved the life of Reuben."

"Would he not, then, raise him now?"

"I do believe he *could*—I have faith in his power. But I would not be presumptuous. Yet, yet—oh, that Reuben might be restored to me?"

"Amen!" said Salathiel, "Amen!" and the deep tone of voice, and the upward turn of his eyes, told how truly his heart responded to the prayer of his cousin.

Two hearts were then united in solemn petition. There was *faith*, but none thought of *hope*.

After a few minutes of solemn silence, the eyes of Miriam were turned mournfully, and yet eagerly, toward the hill beyond the city's wall.

"They are passing upward," said Deborah to her; "the procession moves toward the brow of the hill, but alas! the dust of the road conceals the train."

They all looked forth to follow with their eyes as long as possible the mournful procession.

"But what is there?" exclaimed Deborah, pointing to a column of dust which denoted a crowd of people descending the hill toward the funeral.

"The procession has passed," said Miriam.

"Both parties have stopped," exclaimed Deborah.

Salathiel looked earnestly out and said, in a low voice, but with much feeling, "Do the Romans come to insult us even when we bury our dead? We are a *conquered* people, but we are not *slaves*."

"Hush!" said Miriam, "hush, my brother! let us not at this moment forget the teaching of the Master."

Salathiel leaned forward and kissed the brow of Miriam.

"I thank you, I thank you, Miriam, for the monition, and I bless you for the term, brother; henceforth, my sister, know me for such. But let me go forth to learn what hath turned our people from their sepulchral rites."

Salathiel went forth, and Miriam, kneeling, buried her face in the lap of her aunt, and poured out her soul in prayer—deep, anguished, heart-engendered, heart-and-heaven-moving prayer.

It was some time before the low voice of Miriam ceased. But her feelings had been overwrought, and

at length she lay silent yet suffering, with her head still on Deborah's knees.

The quiet of the street and even of the chamber was at length disturbed by the confused footfall of a multitude who seemed to press onward with few words, and those uttered in a subdued tone. The multitude at length paused in front of the dwelling of Miriam, and the opening of the front door intimated that the procession of the people had some connection with the inmates of the house.

The door of Miriam's chamber at length opened, and Salathiel stood before the two women pale and agitated.

"My sister, praise the Lord! A miracle has been wrought."

The agitated maiden shrunk into the arms of her aunt as she gazed toward Salathiel.

"What," exclaimed the aunt, "what is it, Salathiel? Speak?"

"Reuben—"

"Reuben?" exclaimed Miriam.

"Reuben lives!"

"Where—where is he?"

"He has been borne back to the house of his mother."

"How has this been wrought?" asked Deborah.

"There is our Cousin Asher, who was a witness of the whole. Shall he come in and tell you all?"

Asher was admitted with one or two others of the family, and briefly stated the facts.

"The rear of the very long procession that followed the corpse of Reuben had scarcely left the gate of the city, when I, who was assisting to bear the bier upon which rested the beloved remains, discovered a vast crowd of people coming down the hill. I soon, however, perceived that there was no intention on the part of the approaching mass to offer any offence or discourtesy to the funeral party; and, indeed, the expressions of grief by our widowed and bereaved kinswoman were so loud, that it was difficult to hear whether any word was uttered by the descending party. I have never seen a Hebrew woman so distressed; and though few have had such cause for grief, few have been more deeply wounded, yet I had hoped that she would have been able to repress her feelings. But as we grew nearer the grave, her lamentations were increased, and it was heart-rending to hear her exclamations. The whole procession seemed to have lost their own sense of bereavement in the presence of one the utterance of whose anguish was so impressive. To me it seemed almost an arraignment of Providence by our kinswoman. I cannot tell you how every one was affected; each seemed to wish silently but heartily that some event might occur to soothe the sorrows of the widow."

"At length the descending party, which was very large, met our procession; and almost every member of that company manifested deep sympathy for the suffering of the chief mourner. In a moment the principal of the company stepped forward and took our kinswoman by the hand, and whispered to her words of comfort. What they were I could not hear, but the effect was instantaneous—the clamor of grief was hushed—and our kinswoman walked quietly on, gazing with a sort of wrapt awe upon the comforter, whose

countenance though marked with sympathy for her suffering was yet majestic and dignified.

"The mother's eyes for a moment wandered from the face of the visitor, and fell upon the form of her son stretched out before her, and again her agony found vent—again the *mother* was heard, again the mountain seemed to echo with her lamentation.

"He who was walking at her side did not rebuke the mourner, but a new and more intense feeling of compassion was evident in his look and manner, and taking the hand of the afflicted one, he said in a tone of deep consolation, 'WEEK NOT.'

"Almost immediately afterward he left the widow standing where she was, and approaching us 'came and touched the bier,' and we who were carrying it stopped; for there was a sort of authority in the air and movement of this person, or let me say the effect rather than the assumption of authority. When the eyes of all were turned toward the dead body, and toward him that stood by it, the person with a mild tone, with no ceremony, with a simple utterance of the words, said,

'*Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!*'"

"And Reuben, dear Asher, Reuben!" exclaimed Miriam.

"And Reuben sat up on the bier, and began to speak of the sensations which crowded upon him.

"But He who had restored him to life, seemed to comprehend that the mother's feelings should be first consulted, her rights first respected, and so 'He delivered him to his mother.'"

"And he lives now?"

"Yes now, and with his mother. But what an awe came upon those who witnessed that august scene. There was no shouting at the success of the effort, no cheering that human life had been restored. But with an overpowering sense of divine visitation, the people, in devout fear, kneeled, and 'glorified God,' saying 'a prophet has risen up among us.'"

It was not deemed safe to the convalescent Reuben that Miriam should visit him immediately. His life not his health had been restored. And the effect of a too early interview might be too much for both. A few days afterward Salathiel conducted Miriam to the house of Reuben, and as they proceeded thither he cautioned her against the indulgence of too much feeling, lest her own frame should yield. Leading her to the door of the chamber, the young man felt that his presence would be too much of a restraint, so knocking lightly he heard a voice from within bidding them enter, and he turned and went to the mother in another part of the house.

What was said by the young lovers, separated as they had been by death, and thus restored this side the grave, we shall not now repeat. It was a sublime colloquy, for it included the experience of a heart in which hope had contended against hope—and the awful experience of a soul that had been freed from the trammels of flesh. But it was still Reuben and Miriam. Death had not destroyed the identity, for the same love that had animated them in his former life was felt and reciprocated now.

"I did fear, Reuben; indeed, for a moment I feared,

when I heard of your restoration, that the love which had been a part of *our* lives, would have been quenched in you by death, or sublimated beyond the uses and comprehension of earth."

"Oh, Miriam love is the immortal part of our affections—it is the soul of the mind—it is stronger than death—and that which is pure and rightly placed on earth is indestructible, and thousands of years, my beloved, passed in separation would work no change. We should at our renewed communion find the same love that had existed in past centuries in full and satisfactory operation. You know that the seeds which our travelers bring from the mummies of Egypt are as fruitful as those which are sown from the last year's harvest, so, my beloved one, is the love that is worthy the soul's cherishing."

"But, Reuben, has it struck you that you have received the testimony which you almost impiously challenged as a ground of faith?"

"It has, if I say, and while I have been struck with shame: at the impiety of such a thought, I have yielded the faith which I promised, and am henceforth a follower of the teachings of Him of Nazareth."

"Oh, my prayers, dear Reuben—"

"They were pure, and effective to *your* good, Miriam, undoubtedly, but it was from compassion for my widowed, childless mother that the miracle was wrought."

"Who shall tell the motives of Him that can work miracles? What we call ends, dear Reuben, may be means with him, and the babe that is sent in answer to the Hebrew mother's prayer, may be the saviour or the destroyer of his people."

Salathiel then knocked for admittance. He entered and kissing both of his cousins he wept with joy—"And this, this is the consummation of my highest earthly wish," said he.

"Is it indeed? Can *you* rejoice, Salathiel, that I am come to take Miriam from you; is it indeed thus, my cousin?"

"I have loved Miriam as dearly as you could love her, Reuben. I will yield in that to none. I will not affect to conceal *that*. But the miracle that has raised

you to life has shown me that I have a higher duty to perform, a more glorious mission to fulfill. Be yours, my cousin, the enjoyment of domestic love and peace and happiness, which virtue ensures; and let your home and your lives illustrate the power of the Master's doctrine to purify and multiply home affections. Henceforth, if permitted, I will sit at the feet of the teacher and learn; and when *sent* I will go, and offer his doctrines and my life for the good of our people."

The new moon had again come, and the house of the aunt of Miriam was filled with her kin-people, who had come to the marriage; and when the feast was over, and parties had formed in different rooms, and some, with the bride and bridegroom, were on the house-top enjoying the delightful air of evening, as it swept down the hills loaded with the scents of roses and acacia, some drew the attention of the party to the brilliancy of the slender moon in the west, and the stars that were scattered through the heavens.

"It is a good omen," said A-her, "when the planet that is so near the moon assumes with her the crescent shape at a marriage, or when at this season the Pleiads and Orion are peculiarly brilliant."

The newly married ones looked up smilingly toward the heavens, as if they recognized the doctrine of stellar influences.

Salathiel, who had been looking upon the pair with deep interest, then stepped forward, and taking a hand of each, he said, "My cousins, I am called away—not again to mingle in this delightful scene—called to a higher duty; pray that it may be as delightful—it cannot be more dangerous. Keep the faith—mark the signs of the times in the conduct of man and in the investigations of your passions, but look not to the stars for your instruction. Oh, my beloved one," and he stooped and kissed the lips of Miriam, "oh, my dear brother," and he pressed his lips to the forehead of her husband; "oh, Reuben and Miriam, 'seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning, and maketh the day dark with night,'—the Lord is his name"

THE IMAGE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Thou dwellest in my thoughts
As shines a jewel in some ocean cave,
Which the eye marks not and the waters lave;
A ray of light imprisoned: which none save
The soul that shrines it knows—its temple and its grave.

Thou bathest in my dreams;
A form of dainty Beauty—something seen
At cloudy intervals, through a gauze-like screen—
A voice of gentle memories—a mien
Too tender for an angel's, yet as fair, I ween.

Thou sparklest through my fears;
A hope which bloometh as an early flower.
Shines in the sun nor droops beneath the shower;
A holy star that glides at vesper hour
Into the dusk-hung sky—and, faintly, seems to lower!

In daylight and in dreams,
'Mid hopes that beckon and 'mid fears that frown,
Thou art the juice that every care can drown;
A rose amongst the thorns—the azure down
Of the duck-brooding dove—the halo and the crown!

A VOICE FROM THE WAYSIDE,
ABOUT GRACE GERMAIN'S LIFE-ROMANCE.

BY CAROLINE C.—.

'Tis no easy for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living! VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

THE school was dismissed, and a multitude of boys and girls came rushing out from the old frame building, and tore pell-mell down the streets of a country village, just like merry, care-naught mad-caps as they were. Of all ages and sizes were these little folks—they were the life and the care of a great many homes; some heirs of poverty, and some, but these were few, heirs of wealth—but each and all had brought with them into the world enough of love to secure for themselves a welcome place at the board, and by the hearth. They resembled very much any other congregation of children in the world—some of them remarkable for their stupidity, and pre-acting always to their teachers the same thick skulls, which it appeared nothing could penetrate—others again, quick at learning, to whom it was a relief for the weary Mentors to turn, and to whose mental wants they attended with a glad alacrity.

But I am not going to generalize any more at this time; and shall only add to the foregoing remarks, that this school was a marvel in its way—the teachers prodigies in learning, and all the parents thought their young children's acquirements actually verging on to the miraculous—which state of things, I will add as a P. S., is remarkably pleasant for all parties concerned. Is it not teachers, and parents, and you poor little scholars?

Several girls, from nine to twelve years of age, were walking homeward leisurely, and talking loudly and earnestly on some important topic, as school-girls sometimes will, when a young boy, also one of the scholars, passed by them. With singular boldness he turned his handsome face full toward the little party as he passed, and one of the girls, whose name was Grace Germain, must have seen something remarkably expressive of somewhat in the boy's black eyes, for suddenly she seemed to have lost all interest in the conversation, in which, by the way, she had been one of the chief participators the moment before—and the little girl's step grew slower and slower. Finally, taking one of her school-books from under her arm, Grace seemed all at once to be seized with a decidedly studious fit, (for the first time that week,) and then her shoe-strings must needs unloosen, and she must stop to fasten them, till at last, as might be expected, her companions were far beyond her in the homeward way, and she was left quite alone. When the child passed by a little lane her face became quite suddenly and unaccountably flushed, and Grace grew decidedly nervous in her movements, and she turned away her head, as though it were forbidden, and a sin for her to

look down that narrow by-way where Dame Corkins and the little lame child lived.

But these mysterious movements were all explained when, a moment after, some one came marching, to a tune of double-quick time, up the lane, and when he appeared on the main-street again, to and behold! it was that same black-eyed urchin Hugh Willson, who had a few moments previous passed by her, and he called out,

"Grace, Grace Germain, wait a moment; I want to tell you something!"

Grace of course blushed, and looked sideways, and down, and finally at the boy, but for the life of her she could not summon up a look of astonishment at his appearance, finally she said,

"Well, what do you want, Hugh?"

"I'm going home, Grace, to-morrow, and—and—I wanted to see you just to give you this; perhaps you'll think I'm a fool for my pains. I wish though it was worth its weight in gold!"

Oh! you would have certainly thought that the poor girl's face was on the point of blazing instantly, could you have seen it, and Hugh thought there were really tears in her eyes too, as she put out her hand for the little package he had brought her. For some distance they walked on together, and neither spoke.

At length, as she drew near home, Grace found courage to look up and say, "Hugh, what are you going home for?"

"Father has sent for me, I am to go to an academy, but—" Hugh did not finish the sentence, and after waiting an unconscionable time, and speaking at last as though a "drug" were fastened to every word, Grace said,

"You will come to see us again sometime, wont you, Hugh?"

"Yes, if I ever can. I can't bear to go away now, Grace, but, as father says, I *am* getting old. I'm almost fifteen, and it's a fact I ought to know more than I do. Perhaps I've staid in the country too long already; but I hate a city, and I shall come back here just as often as I can, for I love this place better than all the world."

And that, reader, was rather a strange confession to be made by a spirit so active and stirring as was Hugh Willson's, for of all country villages on the face of the earth, "Romulus" was certainly the dullest, and least attractive.

"I'm coming down by here to-night, Grace," said the lad, as he opened the gate for the child, "if you

would like to see me, come out here—I cannot bid you good-bye now—will you be here?"

"Yes, Hugh," was the reply given sadly—and this time it was a great deal more than she could do to keep back or hide her tears—for Grace Germain thought Hugh Willson the handsomest and kindest boy she ever knew, and she could not bear to think of his going away. So she left him with little ceremony, and went into the house. And the boy saw her grief, and he could have wept also—he *loved* Grace Germain!

Well, what do you think made up that unpretending package—the parting gift? First and foremost, there was a little box, and it contained—not a gem, not a book, but—a fresh, beautiful rose-bud; and Grace did not laugh when she saw it, neither did she smile as she unwound the strip of paper from the stem, and read thereon,

"Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart—
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round!"

She did not laugh, I say, for sorrow was in her heart, the first deep sorrow she had ever known. Hugh was going away—and how much better she liked him than all other boys she had ever known in her life! But the rose-bud was not all the contents of the box; there was beside it a magnificent sheet of blue paper, gilt edged, and "superfine," and on it Hugh had copied the "Parting Song," by Mrs. Hemans; and perhaps, good reader, though you be not fresh from Yankee land, you may guess how the child's heart beat faster than ever it had before, as she read the words—

When will you think of me, dear Grace!

When will you think of me?
When the last red lily, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away,
When the air with a deeppling hush is fraught,
And the heart goes burdened with tender thought?
Then let it be!

When will you think of me, sweet Grace!

When will you think of me?
When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is filled with the huzz of its glorious prime,
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may
Then let it be! (tread;

Thus let my memory be with you, Grace—

Thus ever think of me!
Kindly, and gently, but as of one
For whom it is well to be fond and gone;
As of a bird from a plain unswain,
As of a wanderer whose home is found;
So let it be!

And what had Grace to give to Hugh? What had she among her few treasured possessions a boy would care for? The dolls maimed for life—the broken china—the picture-books—the bits of lace and ribbons, what were they to him? Grace never realized her poverty before that day—and then the very thought was humiliating. If she could only buy a knife, or a pocket-book, or a pencil-case; but the child had no purse, and, unfortunately, no money either, so that thought was speedily abandoned. It grew quite dark while she stood in her little room, still before the opened drawer which held all her keepsakes and treasures, but no good fairy was nigh at hand to lay before her the thing she wished, and at last, quite in de-

spair, she went and stood by the parlor window, and lo, there was Hugh already passing by, whistling, and looking for all the world as though the inmates of that particular house were nothing in the least to him.

In a few moments, side by side, the boy and girl were walking in the garden.

"I have read your note, Hugh," said Grace, for the "shades of evening" creeping over them, gave her a wonderful and unnatural boldness to speak, "but what shall I give you for a keepsake? I have n't a book in the world you would give a fig for."

"Don't talk about books," replied he, hastily, "there is something that would n't cost you much, I'd give more for than for all the books in Christendom!"

"What is it, Hugh, tell me quick?"

"Just that curl on your forehead! Give me that, Grace, and I never will part with it."

In a moment it was separated from the thick curls that adorned her head, and stooping down, Grace laid a forget-me-not in it, and gave it to Hugh. He—what? kissed it, and kissed Grace, and then put the curls safely in his vest-pocket, and told the child she was the prettiest and best girl he ever knew, and that he should miss her more than all the boys and girls of the village together.

But while the lad was in the very midst of his ardent protestations, a voice from the house called to Grace, and the children parted—to meet again, how and when you shall not be so long learning as they were.

Hugh went to his city home, Grace to her school. He dreaming of Grace Germain as a woman, and wondering if she would not then be his wife—she to resume her studies with no great interest, to wish day after day that Hugh would only come back again, and to wonder if he would be so handsome when he was a man as he was then.

Years passed, Grace was no longer a child but a beautiful girl—a bride; and yet Hugh Willson was not her bridegroom.

A rich young merchant of a neighboring town, captivated by her loveliness and charming manners, had "wooded an won," and a nine days' wonder in the village of Romulus, was the wonderful good fortune of the orphan—for of late years Grace had been dependent on her relatives, her parents having died while she was yet very young.

Grace had never seen or heard of the boy of rose-bud memory since their first parting, but her thoughts of him had always been those we have for a pleasant unforgetten dream. And she kept the little gift that Hugh had given her most religiously. The very night before her bridal, though she had wept happy tears over the noble, tender note that Clarence Lovering sent her with a splendid ornament—a wedding-gift—still she had it in her heart even then, to look with no ordinary interest on the little pasteboard box that held the withered flower, and to read, not carelessly, the verses Hugh had written her in a large, boyish hand so long ago.

Yet it was not faithlessness to later vows that prompted her to kiss the rose-bud, and to preserve still longer the blue note and the little box, for Grace with all her heart re-pected Clarence Lovering, and she

loved him well, too. She was a lofty, true-spirited girl, and when she married the young merchant, for better or for worse, as it might prove, she did it with a true and loyal heart; and it was in all respects a union in which might well be asked, and without doubt or fear, the blessing of Heaven.

But there were bitterer tears to be shed, and deeper griefs to be borne than Grace Lovering had yet known; six months after her marriage she followed her young husband to the grave, and there was none on earth that could sustain or uphold her in that day of terrible visitation. Voices and forms with which she was scarcely familiar came to comfort her, but the friend whose companionship would have made any place in the wide world a pleasant home for her, was dead; and the bereaved woman longed to return once again to her early home—the village where all her early life was passed—to bury her husband and lover beside her parents, under the willow-tree in the old burial-ground, and then to mourn in quietness, and alone, away from the scenes of the bustling, noisy town.

And all her desires were speedily complied with—her old guardian and uncle from the little village came to her to assist, and conduct her back to Romulus; and before the year was passed, Grace was again at home in the old house where she was born, and in the grave-yard near by, on which she could daily, hourly look, her husband slept.

Kindly and tenderly the old neighbors welcomed back the mourner to their midst; and there, where in her childish heart love had first awakened, there, where in later years she had watched in agony the dear ones of the household "passing away" silently into the "silent land;" there, in the old dwelling, which, during the few past years had stood tenantless, and looking so broken-hearted; there, in her early womanhood, Grace Lovering, the desolate and stricken, came back to make it her abiding-place, her lonely home. She felt that to her a cold twilight of existence only was remaining, that the sunshine which rests so richly and revivingly on the young and the beloved, would be henceforth faint and weak as her own heart. But it was not wholly so, time the great soother, as well as destroyer and chastener, took the sting and the pungency from her grief, and, like the dove with its olive branch, there spread through her soul that trust in Heaven's infinite goodness, that makes the wilderness even to blossom.

Placed far above the reach of poverty, the miseries and cares of want did not mingle their bitterness with her heart-sorrow. And in all, save those few natural but dread experiences, Grace bade fair to be a "babe at seventy," in that unwelcome wisdom which continued misfortunes only can impart.

It was her thirtieth birth-day, and the anniversary of her marriage. The widow sat alone in the pleasant parlor of her cottage; she had remained alone that day, and with tears dedicated it to her heart's sacred memories. Every thing about the room and the house, was pleasantly indicative of a refined and peaceful way of living, and of cheerfulness, too, save and except the sorrowing woman, who, at nightfall paced the room, and looked so sadly into the past. The curtains of the

windows were drawn and the door closed; Grace had been looking again over the treasures of her casket. It was in that very room, twenty years before, she had laid down on that night of their parting, to dream about Hugh Willson, and to pray for his happiness; and now she stood there a widow, sad and desolate, in her prime of life, thinking of the love of her later life—and weeping as she thought—for Clarence Lovering was worthy to be so remembered and loved.

In the beautiful casket, his gift, were laid the bridal ornaments which he had given; she had never worn them since his death, but kept them where no eye but her own could gaze upon them, and think of his loving kindness, but with them was preserved still a withered flower whose fragrance had fled quite away, and never with a heart quite calm, had Grace been able to look upon it; neither had she ever been able to think with indifference, or a mere idle curiosity of thought, on the probable worth of Hugh Willson's manhood.

At length, as the night came on, the letters, and the jewels, and the rose, were laid away, but the miniature of her lost husband was lying next her heart then—for the love of the woman was vaster and deeper than that of the child; and Grace had dried her tears, for the hope that consoles the Christian mourner had conquered the agony of spirit that for a time overwhelmed her.

The evening proved dark and stormy, the pattering of the rain upon the window-sill, and the still softer and more dream-like sound with which it falls upon the grass, which is so pleasant to hear when all within the house is bright and cheerful, was a melancholy sound to the lonely woman, for it fell upon the graves in the burial-ground, where the damp earth was the only shelter of her beloved ones, and its echo fell upon that grave in her heart where lay buried the hopes of her youth—she might have, and I know not but she did, draw from it a hope and a promise of resurrection and of life both for her lamented dead, and for her vanished joy in life.

The quiet of the chamber was for a moment broken, a servant entered, a letter laid upon the table, and then the door was closed, the post-boy gone, and all was still again.

Mechanically the widow tore off the envelope, and opened the epistle. Let us read it with her, for Grace Lovering is born to a new life when those contents are made known to her—she dwells no longer in the so lonely present, or the sad past. For her also the future is alive again. She did not look for a resurrection so sudden and so strange—did you?

"Grace, dear Grace Germain, from the sands of the desert my voice, perhaps long, long forgotten, comes to you again. It is night, 'night in Arabia,' and I am for a moment alone; my traveling companions are gone to their rest, but I—I cannot sleep, and so have come from out my tent to write by the light of the burning stars once again to her who *was* the little girl I knew and loved in childhood. You may think my man's estate has been reached unworthily, because I still love to think of boyish hours, and long so to recall them—yes, that is it, *long to recall them*. Are you yourself unable to think of them as the very blessed days

you ever knew? If it is so, Grace, how idly will my words fall on your ear.

"I know nothing of what has been the fate of the child I loved so well. I know not if you are the bride of another, or, perchance, I may be addressing myself to one who no longer has a name on the earth; but even if the idol of my boyish years is living for, and to another, I can pray for and bless her. Yes, I pray God to bless you, Grace Germain. I cannot and will not believe that the *woman* to whom I address myself, is no more. There is something whispering to my spirit now, it is not so. I feel to-night a strong conviction, an irresistible presentiment that you and I will meet again. I dare not think *how*, but this I know, if it is not in this world, we shall know one another hereafter.

"If you remember me at all, I know it is only as the wild and trifling boy who loved you better than his books, better than all children he ever knew. You know me not at all as the stern, time-tried, care-worn man, who has fought fierce battles with fortune and life, who finds himself wasting the powers of his manhood, far severed from all domestic, humanizing ties, treasuring in his heart only one name that makes the joyful recollection of his youth—careless, cold, and selfish perhaps, but never losing hold of that one, dear link to the affection, the lasting, undying affection that was born of you in my youthful soul, and still, still pre-serves its strength *through* you.

"Perhaps, indeed, you do not in the faintest degree remember me. You may have to recall with an effort the time of childhood, or at least that time when I was your school-companion; oh, it may be an effort for you to recall my name. Oh, if that is the truth, how very different is it to the memory I have treasured of you, dear Grace. My home has been upon the oceans and in the deserts, and amid the wilds of nature every where. Many years have passed since I left my father's home, and my feet have never from that time touched upon my native shores. During these years of absence I have had opportunities to try my heart. I have learned who are the friends most dear to me, and over the vast sea of the desert sand, across the great ocean, let my voice come and whisper in your ear, Grace, there are none, none whose memory is so treasured now as is your own! The longing which is so often felt by the wanderer for the scenes and familiar faces of his native land, has never before pressed so heavily on me as this night; and now I wish, oh, how eagerly, to revisit, if it be only for an hour, that quiet place where a portion of my school-life was passed; and yet it is only because it is, or may be still *your* home; and were I there again, I might tread with *you* along the race-course, and over the old bridge to — Grove, and through all the haunts now treasured in my memory. Do you remember the gifts we gave at parting? and did you fling away the bud as a worthless, trifling thing, even before it was faded? Or—what madness, you will think, prompted such an idea—do you keep it still? Perhaps you had not then so fully awakened to the life of the heart, you may not have dreamed that with that simple memento I gave to you the dreams of my boyhood, the hopes of my youth. Grace, I gave you *MY HEART* with the flower. I have never

since recalled it. And now, if memories are returning again to you, if you are looking half tremblingly into the past, you will think of the little curl and the frail forget-me-not. Oh, you will not need that I should tell now how in danger and in suffering, and through all the most varied experiences I have preserved them—and how I have *not* forgotten.

"Last night I dreamed that you kept the rose-bud yet, and, will you believe it, when I awakened, and recalled to mind the proverb about the truthfulness of dreams, and their *contrarieties*, it troubled me. Thousands of miles lie between us, and we may never meet again, all recollections of my native land save those relating to you only, are hateful to me; but, could I only hear your voice assuring me this night, or could I believe that you would welcome me back, and say to me with your own sweet voice that you were glad to see me, oh, I should run and could not weary nor grow faint, and neither day nor night should look upon my lugging feet until I stood once more beside you. Thou, beautiful joy of my childhood, say, wouldst thou welcome me?

"Perhaps you will think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty in so addressing you, for the friendships and loves of children are, I know, usually evanescent as dreams; yet I cannot, will not, think that whatever may be your position in life now, or whatever may be the relations you sustain in life, I do not believe that you will scorn me for the words I have written, or that you will read carelessly this record of my thoughts.

"Time has dealt with no light hand to me, he may have given you, perhaps, with every passing year, a blessing. He has laid no cursing arm on me; possibly he has guided you thus far tenderly as a mother would lead her child. I have bowed beneath his frown, and you, you may have grown to glorious perfectness in the light of his smile. I have known deep sorrows—it may be, oh, I pray it may *not* be—that you also have not escaped the universal heritage. It might be far beyond your possibility to recognize in me the bright boy filled with glad expectations that you once knew; but I cannot but believe that I should know you, and recognize you amid a multitude—the mild and beautiful blue eyes—the meek, gentle, and so expressive countenance—the smile, so sweet and winning, that rested so often on the face of the dear child; oh, they are not yet forgotten. I am convinced the *woman* whom I love has a face whose expression is heavenly! Do not censure me, I pray, for daring to *tell* my love. The hope of being with you once again, and of speaking with and looking upon you, is like the hope of heaven to the pilgrim, weary and out-worn with earth-striving.

"Months will pass away before these words, uttered from the fullness of my heart, reach you—the heart from which they come may have ere then ceased its beating, may be cold and dead; but will it be nothing for you to know that its beatings were ever true to you, even though you never have, and do not now need my homage? Will you care to think that when I wrote these words it was my highest hope that I might one day follow them to the home of Grace Germain, to beseech at least her friendliness, to hear the tones of

her dear voice again, and then perhaps to lie down to rest in the grave-yard near her home, where it would be no wrong for her to come sometimes, even from a circle of beloved ones, to think of days gone by, the days of merry childhood.

"I have written too much—too much; the day is dawning, we shall journey far through the desert before to-morrow morning, but to-night, with every word I have written, thoughts and great hopes have awakened which will never be stilled again—they will be with me till I stand once more before you; and if there be a dearer one on whom your eyes will rest as you lift them from this page, to whom you will confide this folly of an old man, as you perhaps will call it, yet still remember me, and let him think of me with forgiving kindness.

"May the rich blessing of heaven be with you now and ever.

"HUGH WILLSON."

And had Hugh Willson, indeed, committed an unpardonable trespass in writing thus, after the lapse of so many years, to his old schoolmate? No, no! bear witness the sudden flashings of color, and the as sudden paleness which swept over the lady's face as she read on; bear witness the occasional smiles, and the long and passionate weeping in which the lonely woman indulged, when her eyes rested so tenderly and sadly on the name affixed to the strange epistle. They were not tears of anger that she shed; it was not a smile of derision and mockery, at the sudden betrayal of affection the man had given, after a silence of years; they were not words of scorn which escaped her lips when she laid down to rest that night; ah, no! he had powerfully touched a chord in her soul, that from her childhood had ever vibrated even at the mention of his name.

There were eyes that were not closed in sleep during the hours of that night—but it was not grief that caused the widow's wakefulness. There was one who listened till the morning to the heavy falling rain—but not in sadness; there was a lady who arose when the sunlight streamed once more through her chamber, who looked out on the blue heavens whence all the clouds had vanished, and hailed then a new era in her life-history.

From that day there was a marked change in the existence of Grace Lovering. That message of love which had come to her from the desert, at a time when life pressed heavily upon her, and death seemed the only hope of relief; that message aroused and cheered her, and made her to look more thankfully on the life yet vouchsafed to her, and the blessings which had been given along with the sorrows. Though the hope, and the thought even, seemed a wild one, that Hugh Willson would ever again return, the idea that heaven remembered her, and thought still with interest on their childish years was grateful to her heart, and made her feel that neither for her nor for any one in the wide world is life utterly lonely and worthless.

True, the widowed and orphaned woman never forgot that she had buried her dead, that all her nearest of kin slept the long and quiet death-sleep; but a serenity and cheerfulness quite usurped the past frequent

melancholy, and smiles were oftener seen upon her lovely face than tears. And not only in herself was the change visible; her household, and the little cottage seemed to share in the awakened happiness; and then, too, the poor and the needy had oftener cause to bless the widowed woman. The sick and suffering shared her loving care; and they blessed her—well might they—when she stood so often like a ministering angel beside them. The old and the weary mingled her name in their thank-giving, for she failed not to make their downward path easy, and her voice was the voice of a comforter to them.

And this, as it were, instantaneous rousing up to active life, was a blessed thing for Grace. Time, after that great change, sped on no leaden wing; the clouds began to break, and stars came out, even when she had thought nothing but midnight darkness was forever her portion. The heart of the widow grew strong then, for she knew that when those stars were set, or hid again as they had been from her eyes, that the great sun itself would arise, and the never-ending daylight would break for her.

Ten years thus passed away. The shadows of forty winters had crept over the wife of Clarence Lovering; and still she wore the garments of mourning, in remembrance of the husband of her youth; but it was not a repining, murmuring spirit that dwelt beneath those doleful robes.

"Her faith had strengthened in Him whose love

"No change or time can ever shock;"

and she dwelt on the earth blessing and blest.

Many times her hand had been sought in marriage; strong-willed men had bowed themselves, and sued humbly for her love—but she had none to give, and no prospect of increased worldly prosperity could influence her to utter with less of truthfulness and honesty of soul than she had once spoken them, the marriage vows!

Grace had her treasures still, and there was an unfinished romance connected with her life, of which I would not say she did not at times long to know the conclusion—for she felt it was not concluded.

There were gray hairs—only a very few, my gentle reader—visible among the beautiful brown locks, and the clustering curls Hugh Willson treasured the memory of so well, were all vanished; there was no bloom upon the pleasant face—the blue eyes were less bright—but the "features of the soul" remained unchanged, or if at all changed, only in their nearer approach to perfection. And amid her kindly charities, and the thousand love-inspired duties had Grace forgotten the letter ten years old, and its author! Very far from that; and it had been a source of happiness deeper than she cared to acknowledge even to herself, to look once again on Hugh Willson, and to hear his voice. But none save that one letter had ever reached her from him; he might have forgotten, though that to her seemed a thing impossible. The depths of feeling revealed in that letter *might* have existed no longer, or at least might have ceased to bear *her* reflection and image, when he had fully exposed it to the light. He might be dead!"

Once or twice she harbored the wild idea of an-

answering his letter, to bid him come back—to assure him that there was at least one who would most heartily welcome him; and at such times Grace could but smile at her own folly—for the wanderer had no settled home, and there was no possibility of knowing where, even for a moment, his abiding place was; and so her natural good sense dispatched that fancy with a multitude of others to the land of shadows and dreams.

There came round in the natural order of things a sacrament Sabbath.

It was one of those heavenly days in the month of all months, that is, the "month of roses," when,

—"If ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in time,
And ever it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, and see it gladden!
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And grasping above it blindly for light,
Clubs to a soul in grass and flowers."

This describes Lowell one of those "perfect days" I am speaking of. (And, by the way, have you yet read that, the most exquisite poem produced in these latter days? If you have not, I pray leave any romance unfinished, and inflict whatever other penance on yourself you may deem proper for neglecting so long that "gem of the first water," whether regarded as a *luxuriously printed* book, or as a poem beyond all praise or—criticism?)

Well, it was on a Sabbath in June, as I began to tell you when the remembrance of "Sir Launfal" started me from my story-telling propineties; the windows of the little church were opened wide, and doubtless troops of invisible angels had entered in, to see how the congregation would commemorate His death—and probably the assembly had a faint idea of this, for solemn was the expression of every face, and reverent and humble every voice, that joined in the so beautiful and appropriate responses of the liturgy of "dear mother church!"

In one of the slips nearest the door, a stranger had seated himself shortly after the opening of the service; though his voice joined with those of the congregation in the supplications and thank-givings, he seemed at times to be lost in other thoughts than those which *should* fill the minds of them who gather themselves together to worship Jehovah.

He was a man of middle age, and his hair was slightly tinged with gray—exposure, or hard-ship, or sorrow had made him prematurely old—his form was slightly bent, and his face was brown, as though the burning sunlight of the East had rested long upon it.

When the priest turned to the people at the conclusion of the service of the day, and said—

"Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort; and make your humble confession to Almighty God, devoutly kneeling; the stranger arose, but seemed as he did so, overcome with strong emotion; but in a moment more he had mastered it, and followed a portion of the congregation to the altar.

And he knelt there beside Grace Lovering, and partook with her the consecrated elements; his hands trembled when they grasped the cup filled with the Saviour's blood, but I do not think that was because of the emotion arising from the thought that he might be partaking unworthily, so much as from the fact that he was once more standing and kneeling in the village church, where since his boyhood he had not trod; it was because he was kneeling beside a woman who as a child had been his embodied dream of all perfection.

He had sought her amid the many faces totally strange around him; and when his eyes had turned from one to another, and he knew that thus far they had sought in vain, when they had fallen on her face at last, he knew that it was she—the little girl—the woman middle-aged—whom he sought, and a thrill, and a thought of thank-giving swept through his soul, as he looked on her still so lovely face. He felt that he had come *home*—he dared to hope that he should never be a wanderer again—and even in that sacred place his wild thoughts finished the romance which had been so long in its narration.

When the congregation went from the little church, and Grace turned alone toward her pleasant cottage home, the eyes of the stranger followed her—and—his feet, as of necessity, followed too. There was very little in the quiet village that seemed familiar and dear to Hugh Willson, as he walked down the almost noiseless street. Prosperity had not come with its years to Romulus, and the little town had, I confess, a decided broken-down appearance; but it was not for love of the village Hugh had sought it; it was not because of *its* beauty he thought it a very Paradise! He was dreaming still a dream that had haunted him, or rather that he had been dreaming for a score of years, and now, what if this day he must awaken from it forever?

When he had reached the house he had seen the lady enter, he paused a moment, hesitatingly, for the heart of the stern man beat wildly. If it should not prove to be her after all—though he knew *that* was an idle fear—but, would she care to remember him—must he look upon her, and see her at last slowly and coldly recognize him? Must he listen to her, and then depart again to laugh at his own folly, and to curse at the madness and stupidity of his day-dreaming? He might find her bound by ties lasting as life to another. But *if* was never decisive, and Hugh Willson must speak with Grace German.

He knocked at the door of the cottage, and the widow, who had preceded him by a few moments, answered his call immediately.

"Does a lady called Miss Germain live here?" asked the stranger.

"That was once my name," replied Grace.

Once, thought Hugh, and he had but little heart to proceed when he heard that answer.

"May I come in and ask of her father and mother? It is many years since I left this place, and I do not find many of my old friends here."

There was a momentary light illumining the face of the lady as she heard these words, but it passed, and she did not speak; but leading the way into the parlor, she motioned the gentleman to a seat, then she said—

"My father and mother have been dead these many years. I do not wonder that the village seems altered to one who has been long a stranger here, for the little life it once had is now quite gone, and there are but few of the old settlers left here now."

There was a pause, and the stranger seemed to have forgotten the inquiries he had intended making. While she was speaking he seemed lost; but he was only living so intensely in the present, and the rush and confusion of thought was so great he knew not what to say. The chief thing that he longed to know, was not who had grown rich, and who poor, who was dead, and who married, and who had moved away, but—did Grace Germain remember an old playmate who had given her a rose-bud ever so many years ago?

The longer he thought, only the more embarrassing grew the stranger's situation. Would she not laugh to hear that he had come, when the summer-time of life was well nigh passed, weary, and worn out with worldly trials and sorrows and doubts, to simply ask a woman if she remembered him?

"I do not know that you remember," he said at last—but having proceeded thus far he stopped. "Have you ever heard—" he began again, and then he broke off suddenly, seemingly forgetful of the question he had meant to ask. But this hesitation would not do—and the man knew it would not—and so he started up, and, as though the time was short, and they the last words he ever intended uttering, he approached the lady, exclaiming,

"Grace Germain, don't you remember a boy who went to school here long ago, in the old frame school-house, whose name was Hugh Willson?"

"Yes—yes—I do indeed! How could I have been so stupid! Hugh, I welcome you back with all my heart," was the frank and generous answer, and Grace and the boy-lover shook hands heartily.

The Rubicon was fairly passed; he was remembered, he was welcome! and in his gratitude Hugh forgot to wonder if Grace had a husband living still, and if he had gone off on a journey! He forgot all, save that the child had grown to be a woman he could both love and honor—and for a moment so complete was his happiness, that the words would not have been an empty sound from his lips, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace!"

And what thought Grace as she looked upon the face of which but one feature, the dark and thoughtful eyes, seemed familiar? She thought, "Does he remember the letter he wrote me from Arabia—and was it truth he wrote?"

The Sabbath bell rung vainly in the ears of the long parted boy and girl that afternoon, but at eight-fall the wife of Clarence Lovering led the way to the old burial-ground, and showed Hugh Willson the graves of her parents and of her husband. And he on whose arm she leaned then, felt no pang of jealousy when her lip faltered and her eyes wet, as she spoke of the bridegroom of her youth—for Grace had not listened coldly or carelessly to her companion as he had spoken to her such words as these—

"Grace, we are neither of us young any longer. I have grown gray in my hard struggle with life—but

there is nothing gray or dead about our hearts. I know that by the strong and joyous beating of my own, I know it by the heavenly peace that marks your life, surrounding you as it were with a very halo of glory. But the passionate glow of feeling is, I am equally confident, with neither of us any more. The noise of the bounding brooks has gone—like the quiet, deep flow of the river is the course of our existence now. The waves leap not so brightly in the sunlight, but still the broad beams of the sun fall down as warmly and as cheerily upon us. And is it too late, because I am old, for me to find a realization of that dream which has haunted me so long? I have been wild and fickle in the eyes of men; perhaps my way of life, could you know it all, has not been such as you would look approvingly upon; but, in the midst of all worldly excitements, I have always borne a tall man in my heart that has perceived me honorable and true—the thought of you, Grace! I have come here, not expecting to find the little girl I left, neither altogether a woman who has known nothing of sorrow and care; I have come to pray that I may, even at this late hour, become your husband, your life-companion. My prayer is fraught with no ordinary hope—it is not the bewildering dream of youth I am now indulging—it is the highest, strongest, noblest desire of my manhood! Have I sought in vain, or must I go forth once more a wanderer, and friendless, with another and dearer image than has heretofore been impressed on my life, the image of the matchless woman I have lost—or rather cannot win?"

And Grace had listened to his words with tears of gratitude; she had given him her hand, and nobly said,

"You have not sought in vain, dear Hugh. I thank God that you are here, and if you again become a wanderer, a pilgrim, ready to give up all but you in this life, will tread beside you! Henceforth, there are no mountains, nor deserts, nor oceans that can divide us—the lengthening shades of years falling around us are grateful and pleasant—the quiet paths of life we will pursue together. Thank God that you are here!"

Grace Lovering was not, it is true, a very youthful bride when she was made Hugh Willson's wife, but had she been more beautiful than "Grace Greenwood's" most exquisite dream of womanly loveliness, she had not proved more lovable to the wanderer, who, when the shadows of years were folding round him, found in her a friend, and a wife, and a worshiped ideal!

There were some who laughed, to be sure—there are always some that laugh and poh! at romances in real life—and some there were who said it was all *fa la la*, the idea of a man and woman of *such* an age marrying for *love*. I only wish in its marvelous "progress" the world had not journeyed up to that icy peak whence all human love, and love matches among humans, is to be regarded as the folly of fools, and the madness of delusion!

Let the miserable woman now reading this page, who in her girlhood wedded wealth—or the wretched man who in his youth was led captive by the deceitful smiles of beauty—let these, if there be any such—and I know very well there are multitudes—look for once

within the peaceful cottage where our hero and the dear heroine live, and if they do not speedily begin to think with amaze on their own paltry lives, and wonder when their romance is to begin, then—why then—I will not strive any more to teach the people!

Look you, reader, and more especially if you be

young and beautiful, do not sell your birthright for a tasteless mess of pottage—ah, in that case you may as well begin to look for a tragedy, and a fearful kind of denouement, instead of a romance and a pleasant closing of the scene!

And furthermore the Wayside Voice saith not.

THE PILGRIM'S FAST.*

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

'T was early morn, the low night-wind
Had fled the sun's fierce ray,
And sluggishly the leaden waves
Rolled over Plymouth bay.

No mist was on the mountain-top,
No dew-drop in the vale,
The thirsting summer-flowers had died,
Unknelled by autumn's wale.

The giant woods with yellow leaves
The blighted turf had paved,
And o'er the brown and arid fields
No golden harvest waved.

And calm and blue the cloudless sky
Arched over earth and sea,
As in their humble house of prayer
The Pilgrims bowed the knee.

The gray-haired ministers of God
In supplication bent,
And artless words from childhood's lips
Sought the Omnipotent.

And many a brave and manly heart,
And woman's gentle eye,
Inured by discipline to wo,
Were raised in supplicant high.

No wild bird's joyous song was heard,
No sound from shore or height,
With mute but mighty eloquence
Had Nature joined that rite:

* For the narrative of the historical fact related in this poem, the reader is referred to "Cheever's Journal of the Pilgrims."

The drooping corn and withering grass
Upon the hot earth lay:
The lofty forest-trees had stooped
Their aged heads to pray.

The sultry noontide came and went
With steady, fervid glare;
"Oh! God, our God, be merciful,"
Was still the Pilgrims' prayer.

They prayed, as erst Elijah prayed
Before the sons of Baal,
When on the waiting sacrifice
He called the fiery hail.

They prayed, as prayed the prophet seer
On Carmel's summit high,
When the little cloud rose from the sea
And blackened all the sky.

And when around the spireless church
Night's length'ning shadows fell,
The customary song went up
With clear and rapturous swell:

And as each heart was thrilling to
That simple chant sublime,
The rude, brown rafters of the roof
Woke to a joyous chime.

The rain! the rain! the blessed rain!
It came like Hermon's dew,
And watered every field and wood,
And kissed the surges blue.

Oh! when that Pilgrim band came forth
And pressed the humid dew,
Shone not each face as Moses' shone
When "face to face" with God?

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD, EDITOR CITY ITEM.

DEAR mother, in the silent hours of night,
When stars around me shed their chastened light,
I think of thee, and mourn thou art not here,
With smile to bless, and kindly word to cheer.

Ah, mother, life is but a thorny way;
When longest, 't is at best a little day;
A gleam of sunshine, and upon a cloud,
The bridal robe, soon followed by the shroud.

Dear mother, anguish fills my sleepless eye,
And tears fast follow the unconscious sigh,
But still the heart, o'erwhelmed with heavy grief,
In thought of thee, dear mother, finds relief.

Dear mother, be thou still the watchful guide,
In honor's path, of him who was thy pride;
So shall my feet, from anæra of error free,
Tread only paths of truth, toward Heaven and thee.

THE DREAM OF MEHEMET.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Thus spoke the gray-haired dervise. Selim was left to my care; his dying parents bequeathed him an ample fortune, and their example of virtue and affection. Such was his inheritance.

He was a dreamy boy, in whose soul the opposite passions revealed. Gentle as the dove, yet, under aggression, fierce as the tiger. He loved as angels love; hated as fiends hate. Framed as delicately as the gazelle, yet every sinew was endowed with the tenacity of steel. At the age of manhood, I, his old preceptor, bowed to the superior endowments of my pupil, but knew not the fountain of his knowledge.

I have said he was a dreamy boy, yet he had made the broad pages of nature his book of knowledge, even while dreaming. The fertile earth presented her abundant lap overflowing with fruit to delight his palate; the flowers peered in his face with their variegated eyes, and sent forth their incense, even while he trod upon them. The cadence of the waterfall, the low twittering of the wearied bird as it flitted to its fledglings in the nest, and the murmuring of the passing breeze as it struggled through the grove, were to him a lullaby that charmed to sleep as the angels sleep. Nature was his mother, and she nursed him with playthings as her child.

I have seen him by the small streams composing songs to the music that the dimpled waters babbled, until his rosy cheeks dimpled and laughed in concert with the rippling brook, as if it were a thing of life, rejoicing in its existence, as his own pure heart rejoiced. They laughed and babbled together.

On the wood-clad mountains, at midnight, when the elements battled, I have seen him straining his feeble voice to sound the master-key that attunes to universal harmony; and having caught it, he would spring like the antelope to a lofty waterfall to discover the same note there; and then turn up his bright face to the stars that smiled upon him, and laugh, expecting to hear them respond to his note as they revolved on their eternal axes. His dark eyes smiled, and the conscious stars smiled back in the heaven of his dark eyes, which danced with delight in the diamond rays of the stars.

Flowers were books to him, and from every leaf he read wisdom fragrant with truth. He cultivated them as a father would his last child. The little birds were his companions, and every morning he joined their concert until the tiny minstrels seemed to imagine that he was the leader of their orchestra. All nature was to him one mighty minister, bestowing all, while he asked from nature no more than the blessed privilege of imitating her, by bestowing on his fellow man all in return. He had a dog, whose former owner had thrown into a stream to drown as worthless. Selim swam and saved the ill-looking cur, who followed him

ever after until it appeared that instinct trod close upon the heel of reason. Selim in his turn, while bathing, became exhausted, and sinking beneath the stream, the dog plunged in and saved his dying master. Was this instinct or reason? It matters not, but Selim perceived that the Prophet had made his humanity toward a friendless dog the means of prolonging his own existence here. Despise not little things, cried Mehemet, for the smallest is of magnitude in the sight of the Prophet. A straw may break the back of the overburdened; one word may consign a man to poverty or prosperity, one deed to hell or heaven.

Selim's wants were few, his fortune ample, which he bestowed upon the deserving with as liberal a hand as it had been bestowed upon himself. Still he labored in the pursuit he had adopted, not for self-aggrandizement, but to assist others; and he knew not why man should be a sluggard while all nature is incessantly at work. The bee and ant work in their season—and even the spider too.

His garden blossomed as Eden, and the flowers offered up their grateful incense even as they faded and died upon the universal altar of Nature's God. His aviary from morn until night was vocal, and when the flaming chariot of the bright eye of day was whirled by fiery-footed steeds over the eastern hills, I have seen him with his flute, surrounded by nature's tiny choristers pouring forth their matins until some note in the universal harmony touched the heart of his poor shaggy cur who sported around and tried to bark in unison. Then Selim laughed outright, and the birds stopped their hymns, and seemed to laugh with Selim, and the poor dog slunk away abashed, and slyly laughed at his miserable failure.

He married the dark-eyed Biribi. Selim was a poet; his soul revealed alike in tempest or sunshine, and his voice was as musical as the wings of the bee when he distills honey. He possessed the sweets of the bee, and his sting also. Biribi was abjectly poor, but in Selim's eyes as full of truth and as beautiful as the houries. He exclaimed, I will raise poverty above oppression, and place virtue where all her handmaids may minister to her enjoyment. Alas! it was but a young poet's dream—and such dreams are too frequently disturbed by palpable agony. Thus spoke Mehemet.

He had a friend who was his fellow-student while under my charge. Selim loved him as a brother, and when he married he requested Zadak to dwell with him. Neither house, garden, nor fields could be more beautiful, while his flocks and herds were nature's ornaments. Such was Selim's Eden.

Zadak borrowed a portion of his fortune, which he squandered; but the poor boy simply replied, "no matter, we require but little, and enough still remains

to make us happy. Thank the Prophet for that which we still possess, and repine not for that which we have lost. We can labor with our fellow-men.

Biribi became estranged from the pure being who fancied he had made in her bosom a nest for his dove-like heart to sing in. He awoke from a dream of repose to battle with the tempest. Zadak had betrayed him, and the gentle spirit of my boy was crushed between the sledge and the anvil; but the eternal fire that burnt within him, burst forth in one mighty blaze as the sledge fell; and even the sledge and the anvil rejoiced at the fire they had elicited from his heart's blood.

What was to be done? The question was soon settled. The dove had winged its way to heaven, but left the tiger on earth to punish the injuries done to the dove. Selim slew Zadak, and then walked to the tribunal to receive his sentence, knowing that an act that was approved by the immutable principle of eternal justice in heaven, would be pronounced a damning crime by drones who are fed to dole out punishment for breaking the conventional rules by which fools and knaves are linked together on earth. He confessed all before man as he had already confessed before God. Ignominious death was his sentence in the eye of his fellow-creature; but God changed his sentence to that of eternal life; he died of a broken-heart, and escaped man's justice, tempered with degradation, and flew to the limpid and overflowing fountain—the bosom of his Creator for justice—knowing it to be a principle of eternity, and not of time.

I buried him beneath a cluster of trees, where he had pursued his studies. He had no mourners except myself and his dog. The grave of the rich man is seldom bedewed by the tears of his heirs; while the poor hard-working man may have many sincere mourners, provided they depended upon his daily labor for their bread. It was spring-time; I planted flowers from his garden over his grave, and placed his aviary among the trees. The birds sang and the flowers smiled as if he were still with them. One morning I missed his dog, and searched for him until the impulse of nature guided my footsteps to the boy's grave. The dog was there, pillowed on a cluster of fragrant flowers—dying; big tears stood in his leadened eyes, while the little birds from the blooming trees, warbled his requiem. They knew the dog, and he knew the birds—even while dying. The flowers were bedewed with his tears, and I buried him beside his master, beneath the flowers.

Autumn came; the little birds had taken wing; the grove was no longer vocal; the flowers had faded, and their fragrance had passed away. Well, I exclaimed, the rosy-fingered spring will return, leading the birds back to warble as usual, and the flowers will revive with their former fragrance and beauty? "And is my boy dead?" my soul shrieked. "No!" replied a voice,

kindly, and it seemed to me as if the lips were smiling as the judgment passed the lips, "the boy is not dead, but sleepeth, awaiting his spring-time, when the birds will sing, and the flowers bloom for him again, and bloom for eternity." Thus spoke the dervise, and his old frame chuckled with delight, for he was confident of the fulfillment of the promise.

I reposed by his grave, said Mehmet, and had a vision, which was this. His grave opened, and he arose more beautiful than when in the bloom of manhood. There was a bright star just over his heart, and methought it was composed of the tears his dying dog had shed upon his grave, and I smiled in my sleep at the fantastic thought. The flowers sent forth their incense, and myriads of birds, as he ascended from his tomb, fluttered about him, leading the way, warbling their anthems; the gay flowers smiled at heaven, as if they were the eyes of the teeming earth, laughing their gratitude. The features of Selim became more benign as he ascended; the songs of the birds more seraphic, and the fragrance of the flowers more refreshing.

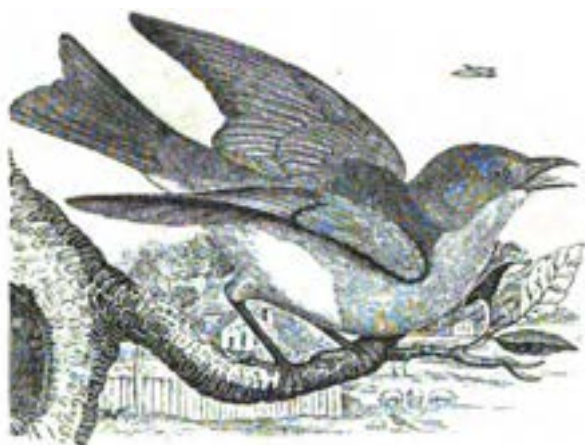
Suddenly a cloud of inky darkness covered the face of the earth. Two ghastly figures emerged from it, with uplifted eyes, that were rayless, and supplicating hands that trembled with terror. Oh! what must that man be, exclaimed Mehmet, who trembles before the All-merciful, even while supplicating mercy! Selim cast a look of compassion upon the guilty pair, and tried to tear the star from his bosom to throw to them, but the more he strove, the brighter the star became—it illuminated his ascending spirit—and finding his efforts fruitless, he raised his radiant face toward the boundless blue canopy, cheered onward by the hymns of his little choicesters through regions of light, and the teeming earth smiled as she poured forth her grateful incense, as if jealous that the disembodied spirit might forget the fragrance of this world while reveling in the atmosphere of heaven.

I heard a shriek of despair, and turning to the sea of darkness which was fearfully troubled, I beheld the guilty pair, desperately struggling in their agony against the angry billows. They struggled in vain. With a fiendlike shriek they disappeared, and sunk through a rayless abyss of doom, without even the tear of a dog to bewail their destiny. Selim soared upward, and still more effulgent became the heavens as he ascended. There was one mighty strain of seraphic music that filled the universe; the blue arch opened, from which issued a stream of light strong enough to restore vision to the rayless eyes of the ancient dead; then I awoke as I beheld Selim enter the eternal portals.

This, continued the old man, may be but a dream at present, but the time will come when it must be verified. He then slowly tottered to his cell to dream out the remnant of his existence.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE BLUE-BIRD.

THE Blue-Bird is a great favorite with the farmer. Its principal food being beetles, spiders, grasshoppers, caterpillars, and other insects, he affords great assistance to the fruit-trees, and vegetables of all kinds. He is one of the earliest spring visitors, appearing in Pennsylvania in the latter end of February, and trilling forth his feeble though pleasing song more than a week before the other early visitors. The species ranges over a large extent of latitude, being found in the forty-eighth parallel, and southward to the tropics. They probably also migrate to the Bermudas and West Indies, and certainly pass the winter in our Southern States and Mexico. The common belief that this bird remains dormant during the winter in Pennsylvania, appears to be ill-founded; since the few who do not migrate, no doubt seek out some warmer shelter near man than is afforded by the bleakness of nature.

The early song of the Blue-Bird announces to the farmer the approach of spring. So gladdening is this to the rustic villager, that he generally takes every method to accommodate his familiar little companion, building boxes for him, exposing materials, and imitating his plaintive whistle as he hops along the furrow of the plough. The affection of the male bird for his mate is remarkable. "When he first begins his amours," says an accurate observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship; his solicitude to please and to secure the favor of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses, and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wings over her and puts it in her mouth." On such occasions, should a rival stray within the hallowed limits he is treated without mercy, and the victor returns to warble out his strain of exultation.

The nest of the Blue-Bird is generally made in the hollow of an old tree, or in the free quarters provided by man. The female lays five or six eggs, of a pale blue color, and raises two broods in a season. Their affection for their young is fully equal to that of the male for his mate, and when the hen is sitting the second time, the former brood is cherished and reared by the other parent. In the fall, when insect food becomes scarce, they eat berries, seeds, persimmons and other fruit. Their song is a soft and agreeable warble, uttered with open quivering wings. "In his motions and general character," says Wilson, "he has great resemblance to the Robin Redbreast of Britain; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man, by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him in some suitable place a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Toward fall, that is in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow many-colored woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them."

The Blue-Bird is nearly seven inches in length, with the wings remarkably full and broad. The upper part of the body, neck and head are sky-blue,

inclining to purple. The under parts are chestnut, the bill and legs black, with portions of the same color about the wings, tail and sides. In the female the

colors are less bright. The young are hardy, strong, and highly teachable. The Blue-Bird is not often subjected to the confinement of the cage.



THE GROUND-ROBIN.

This bird is also known as the Towee-finch, the Tshewink and Pee-wink, names derived from its favorite notes. It is found in great numbers in woods and overgrown meadows, and sometimes along the banks of streams, and is both familiar and playful. A pair will sometimes roam for a great distance along a water-course, scratching for insects, worms or seeds, and encouraging each other by their simple cry of *toe-wee, toe-wee*. They sometimes forage along gardens or pea-patches. On such occasions, they behold the approach of man with but little concern, and fly off only when in danger of being taken. The species is found in Canada, and probably farther north among the Rocky Mountains, and southward throughout the United States. They are, however, more abundant east of the Alleghenies than to the west. Sometimes, but not often, they pass the winter in Pennsylvania, but are constantly in the milder States during that season.

Their manner of building is rather peculiar; the

nest being fixed on the ground, below the surface, and covered with leaves, or the shelter of an adjoining bush. It is rarely raised above the ground. The materials are fine bark, leaves, moss dried grass and down. Sometimes part of the adjoining herbage is employed. The eggs are four or five in number, white, with a flesh color tint, and spotted with brown. In New England they raise but one brood, but in warm States two, the first in June, and the second during the following month. During this period they artfully draw the intruder from their charge, by pretending lameness, and feebly retreating as he pursues.

The Ground-Robin is about eight inches long, and eleven across the wings. The throat, neck, and whole upper part of the body is black, with feathers of the same color, interspersed with white, in the wings and tail. The belly is white, with bay thighs. In the female and young the black of the male is changed for olive brown, and there is less pure white in the tail and wings.

THE FORTIETH SONNET OF PETRARCA.

If honest love e'er merited reward,
If worship win the need of yore it wro, —
I should be blest, since purer than the sun
The love my sighs and pangs record;
Yet 't is not so: unwillingly are heard
My vows, and all regardlessly are flung
Her eyes o'er burning lines wherein is sung

Her matchless beauty, and my grief is bared.
But yet I hope that some day she may deign
To hearken to the tribute I have brought
And smile at least return for all my tears.
Still it may be I'll languish here in vain
Until that dread catastrophe is wrought,
When time shall harvest all its sheaf of years.

CROSS PURPOSES.

BY KATE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It is rather a dangerous experiment, this sporting with the feelings of a sweetheart, as many a loving swain has found; as Andy Bell and Harry Lee found, when they indulged in a walk home from church with Lilly James and Aggy Moore, to the neglect of two sweet sisters, Jane and Florence May.

Jane and Florence were the real sweethearts. Of the moonlight rambles they had enjoyed together; of the loving words whispered in the maidens' ears; of the kisses beneath the shadows of old trees, stolen from half-shutting lips, we will say nothing. But such things had been. And even more. Mutual pledges of love had passed. Harry had vowed to Jane that, as she was the sweetest maiden in all the village, so she was to him the dearest; and Jane had drooped her eyes, and leaned closer to him, thus silently responding to the declaration of love; and when he took her hand, she let it linger in his warm clasp as if he had a right to its possession. And the same thing, slightly varied according to temperament, had happened with Andy and Florence. For months, the two young men were untiring in their attention to the sisters. Invariably, when the little congregation that worshipped in the village church on Sundays was dismissed, Andy and Harry were at the door, waiting for the expectant maidens, whom they as invariably attended home, lingering always by the way, to make the distance longer. And when the evening shadows fell in the winter, or the sun sunk low toward the western hills in the spring and summer time, at the waning of the Sabbath, the young men were sure to make their appearance at the quiet cottage home of the happy sisters.

Thus it had been for months, and all the village knew that they were sweethearts; and it was even said—how the intelligence was gained we know not—that, at the next Christmas, there would be a double wedding in Healdale. Thus it was, when, one bright Sunday morning, as Andy Bell and Harry Lee were on their way to church, the former, who was in a gayer humor than usual, said, laughing as he spoke—

"Suppose we plague the girls a little after meeting?"

"How?" asked Harry.

"If you'll walk home with Aggy Moore, I'll play the gallant to Lilly James."

"Agreed," was the thoughtless reply.

"And yet," said Andy, "I wouldn't give the little finger of Florence for Lilly's whole body."

"Nor would I give Jane's little finger for a dozen Aggy Moores."

Even at this early stage of the affair, both parties

half-repented; but neither felt like proposing to give up the little frolic agreed upon.

During the service the young lovers found their eyes meeting those of their sweethearts with accustomed frequency. But neither Andy nor Harry felt as comfortable as usual. Besides being about to deprive themselves of a long enjoyed pleasure, both felt misgivings as to the effect of their temporary desertion and disappointment of the expectant maidens.

At last the benediction was said, and the congregation began moving toward the door. Andy and Harry were out before the girls.

"Shall we do it?" asked the former.

"Oh, certainly," replied Harry. And yet this was not said with the best grace in the world.

"There's Aggy," whispered Andy.

"I see," returned Harry, moving forward, as Aggy stepped from the church-door. Just behind her was Jane, with her bright, dancing eyes, and lips just parting in a smile, as she caught sight of her lover. She moved forward more quickly, but stopped suddenly. Harry had spoken to Aggy, and was now walking away by her side. Just then Lilly James came forth, and Andy, crossing before Florence, who appeared at the same time, bowed to the maiden, and seeming not to see Florence, moved away from the church-door, smiling and chattering with a free and careless air. Neither of the young men looked behind to see the effect of all this upon the two young girls. But, to some extent, they imagined their feelings, and the picture fancy presented was not the most agreeable to contemplate.

It required an effort on the part of both Andy and Harry to continue to play the agreeable to the two young ladies they had spighted thus temporarily, and in sport, for their sweethearts, long enough to see them fairly home. They did not meet again until toward evening, and then each was on his way to seek the cottage-home of the one loved most dearly of any thing in the wide world.

"I wonder what they will say?" was uttered by Andy, in a doubting tone, as they moved along.

"Goodness knows! I'm afraid Jane took it hard," remarked Harry. "I saw her countenance change as I turned to walk with Aggy."

"It was a foolish prank, to make the best of it. But we must laugh it off with them."

"I rather think we shall be paid back in our own coin," said Harry. "Jane, I know, has a little spite about her."

And Harry was not far wrong. When the two

young men arrived at the cottage, and entered in their usual familiar way, the room where the maidens sat, they were received in a manner not in the least agreeable to their feelings. Both Jane and Florence had been deeply hurt by the conduct of their lovers; and both had indulged freely during the afternoon in the luxury of tears. The meaning of what had happened, they could not tell. Had all this appearance of affection been a mere counterfeit? Were they the victims of a heartless coquetry? Or had Lily and Aggy, through some strange influence, won the hearts of their lovers?

Great was the relief experienced by the troubled sisters when, on the morning of the Sabbath, they saw their truant swains approaching as usual. But, with this sense of relief, came a maidenly indignation, and a determination to resent the wanton slight that had been put upon them. Clouds were on the faces once so smiling and happy, when the young men entered, and their presence, so far from dispersing these clouds, only caused them to grow darker. It was in vain that every effort was made to remove them; not a sun-ray came to dispel their gloomy shadows. Explanations were made. The apparent slight was acknowledged as only a merry jest. However this relieved the oppressed hearts of the maidens, it did not lighten up their sober faces. Forgiveness and smiles were not to come so easily.

Andy affected to treat the whole matter lightly, and rather jested with Florence; but Harry's sweetheart seemed so deeply grieved and wounded, that he had little to say after the first few efforts at reconciliation. Finally, the young men went away, apparently unforgiven; and all parties, for the next week, were unhappy enough. Sunday came again; and now the doubt in the minds of the young men was, whether if they offered to go home as usual with Jane and Florence, they would be permitted by the offended maidens to do so. This doubt was, in a measure, dispelled during the morning service, for more than a dozen times did Andy catch a stealthy glance from Florence, in which was a beam of forgiveness; and the same thing happened to Harry as he turned his eyes frequently upon Jane. At last the service ended; and, as the young girls passed from the door, their lovers were beside them as usual. There was no repulse. The maidens were too glad to have them there once more. But, the feelings of each were sobered. Evening came, and they met as before. Their intercourse was tender but not joyous as it had been. And thus it was for weeks ere their hearts lost a sense of oppression. The reader may be sure that there were no more games at cross purposes after this. The lovers were cured of all inclination to indulge further in that species of pastime.

LINES

ON BURNING SOME OLD JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

BY THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

Ay, let them perish—why recall
 Dreams of a by-gone day?
 Why lift Oblivion's funeral pall
 Only to find decay?
 The heart of youth lies buried there,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 Its burning joys, its wild despair,
 Its agonies and tears.

A light has vanished from the earth,
 A glory left the sky,
 Since first within my soul had birth
 Those visions pure and high;
 Or is it that mine eye, grown dim,
 Hath lost the power to trace
 The glory of the Seraphim
 Within life's holy place?

Methinks I stand midway between
 The future and the past,
 The onward path is dimly seen,
 Behind me clouds are cast;

Why should I seek to pierce that gloom
 And call the buried host
 Of haunting memories from the tomb—
 Each one a tortured ghost?

I could not look upon the page,
 With eloquence o'erfringed,
 Where, ere my head had grown so sage,
 My heart its wild will wrought;
 I could not—would not—ponder now
 O'er my youth's wayward madness,
 Which left no stain on soul or brow,
 Yet shrouded life in sadness.

Ay, let them perish!—from the dream
 Of Passion's wasted hour
 There comes no retrospective gleam,
 No spectre of the flower:
 The treasured wealth of Eastern kings
 Enriched their burial fire,
 And thus my heart's most precious things
 Shall build its funeral pyre.

UNCLE TOM.

BY "SIMON"

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE old man was my Uncle Tom. He was my father's only and elder brother, and more than all, he was a bachelor; not one of those sour specimens of humanity who are continually railing at everybody and every thing—more especially "the sex"—but a hearty, hale, good-natured gentleman of the old school, straight as a poplar, and his heart had as many green leaves withal. He was still a boy in feeling, though winter had begun to spread its snows over his head. He was far from hating women, though when he talked of them, or thought of them, a look of sadness would sometimes overspread his countenance; and when he saw some fairy phantom that had not yet escaped her "teens," in the full flush of maiden grace and beauty, old recollections seemed to come over him with a deep and saddening influence.

No one ever told me the cause of this temporary dejection, and Uncle Tom seemed unwilling to be questioned concerning it. There needed no questioning. From our cottage, a smooth-worn path led across the fields to the village church-yard, which lay at about a quarter of a mile distant. Passing through a gap in the wall, it wound among the grass-grown hillocks, and stopped abruptly before a small, gray stone, which stood in the corner nearest the church, and on which this simple epitaph was engraved: *Mary, æt. 18.* This told his whole story; for the small, gray stone was overgrown with lichens and mosses, and I remember the solitary pathway when but a child.

Uncle Tom was not rich, but he had enough to satisfy all his wants. He had always lived with us since my remembrance, and we all had a mysterious love and veneration for him, which we could but half explain. His little room on the south-west corner of the house we never entered without a special invitation; not because we stood in any fear of him, but because we respected his quiet, half-eccentric manner, and were not willing to disturb his solitary studies and meditations. We were often invited there of an evening, for Uncle Tom liked to have young, happy people around him. He used to say it made him young again, and combed his silver hairs to hide themselves; and he thought a man should always have the heart of a child, no matter how much experience and life-labor had whitened his head.

During our visits to his study, we were at liberty to handle every thing which came within our reach, and the room was generally in a sweet confusion when we left it. Yet this did not trouble him, it rather pleased him the more. In truth he was so good-natured that nothing could vex him; and I remember one evening when he pulled sister Ruth's doll out of his great horn ink-stand, where it stood, heels upward, like a pearl-diver, his only exclamation was, "Just as I used to be—children all over!"

Directly opposite the great arm-chair, where he

usually sat during the day, hung a picture; yet it was not for us to see. A plain blue curtain was always drawn over it, which hung as silently, and always in the same folds, as if it had not been withdrawn for many years. I knew it was the portrait of a young girl, and very beautiful; for one evening, when, according to invitation, we were in the study playing the mischief with every thing that came under our hands, a slight breeze from the west window fluttered and raised the curtain, and revealed the picture to me by the dim light of the study-lamp. I, of course, did not know who it was intended to represent, but it was always connected in my mind with the solitary path to the church-yard; and I always thought of her as the Mary of the little gray stone; yet I never spoke of it to any one, not even sister Ruth. It seemed something sacred, something which I ought not to know, and that the knowledge thus accidentally acquired ought not to be divulged by me.

But the pleasantest thing of all was, when Uncle Tom came down into the kitchen of a winter's evening, and told one of the beautiful stories which he could relate so well. Ah! no one could tell stories like Uncle Tom. He would enter into the subject so earnestly, that we took every thing for truth, and laughed or cried, as the nature of the case demanded; and many a time in the midst of a sad passage, my father has let the fire go out of his pipe before it was half smoked, and I have seen the tears stream down sister Ruth's cheek, and heard her sob as if some great misfortune were hanging over some one of us; and I have known Uncle Tom's voice to grow tremulous, and his lip quiver, as if something in the narrative lay near his heart, but by a powerful effort he would always master his feelings and go calmly on with his story.

I shall try to report some of these stories at second hand, narrating carefully as my memory serves, always in Uncle Tom's words; but they will be nothing so good as when he, with his low musical voice and earnest manner, related them to our little family, who, in listening silence formed a half circle around the huge walnut logs that blazed and simmered on the kitchen hearth.

It was the last night of December, and the north wind howled around the chimney, and the icicles clattered on the eaves and dropped against the casement with a tap-tap, like wayfarers asking admittance. A great fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and the half circle was almost formed. On one side of the fire-place sat father, double-botting his black tobacco-pipe. Next him was mother, just turning the heel of a stocking. Sister Ruth occupied the next chair, and she was very busy working a wash-woman's register on the top of a bachelor's pin-cushion; beside her sat the bachelor for whom this piece of domestic goods was working. He was a cousin, and bore the family name—Charley, we called him. He and Ruth seemed

to enjoy each other's society very much, and passed the greater part of their leisure time together. My place was next to Cousin Charley, and on my left hand the vacant arm-chair was waiting for Uncle Tom—to complete the family circle.

At length the door opened, and the pleasant old man appeared. He entered rubbing his hands and smiling most benignantly. Every chair moved about an inch, as if to make room for him, though each one knew there was room enough already. Father lighted his pipe, and mother turned the heel; sister Ruth left off her embroidery in the middle of "shirts," and Cousin Charley gave his chair a hitch nearer to her, while I eat quite still. Even the blazing logs on the fire gave an extra hiss and flare, as if they, too, were making preparations to listen attentively. Uncle Tom, with a few pleasant words, and a great many pleasant smiles, took his accustomed seat and commenced the evening entertainment in these words:

About five miles from Boston, on one of the great thoroughfares leading to the city, there used to stand an old-fashioned country-seat. It was placed somewhat back from the road, and screened from the dust by a thick-set hawthorn-hedge, which grew as straight and regular as brick-work. The walks within were laid out with the same regularity and neatness, and led with many a labyrinthine turn through the whole premises. Now it took you by an oval pond, where the bright scales of gold fish glanced in the sun; now among flower-beds formed into Catherine-wheels and gothic crosses; then away among groves and trellises almost impervious to the sun. There were a great many beautiful things that I shall not attempt to tell you of. Every thing was beautiful, and proclaimed a wealthy proprietor, even to the silver plate on the front door, bearing in bold writing-hand, the name, "John Maynard." He was rich—John Maynard was a retired merchant. In the full flush of commercial prosperity, his beloved wife had fallen into the quiet sleep of death. After that, business grew irksome to him; he could not bear the busy hum of the city; the home where he had been happy, was so no more to him; and taking with him his oldest and most trusty clerk, he, with his only child, Alice, removed to this quiet spot. The care of his property was left almost entirely to his tried and honest clerk, David Deans; his own time was occupied either in his study or in the society of his daughter, who, being an only child, was, of course, indulged in all her little whims and fancies, until she had assumed the reins of government, and was nearly spoiled.

One evening Mr. Maynard, or Old John, as he was familiarly called, sat on the western piazza as the sun was setting. He looked the hale and hearty old gentleman, one before whom care and trouble would vanish like the thin spiral clouds of cigar smoke, which ever and anon he puffed from between his lips. Yet withal he had a look of determination, something which said he would have things his own way when he desired it; and yet he had a way of gaining his ends so pleasantly and adroitly, that no one knew his intentions until they were accomplished.

Puff, puff, there he sat smoking away and thinking

of something very pleasant, no doubt, for a smile would occasionally play round the corners of his mouth, and he would rub his hands together with infinite satisfaction.

Soon a light step was heard in the hall, and his daughter, Alice, appeared.

Everybody said Alice was a beauty; and so far everybody told the truth. Her dark hair and dark eyes, and delicate complexion would win many a heart that had sworn eternal hostility to her sex. And then she was as full of life as of beauty, and had such winning ways, that nothing could resist her. She inherited from her father a slight vein of willfulness, and it was really a pleasure to see them contending together, Old John in his humorous, quiet way, bringing up irresistible arguments, and she, dishing them all to pieces by the most illogical processes imaginable; and he would generally laugh and let her have her own way.

"Papa," said she, "why did you send David Deans away? I'm sure it was very cruel of you. He has lived with us so long, and is so quiet and industrious? I'm sure it will break his heart. And then, besides, his poor sister will have to go into service again. It is too bad, I declare—"

"Now don't, Ally," said Old John, passing his arm quietly around his daughter's waist, and talking in the best humor imaginable, "don't trouble yourself about David. What do you know about business? You take care of the women-servants, and see that we have tea on the table by seven o'clock exactly, for I expect the new clerk every minute. I'll take care of David—"

"I know I shan't like the new clerk," said she, pouting.

"Well, who wants you to like him, little manx?" said Old John, at the same time drawing her closer to him, and giving her a hearty kiss.

"But I shall hate him," continued she, determined to be obstinate.

"Well, hate him if you will," replied her father, not in the least angry; "but I can tell you he is a very lively fellow, and not accustomed to be hated by the ladies. However, you had better hate him. You must reserve all your love for Harry Wilson, you know."

"Oh, that dreadful Harry Wilson," exclaimed Alice, struggling to throw off her father's arm, by which he still held her in close confinement. "Pray don't talk of him again."

"And why not?" said Old John; "he is to be your husband, you know." And a smile, half merry, half serious, played over his features as he said this. "His father and I were old schoolmates, and he would die of grief if he thought we were not to be brothers after all."

"His son and I were never old schoolmates, at all events," exclaimed Alice, still struggling, but in vain. Old John held her fast, and his merry face settled into a serious, earnest expression as he added,

"Besides, he once saved my life."

Alice answered nothing. There was something in the manner in which he said these words, as well as in the meaning of the words themselves, which completely subdued her. The tears beamed in her beau-

tiful dark eyes; she threw her arms round his neck and rested her head on his shoulder; her long, black locks streamed over his bosom—yet she said nothing.

Old John drew her closer to him and kissed her tenderly.

"There, Ally, dear," he said, "we won't talk any more about it now. I know you will do all you can to make your old father happy."

Still she said nothing, but clung very close to him.

She was a good girl, was Alice, only a little willful.

A servant entered, announcing Mr. Davis. This was the new clerk.

"Conduct him this way," said Mr. Maynard. "Come, Ally, don't let him surprise us in a family quarrel. We must make his first impressions good ones."

Things were put to rights in less time than it takes to tell of it, and the new clerk approached them.

"Glad to see you, Walter," exclaimed Old John, grasping the new comer's hand, and looking a cordial welcome. "Ally, this is Walter Davis, the new clerk."

Notwithstanding her determination to hate him, she smiled very pleasantly as he took her hand, and her welcome word was said with a very good grace.

The new clerk was apparently about twenty-two years of age, rather tall, but well formed; he was dressed in a very plain suit—becoming his situation; and yet there was something noble about him for all that. You could see it in the firmly compressed lips, the deep, thoughtful eye, and the easy, manly bearing. He certainly was not the person one would choose to hate.

Alice was much surprised at his general personal appearance and demeanor. Her ideas of a clerk were all formed from the quiet, unpretending David Deans, who had almost grown old in their service. She forgot that the new comer was at present a visitor, not yet having entered upon his clerkship. At the tea-table, too, she observed how perfectly easy and composed he seemed. He could answer questions without blushing, and ask others without stammering. There was a straightforwardness about him, which seemed to win upon her father wonderfully, and he never seemed in a more pleasant mood than then. There was something in his manner so dignified and gentlemanly that she, too, could not help respecting him, although in her good-night to her father, she added, "I'm sure I shall hate him for taking poor David's place."

"Wait a bit, Brother Tom," interrupted father—"pipe's out."

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "while Brother Bill is lighting his pipe, we will glide over two months and make ready for a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Two months had passed away, and affairs went on swimmingly at the country-seat. Old John seemed to find his new clerk a remarkably pleasant companion, and passed much of his time in the little counting-room. He was fast growing into the good graces of Miss Alice too; for true manliness will always find its way into every heart. She began to like him very much, and seemed pleased to have him near her; and

indeed would sometimes meet his advances more than half way. Perhaps, like a dutiful daughter, she followed her father's example, and liked the clerk because he did, or perhaps she thought he must be very lonely, and took compassion on him: How this may be I cannot tell; but I do know that she liked him, and liked him very well too, as might be seen by any one who observed her. She often walked in the direction of the counting-room, which stood at some little distance from the house, and frequently sat with her embroidery in the trellised arbor that overlooked it. The flowers, too, which always ornamented her parlor-mantle, were generally gathered from the beds in this part of the garden, although they were not half so fragrant or pretty as those which grew nearer the house. Indeed, she had found it necessary once or twice to open the counting-room, and actually go in when no one but the young clerk was there; and at such times he received her with such a frank, cordial greeting, and talked so pleasantly to her, that she would gladly have changed her arbor boudoir for this little room, crowded with business and ponderous ledgers as it was. And once, when the clerk left her for a moment, she actually climbed upon the long-legged desk-stool, to see if it were really as uncomfortable as it looked to be; at least so she said, when he, returning suddenly, surprised her on that high perch. But he helped her down so gently, and gallantly, that she would have been willing to try the experiment often, even if it were as uncomfortable as it looked.

She was always delighted whenever Walter requested the pleasure of her company through the grounds. She would take his arm without any unnecessary coquetry, and full of life and love they would thread every walk of the labyrinth, not excepting the Catharine wheels and the gothic arches. In the grove they would listen to the songs of the birds, and together wonder what they were saying to each other, and invent many strange translations, interesting to none but themselves. They would stand long on the edge of the pond, and Alice leaned heavily on the clerk's arm, you may be sure, as they watched the gold-fish darting across the little basin so rapidly that the whole surface of the water seemed marked with red lines. He gathered flowers for her, too, as they walked leisurely along, and each bouquet thus formed was, to her, a whole book of love, each flower telling its own particular tale. As the sun touched the horizon they would climb up to the arbor, while the birds sang their "good-night," and watch the bright colors grow and fade upon the western sky, and build landscapes and cathedrals and cottages of the ever-changing clouds.

Yet in his conversations with her, Walter was never sickly sentimental or flattering. He always spoke just what he felt; and sometimes a plump, downright honest thought would find itself clothed in words, which many would call coarse and ill-bred; but from him they came so frankly that she never thought of such a thing, but liked him the more for them. He never flattered her, never told her how beautiful she was, but his whole manner was a tacit acknowledgment of her beauty, truer and plainer than words could

express it. And Alice was as simple, and talked as plainly to him as if he had been a brother.

O, those evening walks were beautiful to both, but they were laying a foundation for something deeper and more lasting than common friendship, notwithstanding Harry Wilson and the two good fathers. Their natures were gradually blending into each other like two neighboring colors of the rainbow, and the line between them would soon become extinct, and a separation must be the destruction of both. It was very strange that Old John, with his brotherly intentions toward Harry Wilson's father, did not observe this, for he often surprised them earnestly conversing in the sunset arbor, long after the dew had begun to fall and the birds had ceased their evening song.

He must indeed have been very dull and stupid, not to observe that something was going on between the two young people, that would play the deuce with his darling project. But no, he didn't seem to; for he was never in better spirits than then, never half so talkative or playful. He evidently did not think his cherished scheme was about to miscarry.

One evening he and the clerk sat on the piazza together. The parlor windows were open, and Alice sat at the piano and played to them. Old John began to talk about the business transactions of the day, and seemed particularly delighted at certain good news which he had heard, and which he had just finished relating to the clerk.

"Remarkable, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

But he might as well have talked to the plaster statue of Neptune which stood on the green before him, as to the young clerk. He was either listening attentively to the music, or else his thoughts were far away, for he took no notice of what Old John said to him, but sat silent, his head leaning upon his hand and his eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"Hey! what's all this?" exclaimed Old John, starting up and shaking the clerk's arm. "What! dreaming by moonlight! A bad sign—very bad sign—too romantic by half! Here, Ally—Ally! come here directly," he continued, shouting to his daughter.

Walter started up and would have prevented him, but he continued to call, and soon the piano ceased to sound, and Alice made her appearance.

"What do you want, papa?" she asked.

"Here is this fellow," he answered, "falling asleep in the midst of our conversation; dreaming by moonlight! I want you to keep him awake."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, attempting an excuse, "but I was thinking—"

"O, but that won't do," said Old John, "I was talking. However, I will tell you how we will make it up. You shall sing that duet with Alice; the one you sang last night, and mind you don't go to sleep before it is finished, or—" and he finished the sentence with a shake of the finger.

"I will undertake it willingly" said the clerk.

Walter moved his chair closer by the side of Alice, and took his seat. But there was still a difficulty; neither of them could determine on the right pitch. Alice ran and struck a note on the piano, and returned sounding it all the way. She sat down, and her hand

involuntarily fell upon Walter's; he pressed it in his own, and the duet commenced.

Both the words and the music were very simple; they were the expression of love, pure and holy; and never did they sing better. Walter's whole soul was thrown into the words, and his heart beat to the sounds his lips uttered. A slight pressure of her hand expressed to Alice how truly, how deeply he felt the beauty of love, and her voice trembled as she sang, adding still more to the music.

There was silence for a short time after the sound of their voices had ceased. It seemed Old John's turn to dream now. The beautiful music had called up old, happy scenes to his mind; perhaps the thoughts of his youth and first-love were leading him far away; for he sat silently, with his hand drawn across his eyes, as if to shade them from the moonlight.

Alice approached him, and drew her arm around his neck. He started as if from a trance, and said—"That was well, very well. I like that music. There, now, Ally, you and Walter take a walk through the grounds. I'll light a cigar, and sit here by myself, and—*and dream!* hey, Walter!"

Alice left him with a kiss, and taking Walter's arm they disappeared round an angle of the building, and walked onward toward their favorite arbor. Every thing was silent around them; the glowing leaves basking motionless upon the trees, and the many-colored flowers, all seemed listening, as if to some revelation of the night. The fish-pond was one entire sheet of silver; not a ripple disturbed its peaceful surface; and the soft moonlight streamed through the chinks of the vines and gothic trees, and checkered the pathway and the floor of the arbor, as the sunbeams shining through stained cathedral windows rest on the pavement. The arbor was their chancel, and there the two lovers stood side by side as if before an altar; and there Walter told Alice how deeply, how truly he loved her; how often he had sat alone since they had known each other, and yet not been lonely, for her image had always been present to comfort and to counsel him; how he had longed for the time to come when he could make this confession to her, when he could press her to his bosom as the dearly beloved one.

Alice did not speak. She was always silent when she felt most deeply; but her silence was singularly eloquent. She did not attempt to withdraw the little hand which he held so tightly. She did not try to remove the arm that encircled her waist. Her head lay upon his bosom, and she wept for very joy.

Now what had become of Old John's brotherly scheme? The rainbow hues were now completely blended.

Soon after the two lovers had turned toward the house, Old John came stealing cautiously through a neighboring path, where he had been an accidental, though perhaps not an unwilling listener.

"Good!" he exclaimed in a half whisper, rubbing his hands and smiling most merrily. "I shall hate him, I am sure," he added, mimicking Alice. "Good!" And again he rubbed his hands and smiled with infinite satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

The summer had passed away, and autumn was spreading its rich mantle of yellow leaves over the trees and shrubs of the old country-seat. The birds were collecting together in troops, for their journey to warmer lands, and their songs above the arbor were sadder than when we last listened to them. The golden fruit hung temptingly upon the trees, and on the smooth surface of the fish-pond floated many a withered leaf. The year was growing old, and its rich covering of foliage was becoming gray and falling off, yet in the hearts of Walter and Alice love was as green and as warm as on the bright summer evening when they made their mutual confessions.

They had not yet made Old John their confidant; they were waiting for a convenient season. And he, though he must have known something of their intercourse, never asked any questions, or seemed at all curious about the matter, but conducted himself in his usual quiet way. Indeed, he did occasionally speak of their close communion, but always in a merry, jesting way, and no one could suspect him of knowing how affairs really stood with them. At least his knowledge did not make him unhappy, for the merry twinkle was still in his eye, and the smiles still played round his mouth. In the little walks and excursions which they took together, Alice was always assigned to the clerk. Old John said he preferred to walk alone; then he could swing his cane in any direction without being scolded, and could climb over a fence, instead of going half a mile to find a place to crawl through, or a stile, for the convenience of a lady companion. Walter, as may be supposed, was very willing to free him from this incumbrance, and did not mind the half mile walks in search of a stile, as long as Alice was hanging on his arm. They had a great many things to talk about, which was of no consequence to any but themselves, and were glad of the opportunity to remove out of ear-shot, which this stile hunting afforded.

One morning the clerk appeared equipped for traveling. Business of some kind or other called him, for a short time, to another part of the country.

He and Alice were alone in the breakfast-room. He explained to her the necessity of his departure, and consoled her with the assurance that his absence would not continue more than a week at the most. He had just time to place a plain ring on her finger, and steal one tender, silent kiss from her rosy lips, when Old John entered, announcing the coach at the door.

In a few minutes he was seated in the vehicle. Good-byes were repeated, and soon he was rolling away on the dusty road toward the city.

Alice stood at the window and watched until the top of the coach had disappeared behind an angle of the road, and the last sound of the rumbling wheels had died away. Then the thought and feelings that had followed him as far as the senses could guide them, seemed to fall back upon herself, and she felt oppressed by the silence and utter solitude that reigned around.

That was a weary day to Alice. This was her first love, and their first separation. Her father was busy with his affairs and could not attend to her; so she

was thrown entirely upon her own resources, and heavily the hours dragged along in mournful procession.

Often days had passed and she had not seen Walter but for a few moments, yet then she knew he was near. And now she sat down and tried to fancy him sitting quietly at his desk; but it would n't do—she knew better. She walked down by the counting-room and gathered the flowers as she had often done before, but they had lost their fragrance, and their colors seemed faded. The gold-fish stood still in the pond, and she mistook them at times for the leaves that lay in the water; they too had faded. She sat in the pleasant arbor, and looked westward over the beautiful landscape, but a veil seemed drawn before it, and the rich and variegated hues which, dolphin-like, the forest had assumed while dying, to her eyes, seemed blended into a dead, cold brown. So true it is that the sense takes its tone from the soul.

So the day passed and the belated evening came slowly on.

"Do, pray, Ally, put off that sad face," said Old John to her, as they sat at the tea-table. "Why you look ten times more woful than the Italian beggars-fish from an irruption of Vesuvius. Do try to smile a little."

She did try to look cheerful, but at first it taxed all her powers, yet her father's raillery and merry laugh were not to be resisted, and in a little while the cloud seemed to have passed entirely away, and she was as cheerful as ever. Sometimes she would fall back into the silent, thoughtful mood, yet it was only for a moment, and the evening passed pleasantly. Then came the affectionate kiss, and the kind good-night.

To Alice it was a good-night, indeed. Good angels watched by her pillow, and her dreams were beautiful. One time she was walking along the garden paths, and heard the birds singing sweetly above her head, and saw the flowers in their most beautiful dress. She drew near the pond, and it was all alive with gold fish; and the whole surface seemed drawn with red lines; sometimes they formed charming pictures—trees, gardens and villages seemed to pass over the water like a moving diorama. All the people she had ever seen seemed to be moving about there, some doing one thing, and some another, but all happy. As she looked attentively, the surface seemed to grow mysteriously calm, and the red lines to disappear. Then as mysteriously it began to grow troubled, circular waves forming at the centre, and rolling toward the shore in every direction. Then suddenly from the middle of the pond, a most beautiful fairy figure arose and beckoned her near. The fairy gave her a plain, gold ring, and told her never to part with it; for she said it was the gift of happiness, and while she wore that upon her finger, heavy misfortunes should never visit her. Then a loud voice under water seemed to call the fairy a "little minx," and bid her come down immediately, for breakfast was waiting. Then she disappeared, the water became calm, and Alice awoke.

"Was that a dream?" she asked herself, in amazement. There was the ring on her finger—the fairy's gift of happiness; and the voice was still calling some one to breakfast.

It was a long time before she could collect her feat-

tered senses enough to realize that she had just waked from a strange dream, and the voice was that of her father calling her. When the truth did dawn upon her, she laughed immoderately, and could not help saying repeatedly, that "it was *very* funny."

It was much past her usual hour of rising, when in her simple morning-dress she appeared at the breakfast-table.

"Why, Ally, dear, I thought you never would come down," said her father. "I have been waiting this—I do n't know how long, and called you—I do n't know how many times. The omelet and coffee are both as cold as Greenland, I'll be bound."

"It is n't so very late, papa, is it?" inquired Alice; "besides, I have had such a funny dream—O, it was perfectly delightful."

"Well, never mind, dear, pour out the coffee before it gets later."

She poured out the coffee, still thinking of her strange dream. It was so funny that she could not help thinking of it; but her lips would never have wreathed that happy smile if she could have known the trial that awaited her.

"Ally, do you know what day to-morrow will be?" he asked, while his face wore a very doubtful, half merry, half serious expression. It was something like the sun trying to break through a fog, for he tried to look cheerful.

Alice paused a moment as if in thought, then suddenly exclaimed, "I declare, it is my birthday, and I had almost forgotten it. It was very good of my dear papa to remind me of such good news, after I had kept him waiting so long for his breakfast," she added, playfully.

"But do you know who I expect to-morrow?" he continued.

It was her turn now to look doubtful and perplexed.

"Yes, Ally," he said, "this afternoon Harry Wilson and my old schoolmate, his father, will be here. You must save all your good looks for Harry, for I expect you will fall in love with him at first sight."

It was really with much pain that Old John made this announcement, though he spoke it in as cheerful a manner as possible, for he knew the effect it would have on his daughter. He seemed to make it more from a sense of duty than pleasure, as it were something which must be told sooner or later; and more clouds gathered about his honest face than had been seen there since the death of his wife, when he saw the effect it had upon Alice. The cheerful smiles vanished from her face; the color came and went, and came and went, and at length left her deadly pale. Her hand trembled and her voice quivered, as she attempted in vain to make some cheerful remark.

"At least you will try to like him, for my sake, wont you, Ally, dear?" said her father.

She uttered a faint "yes"—so faint that it might have been "no," for all Old John heard; and pleading some excuse, left the room.

"Bad business, this," said her father, after he was left alone, and talking as if to some invisible friend. "Bad business!" and whistling a doleful strain of a delightful tune, he also left the room.

And Alice, poor Alice, she felt lonely enough as she sat alone in her little room. Thoughts of the dream that had made her so cheerful but a short time before, now pressed like an incubus upon her breast. She knew how much her father was attached to his old schoolmate, Mr. Wilson, and how much he desired the union of their two families. It had long been talked of, but always as something which was about to happen at some distant, indefinite time; and though many years had passed since they first began to talk of it, it still seemed as indefinite and far from accomplishment as ever; and she never thought to trouble herself about it; but now the event seemed to spring up like a phantom directly before her; and so sudden had been the announcement that she knew not what to do.

And now the hours seemed to glide by as if they were double-winged. The old entry clock seemed to her as she sat in her silent chamber, to tick faster and faster until at last it broke into an actual gallop. If *he* were only here, she thought, as her eye fell upon the ring which the clerk had placed on her finger. And more than once she determined to go down to her father and confess all; then she thought of the old schoolmate that had saved his life, and her courage failed her.

She started as the clock told eleven.

It was past noon, and Old John was waiting anxiously for her appearance in the drawing-room; and his heart beat with strange emotions as he heard her light footfall on the stairs.

She was very pale when she entered the room, and the traces of recent tears were in her eyes. Yet she had never looked more beautiful, never more lovely. She was dressed in simple white, and a single white rose was braided in her dark hair. Old John could not see her thus dejected without being moved, and the dark cloud spread over his countenance. She saw it, and assuaging a cheerfulness which she did not feel, drew her arm around his neck, and kissed him affectionately.

"There, Ally, dear," he said, "don't be cast down. It will all come right in the end. I say it shall. Do sit down to the piano and sing a cheerful song. Yes, sing the one that Walter liked so well."

It was like asking the Israelites to sing songs of their home, while captives in Babylon; yet she did sing, though her voice trembled so much that it was with difficulty she finished the song.

"Don't take it so much to heart, dear," said Old John. "I say, if you don't like him, he shan't have you."

They were interrupted by the sound of wheels rolling up the avenue. How her little heart beat and fluttered then. A carriage stopped before the door. Old John's eye glistened with delight, as if relief had come at length. A step was heard in the passage. The door opened, and there stood—Walter.

Alice started to her feet, and stood gazing vacantly at him, uncertain what to do.

"Wont you speak to Harry Wilson?" shouted Old John, at the top of his voice, and giving a hysterical kind of laugh.

Then the truth flashed upon her. With a cry of joy

she rushed into his arms, and nestling her head in his bosom, wept like a child—but they were tears of joy. Her overstrained feelings found a happy relief. The dark cloud of sorrow passed away and the sun shone in all its glory.

Old John capered round the room like a madman, and declared he had never seen any thing half so pleasant in all his life.

"But it was very cruel of you, dear papa," said Alice, kissing him tenderly, after the first effusions of joy were over.

"I know it was, Ally, dear," exclaimed Old John, willing to be blamed for any thing now. "I know it was. But you are such a willful little thing that I was afraid you would n't like him, and I had set my heart upon it. I have been tempted more than twenty times to confess the whole and ask your forgiveness, when I saw you look so miserable. Yes, Ally, I came very near spoiling the whole this morning at breakfast. But never mind, it's all right now; confess, isn't it?"

Yes, indeed, it was all right! And Alice, in her silent, eloquent way, soon convinced him that she thought so.

Again the door opened, and Hurry Wilson senior entered. He knew the whole affair, and had only waited on the outside until the first scene should be over.

Cordial was the greeting between the old school-mates. Smiles, congratulations, and merry words passed freely; every eye glistened with joy, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

"Shall I enter that note at five or six per cent.?" asked some one at the side-door. There stood David Deans, with a pen behind his ear and another in his hand—his usual way of ornamenting himself—and looking as blank and cool as if nothing had happened.

"Don't enter it with any per cent., you old miser!" said Old John, patting him familiarly on the back. "We don't charge interest this year."

David walked off with a broad grin operating powerfully upon his countenance.

He understood the trick, did David.

There was a sweet dream under each pillow that night; and the birth-day on which Alice thought to be miserable, was the happiest of her life.

"Bless me, Brother Bill!" exclaimed Uncle Tom, "if you ain't smoking nothing but dust and ashes."

"I declare, I believe you are right," answered my father, somewhat confused, and making a careful examination of his pipe.

"Good-nights!" were passed, and we all went to bed with happy hearts.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NATURE'S TRIUMPH.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Great men were they of olden time; men with far-reaching and strong, grasping minds—men, too, of discrimination in what they gathered—"teach them selection, not collection," was the word—and they prepared for us of this distant age monuments to excite admiration and inspire awe; monuments which, while they exhibit what man is capable of doing, seem, by the perfection of their form and the adaptation of their parts, to check all spirit of imitation; monuments which denote all variety of mental exercise and all the adaptation of physical powers. It is not alone the chisel of Phidias working out the marble in a thousand forms, more beautiful than the human pattern—it is not alone the pencil of Zeuxis that fixed on canvas the fitting beauties of the field and grove—it is not alone the vast machinery that piled stone upon stone to finish the pyramids. Mind speaking to mind has uttered its powers, and has claimed of the present, wonder for the past; History and Poetry have embalmed the actions of the great, or expressed the devotion of the good, and assured us of the lofty resolves and great deeds of men of other years. The beauty of the ancient mind, however, is to be detected by the uses and adaptation of ordinary incidents—bending them to moral instruction by making them illustrative of some principle—patriotism, religion, social duty and domestic relations, or some deeply hidden power, which sudden emotion, strong impulse, or unexpected dilemma, is to call into action.

Take the following, which is some where extant. We give only the statement of the asserted fact. We have no copy of the narrative.

Leucippe was gathering the small delicate flowers which blossomed over the dampness of a rock that beetled far into the sea, and held its cold brow high above the waves breaking eternally at its base. It was a lovely spot, cool,

fragrant, health-giving, and she took with her her little child, the only blessing which had been spared. For one moment the love of the beautiful of nature, the interest of collecting, triumphed over maternal vigilance. She turned, however, from the little harvest of sweets, and saw her boy bending over the edge of the rock, regardless of all danger, hopeful of only a single beautiful flower that blossomed on the very edge of the steep. One word of fear from the mother, one sudden movement toward the child would have disturbed his balance, and he must have toppled down beyond all hope of recovery even of the lifeless form. No time was left for calculation, no good could result from active efforts. With unspeakable anguish the mother saw the danger, with the promptness of woman's judgment she rejected the ordinary means of safety; with the instincts of a mother's heart she threw herself gently forward, and bared her bosom to the child, and lured him gently back to nestle on his own home of comfort, and draw life from the sympathetic founts that gushed to his honeyed lips. It was the triumph of nature, and the story seems to have inspired the artist for this month. A beautiful illustration, while the picture itself has suggested a title happily expressive of the idea conveyed in the anecdote, "Nature's Triumph."

But such a story, so full of instruction, so pregnant with moral hints, should not be allowed to pass without an improvement, that may make it more and more beneficial. The experiment and the result may be properly styled the triumph of nature, for the deep solicitude of the mother, and especially her prompt expedient, are as much the movement of nature as is the affection in which they originated; and the attraction of the exposed bosom for the exposed child, was as much the gift of nature as was the hidden food which that bosom secreted and stored.

But we love to consider the success of Leucippe as the "Triumph of Affection," not less than the "Triumph of

Nature." It is both, as it is differently considered; it is either, in many ways regarded.

Would the child, amused as it was with the flowers that jutted out from the rock's impending edge, and pleased with the species of independence which its movements and new position signified, would the child have been lured by the exhibition of any other bosom than that of its mother? Had a stranger discovered the little adventurer, and being like Leucippe, conscious of the danger of calling aloud, of startling the child by any approach, had she bared her bosom, would not the infant have turned away without interest from the exhibition, and pursued its new occupation of flower-gathering? Undoubtedly the unknown, who had from prudence done what affection suggested to Leucippe, would have seen at once that she lacked the attractive power, that there was no sympathy between her and the child. She might have felt all that a woman can feel for the lovely infant of another—thus dangerously situated—but the infant itself would not have been influenced by a corresponding sympathy; it would have lacked that affection necessary to a proper response to the exhibition.

The triumph, then, is one of affection sympathizing with affection; corresponding love answering with miraculous organ, and instructing the great and good of all subsequent times by the promptings of a mother's instincts, and the sympathies of an infant's feelings. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings."

I was struck a few months since with the distress that was beating down an intimate friend, and he made me the confidant of his sorrows, and of their cause. The young offender had forgotten the respect due to his parents; he had forgotten or disregarded the respect which he owed to the beautiful fame which had come down to him unscathed through several generations; family pride, instead of exhibiting itself in supporting the long-descended credit, was visible in a sort of obstinate adherence to some misconceived ideas of self-importance; he was running his own health, and was fast approaching the precipice over which his passions, or rather let me say, his passion, would soon hurry him. His father had, at times, severely chid the wayward youth, and the mother had, day by day, warned him of his danger, so that he had by his false estimate of filial duties and parental care, rather been accelerated in his progress toward the line of destruction. A change was suggested in the mode of dealing—his own danger was not pointed out, but his attention was attracted back upon those whom he had loved—and had left; he saw whence he had derived all that delight to childhood, and he turned back to the fountain of affection which had gushed anew; and the birds of prey that had been hovering round the precipice where he hung were disappointed of their quarry. Those, who had wheeled around him with pliant wing and open beak, hopeful of spoil, screamed their disappointment in their filthy cry, and confessed their defeat in the triumph of nature and affection.

I know well that the voice of kindness, uttered to the erring, is often disregarded or despised, but less owing to the want of power in the instrument, than in the want of preparation in the object. So much of anger is manifested toward the vicious, that they grow suspicious of every exhibition of feeling in their behalf. You who would lure them back to virtue, must not pause at a single token of kind feeling; repeat the words of consolation; remember that the very fault which you would correct may have brought a part of the obstinacy which you deplore—remove the obstinacy by kindness, and thus open a channel to the source of the fault. He who would reclaim the vicious must lay his account to find the moral system reached in almost all its parts by those faults which by their

prominency seem to be the only ones that appeal for remedy; and the failure of one measure must invite to another; if one experiment lacks effect, strengthen it by another; do not work with single means—it is false economy. Leucippe bared both breasts to her wandering infant.

Conjugal affection disturbed by some occurrences which are unbecoming, and yet seem unavoidable, is not to be lessened by argument to prove either party right or wrong. These will, much more readily, create acerbity by wounding pride, than restore the lapsed passion. Affection has little to do with the logic of an argument—little to derive from the temper of discussion. When the evil is evident; when the disturbance is most oppressive, let not the parties imagine that any thing like cool reflection is to be had, or is to be made available; let the woman look back beyond the season of disquietude; let her bare her affections as they were when all was sunshine in the domestic circle; let her appeal to the undisturbed peace of such a scene, and by her conduct show her erring husband that it is possible to make the recollection of early delight stronger than the memory of present bitterness. Men learn this lesson easily, and practice it willingly. They need a teacher—they need precept and example; but they are willing to follow the leadings, and exhibit and rejoice in the triumph of affection. It is so, apparently in the great things of religion. Awful as are the dangers of neglect, it would seem that the terrors of the law are less operative than the persuasions of love. Notwithstanding the momentous question propounded, and the alternative made manifest, it would seem to an ordinary thinker, that the best mode of preventing a course that would incur the terrible penalty, would be to present the consequences of neglect, and to drive by terrible denunciations the erring one from the path that leads down to death. But not so argues the inspired Apostle. "Knowing therefore the terrors of the law," (how appalling that thought,) "we persuade men," (how gentle, how enticing, how successful in such a cause becomes "the triumph of affection.")

Whenever a triumph is to be achieved over evil passions or vicious habits, then the appeal to the affections by the affections must be the means employed. We may check action or delay execution by fear, but we produce no change in the sentiment, no correction of the motive. We may prevent the offending one from injuring others, but we do not by such means lessen his power or his chance of injuring himself.

Oh, how much of destruction, how much of the waste of human feelings, human pride, and glorious self-respect, are due to the want of care in attempts to draw offenders from the pincers of moral danger. Go to the home of wretchedness and vice, and see how promptly the heart responds to the voice of kindness, how one touch of nature awakens the memory of early love, and recalls the bear of peace and virtue, until the heart aches to contemplate the chasm that vice has placed between the future and the terrible present.

Sneer at her who, unable yet to appreciate the consequences of error, treads the path of danger or dullness on the borders to gather flowers that blossom near destruction. Sneer at her and she falls; call her back by the remembrance of home and home joys, by the love of father and friend; recall to her mind the unfailing affection of a mother, and she will turn willingly from her false position, be wared the crime, and only know what the consequences might have been, by marking the fate of those who had none to lure them back.

Our picture it is believed will be suggestive beyond our remarks. It deserves a careful examination; may we not hope that hundreds who gaze at the work of art will take

up the moral lesson which it conveys, and resolve that vice shall owe no triumph to their unkindness, and that virtue shall not lose its followers for a want of the evidences of affection in their lives and conduct. It is lessons such as these that make art useful. It is lessons such as these that make the pugnacious respected—it is the "triumph of nature" over art, and the prevalence of affection over error, that make Christianity beloved. We are happy to make this Magazine the vehicle of moral truth, that takes the best of ancient sentiment and of modern art for its means, and has for its end the cultivation and triumph of purest affection.

THE RAINY DAY.

Odd as it may seem, the condition of the atmosphere has a powerful influence on the animal spirits. It is the mercury in the thermometer of mind, indicating its buoyancy or depression. Who that is an observer of human nature under its various peculiarities, has not been forcibly struck with the vast difference in any one intimate friend, both as to mental activity and sprightliness, on a beautiful, bright, balmy May morning, and on a cold, cheerless, comfortless, cloudy, rainy day in the same "moon?" The whole man is changed—disposition, manner, mind and temperament have undergone some radical metamorphosis. The very mode of thought, the sentiments, the opinions even, are inverted. He who was amiable, instructive, communicative, and lively, is suddenly, by the veering of the wind, changed into a sullen, sombre, morose cynic, restless, moody and taciturn. Conversation is abandoned for long sighs, deep respiration, involuntary growls and lugubrious interjections. The agreeable companion of a clear atmosphere is the thus altered being on a Rainy Day, and the influence that has wrought a change so inimical to individual and domestic economy, is that of the atmosphere. To account for the cause is more the province of a scientific pen. Whether electricity be most positive or negative in certain conditions of the barometer, is a subject for professors of the various "isms" and "icities" of the day. The effect is too apparent to doubt the existence of a cause, and the cause too involved in mystery, to invite discovery by one unlearned in the theories of Royal "Societies" or Republican "Schools." "THE ATMOSPHERE: Its Ingredients and Influences," by John Smith, Fellow of the Royal Society: London 8vo. "ELECTRICITY: Its Cause, Combinations and Effects," by Charles Jones, M. D., Professor of Natural Science in the Cambridge University—New York: Harper & Brothers. "ANIMAL MAGNETISM INVESTIGATED," by Edward Brown, Member of the United States Philosophical Society, Late Professor in the Philadelphia Flight School—Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. "THE ANALOGY BETWEEN MIND AND MATTER, considered in relation to the Doctrine of Transubstantiation and Revealed Religion," by the Right Rev. Bishop Berdout—Universal Christian Publication Association, Boston: Complete in One Volume—Second Edition. These, and the like publications, issuing almost daily, losing monuments of the power of the steam-press, are far too repulsive food for the uninitiated in the art of philosophical digestion. We leave them to the student, who, with fortitude sufficient for the effort, will undertake the study of them on a Rainy Day.

But cause undoubtedly there is, existing somewhere; for so powerful an agent, revolutionizing our very nature, must surely have "a local habitation and a name." Do not let us suppose that because the various Sir John Rosses and Sir John Franklins have failed in their researches after this *primæ mobilis*, that it is hidden from the eyes of science. One of these seasons we shall be delighted by an advertisement in all the daily papers announcing thus:

"Wonderful Discovery! Astounding Developments!! Thousands unable to obtain Admission!!! The Reverend Nephlyte Frisky will deliver a Lecture at the Great Saloon of the Chinese Museum. Subject—Atmospheric Influence on Human-Natureology, showing its Cause and Effects. Experiments will be made after the Lecture. The Secret will be communicated to classes composed of Gentlemen and Ladies, at Ten Dollars a ticket. For notice of the hours of each class see small bills. Admission (so as to bring it within the reach of all) Five Cents—Children half price—Unbelievers admitted Free." Thus faith in the hidden things of science will be made clear to the eyes of the million, and the singular phenomenon, exhibiting itself in its manifest effects from a hitherto undiscovered cause, will become as familiar to men as the horrors of a Rainy Day.

We fear that some will naturally regard these remarks as intended to cast reproach on scientific investigation, and research into the wide fields of pathological—nature-philosophical—moral-philosophical love. Far from it. We beg to invite volunteers to unite in an overland expedition after the philosopher's stone. Let a company be formed on shares, armed and equipped with revolvers and rifles of the latest theory, to shoot opposition on the way for food for the Association—with India Rubber life-boats to cross the streams, and Gutta Percha tents to repose in on the march—secure a flying-machine on the last model, to transport the enthusiasts over mountains, and stock enough at \$5 a share to start the enterprise, if not the expedition. We would not only invite the formation of such Associations in all the Atlantic cities, but suggest to rural scientists to leave the plough of successful homestead labor, sell out their little all, and invest at once. Why drudge longer, alone and single-handed, when these combinations and associations insure the journey to be made in six weeks from the "Independence" of the first start. But, reader, let us advise you, if you are seriously impressed with the propriety of the undertaking and its certain success, do not dwell on the results to be attained on a Rainy Day.

Suggestions of unbelief in any novelty are more common than should be. A course of opposition to the march of mind, camping in its progress at startling or astounding discoveries, is detrimental to the developments of science, applied to every day use. We do not desire to be regarded as cynical or infidel, and therefore avow an attachment to these novelties *ex animis*. The utter incomprehensibility of any scheme is no objection to its feasibility. Far from it. On the contrary, the less it is understood the more it is applauded. Once announced for the investigation of the muses, a public meeting is called, as follows: "TOWN MEETING. The citizens of the village of Love-Your-Enemies will assemble in the Hall where "justice is judicially administered," on Saturday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to consider the propriety of memorializing Congress to grant 100,000 acres of the public domain, for the purpose of raising a fund to be invested in the capital stock of a company about to be formed, to construct an Electro-Magnetic Wire Suspension Bridge from the Narrows, at New York, to Tusca Light-House, on the English coast. Mr. Amasa Foresight Marblehead, the discoverer of this wonderful invention for the benefit of mankind, and patent pacification of nations, will be present and explain its principal features." Signed by Hon. Col. Maj. M. D. Rev. Esq. The meeting convenes at the appointed time. Speeches are made. Diagrams, models, drawings, lithographs, sections are exhibited. The audience are delighted, mystified, gratified, magnified, bunbuggified, and somnambulated. Resolutions are offered. A disciple of Roger Sherman objects,

and sonorously desires the *Cui Bono* in facts and figures. Question! Question! is shouted by the Esquire who signed the call, the brother of the chairman, and the gentleman who organized the meeting. These vociferous demonstrations become public opinion, and under its supreme potent influence the resolutions are adopted, and the assembly adjourns. All is wonder, amazement and vacancy. One doubts. He is beleaguered by the President, Vice-President and Secretaries of the meeting, and silenced with "specific gravity," "comic sections," "capillary attraction," "latent pressure," "malleability of metals," "attraction of cohesion," "simultaneity of fluxions," and the superior capacity of the arch over the horizontal, to bear weight. The object is accomplished—the probability assumes the shape of certainty—the unsophisticated are converted—the community is alive to the absolute necessity of the project—the most flattering prospects are in the future. The bridge is built on paper, and on the mid-air viaduct is represented flour and corn pouring into England, and emigrants and their progeny pouring out. How delightful! Well, "probably the humberg of the thing" would never have been made known, had it not been for the morbid disposition of some skeptic, exaggerated by the atmospheric influence of a *Rainy Day*.

The atmospheric influence, then, is savagely detrimental to the mature development of extraordinary discoveries. In this it is anti-practical-scientific, and will, ere long, be driven from scholastic favoritism. Unwelcome as we have shown it to be in individual and scientific economy, we trust our researchers into the economy of politics will prove more favorable.

The State is a comprehensive word, meaning a conglomeration of voters. Voters are men presumed to be aged one-and-twenty each—that is, every voter must be, by law, in a majority before an election at which he votes, but it is not unlawful for him to be in a minority after he has voted. At this maturity they are infected with the frailties of humanity, consequently they agree and disagree with each other. Thus parties are formed on the basis of "principles, not men," for the one, and "men, not principles," for the other. On the supremacy of one of these combinations the safety of the State depends—so each conscientiously believes. To test the question, elections have been established—a modern republican invention, instead of the old "wager of battle." The note of preparation is sounded. Martial music echoes in city, village, town and valley, in token of the peaceful nature of the coming contest. The voters of each party are gathered under banners inscribed with the poetry of politics. Speeches are made by the humble aspirant after public fame in the shape of "spoils," a figurative designation for the reward of patriotism. The taverns are filled; disquisitions on political principles, qualifications for public servants, the past history of nominers, and the future prospects of the faithful, are discussed with the blindness and courtesy which mark all polemic controversies. In order to purify the political atmosphere of such assemblies in those party crannons called "Head Quarters," the fumes of tobacco, flavored with the insensible distillations of "old rye" or "Monongahela," are used *ad libitum*. This, by the aid of music, speeches, rum and tobacco, "the great principles of the party" are preserved from decay, and made palatable to "generations yet unborn." As the contest progresses, it is more and more marked by enthusiasm, sincerity, patriotism, self-devotedness to those abstractions born in "43," and destined to a green old age, or their immemorial antagonistic dogmas of a more northern extraction. Music, meetings, speeches and speculations, banners and bantering, polemics and pyrotechnics, rum and rows, fights and fabrications,

placards and publications, advocates and anathemas, multiply in proportion to the chances of success. Committees of vigilance are active—window-committees impudent—voters are volatile and vicious—candidates are cup-bag, cabuling, convivial, cautious, curious and concerned. Thus progresses the campaign. The day arrives—Election Day—ling with the fate of patronage and place. "To the Polls, Freemen, to the Polls!" is conspicuous at every turn, reminding those who have just awoke to the objects of the day, after weeks spent in fruitless attempts to convince them of the importance of the "Second Tuesday" in the political Almanac. Voting is the absorbing business. "Vote early," is announced as of the utmost consequence. "Vote for John Smith," is pronounced the only miracle by which liberty can be guaranteed to the nation. Workmen are informed that John Brown is alone advised of the most salutary remedy for all their evils. Business men are warned that prosperity will abound under a Tariff, with the cabalistic addition of "42," and that rain belongs to that of "46." The timid are startled by the announcement that "the country is ruined," and the "constitution has been violated," while anon is proclaimed that "the dearest rights of freemen are in jeopardy." So passes the "Second Tuesday"—voting, voting, voting, "on age," "on papers," "on tax receipts," and "on principle." There must be an end to all things. So with Election Day. The polls are closed. The counting begins. Majorities and victories are cheered as published. One party claims success from figures, the other from numbers. One calculates success, the other votes it. It is decided, at last, by the indisputable returns. The victors attribute their triumph to the people; the defeated find consolation in the fact that they would have been triumphant, had it not been—a *Rainy Day*.

Atmospheric influences are suicidal, it seems, in politics. And as it may seem, the character of the atmosphere has a powerful influence on other things beside animal spirits. Reader, pause—our task is done. Of a highly mercurial temperament, affected with despondency or hilarity, as the sky is cloudy or clear, we were forced to get rid of ourselves on one of those pluvious phenomena in the temperate zone, and hence we wasted our own time and yours by dedicating our reflections to *The Rainy Day*.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—We do not think our patrons can fail to be pleased with this the first number of a new volume of "Graham's Magazine." We confess to feeling proud of it ourselves, and think we fully redeem the promise we made to increase the claims of our periodical upon popular favor. No similar publication, it may be confidently asserted, ever presented an equal array of merits and attractions, whether the artistic embellishments or literary contents be considered, and we know that our good friends, the public, will award to us the meed of superiority over all others, *nom. con.* But excellent as the opening number of the volume is, the rest shall fully equal if not surpass it in beauty. We have always held our position in advance of all competitors, and the ground shall be maintained. Let others do as they may, the subscribers to "Graham's Magazine" may rest assured that their favorite publication will never degenerate or forfeit the proud distinction long ago conferred upon it of being "The Gem of the Mouthpieces, and the Leading Periodical in America."

Our subscription list is rapidly increasing; new friends sending in their names every day. This is an appropriate season to commence taking the Magazine, and the novelties and new beauties we have in preparation will render the current volume one well worthy of careful preservation.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

H. Kavanaugh. A Tale. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume has been very extensively read, has delighted almost every reader, and yet has left on the minds of many a feeling of disappointment. Considered as a novel, it must be admitted that the story is but slight, the characters hinted rather than developed, and the whole frame-work fragile; but it would perhaps be more fair to judge it according to the purpose the author had in view in writing it, and this purpose was evidently not the production of a consistent novel, but the illustration of an idea through the forms of a tale. Mr. Churchill, who is always meditating a romance and never producing one, and while musing over the idea is unconscious of the romance developing under his very eyes, is a good illustration of the motto of the work—

"The flighty purpose never is o'erlooked,
Unless the deed go with it."

The romance present to Mr. Churchill's vision, but which he does not perceive, is, to be sure, a common one, but none the less affecting because it is common. It is a simple but quietly intense representation of love in its two great expressions in life—the love which impurifies and the love which breaks hearts; and it has no reference at all to time, but is the universal fact of all ages.

In addition to his lovers, Mr. Longfellow has sketched with much beautiful humor, the characters and characteristics of a country town. His mirth is the very poetry of mirth, sly, genial, fanciful, reminding the reader of Dickens without suggesting the thought of imitation. All the incidents and emotions of the book are enveloped in an atmosphere of poetry. It is this magical charm of the poet, investing the commonest materials with a drapery of imagination, and sending a rich and golden flush through the whole expression, which constitutes the merit of the volume. An ideal sweetness, sometimes felt in the music of the words, sometimes in the fine felicity of the imagery, and sometimes in the "soft, Autumn air," breathed upon the characters, pervades equally the author's humor, pathos, sentiment, passion and reflection. The effect of the whole is not to thrill or excite the reader, not to inspire terror or awaken thoughts "beyond the reaches of his soul," but to fill him with the highest possible degree of intellectual and moral comfort. There are no stings in the author's mind, and he plants none in the minds of others. He is a mortal enemy to unrest, to all haggard and unhandsome thoughts and sensibilities, and fuses matter and spirit into a sensuous compound, calculated to give poetic pleasure rather than to inspire poetic action.

There is one fault to the book more serious, perhaps, than any other, and that is its shortness. The characters are well conceived, but imperfectly developed. The premises of Kavanaugh's character are excellent, but no conclusion is drawn from them except his marriage, and that is something of a *non-sequitur*. The ground is fairly broken for a long work, for a sort of American *Wilhelm Meister*, and though the author's plan hardly demands its cultivation to the extent of its capacity, we feel rather provoked that he did not make his plan commensurate with the elements of his characters. In Kavanaugh we have a reformer who blends cultivated and sensitive tastes with great aspirations, and to have fully developed such a person, by representing the modifications of his mind through its contact with the reformers and conservatives of New Eng-

land, would have enabled Mr. Longfellow to produce the most original and striking novel of the day, and one which would have been a mirror of New England life in its present manifestations. The ideas and purposes of Kavanaugh alone are given, and he, rather than Mr. Churchill spreads a gulf between intentions and deeds. To have made the woman he loved non-sympathetic with him as a reformer, and the woman he did not love his adherent in that capacity, would have finely complicated the matter, and resulted in many original agonies, ecstasies, mental struggles, and thrilling situations. Such a novel, even if, like Goethe's, it had cost ten years' labor, would, as treated by Mr. Longfellow, have obtained an instantaneous and enduring popularity.

My Uncle the Curate. A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The mere announcement of any thing from the sparkling brain of the Bachelor of the Albany, is sufficient to raise anticipations of brisk and business-like satire, of felicitous expression, and of good-mixed representation of the follies of conventional life. The present work evinces more of the novelist, and less of the wit-snapper, than any thing the author has previously written. The story and the characters, though plentifully bespangled with epigrams, are still not immersed and lost in them; and there is not that incessant effort after smartness and point which at one period seemed to be the law of the writer's mind. Mr. Woodward, the Curate, has some capital traits of character felicitously developed, and his wife, belonging to that kind of women known as everybody's mother, is drawn to the life. In Mrs. Spenser we have one of those plagues of mankind, who cause more misery than pestilence and war—a nervous, fretful, peevish, unsatisfied, vinegar-soaked wife, engaged in slaughtering her husband with pain, and making up for the weakness of her instruments by the continuity of her attacks. Lucy McCrudden appears to have been suggested by Thackeray's Becky Sharp, and she is in every way inferior to the latter in the logic of her artfulness. Dawson, Sidney Spenser, Markham and Vinyan, are all well delineated declinations of young men, though the lover is the least interesting. The author is something of a bungler in handling the passions and affections, and considered as a man of wit, is singularly blind to the ludicrous effect which his serious scenes often produce. He is a capital laugher at the sentimentalities and agonies of other novelists, but when he ventures into their region he is as far from common scenes and natural feeling as any of the dabblers in broken hearts and crushed affections whom he ridicules.

The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. New York: John Wiley. Part I.

The announcement of a new work by the most popular novelist of the day, is quite an event to the finished lovers of his genius. It is difficult to judge from the first number whether it will be worthy of the author's fame, but it promises well both in respect to originality and interest. With the characteristic traits of Dickens's style and mode of delineating characters and narrating events, it starts a new society of individuals, who may rival the old familiar names in popularity. The peculiar humor, fancy, sweet-

ness, and verbal felicity, which have already delighted so many thousands, appear in this work with their old power, and give no signs of decay. For knowledge of the heart we would allude to the scene in which Mrs. Copperfield questions Davy as to the exact words the gentleman at Lowestoft used in speaking of her beauty, as pre-eminently excellent. For quaint humor, bordering continually on pathos, the life which Davy led in the queer house on Yarmouth beach, with Peggotty's relations, might be triumphantly quoted to silence all doubts of Dickens's continued fertility. The knowledge evinced throughout of the interior workings and external expression of a child's mind, is quite remarkable. Indeed, if the author proceeds as he has commenced, there can be little fear of his success. It remains, however, to be seen, whether or not his characters will please through twenty numbers.

Holidays Abroad: or Europe from the West. By Mrs. Kirkland. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

The accomplished authoress of these elegant volumes has established so good a reputation by her previous writings, that we opened her present book with some reluctance, fearing that the subject would be too threadbare even for her powers to make interesting. Indeed records of tours in Europe have become so common, so natural an employment of capturing mediocrity, that to read them is an exercise in yawning, and to criticize them an assumption of the office of executioner. We prefer dullness in almost any other form. It is due to Mrs. Kirkland, however, to acknowledge that she has triumphed over the disadvantages of her subject, and produced a really interesting work, avoiding all the wearisome topographical innuities and stereotyped opinions of most tourists, and giving a new and vivid glimpse of foreign life. She appears to understand the wants of her readers, and she tells them the very things they most desire to know. Her passage on St. Peter's is one instance among many which the book affords, of her knowledge of the ignorance of her readers, and her felicity in suggesting a view of a whole subject by fixing on a few important details. She generally succeeds in conveying so warm an impression of the objects she describes, as to make her readers the companions in the journey.

The Adirondack: or Life in the Woods. By J. T. Headley, Author of *Washington and his Generals, &c.* New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume the dashing and brilliant author of *Napoleon and his Marshals* has occupied a new ground. The northern section of the state of New York, comprising nearly eight counties, is still an unimproved forest, "crossed by no road, cultivated by no cultivation, not a keel disturbing its waters, while bears, panthers, wolves, moose and deer, are the only lords of the soil." Into this region Mr. Headley conducts his readers, and certainly few subjects could be better fitted for his picturesque pen. The magnificent scenery of the region he has described with great force, freshness and pictorial effect, and the various adventures incident to a life in the woods, are narrated with the author's accustomed vigor and richness. The work being in the form of familiar letters, admits of every style of verbal expression which truly reflects the feeling of the moment, and the reader is therefore not troubled by the presence of those occasional nadirities of diction which, in Mr. Headley's more elaborate works, sometimes offend a pure taste.

Analogy of the Ancient Craft, Masonry, to Revealed Religion. Greig & Elliott.

* This is the title of a beautifully printed octavo volume,

from the pen, and evidently from the heart, of Charles Scott, A. M., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of Mississippi. The literature of the Order of Masonry is not extensive, for reasons that the members of the Order probably fully comprehend. It is confined to a few volumes of addresses, and to some liturgies and hand-books; all, of course, useful to the craft, but not all interesting to the world. The volume before us is the result of much deep feeling, which manifested and employed itself in careful research, close reading, sustained reflection, and an able exposition of the results of all those processes.

The Analogy is ably made, and though the uninitiated may not feel the same interest as do the "craftsmen" in the Analogy, yet many readers will find on its pages much to admire, much that will instruct, much that will lead him to reflect and inquire.

The initiated who sits down to the book with a love of the institution, will find that love augmented, his respect increased, and his views greatly enlarged by the developments of the able author of the volume. We commend the work to the attention of general readers, but especially to those who share membership with Mr. Scott.

Last Leaves of American History: Comprising Histories of the Mexican War and California. By Emma Willard. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Commencing with the inauguration of General Harrison, Mrs. Willard presents us with a clear and condensed account of the events which followed to the close of the Mexican war. Although most of them are familiar to the readers of the newspapers, we suppose that few minds possess them in their order and connection, stripped of all exaggeration and telegraphic inaccuracies. Mrs. Willard writes in a bold, decisive style, without any apparent partisan object, and with no other purpose to serve than to glorify the country as far as it can be done without any sacrifice of truth. We have found the volume interesting and accurate.

The Genius of Italy: being Sketches of Italian Life, Literature and Religion. By Rev. Robert Turnbull, Author of *Genius of Scotland, &c.* New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an exceedingly interesting and well-written volume, full at once of discernment and enthusiasm, exhibiting considerable knowledge of Italian literature, scenery, manners and character, and showing a true Anglo-Saxon sagacity in its views of the present state of Italy. The work is both descriptive and critical, and many passages have a pictorial distinctness which prove that the objects described were vividly mirrored on the writer's imagination as he wrote. The sketches of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, contain many correct opinions, and are well calculated to convey information as well as to inspire enthusiasm for the genius of Italy.

History of King Charles the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a most useful and entertaining biography of a regal soul, whose reign is the soul and zest of history. Charles was a good natured rascal, whose destitution of principle and indifference to shame, approached the marvellous. The record of his reign is full of matter for reflection, and Mr. Abbott has presented it with more than his accustomed felicity in the selection of events, and graceful simplicity of style.



THE GOLDEN AGE







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THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

OR PROFESSIONS—PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

The Deacon.

EVERYBODY called Mr. Humphreys a good man. To have found any fault with the deacon would have been to impugn the church itself, whose most firm pillar he stood. No one stopped to analyze his goodness—it was enough that in all outward semblance, in the whole putting together of the outward man, there was a conformity of sanctity; that is, he read his Bible—held family prayers night and morning—preached long homilies to the young—gave in the cause of the heathen—and was, moreover, of a grave and solemn aspect, seldom given to the folly of laughter.

All this, and more did good Deacon Humphreys; and yet one thing he lacked, viz., the sweet spirit of charity.

I mean not that he oppressed the widow, or robbed the orphan of bread; no, not this, it was the cold unforgiving spirit with which he looked upon the errors of his fellow man—the iron hand with which he thrust far from him the offender, which betrayed the want of that charity "*which rejoiceth not in iniquity, suffereth long, and is kind.*"

He was also pertinaciously sectarian. No other path than the one in which he walked could lead to eternal life. No matter the sect, so that they differed from him, it was enough—they were outlawed from the gates of Heaven. Ah! had the deacon shared more the spirit of our blessed Saviour, in whose name he offered up his prayers, then, indeed, might he have been entitled to the Christian character he professed.

Mrs. Humphreys partook largely of her husband's views. She, too, was irreproachable in her daily walks, and her household presented a rare combination of order and neatness. The six days work was done, and done faithfully, and the seventh cared for, ere the going down of the Saturday's sun, which always left her house in order—her rooms newly swept and garnished—the stockings mended—the clean clothes laid out for the Sabbath wear—while in the kitchen pantry, a joint of cold meat, or a relay of pies, was

provided, that no hand might labor for the creature comforts on the morrow. As the last rays of the sun disappeared from hill and valley, the doors of the house were closed—the blinds pulled down—the well-polished mahogany stand drawn from its upright position in the corner of the sitting-room, which it occupied from Monday morning until the coming of the Saturday night—the great family Bible placed thereon, while with countenances of corresponding gravity, and well-balanced spectacles, the deacon and his wife read from its holy pages.

Thus in all those outward observances of piety, whereon the great eyes of the great world are staring, I have shown that the deacon and his good wife might challenge the closest scrutiny. Nor would I be understood to detract aught from these observances, or throw down one stone from the altars of our Puritan fathers. We need all the legacy they left their children. The force of good example is as boundless as the tares of sin—let us relax nothing which may tend to check the evil growth—and who shall say that the upright walk of Deacon Humphreys was without a salutary influence.

But it is with the *inner* man we have to do. The fairest apples are sometimes defective at the core.

CHAPTER II.

Grassmere and its Inhabitants.

Grassmere was a quiet out-of-the-way village, hugged in close by grand mountains, and watered by sparkling rivulets and cascades, which came leaping down the hillsides like frolicksome Naiads, and then with a murmur as sweet as the songs of childhood, ran off to play bo-peep with the blue heavens amid the deep clover-fields, or through banks sprinkled with nodding wild-flowers.

A tempting retreat was Grassmere to the weary man of business, whose days had been passed within the brick and mortar walks of life, and whom the fresh air, and the green grass, and the waving woods,

were but as a page of delicious poetry snatched at idle hours. Free from the turmoil and vexations of the city, how pleasant to tread the down-hill of life, surrounded by such peaceful influences as smiled upon the inhabitants of Grassmere, and several beautiful cottages nesting in the valley, or dotting the hill-side, attested that some fortunate man of wealth had here cast loose the burthen of the day, to repose in the quiet of nature.

Although our story bears but slightly save upon three or four of the three thousand inhabitants of Grassmere, I will state that a variety of religious opinions had for several years been gradually creeping into this primitive town, and that where once a single church received the inhabitants within one faith, there were now four houses of worship, all embracing different tenets. But the deacon walked heavenward his own path, shaking his skirts free from all contamination with other sects, whom, indeed, he looked upon as little better than heathen.

The pastor of the church claiming so zealous a member, was a man eminent for his Christian benevolence. His was not the piety which exhausted itself in words—heart and soul did he labor to do his Master's will, and far from embracing the rigid views of the worthy Deacon Humphreys, he wore the garb of charity for all, and in his great, good heart loved all.

He had one son, who, at the period from which my story dates, was pursuing his collegiate course at one of our most popular institutions, and in his own mind the deacon had determined that Hubert Fairlie should become the husband of his only daughter, Naomi. In another month Hubert was to return to pass his vacation at Grassmere, and Naomi looked forward to the meeting with unaffected pleasure. They had been playmates in childhood, companions in riper years; but love had nothing to do with their regard for each other, yet the deacon could not conceive how friendship alone should thus unite them. At any rate Naomi must be the wife of Hubert—that was as set as his Sunday face.

The deacon was a man well off in worldly matters. He owned the large, highly cultivated farm on which he lived, as also several snug houses within the village, which rented at good rates.

But the little cottage at Silver-Fall was untenanted. Through the inability of its former occupant to pay the rent, it had returned upon the hands of the deacon, and although one of the most delightful residences for miles around, had now been for several months without a tenant.

A charming spot was Silver-Fall, with its little dwelling half hidden by climbing roses and shadowy maples. Smooth as velvet was the lawn, with here and there a cluster of blue violets clinging timidly together, and hemmed by a silvery thread of bright laughing water, which, within a few rods of the cottage-door, suddenly leaped over a bed of rocks some twenty feet high, into the valley below. This gave it the name of Silver-Fall Cottage—all too enticing a spot it would seem to remain long unoccupied. Yet the snows of winter yielded to the gentle breath of spring, and the bright fruits of summer already decked the

hedge-rows and the thicket, ere a tenant could be found, and then there came a letter to Mr. Humphreys from a widow lady living in a distant city, requiring the terms on which he would lease his pretty cottage.

They were favorable, it would seem, to her views, and in due time Mrs. Norton, her daughter Grace, and two female domestics, arrived at Silver-Fall.

CHAPTER III.

One Fold of the Curtain drawn back.

A new comer in a country village is always sure to elicit more or less curiosity, and Mrs. Norton did not escape without her due share from the inhabitants of Grassmere. With telegraph speed it was found out that she was a lady between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in bombazine, and wore close mourning caps. Miss Norton was talked of as a slender, fair girl, with blue eyes, and long, flowing curls, and might be seventeen, perhaps twenty—of course, they could not be strictly accurate in this matter.

Bales of India matting were unrolled in the doorway—crates of beautiful china unpacked in the piazza—sofas and chairs crept out from their rough traveling cases, displaying all the beauty of rose-wood and damask, until finally by aid of all these means and appliances to boot, Mrs. Norton and her daughter were pronounced very genteel—but—

"But, I wonder what they are!" said Mrs. Humphreys to the deacon, as talking over these secular matters she handed him his second cup of coffee.

Not that the good lady had any doubt of their being *bona fide* flesh and blood; neither did she believe they were witches or fairies who had taken up their abode at Silver-Fall. "*I wonder what they are!*" must therefore be interpreted as "*I wonder what church they attend,*" or "*what creed they profess.*"

The deacon shook his head and looked solemn,

"It is to be hoped," continued Mrs. Humphreys, complacently stirring the coffee, "that at her period of life Mrs. Norton may be a professor of some kind."

The deacon dropped his knife and fork—he was shocked—astounded.

"I am surprised to hear you speak thus lightly. Mrs. Humphreys—a professor of some kind! Is it not better that she should yet rest in her sins, than to be walking in the footsteps of error—a professor of some kind! Wife—wife—you forget yourself!" exclaimed the deacon.

"I spoke thoughtlessly, I acknowledge," answered Mrs. Humphreys, much confuted by the stern rebuke of her husband. "I meant to say, I hoped she had found a pardon for her sins."

"Have you forgotten that you are a parent?" continued the deacon, solemnly. "Can you suffer the ears of your daughter to drink in such poison! A professor of some kind! Naomi, my child," placing his hand on the sunny head before him, "beware how you listen to such doctrine; there is but one true faith—there is but one way by which you can be saved. Go to your chamber, and pray you may not be led into error through your mother's words of folly!"

But there were others at Grassmere most anxiously

wondering, like good Mrs. Humphreys, "*what they were,*" ere they so far committed themselves as to call upon the strangers. Sunday, however, was close at hand; Mrs. Norton's choice of a church was to determine them the choice of her acquaintance.

Does the reader think the inhabitants of Grassmere peculiar? I think not. There are very many just such people not a hundred rods from our own doors.

Unfortunately, on Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. Nothing less impervious than strong cow-hide boots—India-rubber overcoats, and thick cotton umbrellas, could go to meeting, consequently, Mrs. Norton staid at home, and on Monday afternoon, after the washing was done, and the deacon had turned his well-saturated hay, Mrs. Humphreys put on her best black silk gown and mantilla, her plain straw bonnet, with white trimmings, and walked over with her husband to Silver-Fall cottage. As the widow rented her house of them, they could not in decency, they reasoned, longer defer calling upon her.

A glance within the cottage would convince any one that Mrs. Norton and Grace were at least persons of refinement—for there is as much character displayed in the arrangement of a room as in the choice of a book.

Cream colored mattings, and window-curtains of transparent lace, relieved by hangings of pale sea-green silk, imparted a look of delicious coolness to the apartments. There was no display of gaudy furniture, as if a cabinet warehouse had been taken on speculation—yet there was enough for comfort and even elegance; nor was there an over exhibition of paintings—one of Cole's beautiful land-scapes, and a few other gems of native talent were all; nor were the tables freighted as the counter of a toy-shop; the only ornament of such was a beautiful vase of Bohemian glass, filled with fresh garden flowers, whose tasteful arrangement even fairy hands could not have rivaled.

The few moments they were awaiting the entrance of Mrs. Norton were employed by Mrs. Humphreys in taking a rapid survey of all these surroundings, the result of which was to impress her with a sort of awe for the mistress of this little realm.

"My stars!" said she, casting her eyes to the right and left, half rising from the luxurious couch to peep into one corner, and almost breaking her neck to dive into another, "my stars, deacon, if this don't beat all I ever did see!"

But the deacon, with an air worthy of a funeral, shook his head, closed his eyes, and muttered, "Vanity—vanity!"

The door opened, and Grace gliding in, sweetly apologized for her mother, whom a violent headache detained in her apartment.

"Well, I do wish I knew what they were!" again exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, as she took the deacon's arm and plodded thoughtfully homeward.

Then going to a dark cupboard under the stairs, she rummaged for some time among the jars and gullipots, and finally producing one marked "Raspberry Jam," she told Naomi to put on her Sunday bonnet, and carry it to the cottage, and—

"Naomi, you may just as well ask Grace Norton what meeting she goes to."

Delighted to make the acquaintance of Grace, Naomi threw on her bonnet and tripped lightly to the cottage, thinking little, we fear, of her mother's last charge. At any rate it was omitted, and so the night-cap of Mrs. Humphreys again threw its broad frilling over an un-satisfied brow.

In the morning the deacon received a very neat note from Mrs. Norton, requesting to see him up on business.

"And now, my dear sir," said she, after the common courtesies of the day were passed, "I have taken the liberty to send for you to transact a little business for me. If not too great a tax upon your time, will you purchase a pew for me?"

The deacon grinningly smiled, and rubbing his knee, replied.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Norton, I shall be glad to attend to the matter. True, it is a busy season with us farmers, but the Lord forbid I should therefore neglect *his* business."

"Do you think you can procure me one?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"O, I reckon so, for I am certain there are several pews now to be let or sold either."

"And what price, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Well, I guess about sixty dollars; and now I recollect, Squire Bryco wants to sell his—it is right alongside of mine, and I reckon my pew is as good for hearing the word as any in the meeting-house. I am glad, really I do rejoice to find you a true believer."

"You mistake my church, I see," said Mrs. Norton, smiling, "I belong to a different denomination from the one of which as I am aware you are a professor."

"Then," cried the deacon, rising hastily and making for the door, "excuse me—I—I know nothing of any other church or its pews. I cannot be the instrument of seating you where false doctrines are preached! I—good morning, ma'am."

The widow sighed as the gate slammed after her visitor, but Grace burst into a merry fit of laughter.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed; "was there ever such absurdity!"

"Hush, hush my dear child," said Mrs. Norton, "Mr. Humphreys is without doubt perfectly conscientious in this matter—we may pity, but not condemn such zeal in the cause of religion."

"Do you call bigotry religion, mamma?" asked Grace.

"A person may be a very good Christian, Grace, and yet be very much of a bigot," answered her mother. "That such a spirit as Mr. Humphreys has just now shown may often be productive of more evil than good, I allow. His aim is to do good, but he adopts the wrong measures."

"Why, mamma, one would have judged from his manner that we were infidels!" said Grace.

"O no, my child, he did not really think that," replied Mrs. Norton, smiling at her earnestness. "He only felt shocked at what he deems our error—for he sacredly believes there can be no safety in any other creed than his own. Without the charity therefore

to think there may be good in all sects, and lacking the desire to study the subject, or rather so much wedded to his belief that he would deem it almost a sin to do so, like an unjust judge, he condemns without a hearing. There are too many such mistaken zealots in every creed of worship. "O, my dear child," continued Mrs. Norton, her fine eyes bathed in tears, "would that members of every sect might unite in love and charity to one another! They are all aiming alike to love and serve Christ, and yet take no heed to his commandment, '*Love ye one another!*'"

"Well, mamma, for the sake of his sweet daughter, Naomi, I can forgive the good deacon. I have never seen a more interesting face than hers, and her manners are as graceful and lady-like as if she had never seen the country," said Grace.

"And most probably a great deal more so, my love," replied Mrs. Norton, "for nature can add a grace which courts cannot give. But I agree with you in thinking Miss Humphreys interesting; she is, indeed, so, and if her countenance prove an index of her mind, I think you may promise yourself a pleasing companion."

But the deacon, it seems, was of a different way of thinking, and no sooner did he enter under his own roof, place his oak stick in the corner, and hang up his hat on the peg behind the door, than going into the kitchen where the good wife was busily employed preparing the noonday meal, assisted by Naomi, he made known with serious countenance, that he had discovered *what they were* at Silver-Fall cottage!

Of course, Miss Norton was not such a companion as they would choose for Naomi. True, she was a pretty girl, and Mrs. Norton a lady of faultless manners; but then so much the more dangerous, and therefore Naomi, though not forbidden, was admonished to beware of their new acquaintances.

CHAPTER IV.

Love Passages.

The summer passed, and in the bright month of September, came Hubert Fairlie, to pass a few weeks beneath the glad roof of his parents, whose only and beloved child he was.

Their warm welcome given, the first visit of Hubert was to Naomi. They met as such young and ardent friends meet after an absence of months, and Naomi soon confided to him her regret that her parents would not allow her to cultivate the friendship of Grace Norton, whom she extolled in such warm and earnest language, that Hubert found his curiosity greatly excited to behold one calling forth such high eulogium from the gentle Naomi.

An evening walk was accordingly planned which would lead them near the cottage, hoping by that means to obtain a glimpse of its fair inmate. Fortune favored them. As they came within view of the cottage, a sweet voice was heard chaunting the Evening Hymn to the Virgin, and Hubert and Naomi paused to listen to as heavenly sounds as ever floated on the calm twilight air. Then as the song concluded, Grace herself still sweeping her fairy fingers over the strings

to a lively waltz, sprang out from the little arbor, and with her hair floating around her like stray sunbeams, her beautiful blue eyes lifted upward, her white arms embracing the guitar, and her graceful figure swaying to the gay measure like a bird upon the tree-top, tripped over the greensward.

Among other amusements which the deacon held in great abhorrence was dancing, and Naomi had been taught to look upon all such exhibitions as vain and sinful. Yet never, I may venture to say, did any pair of little feet so long to be set at liberty as did Naomi's—*pat—pat—pat—ing* the gravel-walk where they stood, urging their young mistress to bound through the gate and trip it with those other little feet twinkling so fleetly to the merry music.

The cheeks of Grace rivaled the hue of June roses, as she suddenly encountered the gaze of a stranger; but seeing Naomi, she hastened to greet her, and thereby hide her embarrassment. Naomi introduced her companion, and then Grace invited them to walk in the garden, and look at her fine show of autumn flowers. Minutes flew imperceptibly, and ere they were aware, Hubert and Naomi found themselves seated in the tasteful parlor of the cottage listening to another sweet song from the lips of Grace.

As this is not precisely a love tale, I may as well admit at once, that Hubert became deeply enamored of the bewitching Grace, and from that evening was a frequent and not unwelcome visitor—a fact which was soon discovered by the deacon, for noting that Hubert came not so often as was his wont to the farm, he set about to find out what could have so suddenly turned the footsteps of the young man from his door.

Alas, for his hopes of a son-in-law in Hubert! He found those footsteps very closely on the track of as dainty a pair of slippers as ever graced the foot of a Cinderella.

Nothing could exceed his disappointment, save the pity he felt for his minister, whose son he considered rushing blindly into the snares of the Evil One. Nay, so far did he carry his pity as to warn Mr. Fairlie of the detection of Hubert. But when that worthy man reproved his uncharitableness, and acknowledged that he could hope for no greater earthly happiness for his son, than to see him the husband of so charming and amiable a girl as Grace Norton, the deacon was perfectly thunder-struck! It was dreadful—what would the world come to! In short almost believing in the apostasy of the minister himself, the deacon went home groaning in spirit, as much perhaps for the frustration of his own schemes, as for the "falling off," as he termed it of the reverend clergyman!

The swift term of vacation expired, and Hubert returned to college. His collegiate course would end with the next term, and then it was his wish to commence the study of the law. Mr. Fairlie was, perhaps, somewhat disappointed that his son did not adopt his own sacred profession; but he was a man of too much sense to force the decision of Hubert or thwart his wishes. He hoped to see him a good man whatever might be his calling; and if ever youth gave promise to make glad the heart of a parent, that youth was Hubert Fairlie.

The intercourse between Grace and Naomi from this time almost wholly ceased, much to the regret of both. Yet such were the orders of Deacon Humphreys, whose good-will toward the widow and her daughter was by no means strengthened by the events of the last four weeks.

CHAPTER V.

The Practical and Theoretical Christian.

"Why what have you done with Nelly to-day?" asked Mrs. Humphreys, of her washerwoman, who came every Monday morning, regularly attended by a little ragged, half-starved girl of four years old, whose province it was to pick up the close-pins, drive the hens off the bleach, and keep the kittens from scalding their frisky tails—receiving for her reward a thin slice of bread and butter, or maybe, if all things went right, and no thunder-qualls brewed, or sudden hurricanes swept over the close-fold, a piece of gingerbread or a cookie. "What, I say, have you done with Nelly?"

"O, ma'am, she has gone to school—only think of it, my poor little Nelly has gone to school! It does seem," continued Mrs. White, resting her arms on the tub, and holding suspended by her two hands a well-patched shirt of the deacon's, "it does seem as if the Lord had sent that Mrs. Norton here to be a blessing to the poor!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Humphreys, spitefully rattling the dishes.

"Only think," continued Mrs. White, "she has given up one whole room in her house to Miss Grace, who has been round and got all the children that can't go to school because their parents are too poor to send them, and just teaches them herself for nothing! God bless her, I say!" exclaimed the washerwoman, strenuously, her tears mingling with the soap-suds into which she now plunged her two arms so vigorously as to dash the creaming foam to the ceiling.

Mrs. Humphreys was at once surprised and angry. She could not conceive why a lady like Mrs. Norton should do such a thing as to keep a ragged school, and that, too, without pay or profit. She had forgotten the words of our blessed Lord, "*Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me,*" or, "*As much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*" Charity alone, she argued in her selfish nature, could not have influenced Mrs. Norton to put herself to so much trouble for a troop of noisy, dirty, half-clothed children! No, there must be some deeper motive—some sectarian object, perhaps, to be gained; and, impressed with this idea, she said tartly,

"I think it is a pretty piece of presumption in Mrs. Norton to come here and set herself up in this way, telling us as it were of our duty. She is a stranger, and what business is it of hers, I should like to know, whether the children go to school or not!"

"O, Mrs. Humphreys, indeed, I think the spirit of the Lord guides her!" said Mrs. White. "Miss Grace came and asked me so humbly like, if I would let her teach my Nelly, and then kissed the little fatherless child so, so—that—that—O, I could have wor-

shipped her!" and fresh tears streamed down the cheeks of the washerwoman.

"Worship a fiddle-stick!" exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, out of all patience, "I know what she wants—an artful creature; yes, she wants to make Nelly go to her meeting!"

Poor Mrs. White could not help smiling at the idea of attempting to form the religious creed of a child scarce four years old.

"Well, if she will only make her as good as she is, I don't care!" she answered, "for the Bible says, '*By their fruits ye shall know them.*'"

Mrs. Humphreys was more and more shocked at this. She whispered it to Mrs. Smith, who whispered it to Mrs. Jones, who told Mrs. Brown, who told all the society, that the Nortons were wicked, designing people, come into the village to stir up schism in the church! Yet all sensible persons applauded the good deed of the widow, and cheerfully aided her efforts. The little school prospered even more than she had dared to hope; the children were cheerful and happy, and those whose parents could not afford them decent clothing, were generously supplied by Mrs. Norton—and many a heart blessed the hour which brought her among them.

As the thunder which suddenly rends the heavens, when not a cloud on the blue expanse has heralded the coming storm, was the calamity which now as suddenly burst over the head of Mrs. Norton.

She retired at night to her peaceful slumbers, supposing herself the mistress of thousands. With the early dawn there came letters to the cottage, telling her that all her worldly possessions were swept from her. The man to whose care her fortune was entrusted, had basely defrauded her of every cent, and now a bankrupt, had fled to a foreign land.

The stroke was a severe one. She must have been divine to have resisted the first shock which the tidings caused her. But that over, like a brave and noble spirit she rose to meet it. Her treasures were not all of earth—in heaven her hopes were cornered; and, although henceforth her path in life might be in rougher spots, and through darker scenes than it had yet traversed, to that heaven she trusted to arrive at last.

It happened, unfortunately, that the half-yearly rent of the cottage became due that very week; and Mrs. Norton, thus suddenly deprived of her expected funds, had no means to meet it. Where should she raise two hundred dollars! Her courage, however, rose with her trials. A little time to look into her affairs—a little time to form her plans for the future, and she doubted not she should be able to liquidate the debt. Unused to asking favors, she yet courageously went to Mr. Humphreys, and stating candidly her inability to meet the rent, requested a few weeks indulgence.

The deacon was not caught napping. Evil news always travels with seven-league boot—and long ere Mrs. Norton knocked at the door of the farm-house, it was known throughout the village that her fortune was gone.

Now the deacon, good man that he was, was "*given to idols,*" and Mammon was one. Moreover, he

owed the widow a grudge, as we already know, and the old leaven of sin was at work beneath the crust of piety.

He was accordingly well prepared to receive her. And sorry, very sorry was the worthy deacon, but he had just then a most pressing necessity for the rent—he really must have it, if not in cash, perhaps Mrs. Norton might have some plate to dispose of; he would be happy to oblige her in that way, for the Lord forbid he should deal hard with any one—but, the amount *must* be paid when due. Wait he could not—and if the rent was not forthcoming on the day stipulated in the contract—why—why—he was very sorry—but he should be obliged to take other measures, that was all!

Mrs. Norton soiled not her lips by making any reply to this Christian Shylock—no expostulation or entreaty—but coldly bowing, she took her leave.

As soon as she reached home she sent for a silversmith, brought out her valuable tea-set—doubly so from having been the marriage gift of her father, requested its appraisal, and then duly attested as to its weight and purity; it was forwarded to the clutches of the deacon.

Mrs. Norton met with a great deal of sympathy in her misfortunes. During the few months she had resided among them, the villagers had all learned to love and respect her. Even the poor came from their humble homes, and with looks of sympathy and outstretched hands tendered their offerings—their hard-earned wages to the kind lady who had taught their little ones; they would work for her—they would do any thing to serve her. With a sweet smile Mrs. Norton put back their grateful gifts, and thanked them in gentle tones for their love—to her a far more acceptable boon than gold could buy.

Again Silver-Fall cottage fell back on the hands of its owner.

Dismissing her attendants, Mrs. Norton took a smaller and cheaper house. Her choice and beautiful furniture she sold, only retaining sufficient to render her now humble residence comfortable. The avails of the sale amounted to several hundred dollars—enough at any rate, she deemed, for present necessities, while she trusted in the meantime to find some means of subsistence by which she and Grace might support themselves.

What more noble spectacle, than an elegant, refined woman thus meeting, uncomplaining and cheerfully, the storm of adversity.

And Grace, too—sweet Grace—sang like a skylark, and made her little white hands wonderfully busy in household matters. Hubert Fairlie was yet absent, though his long and frequent letters brought joy to the heart of his beloved.

And had Naomi forgotten her friend in this season of trial! Not so; yet forbidden as we have seen from the society of Grace, all she could do was to sympathize deeply in spirit, happy when a chance opportunity brought them together; and those meetings although rare, only served to strengthen the friendship which united these two lovely girls.

CHAPTER VI.

The Pestilence. The Curtain wholly Lifted.

It was now the middle of October.

“ Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light,
and the landscape
Lay as if new created, in all the freshness of childhood:
All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play—the crowing of cocks in the
farm-yard,
Whirr of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love.”

When suddenly the Angel of Death folded his dark wings, and sat brooding over the peaceful, pleasant village of Grassmere.

A terrible and malignant fever swept through the town, spreading from house to house, like the fire which consumes alike the dry grass and the bright, fresh flowers of the prairies. Old and young, husband, wife and child, were alike brought low. There were not left in all the village those able to attend upon the sick. From the churches solemnly tolled the funeral bells, as one by one, youth and age, blooming childhood and lovely infancy, were borne to the graveyard—no longer solitary—for the foot of the mourner pressed heavily over its grass-grown paths.

Still the contagion raged, until the selfishness of poor human nature triumphed over the promptings of kindness and charity. People grew jealous of each other; neighbor shunned neighbor;

“ Silence reigned in the streets—
Rose no smoke from the roofs—gleamed no lights from
the windows.”

Save the dim midnight lamp which from almost every house betokened the plague within.

None had shut themselves up closer from fear of infection than Deacon Humphreys. His gates grew rusty, and the grass sprang up in the paths about his dwelling. And yet the Destroyer found him out, and like a bound lion scenting its prey, sprang upon the household with terrible violence.

First the pure and gentle Naomi sank beneath the stroke, and ere the setting of the same day's sun, Mrs. Humphreys herself was brought nigh the grave.

Like one demented, pale with agony and terror, the deacon rushed forth into the deserted streets to seek for aid. His dear ones—his wife and child were perhaps dying; where, where should he look for relief—where find some kind hand to administer to their necessities.

At every house he learned a tale of woe equal to his own. Some wept while they told of dear ones now languishing upon the bed of pain, or bade him look upon the marble brow of their dead. Others grown callous, and worn-out with sorrow and fatigue, refused all aid, while some, through excess of fear, hurriedly closed their doors against him.

Thus he reached the end of the village, and then the small, neat cottage of Mrs. Norton met his view, nestling down amid the overshadowing branches of two venerable elms. From the day he had almost thrust her from his gate, with cold looks and unflinching extortion, Mrs. Norton and the deacon had not met, and now the time had come when he was about to ask from her a favor upon which perhaps his whole

earthly happiness might rest—a favor from her, whom in his strength and her dependence he had scorned. Would she grant it? He hesitated; would she not rather, rejoicing in her power now, revenge the slights he felt he had so often and so undeservedly cast upon her. But he remembered the sweet, calm look which beamed from her eyes, and his courage grew with the thought.

Putting away the luxuriant creeper which wound itself from the still green turf to the roof of the cottage, hanging in graceful festoons, and tinged with the brilliant dyes of autumn, seemed like wreaths of magnificent flowers thus suspended, the deacon knocked hesitatingly at the door.

It opened, and Mrs. Norton stood before him, pale with watching—for, like an angel of mercy had she passed from house to house, since the first breaking out of the scourge. In faltering accents he told his errand; and, O, how like a dagger did it pierce his heart, when, with a countenance beaming with pity and kindness, and speaking words of comfort, the widow put on her bonnet and followed him with fleet footsteps to his stricken home.

All night, like a ministering angel, did she pass from one sick couch to the other, tenderly soothing the ravings of fever, moistening their parched lips with cool, refreshing drinks, fanning their fevered brows, and smoothing the couch made uneasy by their restless motions.

Unable to bear the scene, the deacon betook him in his hour of sorrow to his closet, where all through the dreary watches of the night he prayed this cup of affliction might pass from him. His heart was subdued. He saw that like the proud Pharisee he had exalted himself, thanking God *he was not as other men*.

At early dawn came Grace also to inquire after her

suffering Naomi, and finding her so very ill, earnestly besought her mother that she might be allowed to share the task of nursing her. Mrs. Norton had no fears for herself, yet when she looked at her only and beautiful child, she trembled; but her eyes fell upon the bed where poor Naomi lay moaning in all the delirium of high fever, and her heart reproached her for her momentary selfishness. Removing the bonnet of Grace, she tenderly kissed her pure brow, and then kneeling down, with folded hands she prayed, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done! Take her in thy holy keeping, and do with her as thou seest best!"

From that day Grace left not the bedside of her friend.

On the third day Mrs. Humphreys died. Her last sigh was breathed out on the bosom of the woman whom she had taught her daughter to shun. For many days it seemed as if Death would claim another victim; yet God mercifully spared Naomi to her bereaved father; very slowly she recovered, but neither Mrs. Norton nor Grace left her until she was able to quit her bed.

With the death of Mrs. Humphreys, the pestilence staid its ravages, while, as a winding-sheet, the snows of winter now enshrouded the fresh-turned clods in the late busy grave-yard.

The eyes of Deacon Humphreys were opened. He became an altered man. He saw how mistaken had been his views, and that it is not the *profession* of any sect or creed which makes the true Christian, and that if all are alike *sincere in love to God*, all may be alike received.

I have said this was no love tale, therefore, by merely stating that in the course of a twelvemonth Hubert Fairlie and Grace were united, I close my simple story.

WATOUSKA.

A LEGEND OF THE ONEIDAS.

BY KATE ST. CLAIR.

AWAY, in a forest's gloom,
Where the shadowy branches wave
O'er a rude and moss-grown tomb,
Is an Indian maiden's grave:
None knoweth that music-haunted spot—
Save a far-off one, who forgets it not.

He dreams of that silent shore—
'Tis a holy spot to him,
A solemn stillness broodeth o'er
Those forest-sides so dim;
Bird-music, and wave-melody,
Blend with the mormornings of the bee.

He knows when the wild-rose showers
Its blossoms o'er her breast;
When the summer-winds, 'mid flowers,
Whisper above her rest:

And he deems he hears, on his far-off shore,
The music of the cataract's roar
From that Island of the Blest!

She passed from earth away—
The young, the beautiful,
In the long dreamy day
When golden shadows fell
O'er wave and vine, and moons had sped,
Yet there, while that brief season fled,
He 'd kept Love's vigil well.

He comes, that warrior-chief,
Once more, in the pale moon's wane,
When the dews weep o'er each leaf,
To that haunted spot again—
But morn with its glorious beauty woke
Him not—the warrior's heart had broke.

INDIAN LEGEND OF THE STAR AND LILY.

BY KAH-GE-OA-GAH-BOU.

In the wigwam of the Indian during the evenings of spring, that season when nature, loosed from the bondage of winter, awakes to new life, and begins to deck itself with beauties, the old sage gutters around him the young men of the tribe, and relates the stories of days long since departed.

I have seen these youths sit in breathless silence, listening to the old man's narrative. Now and then the tear-drops would course down their cheeks, and fall to the ground, witnesses of the interest they felt in the words of their teacher.

To induce the sire to narrate a tradition, the Indian boys would contrive some ingenious plan by which to get some tobacco, which, when offered with a request for a story, would be sure of a favorable answer. Frequently it happens that from sunset to its rise these clubs are entertained, and they do not separate till daylight calls them to the chase.

One of the most interesting traditional stories I ever heard related, was told by an elderly Indian, one evening in spring. The winter was just leaving, the snow and ice were fast disappearing, and the streams were swollen with the unusual quantity of water from the mountains.

"There was once a time," said he, "when this world was filled with happy people, when all nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had not begun to roll. Plenty of game were in the forests and on the plains. None were in want, for a full supply was at hand. Sickness was unknown. The beasts of the field were tame, and came and went at the bidding of man. One mending spring gave no place for winter, for its cold blasts or its chills. Every tree and bush yielded fruit. Flowers carpeted the earth; the air was filled with their fragrance, and redolent with the songs of myriad warblers that flew from branch to branch, fearing none, for there were none to harm them. There were birds then of more beautiful plumage than now.

"It was then, when earth was a paradise, and man worthy to be its possessor, that Indians were the lone inhabitants of the American wilderness. They numbered millions, and living as nature designed them to live, enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of amusement in close rooms the sports of the fields were theirs.

"At night they met on the wide, green fields. They watched the stars; they loved to gaze at them, for they believed them to be the residences of the good who had been taken home by the Great Spirit. One night they saw one star that shone brighter than all others. Its location was far away in the south, near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that this star was as far off in the southern skies as it seemed to be. This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star to be only

a short distance, and near the tops of some trees. A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went and returned, saying that it appeared strange and somewhat like a bird. A council of the wise men was called to inquire into and, if possible, ascertain the meaning of the phenomenon.

"They feared that it was an omen of some disaster. Some thought it a precursor of good, others of evil. Some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers, as a forerunner of a dreadful war.

"One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved.

"One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him:

"Young brave! charmed with the land of thy forefathers, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes and its mountains clothed with green, I have left my sister in yonder world to dwell among you.

"Young brave! ask your wise and your great men where I can live and see the happy race continually; ask them what form I shall assume, in order to be loved and cherished among the people."

"Thus discoursed the bright stranger. The young man awoke. On stepping out of his lodge, he saw the star yet blazing in its accustomed place.

"At early dawn the chief's crier was sent round the camp to call every warrior to the Council Lodge. When they had met, the young warrior related his dream. They concluded that the star they had seen in the south had fallen in love with mankind and that it was desirous to dwell with them.

"The next night five tall, noble-looking adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth.

"They went and presenting to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, were rejoiced to find that it took it from them. As they returned to the village, the star, with expanded wings followed, and hovered over their homes till the dawn of day.

"Again it came to the young man in a dream and desired to know where it should live, and what form it should take. Places were named. On the tops of giant trees or in flowers. At length it was told to choose a place itself—and it did so. At first it dwelt in the wild rose of the mountains, but there it was so buried it could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next went to the rocky cliff, but it was there so high that the children, whom it loved most, could not see it.

"I know where I shall live," said the bright spirit, "where I can see the guiding canoe of the race I most admire. Children, yes, they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their brows when they slumber at the side of the cool lakes. The nations shall love me wherever I am."

"These words having been uttered, she alighted on the waters where she saw herself reflected.

"The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen on the surface of all the lakes and the Indians gave them this name; *Wah-be-gwon-nos*—(White Lily.)

"Now," continued the old man, "this star lived in the southern skies. Its brethren can be seen far off in the cold north, hunting the great bear, while its sisters watch her in the east and west.

"Children, when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands and hold it to the skies, that it may be happy on earth, as its two sisters (the morning and evening stars) are happy in heaven."

While tears fell fast from the eyes of all, the old man lay him down and was soon silent in sleep.

Since then I have often plucked the white lily and garlanded around my head; have dipped it in its watery bed, but never have I seen it without remembering the *Legend of the Descending Star*.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

Go bear the voiceless harp away!
Its latest note is spoken,
And like the heart that beats within,
Its last frail chord is broken.

This soul of mine was never made
For glad or peaceful life,
But cast in rude, imperfect mould,
For bitterness and strife.

I never was a careless child,
For in my early years
The founts within were gathering,
Of anguish and of tears:

And when I looked upon the stars
In all their golden sheen,
The prelude of a broken heart—
It always came between.

And then the Voice of Song awoke
Within my wayward soul,
And bade the wearing tide of thought
Forever o'er it roll.

And dreams of words that should go forth
To bless and elevate,
Ambition's charmed and serpent lure,
The passion to create;

Were mingled in my spirit's depths,
Till with displacing power
Came Love with gorgeous dandem,
The phantom of an hour!

And soon the mockeries of Hope
Fled smiling from my breast,
And left a dark and fearful curse,
The cravings of unrest.

And Life became a weary load,
And Nature's face a pall,
And each red drop that passed my heart
Was turned to seething gall.

From day to day the lyre within
Waxed passionate and frail;
It trembled at the zephyr's breath,
How could it brook the gale?

Now Death has o'er my pillow bent,
I've seen his glancing eye,
And watched the silvery gleaming of
His pinion passing by.

Go bring me back my harp again!
I feel a strength for prayer,
And o'er the shattered chords within
Creeps an unearthly air.

Go bring me back my harp again,
I may not now restore
The sounding strings I loved so well,
Or tune it as before;

But I would lay my hand upon
The trembling chords and riven;
I feel mine own are healing fast
Beneath the eye of Heaven.

THE EIGHTEENTH SONNET OF PETRARCA.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

HAD I but waited patient in the cell
Where great Apollo erst became divine,
One bard might call himself a Florentine,
Like those who once in other lands did dwell.
But here the holy ichor doth not swell,
And fate hath willed another lot be mine.
'T is meet that I relinquish high design

And drink the waters of life's turbid well.
Scar are the olive branches now, the stream
Near which they grew and looked toward the sky
Hath sunken deep beneath the rock again.
Fate or my fault hath aye dispelled the dream
That made me fix my early hopes so high,
Unless God will their height I should attain.

JASPER ST. AUBYN;
OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER II.
The Waking.

He saw her, at a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too. WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Jasper St. Aubyn opened his eyes, dim with the struggle of returning consciousness and life, they met a pair of eyes fixed with an expression of the most earnest anxiety on his own—a pair of eyes, the loveliest into which he ever had yet gazed, large, dark, unfathomably deep, and soft withal and tender, as the day-dream of a love-sick poet. He could not mark their color; he scarce knew whether they were mortal eyes, whether they were realities at all, so sickly did his brain reel, and so confused and wandering were his fancies.

Then a sweet low voice fell upon his ear, in tones the gentlest, yet the gladdest, that ever he had heard, exclaiming—

“Oh! father, father, he lives—he is saved.”

But he heard, saw, no more; for again he relapsed into unconsciousness, and felt nothing further, until he became sensible of a balmy coolness on his brow, a pleasant flavor on his parched lips, and a kindly glow creeping as it were through all his limbs, and gradually expanding into life.

Again his eyes were unclosed, and again they met the earnest, hopeful gaze of those other eyes, which he now might perceive belonging to a face so exquisite, and a form so lovely, as to be worthy of those great glorious wells of lustrous tenderness.

It was a young girl who bent over him, perhaps a few months older than himself, so beautiful that had she appeared suddenly, even in her simple garb, which seemed to announce her but one degree above the peasants of the neighborhood, in the midst of the noblest and most aristocratical assembly, she would have become on the instant the cynosure of all eyes, and the magnet of all hearts.

Of that age when the heart, yet unsmitten by passion, and unused to strong emotion, thrills sensibly to every feeling awakened for the first time within it, and bounds at every appeal to its sympathies; when the ingenuous countenance, unhardened by the sad knowledge of the world, and untaught to conceal one emotion, reflects like a perfect mirror every gleam of sunshine that illuminates, every passing cloud that overshadows its pure and spotless surface, the maiden sought not to hide her delight, as she witnessed the hue of life return to his pale cheeks, and the spark of intelligence retrace his handsome features.

A bright mirthful glance, which told how radiant

they might be in moments of unmingled bliss, laughed for an instant in those deep blue eyes, and a soft, sunny smile played over her warm lips; but the next minute, she dropped the young man's hand, which she had been chafing between both her own, buried her face in her palms, and wept those sweet and happy tears which flow only from innocent hearts, at the call of gratitude and sympathy.

“Bless God, young sir,” said a deep, solemn voice at the other side of the bed on which he was lying, “that your life is spared. May it be unto good ends! Yours was a daring venture, and for a trivial object against which to stake an immortal soul. But, thanks to Him! you are preserved, snatched as it were from the gates of death; and, though you feel faint now, I doubt not, and your soul trembles as if on the verge of another world, you will be well anon, and in a little while as strong as ever in that youthful strength on which you have so prided you. Drink this, and sleep awhile, and you shall wake refreshed, and as a new man, from the dreamless slumber which the draught shall give you. And you, silly child,” he continued, turning toward the lovely girl, who had sunk forward on the bed, so that her fair tresses rested on the same pillow which supported Jasper's head, with the big tears trickling silently between her slender fingers, “dry up your tears; for the youth shall live, and not die.”

The boy's eyes had turned immediately to the sound of the speaker's accents, and in his weak state remained fixed on his face so long as the sound continued, although his senses followed the meaning but imperfectly.

It was a tall, venerable looking old man who spoke, with long locks, as white as snow, falling down over the straight cut collar of his plain black doublet, and an expression of the highest intellect, combined with something which was not melancholy, much less sadness, but which told volumes of hard-hips borne, and sorrows endured, the fruits of which were piety, and gentleness, and that wisdom which cometh not of this world.

He smiled thoughtfully, as he saw that his words were hardly comprehended, and his mild glance wandered from the pale face of the handsome boy to the fair head of the young girl bending over him, like a white lily overcharged with rain.

“Poor things,” he whispered softly, as if speaking to himself, “to both it is the first experience of the mixed pain and pleasure of this world's daily trials. God save them scathless to the end!”

Then, recovering himself, as if by a little effort, from his brief fit of musing, he held forth a large glass

goblet, which was in his right hand, full of some bright ruby-colored liquid, to the lips of Jasper, saying—

"Drink, youth, it will give thee strength. Drink, and fear nothing."

The young man grasped the bright bowl with both hands, but even then he had lacked strength to guide it to his lips, had not his host still supported it.

The flavor was agreeable, and the coolness of the draught was so delicious to the feverish palate and parched tongue of Jasper, that he drained it to the very bottom, and then, as if exhausted by the effort, relaxed his hold, and sunk back on his pillow in a state of concisious languor, exquisitely soft and entrancing.

More and more that voluptuous dream-like trance overcame him, and though his eyes were still open he saw not the things that were around him, but a multitude of radiant and lovely visions, which came and went, and returned again, in mystic evolutions.

With a last effort of his failing senses, half-conscious of the interest which she took in him, yet wholly ignorant who or what was that gentle *she*, he stretched out his hand and mastered one of hers with gentle violence, and holding it imprisoned in his burning fingers, closed his swimming eyes, and sunk into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The old man, who had watched every symptom that appeared in succession on his expressive face, saw that the potion had taken the desired effect, and drawing a short sigh, which seemed to indicate a sense of relief from apprehension, looked toward the maiden, and addressed her in a low voice, not so much from fear of waking the sleeper, as that the voice of affection is ever low and gentle.

"He sleeps, Theresa, and will sleep until the sun has sunk far toward the west, and then he will waken restored to all his youthful power and spirits. Come, my child, we may leave him to his slumbers, he shall no longer need a watcher. I will go to my study, and would have you turn to your household duties. Scenes such as this which you have passed will call up soft and pitiful fancies in the mind, but it behooves us not overmuch to yield to them. This life has too much of stern and dark reality, that we should give the reins to transient imagination. Come, Theresa."

The young girl raised her head from the pillows, and shook away the long fair curls from her smooth forehead. Her tears had ceased to flow, and there was a smile on her lip, as she replied, pointing to her hand which he held fast-grasped, in his unconscious slumber.

"See, father, I am a prisoner. I fear me I cannot withdraw my hand without arousing him."

"Do not so, then, Theresa; to arouse him now, ere the effects of the potion have passed away, would be dangerous, might be fatal. Perchance, however, he will release you when he sleeps quite soundly. If he do so, I pray you, come to me. Meantime, I leave you to your own good thoughts, my own little girl."

And with the words, he leaned across the narrow bed, over the form of the sleeping youth, and kissed her fair white brow.

"Bless thee, my gentle child. May God in his goodness bless and be about thee."

"Amen! dear father," said the little girl, as he ended;

and in her turn she pressed her soft and balmy lips to his withered cheek.

A tear, rare visitant, rose all unbidden to the parent's eye as he turned to leave her, but ere he reached the door her low tones arrested him, and he came back to her.

"Will you not put my books within reach of me, dear father?" she said. "I cannot work, since the poor youth has made my left hand his sure captive, but I would not be altogether idle, and I can read while I watch him. Pardon my troubling you, who should wait on you, not be waited on."

"And do you not wait on me ever, and most nest-handedly, dear child?" returned her father, moving toward a small round table, on which were scattered a few books, and many implements of feminine industry. "Which of these will you have, Theresa?"

"All of them, if you please, dear father. The table is not heavy, for I can carry it about where I will myself, and if you will lift it to me, I can help myself, and cull the gems of each in turn. I am a poor student, I fear, and love better, like a little bee, to lit from flower to flower, drinking from every calice its particular honey, than to sit down, like the sloth, and surfeit me on one tree, how green soever."

"There is but little industry, I am afraid, Theresa, if there be little sloth in your mode of reading. Such desultory studies are wont to leave small traces on the memory. I doubt me much if you long keep these gems you speak of, which you cull so lightly."

"Oh! but you are mistaken, father dear, for all you are so wise," she replied, laughing softly. "Every thing grand or noble, of which I read, every thing high or holy, finds a sort of echo in my little heart, and lies there forever. Your grave, heavy, moral teachings speak to my reason, it is true, but when I read of brave deeds done, of noble self-sacrifices made, of great sufferings endured, in high causes, those things teach my heart, those things speak to my soul, father. Then I reason no longer, but feel—feel how much virtue there is, after all, and generosity, and nobleness, and charity, and love, in poor frail human nature. Then I learn, not to judge mildly of myself, nor harshly of my brothers. Then I feel happy, father, yet in my happiness I wish to weep. For I think noble sentiments and generous emotions sooner bring tears to the eye than mere pity, or mere sorrow."

And, even as he spoke, her own bright orbs were suffused with drops, like dew in the violet's cups, and she shook her head with its profusion of long fair ringlets archly, as if she would have made light of her own sentiment, and gazed up into his face with a tearful smile.

"You are a good child, Theresa, and good children are very dear to the Lord," said the old man. "But of a truth I would I could see you more practically minded; less given to these singular romantic dreamings. I say not that they are hurtful, or unwise, or untrue, but in a mere child, as you are, Theresa, they are strange and out of place, if not unnatural. I would I could see you more merry, my little girl, and more given to the company of your equals in age, even if I were to be loser thereby of something of your

gentle company. But you love not, I think, the young girls of the village."

"Oh! yes, I love them—I love them dearly, father. I would do any thing for any one of them; I would give up any thing I have got to make them happy. Oh yes, I love Anna Harlande, and Rose Merrivale, and Mary Milford, dearly, but—but—"

"But you love not their company, you would say, would you not, my child?"

"That is not what I was about to say; but I know not how it is, their merriment is so loud, and their glee so very joyous, that it seems to me that I cannot sympathize with them in their joy, as I can in their sorrow; and they view things with eyes so different from mine, and laugh at thoughts that go nigh to make me weep, and see or feel so little of the loveliness of Nature, and care so little for what I care most of all, soft, sad poetry, or heart-stirring romance, or inspired music, that when I am among them, I do almost long to be away from them all, in the calm of this pleasant chamber, or in the fragrance of my bower beside the stream. And I do feel my spirit jangled and perplexed by their light-hearted, thoughtless mirth, as one feels at hearing a false note struck in the midst of a sweet symphony. What is this? what means this, my father?"

"It is a gift, Theresa," replied the old man, half mournfully. "It means that you are endowed rarely, by God himself, with powers the most unusual, the most wondrous, the most beautiful, most high and god-like of any which are allowed to mortals. I have seen this long, long ago—I have mused over it; hoped, prayed, that it might not be so; nay, striven to repress the germs of it in your young spirit, yet never have I spoken of it until now; for I knew not that you were conscious, and would not be that should awaken you to the consciousness of the grand but perilous possession which you hold, delegated to you direct from Omnipotence."

He paused, and she gazed at him with lips apart, and eyes wide in wonder. The color died away in a sort of mysterious awe from her warm cheek. The blood rushed tumultuously to her heart. She listened breathless and amazed. Never had she heard him speak thus, never imagined that he felt thus, before—yet now that she did hear, she felt as though she were but listening again to that which she had heard many times before; and though she understood not his words altogether, they had struck a kindred chord in her inmost soul, and while its vibration was almost too much for her powers of endurance, it yet told her that his words were true.

She could not for her life have bid him go on, but for words she would not have failed to hear him out.

He watched the changed expression of her features, and half struck with a feeling of self-reproach that he should have created doubts, perhaps fears, in that ingenuous soul, smiled on her kindly, and asked in a confident tone—

"You have felt this already, have you not, my child?"

"Not as you put it to me, father; no, I have never dreamed or hoped that I had any such particular gift

of God, such glorious and preëminent possession as this of which you speak. I may, indeed, have fancied at times that there was something within me, in which I differed from others around me—something which made me feel more joy, deeper, and fuller, and more soul-fraught joy, than they feel; and sorrow, softer, and moved more easily, if not more piercing or more permanent—which made me love the world, and its inhabitants, and above all its Maker, with a far different love from theirs—something which evermore seems struggling within me, as if it would forth and find tongue, but cannot. But now, that you have spoken, I know that it indeed must be as you say, and that this unknown something is a gift, is a possession from on high. What is this thing, my father?"

"My child, this thing is genius," replied the old man solemnly.

The bright blood rushed back to her cheeks in a flood of crimson glory; a strange, clear light, which never had enkindled them before, sprang from her soft dark eyes; she leaned forward eagerly—

"Genius!" she cried "Genius, and I! Father, you dream, dear father."

"Would that I did; but I do not, Theresa."

"And wherefore, if it be so, indeed, that I am so gifted, wherefore would you alter it, my father?"

"I would not alter it," he replied, "my little girl. Far be it from my thoughts, weak worm that I am, to alter, even if I could alter, the least of the gifts of the great Giver. And this, whether it be for good, or unto evil, is one of the greatest and most glorious. I would not alter it, Theresa. But I would guide, would direct, would moderate it. I would accustom you to know and comprehend the vast power of which you, all unconsciously, are the possessor. For, as I said, it is a fearful and a perilous power. God forbid that I should pronounce the most marvelous and godlike of the gifts which he vouchsafes to man, a curse and not a blessing; God forbid that, even while I see how oft it is turned into bitterness and blight by the coldness of the world, and the check of its heaven-soaring aspirations, I should doubt that it has within itself a sovereign balm against its own diseases, a rapture mightier than any of its woes, an inborn and eternal consciousness which bears it up, as on immortal pinions, above the cares of the world and the poor consciousness of self. Nevertheless it is a perilous gift, and too often, to your sex, a fatal one. Yet I would not alarm you, my own child, for you have gentleness of soul, which may well temper the coruscations of a spirit which waxes oftentimes too strong to be womanly, and piety which shall, I trust, preserve you, should any aspiration of your heart wax over vigorous and daring to be contented with the limitations of humanity. In the meantime, my child, fear nothing, follow the dictates of your own pure heart, and pray for His aid, who neither giveth ought, nor taketh away, without reason. Hark!" he interrupted himself, starting slightly, "there is a sound of horses' hoofs without; your brother has returned, and it may be Sir Miles is with him. We will speak more of this hereafter."

And with the word he turned and left the room.

When he was gone she raised her eyes to heaven.

and with a strange rapt expression on her fair features rose to her feet, exclaiming—

"Genius! Genius! Great God, Great God, I thank thee."

Then, in the fervor of the moment, which led her naturally to clasp her hands together, she made a movement to withdraw her fingers from Jasper's death-like grasp, unconscious, for the time, of every thing around her.

But, as she did so, a tightened pressure of his hand, and some inarticulate sounds which proceeded from his lips, recalled her with a start to herself.

She dropped into her seat, as if conscience-stricken, gazed fixedly in his face, then stooped and pressed her lips on his inanimate brow; started again, looked about the room with a half guilty glance, bowed her head on his pillow, and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

The Recognition.

They had been friends in youth. *BROWN.*

The evening had advanced far into night before the effects of the potion he had swallowed passed away, and left the mind of Jasper clear, and his pulse regular and steady. When he awoke from his long stupor, and turned his eyes around him, it seemed as if he had dreamed of what he saw before him; for the inanimate objects of the room, nay, the very faces which met his eye, had something in them that was not altogether unfamiliar, yet for his life he could not have recalled when, or if ever he had seen them before.

The old dark-wainscoted walls of the irregular, many-recessed apartment, adorned with a few water-color drawings, and specimens of needle-work, the huge black and gold Indian cabinet in one corner, the tall clock-stand of some foreign wood in another, the slab above the yawning hearth covered with tropical shells and rare foreign curiosities, the quaint and grotesque chairs and tables, with strangely contorted legs and arms, and wild satyr-like faces grinning from their bosses, the very bed on which he lay, with its carved head-board, and groined canopy of oak, and dark green damask curtains, were all things which he felt he must have seen, though where and how he knew not.

So was the face of the slight fair-haired girl who sat a little way removed from his bed's head, by a small round work-table, on which stood a waxen taper, bending over some one of those light tasks of embroidery or knitting which women love, and are wont to dignity by the name of work.

On her he fixed his eyes long and wistfully, gazing at her, as he would have done at a fair picture, without any desire to address her, or to do aught that should induce her to move from the graceful attitude in which she sat, giving no sign of life save in the twinkling of her long, down-cast eyelashes, in the calm rise and fall of her gentle bosom, and the quick motion of her busy fingers.

Jasper St. Aubyn was still weak, but he was unconscious of any pain or ailment, though he now began gradually to remember all that had passed before he

lost his consciousness in the deep pool above the fords of Widecomb.

So weak was he, indeed, that it was almost too great an effort for him to consider where he was, or how he had been saved, much more to move his body, or ask any question of that fair watcher. He felt indeed that he should be perfectly contented to lie there all his life, in that painless tranquil mood, gazing upon that fair picture.

But while he lay there, with his large eyes wide open and fixed upon her, as if by their influence he would have charmed her soul out of its graceful habitation, a word or two spoken in a louder voice than had yet struck his ear, for persons had been speaking in the room all the time, although he had not observed them, attracted his notice to the other side of his bed.

It was not so much the words, for he scarce heard, and did not heed their import, as the tone of voice which struck him; for though well-known and most familiar, he could in no wise connect it with the other things around him.

With the desire to ascertain what this might mean, there came into his mind, he knew not wherefore, a wish to do so unobserved; and he proceeded forthwith to turn himself over on his pillow so noiselessly as to excite no attention in the watchers, whoever they might be.

He had not made two efforts, however, to do this, before he became aware of what, while he lay still, he did not suspect, that several of his limbs had received severe contusions, and could not as yet be moved with impunity.

He was a singular youth, however, and an almost Spartan endurance of physical pain, with a strange persistence in whatever he undertook, had been from very early boyhood two of his strongest characteristics.

In spite, therefore, of his weakness, in spite of the pain every motion gave him, he persevered, and turning himself inch by inch at length gained a position which enabled him clearly to discern the speakers.

They were two in number, the one facing him, the other having his back turned so completely that all he could see was a head covered with long-curled locks of snow-white hair, a dark velvet cloak, and the velvet scabbard of a long rapier protruding far beyond the legs of the oak chair on which he sat. The lower limbs of this person were almost lost in darkness as they lay carelessly crossed under the table, so that he divined rather than saw that they were cased in heavy riding-boots, on the heels of which a faint golden glimmer gave token of the wearer's rank, by the knightly spurs he wore.

The lamp which stood upon the table by which they were conversing was set between the two, so that it was quite invisible to Jasper, and its light, which to his eyes barely touched the edges of the figure he had first observed, fell full upon the pale high brow and serene lineaments of the other person, who was in fact no other than the old man who had spoken to the youth in the intervals of his trance, and administered the potion from the effects of which he was but now recovering.

Of this, however, Jasper had no recollection. al-

though he wondered, as he had done concerning the girl, where he had before seen that fine countenance and benevolent expression, and how once seen he ever should have forgotten it.

There was yet a third person in the group, though he took no part in the conversation, and appeared to be, like Jasper, rather an interested and observant witness of what was going on, than an actor in the scene.

He was a tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed man, in the first years of manhood, not perhaps above five or six years Jasper's senior; but his bronzed and sunburnt cheeks curiously contrasted with the fairness of his forehead, where it had not been exposed to the sun, and an indescribable blending of boldness, it might have almost been called audacity, with calm self-confidence and cold composure, which made up the expression of his face, seemed to indicate that he had seen much of the world, and learned many of its secrets, perhaps by the stern lessoning of the great teachers, suffering and sorrow.

The figure of this young man was but imperfectly visible, as he stood behind the high-backed chair, on which the old man, whom from the similarity in their features, if not in their expression, Jasper took to be his father, was seated. But his face, his muscular neck, his well-developed chest and broad shoulders, displayed by a close-fitting jerkin of some dark stuff, were all in strong light; and as the features and expression of the countenance gave token of a powerful character and energetic will, so did the frame give promise of ability to carry out the workings of the mind.

The dialogue, which had been interrupted by a silence of some seconds following on the words that had attracted Jasper's notice, was now continued by the old man who sat facing him.

"That question," he said, in a firm yet somewhat mournful tone, "is not an easy one to answer. The difficulty of subduing prejudices on my own part, the fear of wounding pride on yours—these might have had their share in influencing my conduct. Beside, you must remember that years have elapsed—the very years which most form the character of men—since we parted; that they have elapsed under circumstances the most widely different for you and for me; that we are not, in short, in any thing the same men we then were—the gaunt, weather-beaten, earth-fast oak of centuries differs not so much from the green pliant sapling of half a dozen summers, as the old man, with his heart chilled and hardened into living steel by contact with the world, from the youth full of generous impulses and lofty aspirations, loving all men, and doubting naught either in heaven above, or in the earth beneath. You must remember, moreover, that although, as you have truly said, we were friends in youth, our swords, our purses, and our hearts in cotinon, we had even then many points of serious difference; and lastly, and most of all, you must remember that if we had been friends, we were not friends when we last parted—"

"What! what!" exclaimed a voice, which Jasper instantly recognized for his father's, though for years he had not heard him speak in tones of the like anima-

tion. "What, William Allan, do you mean to say that you imagined that any enmity could have dwelt in my mind, for so slight a cause?"

"Slight a cause!" interrupted the other. "Do you call that *slight* which made my heart drop blood, and my brain boil with agony for years—which changed my course of life, altered my fortunes, character, heart, soul, forever; which made me, in a word, what I now am? Do you call that a *slight* cause, Miles St. Aubyn? Show me, then, what you call a grave one."

"I had forgotten, William, I had forgotten," replied Sir Miles, gently, and perhaps self-reproachfully. "I meant, I had forgotten that the rivaling in a strife which to the winner seems a little thing, may to the loser be death, or worse than death! Forgive me, William Allan, I had forgotten in my selfish thoughtlessness, and called you unawares. But let us say no more of this—let the past be forgotten—let wrongs done, if wrongs were done, be buried in her grave, who was the most innocent cause of them; and let us now remember only that we were friends in youth, and that after long years of separation, we are thus wonderfully brought together in old age; let me hope to be friends henceforth into the grave."

"Amen, I say to that. Miles St. Aubyn, amen!"

And the two old men clasped their withered hands across the table, and Jasper might see the big drops trickling slowly down the face of him who was called William Allan, while from the agitation of his father's frame he judged that he was not free from the like agitation.

There was a little pause, during which, as he fancied the young man looked somewhat frowningly on the scene of reconciliation; but the frown, if frown it were, passed speedily away, and left the bold, dark face as calm and impassive as the surface of a deep unruffled water.

A moment or two afterward, Sir Miles raised his head, which he had bowed a little, perhaps to conceal the feelings which might have agitated it, and again clasping the hand of the other, said eagerly.

"It is you, William, who have saved my boy, my Jasper; and this is not the first time that a scion of your house has preserved one of mine from death, or yet worse, ruin!"

William Allan started, as if a sharp weapon had pierced him,

"And how," he cried, "Miles St. Aubyn, how was the debt repaid? I tell you it is written in the books that cannot err, that our houses were ordained for mutual destruction!"

"What, man," exclaimed Sir Miles, half-jestingly, "do you still cling to the black art? Do you still read the dark book of fate? Methought that fancy would have taken wing with other youthful follies."

The old man shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

"And what has it taught *thee*, William, unless it be that this life is short, and this world's treasures worthless; and that I have learned from a better book, a book of wiser maxims. What, I say, has it taught thee, William Allan?"

"All things," replied the old man, sorrowfully.

"Even unto this meeting—every action, every event of my own life, past or to come, happy or miserable, virtuous or evil, it has taught me."

"But has it taught thee, William, whereby to win the good and eschew the evil; whereby to hold fast to the virtuous, and say unto the evil, 'get behind me?' Has it taught thee, I say not to be wiser, but to be happier or better?"

"What is, is! What shall be, shall be! What is written, shall be done! We may flap, or flutter, or even fight, like fish or birds, or, if you will, like lions in the toil; but we are netted, and may not escape, from the beginning! The man may learn the workings of the God, but how shall he control them?"

"And this is thy philosophy—this all that thine art teaches?"

"It is. No more."

"A sad philosophy—a vain art," replied the other. "I'll none of them."

"I tell thee, Miles St. Aubyn, that years ago, years ere I had had heard of Widecomb or its water, I saw you deep, red-whirling pool; I saw that drowning youth; I saw the ready rescuer, and the gentle nursing; and now," he cried, stretching his hands out widely, and gazing into vacancy, "I see a wider and a sadder sight—a deeper pool, a stronger cataract, a fierce storm thundering on the hills, and torrents thundering down every gorge and gully to swell the flooded rivers, A young man and a maiden—yet no! no! not a maiden! mounted on gallant horses, are struggling in the whelming eddies. Great God! avert—bold! hold! He lifts his arm, he smites her with his loaded whip—smites her between the eyes that smile upon him; she falls, she is down, down in the whirling waters—rider and horse swept over the mad cataract; but who—who?—he!" and with a wild shriek he started to his feet, and fell back into the arms of the young man, who from the beginning of the paroxysm evidently had expected its catastrophe, and who, with the assistance of the girl, supported him, now quite inanimate and powerless, from the room, merely saying to Sir Miles, "Be not alarmed, I will return forthwith."

"My father!" exclaimed Jasper, in a faint voice, as the door closed upon them.

The old man turned hastily to the well-known accents, and hurried to the bed-side. "My boy, my own boy, Jasper. Now, may God's name be praised forever!"

And falling into a chair by his pillow, the same chair on which that sweet girl had sat a few hours before, he bent over him, and asked him a thousand questions, waiting for no reply, but bathing his face with his tears, and covering his brow with kisses.

When he had at length satisfied the old man that he was well and free from pain, except a few slight bruises, he asked his father eagerly where he was, and who was that strange old man.

"You are in the cottage, my dear boy," replied the old knight, "above Widecomb pool, tended by those who, by the grace of God and his exceeding mercy, saved you from the consequences of the frantic act which so nearly left me childless. Oh! Jasper, Jasper, 'twas a fearful risk, and had well-nigh been fatal."

"It was but one misstep, father," replied the youth,

who, as he rapidly recovered his strength, recovered also his bold speech and daring courage. "Had there been but foot-hold at the tunnel's end, I had landed my fish bravely; and, on my honor, I believe had I such another on my line's end, I should risk it again. Why, father, he was at least a thirty pounder."

"Never do so—never do so again, Jasper. Remember that to risk life heedlessly, and for no purpose save an empty gratification, a mere momentary pleasure, is a great crime toward God, and a gross act of selfishness toward men, as much so as to peril or to lose it in a high cause, or for a noble object, is great and good, and self-devoted. Think! had you perished here, all for a paltry fish, which you might purchase for a silver crown, you had left to me years—nay, a life of misery."

"Nay, father, I never thought of that," answered the young man, not unmoved by the remonstrance of his father, "but it was not the value of the fish. I should have given him away ten to one, had I taken him. It was that I do not like to be beaten."

"A good feeling, Jasper; and one that leads to many good things, and without which nothing great can be attained; but to do good, like all other feelings, it must be moderated and controlled by reason. But you must learn to think ever before acting, Jasper."

"I will—I will, indeed, sir; but you have not told me who is this strange old man?"

"An old friend of mine, Jasper—an old friend whom I have not seen for years, and who is now doubly a friend, since he has saved your life."

At this moment the door opened, and the young man entered bearing a candle.

"He is at ease now," he said. "It is a painful and a searching malady to which at seasons he is subject. We know well how to treat him; when he awakes to-morrow, he will remember nothing of what passed to-day, though at the next attack he will remember every circumstance of this. I pray you, therefore, Sir Miles, take no note in the morning, nor appear to observe it, if he be somewhat silent and reserved. Ha! young sir," he continued, seeing that Jasper was awake, and taking him kindly by the hand, "I am glad to see that you have recovered."

"And I am glad to have an opportunity to thank you, that you have saved my life, which I know you must have done right gallantly, seeing the peril of the deed."

"About as gallantly as you did, when you came so near losing it," he answered. "But come, Sir Miles, night wears apace, and if you will allow me to show you to your humble chamber, the best our lowly house can offer, I will wish you good repose, and return to watch over my young friend here."

"My age must excuse me, that I accept your offer, whose place it should be to watch over him myself."

"I need no watcher, sir," replied Jasper, boldly. "I am quite well now, and shall sleep, I warrant you, unto cock-crow without awakening."

"Good-night, then, boy!" cried Sir Miles, stooping over him and again kissing his brow, "and God send thee better in health and wiser in condition."

"Good-night, sir; and God send me stronger and braver, and more like my father," said the youth, with a light laugh.

"I will return anon, young friend—for friends, I hope, we shall be," said the other, as he left the room lighting Sir Miles respectfully across the threshold.

"I hope we shall—and I thank you. But I shall be fast asleep ere then."

And so he was; but not the less for that did the stalwart young man watch over him, sitting erect in one of the high-backed chairs, until the first pale light of dawn came steaming in through the latticed casement, and the shrill cry of the early cock announced the morning of another day.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lovesuit.

He either fears too much,
Or his deservings are small,
Who would not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all. MORTROSE.

The earliest cock had barely crowed his first salutation to the awakening day, and the first warblers had not yet begun to make their morning music in the thick shrubberies around the cottage, when aroused betimes by his anxiety for Jasper, Sir Miles made his appearance, already full dressed, at the door of the room in which his son was sleeping.

For he was still asleep, with that hardy young man still watching over him, apparently unmoved by the loss of his own rest, and wholly indifferent to what are usually deemed the indispensable requirements of nature.

"You are about betimes, sir," said the youth, rising from his seat as the old cavalier entered the room; "pity that you should have arisen so early, for I could have watched him twice as long, had it been needful, but in truth it was not so. Your son has scarce moved, Sir Miles, since you left the chamber last night. You see how pleasantly and soundly he is sleeping."

"It was not *that*, young sir," replied the old man, cordially. "It was not that I doubted your good will, or your good watching either; but he is my son, my only son, and how should I but be anxious. But as you say, he sleeps pleasantly and well. God be thanked therefore. He will be none the worse for this."

"Better, perhaps, Sir Miles," replied the other, with a slight smile. "Wiser, at least, I doubt not he will be; for in good truth, it was a very boyish, and a very foolish risk to run."

The old man, for the first time, looked at the speaker steadily, and was struck by the singular expression of his countenance—that strange mixture of impassive self-confident composure, and half-scornful audacity, which I have mentioned as being his most striking characteristics. On the preceding evening, Sir Miles had been so much engrossed by the anxiety he felt about his son, and subsequently by the feelings called forth in his inmost heart by the discovery of an old comrade in the person of William Allan, that in fact he had paid little attention to either of the other personages present.

He had observed, indeed, that there were a fair young girl and a powerfully framed youth present; he had even addressed a few words casually to both of them, but they had left no impression on his mind, and

he had not even considered who or what they were likely to be.

Now, however, when he was composed and relieved of fear for his son's life, he was struck, as I have said, by the expression and features of the young man, and began to consider who he could be; for there was no such similarity, whether of feature, expression, voice, air or gesture, between him and William Allan, as is wont to exist between son and sire.

After a moment's pause, however, the old cavalier replied, not altogether pleased apparently by the tone of the last remark.

"It was a very bold and *manly* risk, it appears to me," he said, "and if rash, can hardly be called boyish; and you, I should think," he added, "would be the last to blame bold actions. You look like any thing but one who should recommend cold counsels, or be slack either to dare or do. I fancy you have seen stirring times somewhere, and been among daring deeds yourself."

"So many times, Sir Miles," replied the young man, modestly, "that I have learned how absurd it is to seek such occasions without cause. There be necessary risks enough in life, and man has calls enough, and those unavoidable, on his courage, without going out of his way to seek them, or throwing any energy or boldness unprofitably to the winds. At least so I have found it in the little I have seen of human life and action."

"Ha! you speak well," said Sir Miles, looking even more thoughtfully than before at the marked and somewhat weather-beaten features of the young man. "And where have you met with perils so ripe, and learned so truly the need of disciplining natural energies and valor?"

"On the high seas, Sir Miles, of which I have been a follower from a boy."

"Indeed! are you such a voyager? and where, I pray you, have you served?"

"I cannot say that I have exactly served. But I have visited both the Indies, East and West; and have seen some smart fighting—where they say peace never comes—beyond the Line, I mean, with the Dutch, both in Durien and Peru."

"Ha! but you have indeed seen the world, for one so young as you; and yet I think you have not sailed in the king's ships, nor held rank in the service."

"No, Sir Miles, I am but a poor free-trader; and yet sometimes I think that we have carried the English flag farther, and made the English name both better known, and more widely feared, than the cruisers of any king who has sat on our throne, since the good old days of Queen Bess."

"His present majesty did good service against the Dutch, young man. And what say you to Blake? Who ever did more gloriously at sea, than rough old Blake?"

"Ay, sir, but that was in Noll's days, and we may not call him a *king* of England, though of a certainty he was her wise and valiant ruler. And for his present majesty, God bless him! that Opalun business was when he was the Duke of York; and he has forgotten all his glory, I think, now that he has become king,

and lets the Frenchman and the Don do as they please with our colonists and traders, and the Dutchman, too, for that matter."

The old man paused, and shook his head gravely for a moment, but then resumed with a smile,

"So, so, my young friend, you are one of those bold spirits who claim to judge for yourselves, and make peace or war, as you think well, without waiting the slow action of senates or kings, who hold that hemispheres, not treaties, are the measure of hostility or amity."

"Not so, exactly, noble sir. But where we find peace or war, there we take them; and if the Don won't be quiet on the other side the Line, and our good king won't keep them quiet, why we must either take them as we find them, or give up the great field to them altogether."

"Which you hold to be unEnglish and unmanly?"

"Even so, sir."

"Well, I, for one, will not gain-say you. But do not you fear, sometimes that while you are thus stretching a commission—that is the term, I believe, among you liberal gentlemen—you may chance to get your own neck stretched some sultry morning in the Floridas or in Darien."

"One of the very risks I spoke of but now, Sir Miles," replied the young man, laughing. "My life were not worth five minutes' purchase if the Governor of St. Augustine, or of Panama either, for that matter, could once lay hold on me."

"I marvel," said the old cavalier, again shaking his head solemnly, "I marvel much—" and then interrupting himself suddenly in the middle of his sentence, he lapsed into a fit of meditative silence.

"At what, if I may be so bold—at what do you so much marvel?"

"That William Allan should consent," replied the cavalier, "that son of his should embark in so wild and stormy a career, in a career which, I should have judged, with his strict principles and somewhat puritanical feeling, he would deem the reverse of gracious or godfearing."

"He knows not what career I follow," answered the young man, bluntly. "But you are in error altogether, sir. I am no son of William Allan."

"No son of William Allan! Ha! now that I think of it, your features are not his, nor your voice either."

"Nor my body, nor my soul!" replied the other, hastily and hotly, "no more than the free falcon's are those of the caged linnet! Sometimes I even marvel how it can be that any drop of mutual or common blood should run in our veins; and yet it is so—and I—I—yet no—I do *not* repent it!"

"And wherefore should you? there is no worthier or better man, I do believe, than William Allan living; and, in his younger days at least, I know there was no braver."

"No braver?—indeed! indeed!" exclaimed the young man, eagerly—"was he, indeed, brave?"

"Ay, was he, youth! brave both to do and to suffer. Brave, both with the quick and dauntless courage to act, and with the rarer and more elevated courage to resolve and hold fast to resolution. But who are you,

who, living with him, know both so little and so much of William Allan? If you be not his son, who are you?"

"His sister's son, Sir Miles—his only sister's son, to whom, since that sister's death, he has been—God forgive me for that I said but now—more than a father; for surely I have tried him more than ever son tried a father, and he has borne with me still with a most absolute indulgence and unwearied love."

"What—what!" exclaimed Sir Miles, much moved and even agitated by what he heard, "are you the child of that innocent and beautiful Alicia Allan, whom—whom—" The old man faltered and stopped short, for he was in fact on the point of bursting into tears.

But the youth finished the sentence which he had left uncompleted, in a stern, slow voice, and with a lowering brow.

"Whom your friend, Durzil Olifaunt, betrayed by a mock marriage, and afterward deserted with her infants. Yes, Sir Miles, I am one of those infants, the son of Alicia Allan's shame! And my uncle did not slay him—therefore it is I asked you, was he brave?"

"And yet he *was* slain—and for that very deed!" replied the old man, gloomily, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"He *was* slain," repeated the young sailor, whose curiosity and interest were now greatly excited. "But how can you tell wherefore? No one has ever known who slew him—how, then, can you name the cause of his slaying?"

"There is ONE who knows all things!"

"But HE imparts not his knowledge," answered the other, not irreverently. "And unless *you* slew him, I see not how you can know this. Yet, hold, hold!" he continued impetuously, as he saw that Sir Miles was about to speak, "if you did slay him, tell it not; for if he did betray my mother, if he did abandon me to disgrace and ruin—still, still he was my father."

"I slew him not, young man," replied the cavalier, gravely, "but he was slain for the cause that I have named, and I saw him die—repentant."

"Repentant!" exclaimed the youth, grasping the withered hand of the old knight, in the intensity of his emotions, "did he repent the wrong he had done my mother?"

"As surely as he died."

"May God forgive him, then," said the seaman, clasping his hands together and bursting into tears, "as I forgive him."

"Amen! amen!" cried the knight, "for he was mine ancient friend, the comrade of my boyhood, before he did that thing; and I, too, have something to forgive to him."

"You, Sir Miles, you!—what can you have to forgive?"

"Tell me first, tell me—how are you named?"

"Durzil," answered the youth, "Durzil, *Notak-ing!*" he added, very bitterly, "my country, and my country's law give me no other name, but only Durzil—its enemies have named me *Bras-dr-fer!*"

"Then mark me, Durzil; as he of whom you are sprung, of whom you are named, was my first friend, so was your mother my first love; and she returned

my love, till he, my sometime confidant, did steal her from me, and made his paramour, whom I had made my wife."

"Great God!" exclaimed the young man, struck with consternation; "then it must, it must have been so—it was you who slew my—my father!"

"Young man, I never lied;"

"Pardon me, Sir Miles. Pardon me, I am half-distracted. And you loved my mother, and—*and*—he repented. Why was not I told of this before? And yet," he added, again pausing, as if some fresh suspicion struck him, "and yet how is this? I heard you speak yester even to my uncle, of wrongs done—done by yourself to *him*, and of a woman's death—that woman, therefore, was not, could not have been *my* mother. Who, then, was *she*?"

"*His* mother," replied Sir Miles St. Aubyn, calmly, but sadly, pointing to the bed on which Jasper lay sleeping tranquilly and all unconsciously of the strange revelations which were going on around him. "If my friend robbed me of William Allan's sister, so I won from William Allan, in after days, her who owned his affection; but with this difference, that *she* I won never returned your uncle's love from the beginning, and that I never betrayed his confidence. If I were the winner, it was in fair and loyal strife, and though it has been, as I learned for the first time last night, a sore burthen on your uncle's heart, it has been none on my conscience; my withers are unwring."

"I believe it, sir; from my soul, I believe it," cried the young man, enthusiastically, "for, on my life, I think you are all honor and nobility. But tell me, tell me now, if you love, if you pity me—as you should do for my mother's sake—who slew my father?"

"I have sworn," answered the cavalier, "I have sworn never to reveal that to mortal man; and if I had not sworn, to *you* I could not reveal it; for, if I judge aright, you would hold yourself bound to—"

"Avenge it!" exclaimed the youth, fiercely, interrupting him; "ay, were it at my soul's purchase—since he repented."

"He *did* repent, Durzil; nay, more, he died, desiring only that he could repair the wrong he had done you, regretting only that he could not give you his name and his inheritance, as he did give *you* his dying blessing, and your mother his last thought, his last word in this world."

"Did *she* know this?"

"Durzil, I cannot answer you; for within a few days after your father's death, I left England for the Low Countries, and returned not until many a year had passed into the bygone eternity. When I did return, the sorrows of Alicia Allan were at an end forever; and though I then made all inquiries in all quarters, I could learn nothing of your uncle or yourself, nor ever have heard of you any more until last night, when we were all so singularly brought together."

"I *ought* to have known this; I would, I would to God that I *had* known it. My life had been less wild, then, less turbulent, less stormy. My spirit had not then burned with *so* rash a recklessness. It was the sense of wrong, of bitter and unmerited wrong done in past times, of cold and undeserved scorn heaped

on me in the present, as the bastard—the child of infamy and shame! that goaded me into so hot action. But it is done now, it is done, and cannot be amended. The world it is which has made me what I am—let the world look to it—let the world enjoy the work of its hands."

"There is nothing, Durzil," said the old man, solemnly, "nothing but death that cannot be amended. *Undone* things may not be, but all may be amended, by God's good grace to aid us."

"Hast thou not seen a sapling in the forest, which, overcrowded by trees of stranger growth, or warped from its true direction by some unnoted accident, hath grown up vigorous indeed and strong, but deformed and distorted in its yearly progress, until arrived at its full maturity, not all the art or all the strength of man or man's machinery can force it from its bias, or make it straight and comely? So is it with the mind of man, Sir Miles. While it is young and plastic, you shall direct it as you will—once ripened, hardened in its growth, whether that growth be tortuous or true, as soon shall you remodel the stature of the earth-fast oak, as change its intellectual bias. But I am wearying you, I fancy, and wasting words in unavailing disquisition. I hear my uncle's step without, moreover; permit me, I will join him."

"Hold yet a moment," replied the old man, kindly, "and let me say this to you now, while we are alone, which I may perchance lack opportunity to say hereafter. Your mother's son, Durzil Orlauf—*for so I shall ever call you*, and so by *his* last words you are entitled to be called—can never weary me. Your welfare will concern me ever—what interests you will interest me always, and next to my own soul I shall hold you nearest and dearest to this old heart at all times. Now leave me if you will—yet hold! tell me before you go, what I am fain to learn concerning your good uncle—the knowledge shall perchance save painful explanation, perchance grave misunderstanding."

"All that I know is at your service," answered the young man, in a calmer and milder tone than he had used heretofore—*for he was, in truth, much moved and softened by the evident feeling of the old cavalier*; "but let me thank you first for your kindly offers, which, should occasion offer, believe me, I will test as frankly as you have made them nobly."

To his latter words Miles St. Aubyn made no answer, except a grave inclination of his head, for his mind was preoccupied now by thoughts of very different import—was fixed, indeed, on days long passed, and on old painful memories.

"This girl," he said at length, "this fair young girl whom I saw here last night, is she—is she your sister? I think you had a sister—yet this fair child hath not Alicia's hair, nor her eyes—who is she?"

"God was most good in that," answered the seaman, with much feeling, "he took my sister to himself, even before my mother pined away. A man's lot is hard enough who is the son of shame—a woman's is intolerable anguish. Theresa is my uncle's child—his only child. His love for her is almost idolatry, and were it altogether so, she deserves it all. Lo! there

she passes by the casement—was ever fairer face or lovelier figure? and yet her soul, her innocent and artless soul, has beauties that as far surpass those personal charms, as *they* exceed all other earthly loveliness."

"You love her," said the cavalier, looking quickly upward, for he had been musing with downcast eyes, while Durzil spoke, and had not even raised his lids to gaze upon Theresa as she passed through the garden. "You love this innocent and gentle child?"

The young man's cheek burned crimson, ashamed that he should have revealed himself so completely to one who was almost a stranger. But he was not one to deny or disguise a single feeling of his heart, whether for good or for evil, and he replied, after a moment's pause, with an unflinching and steady voice, "I *do* love her, more than my own soul!"

"And she," asked the old knight, "does she know, does she return your affection?"

Again the sailor hesitated, "Women, they say," he replied, at length, "know always by a natural instinct when they are beloved, and therefore I believe she *knows* it. For the rest, she is always most affectionate, most gentle, nay, even tender. Further than this, I may not judge."

"Father," exclaimed a faint voice from the bed, at this moment. "Is that you, father?" and Jasper St. Aubyn opened his eyes, languid yet from the heavy slumber into which the opiate had cast him, and raised himself up a little on his pillow, though with a slow and painful motion.

"My son," cried the old man, hurrying to the side of the bed, "my own boy, Jasper, how fare you now? You have slept well?"

"So well," answered the bold boy, "that I feel strong enough, and clear enough in the head, to be up and about; but that whenever I would move a limb, there comes an accursed twinge to put me in mind that limestone rock is harder than bone and muscle."

Meanwhile, as soon as the old cavalier's attention was diverted by the awakening of his own son from his trance-like slumber, Durzil Bras-de-fer, as he called himself, and as I shall therefore call him, left the room quietly, and a few minutes afterward might have been seen, had not the eyes of those within the chamber been otherwise directed, to pass the casement, following the same path which had been taken by Theresa Allan a little while before.

[To be continued.]

ELIM.

BY VIRGINIA.

And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees, and they encamped there by the waters. *Exodus xv. 27.*

Noon on the burning desert!
Unutterable noon!
On the wandering band, from Goshen's land,
Shod in the wondrous shoon!

Blasting the man of might,
Blighting the infant Bower,
And quenching the light to the mother's sight
As it droops in the fearful hour!

Look out o'er the blinding heaven!
Look out o'er the scathed ground!
Is naught in view save the torturing blue
And the maddening sand around?

Behold a speck afar!
It seemeth a cloud like a hand,
And it beck'neth us on through the raging sun
Away to the Promised Land!

Is it the Angel of Death,
Sent forth as a mocking guide?
Is it the trace of the warrior race
As they scour the trackless wide?

No! by the Cloudy Pillar!
No! by our Fiery Friend!
From the bush of flame the great I AM
Hath bidden us onward wead!

On to the Seventy Palm Trees!
On to the water's brink!
Where the wayfaring rest on the green earth's breast,
And the fainting pilgrims drink!

Drink! and forget their misery,
And remember their toil no more;
Rest! while the breeze sways the stately trees
Those dark, cool waters o'er!

Drink! parched and panting Israel!
In those draughts of mercy deep
There mingles no tide of the Marah wide
Where thy innermost soul shall steep!

Rest! worn and weary Israel!
In the dream of thy sleeping eyes
There dwelleth no thought of the ruin wrought
By coming centuries!

Oh, Elim! loveliest Elim!
Gem of the desert old!
Green be thy mighty shadows,
Pure be thy waters cold!

How often, 'mid life's vast desert,
My heart within me swells,
As I sigh for thy Seventy Palm Trees,
And for thy Twelve Deep Wells!

FAITH'S WARNING.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

The vital elements of all things gifted
With promise or with truth,
By God's own hand benignantly are lifted
Into perennial youth.

O then, with gentle reverence, surrender
The wish to interfere,
Behold the miracle, devout and tender,
But enter not its sphere!

Childhood, with meek intelligence, uprising,
When guardians annoy,
As gush the sympathies its life revealing,
Asks freedom to enjoy.

Genius, by graceful waywardness, achieving
Its claim the boon to share,
A narrow doom in Fairy's world retrieving,
Expands untrammelled there.

The throes of nations plead that right be tested—
The Present grapple fairly with the Past,
For Liberty's pure zeal if unmolested,
Will triumph at the last!

Profane not Love in its divine seclusion,
If true, its hope is sure,
Born in weak hearts it is a chance illusion,
That vainly would endure.

For all things destined to survive, engender
Their own progressive life,
And Truth, forsaken by her last defender,
Yet conquers in the strife.

In its dim crypt of mould the seed implanted
Will germinate and spring.
Poised in her azure realm the lark undaunted
Exultingly will sing!

The prayer of wisdom in these later ages
Is for unchartered right
To turn, at will, her own elected pages,
With unimpeded sight.

To their own law abandon all things real,
Nor, with incessant care,
Strive to conform to thy perverse ideal
What God created fair.

LAMENT OF THE GOLD-DIGGER.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

'Tis the grief for their fate gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before. CAMPBELL.

'Tis evening, and I stand alone
On San Francisco's desert shore,
The wandering night-winds sadly moan,
And shrieking sea-birds round me roar.
The weary sun hath sunk to sleep
Beyond the great Pacific's wave,
While here I stand and idly weep
That I have been to gold a slave!

O, curses on the maddening cry
That echoed through my own green land,
And sent me forth, unwept to die,
Upon this lonely desert strand!
With spirits fresh the hills I trod,
And in the eager strife for gain
Forgot my country and my God,
And fevered fancies flushed my brain!

It came at last, the bitter thought,
That I was linked with toiling slaves,
Whose very life-blood had been bought
By selfish and designing knaves.

But all too late conviction came,
And with a down-cast, tearful eye,
I thought with anguish and with shame
I'd chased an echo here—to die!

O, vain was all our strife for wealth,
We ploughed the bed of many a stream,
All idly, and with ruined health,
Heaped curses on our fevered dream,
That drove us from our homes away,
Athwart the ocean's furrowed breast,
To find with terror and dismay
That we were houseless Famine's guests!

My heart grows sick—my eye grows dim,
As o'er the wulery waste I gaze,
And powerless droops each nerveless limb,
And manhood's pride and strength decays.
Adieu, my childhood's home, for fate
Hath dimmed the brightness of my sky,
I've "dug" my grave, and found too late
I've chased an echo here—to die!

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

NO. 1.—WHAT THERE WAS TO LIKE IN HATTIE ATHERTON.

BY GIFTIE.

"You seem to have a great deal to say lately about this Miss Hattie Atherton," said my brother, looking up from his book as I entered the parlor, after escorting to the door a friend who had been making me a morning call.

"Well," said I, "I hope you have no objection."

"Objection—no indeed. But what is there in Miss Hattie, that you all like so much? Your friends have been perfectly absorbed in admiration of her for the last three days."

"If you knew her you would not wonder that we are all glad to have her at home again. She has been absent four years at a boarding-school, and as she is reported to be wonderfully accomplished her return makes quite a sensation in our quiet circle. That is the reason you have heard her name so frequently mentioned."

"A regular paragon of boarding-school accomplishments, I suppose," said Fred, with his most scornful sneer. "She doesn't know a cow from a sheep—works worsted dogs—paints in colors *excessively* *watery*—considers her father and mother quite civilized and vulgar—and knows enough of the languages to Frenchify her name into Harnette, or into the more unmeaning diminutive of H-a-t-t-i-e."

"You are really savage," replied I, laughing, "but, my good sir, you are quite mistaken in your enumeration, for though she had adopted the diminutive of her somewhat stately name, she is innocent of working worsted dogs, and she rejoices in the knowledge that of the two animals, the cow is the largest. Really, Fred, she is a very lovely girl, perfectly unaffected, and exulting like a freed bird to visit again her old haunts,

"In the grove and by the river."

"Ah, she is one of that sort, is she? Raves of nature and falls on her knees to a pigweed. For my part, I could never imagine why a boy was n't just as natural as an alder bush."

"You are really impertinent, Fred, to talk so about my friends," said I, a little vexed.

"Beg your pardon, sis; but you may depend upon it, all boarding-school girls belong to one of two classes—the smart and affected, or the soft and sentimental. You, my dear Mary, are the only one I ever knew to pass the ordeal without being spoiled."

"Which escape, I presume, you unpute entirely to the liberal share of advice bestowed by my wise brother. I am quite provoked with you, for your unsparring sarcasms on women."

"Ah, if they were only all like you," replied Fred, rising to come to me, and then falling back on the sofa with a growl at the pain the attempt had caused his

sprained ankle. Gentle reader, that sprain, which had confined him four days to the sofa, was the sole reason why my good-natured, sensible brother was so "uncommon" cross.

There was a pause, during which Fred cut his nails and I sewed most industriously. "I think," said he at length—but what he thought was lost forever to the world, for at that moment the door opened and Hattie entered.

"Speak of angels and one sees their wings," said I, as I rose to welcome her. "You have come just in time to verify the proverb, for we have been speaking of you." Fred gave me a beseeching glance. He did not know of a plan I had formed, which was quite inconsistent with any attempt to prejudice Miss Atherton against him.

"I hope angels don't tear their wings as badly as I have torn my shawl. I have come to you for aid, and you see I carry a flag of distress," replied Hattie, holding out her shawl that had one corner nearly torn off.

"How did you get such a rent in it?" exclaimed I.

"I have been paying a visit to your friend, Murray, and caught it on a nail in his door," said she laughing.

"What in the world was you doing at Murray's?"

"I went down to see his child. When I looked out of my window this morning, I was horrified to see that hop pole, whose graceful clusters we were admiring yesterday, lying on the ground, and shorn of its glories. On inquiring the cause of this outrage, I found that Murray went to our house last evening for some hops to make a tea for a sick child, and mother told him to get some from this pole. In doing so, he managed, with Irish dexterity, to throw it down directly across the bed of Dalhias."

"Your beautiful Dalhias—what a pity!"

"I was very sorry, but fortunately they are not all destroyed. I thought the poor man must have been in desperate haste to do such a thing, and so I went to see if the child were dangerously sick."

"Those Murrays are proteges of mine, but I didn't know that any of them were sick."

"The child seems to be threatened with a fever, but I made them give it a warm bath, and put baths of hops on its head and feet, and before I left, it was quite relieved. I staid to superintend the operations, lest they should not do it properly, for I fancy they are not accustomed to the use of water. To be sure, dirt is the native element of that class—but are n't they uncommonly dirty?"

"I think they are," replied I. "Last winter I asked Mrs. Murray why she didn't wash the children before she put on some new clothes I had provided for them, and she opened her eyes in astonishment. "Sure

mu'am," said she, "sure and the dirt keeps 'em warm when they 've nothin' else to kiver 'em."

"I suppose she thinks the same reason applies in summer by the rule of contraries, for they were none of them very clean, and I thought they were rather alarmed at the sight of a tubfull of water. Murray asked if I "wasn't afraid the child 'ud catch cold," but he says he thinks "hops is werry good things," and she imitated the deep guttural tones of our gardener with a perfection that was perfectly startling.

"You are quite a doctress," said Fred, when he had done laughing—"can't you prescribe for me?"

"I should think patience and resignation—an ounce each, thoroughly compounded—would be the most necessary remedy for a sprain," replied Harriet—and the conversation turned on other subjects.

We examined the shawl, and pronounced it unimpeachable and I offered to lend her my mamilla. "I will accept it," said she, "if you will yourself accompany it and assist me in making some purchases this morning. Sally Murphy, who has lived with us so long, is about being married, and father intends furnishing her house for her. It is a small tenement with only four rooms, but it will be all her own, and she would not be more delighted with a palace."

I was soon ready, and we walked to the cabinet-makers, who was delighted to furnish what we wanted, and then to that "omnion galtherin," ye!ep, "the dry goods store," where we found every thing necessary for our purpose, from the lace for the bride's dress to the carpet that was to adorn her "keeping-room." "These are my part of the wedding presents," said Hattie. "I earned the money—you know how?"

I have said that I had a plan in view, in which my brother and Hattie were to be the principal actors, and you will readily perceive that though not much given to meddling with the affairs of other people, I was sufficiently feminine in my tastes to be something of a matchmaker. Notwithstanding his fine intellectual powers and considerable knowledge derived from men and books, Fred had always been exceedingly deficient in the ability to say and do those graceful nothings that are the usual stepping-stones to an acquaintance between ladies and gentlemen, and this, added to a certain bashfulness that frequently attends a proud, sensitive nature, had kept him from finding any intimate friends among the ladies he had met in his college life, and in his subsequent wanderings over the world. Unfortunately, too, for my matrimonial schemes in his behalf, he was provokingly contented with the prospect of being an old bachelor; and since his establishment in our village, had confined his visits to a few married ladies who were vastly superior in cultivation of mind to any of the unmarried ones of our acquaintance. Thus with a hand-ome person, and more than ordinary powers of pleasing, had he chosen to exert them, my brother had passed to the shady side of thirty, without having his large, warm heart stirred by a deeper emotion than the quiet love excited by the home circle. I was determined this state of things should not endure much longer, and to Harriet I looked for aid in breaking the spell of indifference that was

con-signing him to the lonely and self-ish existence of a confirmed old bachelor.

Some weeks after the morning on which my story opens, Fred invited me to walk with him to one of his favorite places of resort—a grove that was situated about a mile from the village. The purple light of sunset was thrown like a glory over the surrounding hills, and fell upon the bosom of the river which, foaming in successive rapids through most of its course, here spread out in a broad, deep current, as it swept with graceful curve between its steep wooded banks. Following the path that led down the bank, we came out from the shadow of the trees into a point of land that, jutting out into the river, was covered with a soft greensward. A willow grew on its extremest verge, and on a flat rock under its overhanging branches Hattie Atherton was seated, with her sketch-book on her knee. Her hat lay beside her on the grass, and the wind sweeping back the long, shining curls that usually hung over her face, revealed her broad, intellectual brow, and the perfect contour of her features, while her slight, delicate figure was relieved against the dark trunk of the tree. So absorbed was she in her occupation that she did not know of our approach till we were beside her, and I had taken her book to show Fred her accurate drawing of the view before us. She started up with a slight blush, and turning to my brother said, with a low silvery laugh,

"You ridicule romantic school girls, Mr. Stanley; and as I presume you think I look very much like one at this moment, I must tell you how I happened to be here. Father told me to-day that the course of the M— railroad has been altered, and it will pass directly along this bank, so that our beautiful grove will be spoiled."

Great was our indignation at the idea of this invasion, and when we had exhausted almost every expression in the language, Fred declared he would get up a remonstrance and defeat their sacrilegious purposes.

"It will be of no use," said Hattie. "It is the march of improvement, and we must submit."

"Worse than the march of the Goths and Vandals," exclaimed Fred, wrathfully; "the idea of sacrificing these grand old trees to the whims of a few railroad contractors—it is too bad, for the other route will be more convenient for everybody else."

"I felt sorry enough, as you may imagine," replied Hattie. "I have spent so many happy hours here that I determined to sketch the view from this point before the measuring-rod or the steam-engine should disturb its quiet beauty."

"And your pencil has immortalized it; how perfectly you have copied the flickering light that falls on the smooth, dark waters, through those overhanging trees. Really, Miss Atherton, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for a copy of this picture."

"You shall have one," said Hattie, frankly. "I intended making a picture from this, and giving the drawing to Mary, for I know she loves this scene as much as I do. I have so many pleasant associations connected with it, that I feel as if I were to part with an old friend."

"I can realize your feelings," replied Fred, "for I,

too, have loved to listen on this spot to the many voices of nature. How often have I sat beneath these trees to watch the daylight fade from the hills, and the twilight throw its shadows over the landscape, seeming to descend lower and lower till they rested on the bosom of the river, and I could see nothing but the white foam gleaming through the dark, where it falls over the rocks away yonder. Then the low, thrilling, whispering of the wind among the pines, and the melancholy scream of the night-hawk—I declare they have made me quite poetical, as you see," he added, smiling, and slightly embarrassed at having been thus betrayed out of his usual composure, which embarrassment was not at all relieved by meeting Hattie's large dark eyes fixed on him with an expression of wonder and gratification. Perhaps it was this *manvais honte*—perhaps it was the argumentative spirit which had occasioned us to give him in the family the soubriquet of "the opposing member"—that gave so singular a turn to this sentimental conversation, when at this moment, in turning over the leaves of her book, Fred found a slip of paper covered with verses of Harriet's composition.

"So you write poetry, too!" said he, looking up at her with a smile.

"Oh, give it to me—I would n't have you read it for the world," exclaimed she, springing forward with such evident distress that he reluctantly relinquished the manuscript.

"You need n't be afraid of his criticism, for he writes poetry sometimes," said I.

"Do you?" said Hattie, incredulously.

"Certainly," answered my brother; "everybody does now-a-days. In the class from which I graduated at college, there were forty-five, of which forty wrote poetry."

"Wrote verses, you mean," said Hattie, demurringly.

"There is very little difference. The Horatian maxim, '*Poeta nascitur non fit*,' which has so long been thought to countenance a distinction, simply means that men and women who write poetry, like other men and women, are 'born.'"

"I suppose, then," replied Hattie, humoring the idea, "that the doctrine that poets were obliged to gallop up the sides of a steep mountain in Greece, on a vicious nondecript called Pegasus, is to be considered wholly metaphorical."

"Just so," said Fred. "Pegasus is now a mere omnibus horse, and timid people need no longer be afraid of entering the coach lest they should get a kick from the rampant animal, or be thrown into the depths of Helicon."

"The doctrine of inspiration is also exploded," said I, laughing. "Burns used to compose some of his nice little sonnets while engaged in the groveling occupation of ploughing, and if any thing more elaborate than usual was wanting, he took a glass of Scotch whisky."

"Byron, too," continued Fred, "wrote under the influence of gin; and it is said of Wordsworth, considered by the Lake school the greatest of modern poets, that he had an assistant feeding him with bread and butter while he was writing the 'Excursion.'"

Whoever, then, can drink whisky and gin, or as coming within the circle of the 'pledge,' can eat bread and butter, need fear no lack of inspiration."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Hattie. "What would these great immortals think, could they hear your nonsense?"

"Immortals! there is another false idea that should be given up by all sensible men. Every thing else that is made is made for some object, and its excellence is determined by its fitness for that object—why should n't it be so with poetry. Cheese, for instance, in Connecticut, is made with especial reference to the time of its consumption, and one kind is labeled 'to be eaten immediately,' another, 'in one year,' 'two years,' and so on. So with poetry. Some of it is better to be kept some years and go down to posterity like 'Paradise Lost' and Shakspeare, that were not much esteemed at first, you know; other kinds, more fit for present consumption, may be read by moonlight, cried over, and applied to other purposes of poetry."

"You remind me," said I, "of a definition I heard the other day, which said, 'poetry is only pleasant, metrical, musical, writing which amuses and astonishes one's friends, makes one's enemies bite their lips for envy, and may be counted on the fingers.'"

"That's very good," replied my brother, "but the easiest way to make poetry is to take prose and turn it. I was quite surprised, at an instance of this, I found yesterday, in reading Napier's History of the Peninsula War. He had been describing the battle of Corrunna, and in speaking of the death of Sir John Moore, he says, very nearly in these words: 'it was thought best to retreat without waiting for the break of day. The body of Sir John was hurriedly deposited in the earth, near the rampart, without music or even a farewell shot being fired over his grave.' Mr. Wolfe has immortalized himself, as it is called, by turning this account into verse; and just notice how closely he has followed the prose original:

* Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried."

"It is strikingly like," said Hattie, "not even the usual descriptive adjectives, and very little amplification. That shows how easily pieces of poetry of great celebrity may have been written. Perhaps you and I may one day be famous. I have often thought how a pensive man, looking at the water in this river during a mild fall of snow, might say very naturally, in thinking of the transitoriness of the pleasures of this world,

* Like snow falls in a river,
A moment white, then melts forever,"

and yet be unconscious that he had uttered a beautiful comparison."

"So, too," said Fred, "any one who has ever cooked a certain kind of shell-fish before sunrise, could not help saying, as the light broke upon him,

* Like lobster shells—the moon
From black to red begins to turn."

"Come," said Hattie, when our laugh had subsided, "it is getting dark, and as I promised to be at home in time to see Sally dressed for her bride, I fear

if we don't go now, she will remind me of the pouting dame who sits at home,

'Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.'

After we had left Hattie at her own door, and were proceeding homeward, Fred broke out in his most earnest tone. "That Miss Atherton is a very nice girl; what an intellectual face she has—have you seen any of her poetry—does she write much?"

"Oh, yes—you have read some of it, which she has published anonymously, (but this is a great secret, remember,) and her motive in doing so is as honorable to her heart as the verse is to her poetical powers. You know Mr. Atherton lavishes his wealth upon his children without bounds, and Hattie says it does not seem very benevolent for her to give away her father's money, so she devotes the proceeds of her literary labors to purposes of charity. She is very kind to the poor; I wish you could see how their faces brighten at her approach.

"Well done! that is what I like in a woman. She is really a very sensible girl," replied my brother.

"Even if she does write her name H-a-t-t-i-e," said I, with a sly glance. Fred pinched my arm, but said nothing.

Time passed on, and I was satisfied that my brother had found out "what there was to like in Hattie Atherton;" but a proud man deeply in love is the most timid of mortals, and he sped but slowly in his wooing. His favorite books were offered for her perusal; and long evenings were spent in arguments upon questions of metaphysics and philosophy, and though Hattie had sufficient strength of intellect to sustain her share of the conversation creditably, she was too much impressed with awe of Fred's mental abilities to feel perfectly at ease while he was thus drawing forth the powers of her mind; and, mistaking her dignity and slight reserve of manner for indifference or aversion, he dared not betray the strong affection with which she inspired him.

One evening, late in the summer, as I was sitting alone in the twilight, Fred entered hastily, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed, "I have just heard very bad news—do you know—have you seen Harriet to-day?"

"No—what has happened? Tell me, for mercy's sake," said I, half frightened out of my wits at the sight of his pale face.

"Mr. Atherton has failed."

"Oh, is that all," replied I, with a feeling of relief on knowing that nothing dreadful had befallen my friend.

"All!" retorted Fred. "I should think that was enough. It will nearly kill the old man, he has such an overwhelming horror of debt."

"How did it happen?" said I, rising and putting on my bonnet as I spoke.

"Are you going over there? I will go with you, and tell you about it on the way," replied Fred, throwing my shawl around me, and giving me his arm. The story was soon told. The loss of a ship which was wrecked without insurance some months before, had somewhat embarrassed him, and the sudden

failure of two large mercantile firms in Boston, with whom he was connected had completed the ruin.

As we approached the house through the garden, I proposed that we should go in through one of the parlor windows, which opened upon a grass-plot, and formed a convenient entrance in that direction, of which we had frequently availed ourselves. Never shall I forget the sight which presented itself as we stood before the window. Mrs. Atherton was reclining on the sofa, sobbing bitterly. Mr. Atherton was seated in an arm-chair, his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame shrunk and collapsed, as if beneath a weight of shame and agony. Harriet stood beside him, bathing his head and raising with her smooth, white fingers, the gray locks he had polled over his brow. The light which fell full on her face, showed that she had been weeping violently; but now there was a faint smile on her trembling lips, and she was talking earnestly. We could not hear what she said, but the tones were full of encouragement, and her attitude and expression betokened firmness and hope. As we gazed, the old man suddenly uncovered his face, and throwing his arms around her neck, drew her mouth down to his, and kissed her fervently.

"We will not intrude here," said my brother. There was a strange huskiness in his voice, and I felt his whole frame tremble as it did when he was strongly moved.

We walked slowly home again and talked sadly of the misfortune that had befallen our friends—of their plans of quiet happiness that must be given up—of their munificent charities that must be now contracted, and of the anxieties and embarrassments which would harass that honorable old man, but when I said that Lizzy must come home from school, and George must discontinue his studies, Fred replied resolutely that "It must not be;" and when we entered the house, he seated himself before the writing-desk and commenced a letter. Having occasion to cross the room as he was closing it, I took a sister's liberty to peep over his shoulder, and saw—"So, my dear fellow, do not think of leaving, but draw on me for whatever funds you may require."

A fortnight elapsed, during which I saw little of Harriet. In his professional capacity, as a lawyer, Fred was busy most of the time with Mr. Atherton, canvassing the business—settling accounts and making assignments; and it was a season of mental torture to the ruined father which could hardly have been borne had it not been for the gentle ministrations of his daughter. She it was who nerved her invalid mother to meet calmly their change of circumstances, and to aid her in consoling the care-worn, haggard man, whose sorrow they so deeply shared. The sight of her lovely face beaming with cheerfulness and affection, the sound of her low musical voice, as she sung the songs he loved, or repeated to him words of religious faith and consolation, seemed to operate like a charm in driving away the cares that haunted him, and gradually her firmness and courage were imparted to him, and he was enabled to lift up his head once more and hope for better days.

Early one morning Hattie entered the room where

we were sitting at breakfast, with a face so much more joyful than she had for some time worn, that I knew she must have some good news to communicate.

"It is, indeed, so," said she, in reply to my inquiry. "I came to tell some news, and also to beg your assistance for to-day."

"I am at your service," I answered; "but first tell me what has happened to please you so much?"

"I must premise," replied she, "what you already know, that on settling up his affairs, father has found that he can pay every cent he owes, and we shall have our dear old house and garden left; and as father has a thousand dollars a year from his land agency, we shall be able to get along quite comfortably. But in order to do so, Lizzy must leave school and George must help support himself for the next eighteen months which elapse before his studies are finished. Now you know he inherits mother's delicate constitution, and his health is too feeble to allow him to apply himself as closely as will be necessary if he is to earn his own support. Father has a sort of nervous horror of his getting into debt, (and George is as particular as father is on that point,) so, to make my story short," she added, hesitating a little, while a bright blush suddenly suffused her face, "I am going to support them, and father can keep the old homestead—"

"You support them—how?" we both exclaimed.

"Through the kindness of my old teacher, Miss W——, Lizzy mentioned in her last letter that Miss Foster, who has so long taught drawing and music at the Seminary, had left to be married, and their present teacher was not considered competent. So I wrote the day after our misfortune came, without saying any thing to father, and applied for the situation, and this morning I received an answer, filled with the most flattering expressions of kindness, and offering very liberal terms."

"You do not seriously mean that you intend teaching?" said my brother, in a tone that deepened the flush on Hattie's cheek.

"Certainly I do. Why should I not make my acquisitions available. I intend to 'improve my talents,' and as that old-fashioned Jewish coin is not current in this country, I must exchange it for something that will pass more readily. I am quite delighted, too, with the terms Miss W—— offers me, though I fear I shall not be worth so much money. She says, if I will let part of the salary go to pay Lizzy's school-bills, she will give me five hundred dollars a year, on condition that I engage to remain two years."

"That will be about four hundred dollars in money," said I, musingly; "yes, that is quite good pay, to be sure; but, then, what will your father and mother do without you for two years—have they consented to your plans?"

"They have, after some opposition. They will be very much alone, but I shall depend upon your kindness to cheer their lonely hours, and your brother will perhaps spend an evening with father occasionally," added she, glancing timidly at Fred, who was drumming on the table with a very dissatisfied air.

"When do you leave?" asked my mother.

"To-morrow," she answered, rising; "and that re-

minds me that I have not yet told you, Mary, that I came to request your assistance to-day in making my final preparations. I did not expect to go so soon, and have many little things to arrange before I leave."

"Why do you go to-morrow?"

"In order to be there at the commencement of the next term—you will come, wont you?"

I promised to be with her in a short time, and she departed; and Fred, after putting salt into his coffee, and mustard on his bread, in a vain attempt to finish his breakfast, took his hat in desperation, and went out after her.

"Miss Atherton," said he earnestly, as he overtook her, "let me persuade you to give up this scheme—we can't spare you for two years."

"I am quite astonished at opposition from you, Mr. Stanley," said Hattie, in some confusion at his earnest manner. "It is but a few weeks since we had that long talk about woman's duties and powers of usefulness. You remember what you said then?"

"Yes; but with you," replied Fred, in a low tone, "with you it is 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily.'"

A long silence followed, for both were too much agitated to speak, when Fred repeated, "Do give up this plan—there is no need of it. I have written your brother to draw on me for any amount he may need to complete his education."

"You are very kind," said Hattie, tremulously, and her soft eyes were filled with a dewy light, as for a moment they met his impassioned gaze. Just then they reached the garden-gate, and in attempting to unlatch it at the same time, their hands met. The touch thrilled through each frame like an electric shock. Fred took her hand and drew it within his arm as they proceeded up the walk.

"If I could only persuade you," said he, "how gratified I am to be of service to you. If you could have the faintest adequate idea how necessary is your presence to my happiness—how I have lived for weeks, months, only in the hope that I might one day tell you how fervently my whole soul loves you. Oh, dear Miss Atherton, is it all in vain?"

There was no reply, but the small, trembling hand that rested on his arm, placed itself in the hand that lay near it, and nestled there, as if it would cling forever. A glad, hopeful smile sprung to his lips. "Harriet—dear Harriet, you will let me love you?"

Again those expressive eyes were raised to his, and her heart spoke through them, as her low clear tones answered, "I will love you."

"And you will not leave me—you will be my wife—you will give me the right to assist your brother?"

"Some time hence, but not now. You must not strive to break my resolution. I trust in you fully, and the words you have just spoken, are to me like sunshine breaking through the clouds that have enveloped my life; but for Lizzy's sake, and for George's, it is best that I should not relinquish my purpose."

They entered the house and sat down together. All the barriers of doubt and distrust that had separated them were removed, and there two full, strong hearts, were revealed to each other. With all the eloquence of affection, Fred endeavored to convince her that

it was not her duty to leave the home that was now more than ever dear to her; but the gentle girl was firm in her noble resolve, and at length her pleadings won from him a reluctant consent to its fulfillment.

The two years, which had seemed so long in the prospective, passed rapidly away, as time always does when one is in the steady performance of duty. Hattie's visits at home were short and unfrequent, but she won the admiration of her pupils. Lizzy was at school with her, and Fred found so much business to compel him to visit the city, that he was considered quite a public benefactor by certain postage-saving acquaintances, who besieged our door with inquiries when Mr. Stanley would go to B—, and would he take a package?"

It was the evening before the wedding-day. The sisters had returned three months before, and George had been some time at home, and was soon to be or-

dained as pastor over the church where for generations his fathers had worshipped. Having assisted Lizzy in arranging the bridal paraphernalia for to-morrow morning's ceremony, I went down stairs to bid Hattie good-night before I went home. She was standing by the window, with her head leaning on Fred's shoulder. One of his arms was around her, and with the other he was holding back the curtain that the brilliant moonlight might fall full on the beautiful face that was raised to his with an expression of confiding affection. A sudden recollection flashed upon my mind, and crossing the room, I threw my arms around them as they stood together, and said to my brother, "Fred, how you found out what there is to like in Hattie Atherton?"

"I have found," replied Fred, drawing her fondly to his heart, "that there is every thing in her to like except her name; she will change that to-morrow, and then she will be perfect."

TO MARY.

BY LUCY CABELL.

'T were vain, dear Mary, to attempt
To sound your praise in rhyme;
Though oft I've gazed upon your face,
You're fairer every time.

The stars are bright—but your sweet eyes,
Are lovelier far than they,
And diamonds, were they half as sweet,
Have scarce a brighter ray.

And, oh, such winning fondness lies,
In your gay, gladsome smile,
I scarce can look on you, and think
I do not dream the while.

And then your form—light as the air,
And perfect as a fairy;
Though many strive for beauty's prize,
None can compare with Mary.

Oh, Mary, may thy future life,
Be bright, as thou art now,
And not a shade of sorrow rest,
Upon thy snow-white brow.

And when thy gentle spirit soars,
From its abode of love,
Oh, may it leave this world of cares,
To dwell with God above.

LITTLE WILLIE.

BY MRS. E. MARION STEPHENS.

My beautiful—my beautiful,
Upon thy baby brow,
The stern, relentless band of death
Has placed his signet now!
The golden threads that span thy life,
Are breaking, one by one;
Let me not hold his spirit back—
Oh, God! thy will be done!

My beautiful—my beautiful!
Thy life has been a dream;
A moment more, and it has passed,
Like sunshine on a stream;
Or like a bud, whose perfumed leaves
Unfolded for an hour,
To gaze with rapture on its God—
Then droop beneath his power.

My beautiful—my beautiful!
I would not call thee back;
I joy that thou hast fled the storms
That beat upon life's track;
I love to know thy sinless soul
Has burst its bonds of clay,
And watch thy spirit as it glides
So pleasantly away.

And when I gather up the folds
Around thy pale, cold face,
And when I weep to see thee laid
In thy last resting place,
I'll mind me that the fearful storm
By which my soul is riven,
Has borne my dove an olive branch,
And wafted him to Heaven.

MARY WILSON.

BY D. W. REILLY.

CHAPTER I.

"She never told her love, but deep
Within her heart concealed there lay
The worm that prey'd upon her cheek,
And stole her bloom away."

MARY WILSON was an only child. Her parents were exceedingly wealthy; and, though possessing extended landed estates, they were as parsimonious in hoarding up riches as though they were only in moderate circumstances. Mr. Wilson was rather aristocratic in his manners, yet, in many respects, he was quite liberal to those of his neighbors who were not as fortunate as himself in accumulating property. He was a gentleman of great influence, around whom gathered the elite of Cincinnati—whose favor was courted and sought by the wealthy and great. In his earlier days Mr. Wilson had laid out the rules which were to govern him through the world, and, in whatever circumstance in life, he fully resolved to abide by the course he had adopted for his guidance. He had retired from the active capacity of a business man; and yet, whenever he found an opportunity for speculating, he was just the man to engage in it.

About the time our story commences, the fever of speculation in the Western States raged to a marvelous extent. The excitement was great, and many had invested their whole patrimony in the speculation, with the ardent assurance that they would become immensely wealthy. But, alas! their expectations were but "castles in the air;" for the excitement soon subsided, and those who had invested their all in purchasing land, now found, to their great astonishment, that they had lost all they possessed. Many who were independent one day, and had the brightest anticipations of the future, the next were penniless and destitute, not knowing where or how to procure a subsistence for their families.

Among the most unfortunate in this respect was Mr. Wilson. He had invested all—even to the last dollar—of his immense possessions; he had bought lands at an exorbitant price; but he was perfectly satisfied that in the speculation he would make his thousands. His wife and daughter remonstrated against his entering so largely into the meshes of the excitement, and of involving himself to so great an extent; but he was too deeply resolved upon making money to pay the least regard to their remonstrances. He endorsed largely for others, and appeared lost in the agitation which existed. Speculation was the all-absorbing topic—with him it was a sort of magic, which usurped his entire thoughts, and, to a great degree, restrained his manly virtues. But soon his dreams and anticipations received a relapse, the effect of which had a serious impression upon his feelings. The day of speculation had passed, and the entire capital which Mr. Wilson had invested, was gone! He had lost all! he was re-

duced to poverty! Many others shared the same fate. Wealthy citizens were stripped of all their property; many of whom, who had not lost all in speculating, were sufferers from the evil consequences of endorsing for others. In short, a depression of business ensued seldom witnessed in a commercial city.

Reduced to want, Mr. Wilson's ambition was gone! his pride preventing him from engaging in any ordinary business; and his constitution too feeble for manual labor, he felt keenly sensible of the unpleasantness of his situation. He knew not what to do! His splendid mansion—the home of his childhood, whose hallowed associations filled his heart with happiness—had been given up, to satisfy the demands of the law; his furniture was sold; and still unliquidated claims pressed daily and heavily upon him for payment. Friends who, in the days of his prosperity, flocked to his hospitable board, now shunned him, as one whom they regarded as their inferior, both in point of wealth and respectability. Mr. Wilson observed the change with the keenest sense of injustice, and now felt how painful it was to be *thought* inferior to his fellow-man.

Mary was a girl of uncommon pretensions, whose amiable disposition and beauty attracted to her side a host of admirers, who, in their prosperous days, sought to rival each other for her hand—among whom was Charles Tomlinson, the son of a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati. Charles was a young man of rare talents, prepossessing deportment, and affable disposition. He possessed all the qualities of a noble, generous-hearted man; but, notwithstanding the purity of his daily "walk and conversation," he had imbibed many vague sentiments in regard to the Bible and the precepts taught in that holy book. Mary observed this, and felt pained to see so much talent wasted in useless attempts to prove the Bible false; but yet she loved him. Their attachment daily grew stronger, until they were betrothed, and the day appointed for the consummation of their vows. Before, however, the time for their marriage arrived, Mr. Wilson's misfortune came, the tendency of which was an entire revolution in the feelings of Mr. Tomlinson. He now resolved that he would *not* marry her, because her father had failed, and, in all probability, would never be worth a dollar again. With this resolution on his mind, he was at a loss in what way to acquiesce her of his determination, or how he could honorably release himself from his engagement. He had too little fortitude to unmask his change of sentiment to her, personally; and to do so by letter would betray a want of manliness, which he had the reputation of possessing. In the midst of this trying situation, he called to his assistance a friend, in whom he had placed the utmost confidence, and to whom he had entrusted the transaction of much important business. To this friend Mr. Tomlinson gave

instructions how to proceed, directing him at the same time to use the utmost caution in the information he wished to convey. His name was Samuel Gordon.

CHAPTER II.

"She seldom smiled—and when she did,
It was so sad, subdued, and brief,
As though her mourning heart she'd chide,
And strove to smile away its grief."

The attachment between Tomlinson and Miss Wilson, thus far, had been secretly kept from her parents, they preferring to make it known but a few weeks previously to their marriage-day. But Mrs. Wilson, with the watchfulness of a mother, perceived their intimacy, and, in a gentle manner, addressed her thus :

"Mary, for some time past I have noticed rather more than a friendly intimacy between you and Mr. Tomlinson, and, as a mother, I feel it my duty to give you advice on the subject. I would not do ought to give you pain; but I am not favorable to the addresses of Mr. Tomlinson."

Miss Wilson, deeming it no longer prudent to keep the truth of the matter concealed from her mother, replied :

"Dear mother, I hope you will forgive my rashness, for we have long since been engaged. I hope you will overlook my disobedience."

Their conversation was broken off by a quick ring of the bell, and Mary hastened to the door to respond to the call.

I have a message from Mr. Tomlinson, and wish to see Miss Wilson alone for a few moments," said the stranger.

"I am Miss Wilson. What is your business with me, sir?" she asked.

"I have," he continued, "unfortunately to announce to you that Mr. Tomlinson, since he has lost so much in the misfortunes which have fallen on so many of the citizens of this city, deems it, at present, a rash undertaking to marry, while circumstances of such an aggravating character continue. I think it would be better for you to be as calm as possible, and wait with due patience until a more favorable turn of fortune, which I anticipate will not be very long."

Had an ice-bolt entered the heart of that young girl, it could not have had a much greater effect. His words fell upon her ears like the solemn knell of all her hopes; for, since their misfortunes, she had fondly supposed that her marriage with Mr. Tomlinson would, in a great measure, retrieve the reputation of her father. She could not believe that Mr. Tomlinson would be guilty of such duplicity, and thought a stranger had imposed upon her. But how he, stranger as he was, knew any thing in regard to their engagement, was

something more than she could solve—an enigma which cost her much anxiety and thought; for even her parents, until that moment, had not known it. Her mother saw the hectic flush mantle the cheek of her child, and felt conscious that something serious would be the consequence. That Mary loved Tomlinson was unmistakable. She read it in the deep blue of her eyes; she saw it in every lineament of her features; she discovered it in all her actions; and, with the sympathy of a mother's own feelings, she endeavored to console her in that, her "hour of need." But the effect was too much for her delicate constitution to bear. She "loved not wisely, but too well;" and, day after day, she sat pensively surveying the beautiful scenery before her, and silently reflecting on her own unhappy condition.

"Her silvery voice was heard no more—
She sang not, and her breathing lute,
Which never knew angust before,
Now lies alone—forgotten, mute!
Or, if a passing strain she sang,
So mournfully its numbers rose,
That those who heard might deem she sang
A lone soul's requiem to repose!"

On a lovely autumn evening, just as the sun was shedding its last rosy beams on the tops of the surrounding hills, Mary looked from her chamber window, and drank in, at a glance, the golden glories of expiring day, and thought how calm it would be for her to die as sweetly as the sun was sinking to rest behind the hills, so that her memory might live, like the beautiful twilight, long after her frail body had moldered again to dust. She called her mother to her side, and told her that she was dying! At such a beautiful hour, when the day began to close, and shadows were no longer broad-cast from the clouds, but were stretched along the surface of the earth by the interception of a tree, or hill-side, Mary breathed her last!

As these precious but fleeting scenes pass like sober thoughts across the face of earth, or interminable side by side with gay and brilliant passages of light of equal evanescence, making all tender and beautiful, which otherwise had been lustrous and sparkling, they call up within the heart the memory of the past; and by an association we can scarcely trace, characters reappear of friends who have passed away before us.

Thus ended the life of Mary Wilson. Struck down in the vigor and bloom of youth, this young maiden has left many friends to mourn her loss. She was much esteemed; so much so, that every personal defect was forgotten in the charms of her spirit, with which she imparted to her friends a look of kindness and a blessing.

"Yon willow shades a marble stone,
On which the curious eye can tell
That underneath there lieth one
Who loved not wisely—but too well!"

WORDS OF WAYWARDNESS.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

HAN! for the tide of the blood's hot gush—
Hah! for the throng of proud thoughts that rush,
Reckless and riotous—why should they be
Led by thy frown, Reality?

Give, give me back the early joy
Of youth's warm hopes, of vows believed—
Again, again a dreaming boy
Let me be happy—though deceived.

Friendship, they say, is but a name,
And woman's love a meteor flame,
That feedeth upon fancy's breath
A little while, then perisheth.
Out, out upon thee—out on thee!
Thou hideous hag, Reality.

Hah! tears again! dost ask me why
The tear upon this burning cheek,
The half-repressed, yet bursting sigh?
The tear, the sigh, themselves must speak;
Must tell a tale of by-gone hours,
A vision of all fair and bright—
When my young path was strewn with flowers,
And every throb was of delight.
When joys were of each moment's birth,
Nor care, nor doubt, an instant stole
From days of ever-changeful mirth,
That changeless shone upon the soul.
When hopes, that in mist-distance gleaming,
In promise e'en outvied the past,
Came ever, halcyon heralds seeming,
Of peace and bliss for aye to last.

But where is now the sportive wile
Of youth—so guileless and so gay—
The soul of love, of fire—the smile,
That spoke that soul—oh! where are they?
Of days that could such joys impart
What now remains? Their memory—
A cheerless, blasted youth—a heart
That breaketh fast, though silently.
And those proud hopes so fondly cherished,
Have they too proved, like Friendship, breath?
Ay, one by one, they all have perished—
Yet no—not all—there yet is death!
There yet remains to choose some spot,
Where, far from man and scorn, to lie—
And there, unheeded and forgot,
Alone—oh! God—alone to die.

Who talks of dying, while around
The earth 's so fair, the sky so bright?
With Folly's wreath let day be crowned,
And Mirth and Music rule the night.
Another chord—the purple hills
Are bowing to the yellow vales—
The vales are smiling to the rills—
The rills make music for the gales,
That with the sunbeams twining hands,
Through groves and meads and streams are glancing
Adown the lanes, and on the sands
Of brave old Ocean madly dancing.
And brave old Ocean roareth so
His honest laugh, to see those Misses,
The pretty flow'rets bending low,
As though to shun the wind-god's kisses.

Kisses—hah! hah!—around this string
Of other days what memories twine—
Bring, merry comrades, quickly bring
Youth-giving and song-making wine.
Fill, fill—on the faithful brim
Pile up the sparkling flood—
Drink, drink, till the living stream
Run conqueror through the blood.
Drunk to the hill, the vale,
The stream and its jeweled brink,
To the warming ray and the cooling gale,
To earth and to ocean drink.

Drink to each thing that seems
Or loving or glad to be—
Nor wait to ask if those joyous beams
Be nature's hypocrisy.

I've quaffed the brimming bowl
In mirth's and madness' hours—
And drenched my thirsty soul
In goblets crowned with flowers.
Of draughts so pure as this
'Tis luxury to sip,
But draught of purer bliss
Doth dwell on woman's lip.

I've felt the glowing sun
Steal warmly to my heart's
Faint throbs, when gazing on
The skies of southern parts.
But oh! a sun more bright,
A purer, warmer sky,
Of joy-embathing light,
Is found in woman's eye.

'Neath holy Music's spell
Hath lain each dream-rapt sense,
While on my spirit fell
Its gushing eloquence.
But oh! a spell there is
More potent to rejoice—
The soothing lowliness
Of woman's whispered voice.

Then wonder not, if now
To her I pledge this cup,
To whom my earliest vow
First sent its incense up—
To her—the soul of verse,
Our hope, when hope-bereft—
Our blessing 'neath the curse—
Our all of Eden left.

Give, give me back the early joy
Of youth's strong hopes, of vows believed—
Again, again a dreaming boy
Let me be happy, though deceived.
For who hath caught the answering sigh
Heaving sweet woman's timid breast,
His longing soul fed on her eyes,
And learned the rapture to be blest—
In lingering dalliance now to sip,
In boldness now of ardor roving,
To drink from eye, cheek, forehead, lip,
Of one beloved, and seeming loving.
Upon the tell-tale cheek to breathe,
Closer the clasping hands to wreath,
As if no earthly power could sever
The bosoms met, as met forever—
While each responsive fluttering heart,
Beating as though 't would gladly break
To tell the joy that tongue ne'er spake,
Lungs from its heaving breast to part,
Nearer and nearer still to press
The soul of its soul's happiness.
Oh! who has felt around his soul
The spells of this idolatry—
And wished not that his days should roll
Thus spell-bound to eternity.

Away with wisdom—'t is a cheat—
Away with truth—'t is all a lie—
Madness alone hath no deceit—
Falshood alone no mockery.

OLDEN TIMES.

BY JOSEPH B. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE town or borough of Harrisburg, the political capital of Pennsylvania, lies on the *bank* of the Susquehanna, about 107 miles west of Philadelphia. I say on the *bank*, not the shore; for here a bold bluff rises a few yards from the northern margin of the river, and the town is, therefore, from ten to fifteen feet above the stream—a fact of consequence to the inhabitants; as the Susquehanna, which, in summer, may be easily forded by children, will frequently, during the spring freshets, rise from six to eight feet, threatening all upon its borders. The houses are built only on the north side of this front street, so as to face the river and leave, besides the beautiful avenue, a handsome esplanade in front of the town, overlooking the river.

Few places can present a more delightful promenade than this *front* of Harrisburg; and the writer hereof has more than once sought to express his appreciation of the walk and the gorgeousness of the views to be enjoyed therefrom. The scene is ever fresh—ever delightful, to one who has an eye for the beautiful of nature, and a heart to be warmed into the enjoyment of that beautiful. No frequency of indulgence pulls the appetite here—no change of season diminishes the attraction. Whether the stream murmurs round the projecting rock and over masses of pebbles that mark its bed and are visible in summer, or whether the current dashes deep and bold, fed by the melting snows of the upper mountains, it is beautiful; beautiful in its simple exhibition—beautiful in its terrible grandeur. Whether the setting sun steepens the current in liquid, tremulous light, or the wild, tempestuous blasts of January heap up the waters in dark and chuffing masses, all is beautiful; and men go forth to gaze in quiet enjoyment on the peaceful flow of July, or to enrich and stimulate their feelings with the all-conquering power of the down-rushing torrent of March.

Indulging in dreamy pleasure one morning late in June, while contemplating the loveliness of the scene, I cast my eyes away to the mountains through which the river forces its course a few miles above the town, and was delighted to see the first evidences of the rising sun in the yellow light that tinged the topmost peaks of those mighty promontories, while heavy wreaths of mist, engendered on the ground below, were rolling upward, like giants anxious to bathe early in the sunlight—an enjoyment that must have cost them existence, or, perhaps, only present *visibility*.

I can now recall some of the reflections to which the magnificent scene gave rise. Those children of the mist, that tended upward, were they only imaginary beings? only the workmanship of my fancy, upon the crude materials that spring up from the fens? or were those misty shapes indeed the essential fortas of spirits, whose tendencies were upward—who, though

dragged downward by the grossness of their outward covering, which affected its home and would abide in its cold, dark birth-place, struggled upward to the light and heat, and were released from the clogging properties of the visible and the impure, while they put on the invisible and the purified?

I knew the law of physics, by which the ascensive power of matter is augmented by heat, and consequently felt that some of those who were sleeping in the vicinity, would have referred all those misty images of the mountains to well known and always occurring circumstances. I admit that natural causes produce just such effects as the ascension of these wreaths of mist. But may not He who enacts the laws by which all these events occur, connect also the state, habits and tendencies of some class of beings with the operation of those laws? Because the sun gives light and heat to the system of which it is the centre, because we know that it rises and goes down, and because we can calculate the influence of its light and heat upon our planet, does it follow that the same body may not be the home of millions of rational beings, who would laugh if told that we, mundane men, thought that luminous body made for the convenience of the earth?

I was calculating the effect upon one who should, while standing on that mountain, venture to address these wreathy forms, and find himself understood and answered, when the presence of a person whom I had once or twice seen, at the peep of dawn,

“Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away;”

renewed a resolution of putting to him a question as to the origin of a certain enclosure in the vicinity. There was, between the upper bank and the edge of the river, directly in front of the town, a small enclosure, perhaps fifteen feet square, surrounded by a decaying board fence, and having in it two miserably looking Lombardy poplars, touched with all the equalness of decay which characterizes the *age* of that short-lived tree. Brambles, too, had sprung up in the enclosure, and they covered a small rising of the ground, with some invisible emblems. My object was to know why such a place was allowed in front of the town; why it was made, and why thus continued.

“That,” said my friend, “is the grave of old Mr. HARRIS, for whom the town was named, long before they thought of building the capitol yonder. But there is a long story connected with the matter, and you can learn the whole of it if you will call, with proper motives and in a proper manner, upon a descendant of the old patriarch who resides in the neighborhood.”

Now, I saw in this man some signals of fancy, and I felt determined to get the story out of him. But he pro-

fessed to be in too much haste; he had his day's work to perform, and he had almost forgotten the story. But I persevered with him and obtained some account, which, after eleven years, I put on paper, not venturing to quote my friend for authority, telling the story not exactly as 't was told to me, but as I recollect and reconstruct the narrative.

Mr. Harris was one of the pioneers of Pennsylvania. He saw the country rich and beautiful before him, and "went forth and stood and measured the earth" in and around the place where now stands the borough which bears his name. The beauty of scenery, the delicate softness of the valley contrasting with the towering summits of the mountains around, made the place exceedingly desirable. He, like the men of his times, had an eye for the beautiful, and a far-reaching ken that took in the future with the present; and so he sat down on the shores of the Susquehanna, on what was then perhaps an island, though now a part of the main land.

Mr. Harris was a man of the world—I mean what I say—he was emphatically a man of the world. Calmly and coolly had he, in his youth, sat down to reflect upon the policy which would best subserve the purposes which he had in view; and, after mature deliberation, he came to the conclusion that the precepts of his mother were well founded, and that however much the gay might ridicule, or the short-sighted neglect, the rules which she had prescribed, and which she had made him, in boyhood, follow—on the whole, "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly," would serve the affairs of a long life as well as they would produce effects after death. So, Mr. Harris sat down on the banks of the Susquehanna, an honest man from habit—an honest man from principle; a Christian by birth—a Christian by all his actions. He had nothing Utopian in his views, nothing impracticable in his plans. If he bought or sold, it was with a view to his own advantage in the transaction, and neither white man nor red man could outbargain him; but either white man or red man would be welcome to all that his wants required at his hands; and those who failed to get one quart of meal more than he would allow in trade, found no difficulty in procuring a peck whenever their necessities appealed to his feelings of charity rather than to his rule of business.

The means of the founder of the settlement had been somewhat diminished by an act of goodness, which few could appreciate at the time. A stout black man was about to be torn from his wife to be sent into slavery at the South. The ability of the slave enhanced his price, while his goodness of heart made the separation more intolerable to him. The wife was free—should she go into voluntary slavery in order to follow her husband? and if she did, who could tell her that the first inducement to the owner to sell her husband might not result in a separation, which no sacrifice on her part could prevent, nor could it mitigate the evils thereof. In this state Pompey appealed to Mr. Harris; he promised fidelity, industry and gratitude; Mr. Harris saw that he could prevent misery, and he paid the price of the man, and thus became his owner.

"Massa Harris," said the delighted black, as he

saw the accomplishment of his heart's desire, "I'll do something for this by and by."

"What will you do, Pompey?"

"Don't know, massa; but guess 't will come sometime or other."

Pompey formed a part of Mr. Harris establishment in his small settlement upon the Susquehanna, and by his light heartedness and his labor, seemed to repay all obligations which his purchase devolved upon him. He had a song for the youngsters who visited the place, and he could dance with the Indians that resided a short distance above; and whether in the field or at the mill, he was trustworthy, active, industrious, and never for a moment did his worthy master find cause to regret his purchase.

"Done enough for to-day?" would Pompey inquire.

"You have done more, Pompey, than I directed, and you have done it well; and excepting your habit of singing foolish songs, and dancing like a madman among the Indians and squaws that come down from the Juniata, I have been well compensated for your cost."

"But I have not done *that*," said Pompey.

"I tell you, Pompey, that I require only the discharge of ordinary duties; I do not expect you will meet with any occasion for any extraordinary effort in my behalf."

"Well, well, massa—it will come, by'n'by, I tell you."

The peaceful, gentle manners of Mr. Harris had their effect upon Pompey's movements, but not to the extent which the master desired. The servant was honest, industrious, and did all the work that was required at his hands, but he could not pretermit his sport. The day of gloom closed with Pompey when Mr. Harris saved him from the rule to the South and the separation from his wife, and Pompey felt a sort of devotion in his wild, irregular dances and his loud, shrill singing. His spirits rose with every recollection of the kindness, and, as he broke into a verse of some favorite song or shuffled out upon the hard earth with bare heels the time of a quickly moving tune, he felt that he was only giving expression to gratitude for his kind master; and who shall say that the offering of the joyous black was not made acceptable above, by the sincerity of the feelings in which it was presented?

It was a clear star-light evening of July, the moon had not risen, and the planetary worlds above seemed to magnify themselves in the absence of the great source of day; a gentle draft of air down the stream was felt, and occasionally a rustling among the foliage was caused by the wind, augmented into a temporary breeze. The whole bank of the river was covered with tall forest trees, save where Mr. Harris's little settlement was placed. On a bold bluff, now washed away, but which then jutted out into the stream, as if for the site of some defensive works, stood a female. She had been long looking up into the firmament, and then casting her eyes around, as if expecting some one to share with her the "contemplation of the starry heavens."

The young woman stepped forward and looked down upon the waters below her for some time, and

then murmured: "They are now, as in years past, above and below—the glorious constellations shining on, and year after year returning, with all their train rich in their lustre, and surveying themselves in the waters beneath. But *no* change. Year after year passes, and my fathers' race, if they appear at all, present themselves in diminished numbers and in wasting forms. The foot of the white man is on the soil, and he treats us as he does the forest trees. Where he finds our race convenient, he leaves them to perish for want of communion with their like; where he needs their lands, he strikes them down as cumberers of the ground; and I, who love the race—I dwell among the pale faces, in peace; nay, I dwell among them of choice. I love their people, and I reverence the precepts by which some of them are governed—by which all profess to be guided. Oh, spirit of my fathers! must all pass away like the wreaths of mountain mist, and, as they fall, shall it be the disgrace of their name that vice, and not vengeance, swept them from the earth?"

"Oh, what is this new principle which the whites have infused into my soul—the means and condition of future happiness? What is it that bids me forbear the wish that I was a man—a chief among my fathers' people, that I might chase the intruder from our hunting-grounds, and restore to our nation the land which was purchased by trinkets and baubles, costless to the whites and useless to the red men? What is that principle that *bids* me, nay *makes* me, pray for the good of the whites around me, and look to the destruction of my father's race as a means of that good?"

"I cannot tell. And the teachings of the whites concerning the requirements of their own religion, become dark and confused when they attempt to reconcile their practice with their precepts; at least, those who teach most do most confound. But Father Harris, who has little to say, how good are all his *deeds*! how like the shining of those stars upon the water is his benevolence to my race! beautiful in itself, and reflected in the hearts of the red men with constant lustre. Oh, if all were like him! but then—"

"Then what, Dahona?"

The interruption was caused by a young man who had followed the speaker to a place of frequent resort.

"Then what, Dahona?"

"Nay, William, nay, do not call me Dahona; at least, do not call me thus in *this* place—do not call me thus when you find me alone—when the wildness of the scene begets wildness of thought, and the breeze which comes down from the hunting-grounds of my fathers, seems to fan into a flame the lingering sparks of native fire which civilization, as yet, has not quenched. Do not, by such a name, call up my almost buried thoughts of those who owned these lands when the white men were enjoying that which they stole from their conquered enemies; do not tell me, in the midst of these returning pangs of pride and regret—do not by that name tell me, that I am the daughter of a chief killed upon his own hills; and when I would calm down those feelings of vengeance, which come with longer intervals, do not, with the name of Dahona,

goad me on to those wishes which must be sinful, for they are unjust to Father Harris."

"Well, then, my dear Rebecca, if all the whites were like Father Harris, what then?"

"They are not all like him. Those who taught me to read and write, and who tried to teach me to pray, are not like him. They talked of the equality of man, and yet treated me as the child of a monster. Father Harris knows that I am human, like himself, and he treats me as if I was immortal, as he is."

"Well, should not the virtues of such a man redeem from censure a thousand offending whites?"

"Perhaps so, William—I think so now; but there are times—moments like some which I pass alone on this point of land—in which the virtues of that good man seem to me a motive for vengeance upon *his*. Were he like others, the red man could strike; were he like others, *I* could strike; if, instead of kindness, which demands gratitude, and constant care and parental watchfulness, which beget affection, he had treated me as other whites treat my race, it might be long ere the hunting-fields of the tribe submitted to the plough. But the virtues of the whites subdue the feelings of the Indians, and the vices of the whites destroy the race. And yet, William, Father Harris, with all this virtue, forbids our union!"

"*Forbids* it, Rebecca, but does not hinder it."

"Not hinder it? Does he not hinder it by his refusal to sanction it?"

"May we not go down to the lower settlement and be married, as others are?"

"Will that procure his consent, William?"

"No; but, of course, it will be followed by his pardon."

"Alas, William, even the poor theology of my native tribe forbids the hope of pardon for a sin committed in the hope of pardon."

"But he has no right, Rebecca, to prevent our baptizing by his refusal to sanction the union."

"He has over me the right of a father, and shall never complain of a want of obedience. I may suffer by his refusal, but if he is wrong he must bear the consequences. No, William, no. I have told you that I would marry none other than you; but I will not marry you without the consent of Father Harris while he lives, with power to give or to withhold that consent."

"His reasons are insufficient."

"Nay, William, say not that; though he has not told me his reasons, I think I comprehend them. In the first place, you are the son of his old friend and relative; can the strong prejudices of your race be appeased, if you should marry the daughter of an Indian? It is true that I was a princess; and the whites whom I met at the school in the city, always appeared to worship those of royal blood, and I do not know that the crown of the parent country might not devolve upon the head of a man or woman as black and as curly as our Pompey, if such an one should, by the accidents of taste and the favor of the right *creed*, fall into the channel of succession by an admitted marriage. That strong prejudice, I am persuaded, influences Father Harris."

"But it does not influence me, Rebecca; and why should it? Associated with the best of our people in the city, you have acquired their habits; you have, with all the delicacy of your sex, twice the learning that can be boasted of by many of ours; and if—"

"Yes, yes, William; you mean by 'if,' that if I had ceased to feel, and sometimes act, like an Indian, *then*— But I have not ceased to feel and to act, *sometimes*, like my father's child; and all the learning which the whites have imparted, seems only to enable me to appreciate more correctly the sufferings and wrongs of my people; and if it were not for the gentle teaching of that Quaker woman—nay, the teaching rather of the *spirit* by which she is influenced—I should, perhaps, make my knowledge a means of vengeance. But, William, there is another cause, founded on sound policy, for the refusal of Father Harris."

"And what is that?"

"I am the daughter of a chief of a tribe that scarcely thinks of peace; and when my father was tortured by his conquering foes—tortured to death, but not to a groan—and my mother was struck down by the hatchet of a warrior of the tribe above us, I was redeemed from captivity by Father Harris—saved from a miserable death—treated, educated and loved by him as his child. While I am here, it may be that the warriors of my tribe will respect his settlement; if I should marry you, the tribe above, always friendly, might grow jealous of the connection."

"There is more of worldly policy in that than Mr. Harris is wont to exercise," said William.

"Let us be content," said Rebecca "with his decision for the present. He who has always intended right, cannot long persist in wrong."

The dialogue of the lovers became less and less argumentative, and was soon changed from that of an educated, high-minded woman and a deferential young man, to the gentle intercourse of two lovers—more pleasing to themselves, though perhaps less interesting to my readers. The moon had risen, and the light of its diminished form was dancing on the ripples of the river, and lay broad and lovely upon the side of the mountain above.

"What was that sound?" asked Rebecca, with evidence of fear. "Surely some one is abroad."

"It was only a deer, or some such animal, on the other side of the river."

"But, William, the deer does not move thus by night, unless alarmed by the hunter or some animal. Let us return; we may be injured, even on this side the river."

The pair withdrew to the little settlement; and as they passed one of the out-houses, they discovered, through the interstices of the logs of which it was constructed, the white teeth and shining eyes of Pompey, who, not having any love affair on hand, was very willing to have a laugh at "Massa William," or a little knowing wink at Rebecca, the next day.

Rebecca was soothed to repose by the quiet of her conscience and the healthful, gentle influence of the prayer with which she sanctified her little chamber—prayer that included blessings upon the head of her benefactor, her early friend and father—prayer that

expressed confidence and love for Him who was her "Father in Heaven." The noise of the river, hastening downward in its eternal course, was lulling, and in the strong light which the moon poured through the little window of her chamber, the enthusiastic girl seemed to find the forms of guardian angels; and she sunk to sleep in the confidence that she was in the care of Heaven.

And was she not? What but Heaven provided for her the ample affection of Harris? What but Heaven made his teachings operative upon her conduct? What threw across the dark mind of the Indian girl the light of Christian truth?—a light whose reflection was certainly tinged with a portion of the hues of the object which it reached, but which still was Christian light, doing its perfect work and effecting, by constant operation, the character, condition and habits of Rebecca.

It was but a short time before daylight that the young sleeper, who had retired to rest in the consciousness of Heaven's guardianship, was alarmed by loud cries, and on looking abroad she saw that one building of the little hamlet was wrapped in flames, while the wild yells of the savages told the poor girl what was the cause of the danger, and left little doubt as to its extent; and she knew, too, that the savage intruders were the people of her own tribe. Scarcely had she thrown a few clothes around her, and wrapped herself about with a blanket from her bed, when the voice of Pompey, as he passed her window, was heard. One sentence only did the poor fellow utter:

"Save all the time you can, Miss Rebecca!"

In two minutes more the little settlement was surrounded by the savages. William, who had been aroused later than the black, sought to save Mr. Harris, but failed, and seeing no chance of escaping through the line of Indians, he rushed into the room of Rebecca, and opening a small door took refuge in a cellar beneath.

Rebecca, it was known, incurred little personal risk. She was of the tribe of the invaders; and vengeance upon the whites, and the spoliation of their goods, were the objects of the attack.

Scarcely had William reached his hiding-place when the chief of the small tribe of invaders presented himself at the door of Rebecca's room, and demanded William.

"He is not in my room. Do you think men are to be found in my bed-chamber?"

"A white man may be found any where in time of danger," said the savage. "But I do not care for the fellow; I want to know where Harris has hidden his goods—especially where he has concealed the rum."

"I do not keep his goods nor hide his rum."

"But you know where he hides them, and you shall tell me, or I—"

"Or you will kill me—kill a woman! Brave chief! Has the influence of the white man reduced our tribe to that?"

"I did not threaten you, Dabona; but I will strike where you can feel as keenly as on yourself. Tell me where these goods are secreted."

"I will not; and you dare not take vengeance on me."

"Look, Dabona, through yonder window!"

The girl turned her eye to the window, and by the broad blaze of the burning building she saw a stake erected, near the river, and numerous savages were heaping around it quantities of wood.

"Is that for me?"

"No—for Harris."

The young woman checked the exclamation which was rising to her lip:

"And you will release him if I will point out to you the goods; you will do no personal injury to any one, and spare the rest of the property?"

The Indian hesitated; but the lie which seemed to struggle for utterance, against the habits of his race, was spoken:

"I will spare all—"

"And the people of the tribe—will they spare?"

Just then a band of savages was seen conveying Mr. Harris down to the stake.

The spirit of Rebecca was shaken. She did not know, indeed, *where* any goods were concealed, and the small amount which had been put aside was then brought forward by some of the Indians, who were more occupied with the rum they had secured than with the other articles.

She looked through the window again, and Harris was at the stake, and, with impatient yells, the savages were making ready for the sacrifice.

"Spare him—only spare the life of Harris, and take all!"

"We have all, and now we will consummate the work. Hark ye, Dahoma! Harris must suffer the torments to which our captives are condemned. We have been injured by the whites. Your father was our chief—they destroyed him; and whose blood has flowed in revenge? You, the daughter of that chief, have been made to despise the people of your tribe, and to adopt the faith of the whites—a creed that makes one portion cowards—afraid of the life or the death of a warrior—and leaves the other portion to commit what crimes they choose upon the red men.

"Now, hear me, Dahoma. It is the creed that makes the man, and not the man the creed; and the influence of your profession of that creed—the devotion which you pay to that book now lying at your feet—are weakening the attachment of our people to their chiefs, and giving power to the whites. Renounce the creed, spurn the book at your feet, and follow your brethren to their hunting grounds, and we will spare Harris."

"I will follow you whither you wish—take me now; but first release that man."

"Do you renounce the white man's creed—will you spurn the Bible in presence of our men?"

A few hours before, the troubled spirit of Rebecca had been moved almost to doubt the truth of the religion into which she had been initiated; but when the question was its renunciation, she felt the hold which it had upon her mind—she showed the hold which it had upon her heart. Could she, with some mental reservation, make the renunciation, and thus save her benefactor's life? She was not well versed in casuistry, but she knew that religion was of the heart.

"Speak," said the chief; "the people are waiting my signal."

"Give me a moment to think."

"Take it. I will leave you until the messenger returns twice with new combustibles for the old man's fire."

The chief closed the door, and Rebecca turned to seek guidance in her troubles.

The savage crew had seized upon the person of Mr. Harris, and dragged him from the house to the place appointed for his torments. A slow fire was to be lighted around him, and his dying moments were to be embittered by their blasphemies, and his pains augmented by the torments which they would inflict before the flame should have done its work.

The good man looked around. William he had heard in the first of the attack, and he now believed him dead. He knew that he had little to fear for Rebecca; her captivity might be irksome, but beyond that they would not injure her. But Pompey, with all his professions, where was he at such a time? How useful he might have been—how consoling, even now, to have seen him near, and to have sent by him messages to his friends. But he was forsaken of all—of all but his enemies; and so he looked upward, to ONE that had ever been his friend. Release was not to be expected. Mercy, fortitude, resignation—and the good man breathed a fervent prayer.

"The time is up," said the stern chief, as he opened the door of Rebecca's chamber. "What say you—life or death to Harris?"

"Let me see my father, even as he is—let me commune with him for one moment, and I will answer."

The chief led forth the girl; and as he passed two of his men he said, in his own language:

"Watch the house; and when the fire is lighted at the stake, set the house on fire—both the white and black are in it some where. See that none escape."

Rebecca heard and understood the terrible order.

The young woman ascended the pile, and threw her arms around the neck of Harris.

"My father! my father! must this be?"

"There is no preventive," said he, "short of a miracle."

Rebecca sobbed into the ear of her benefactor, the condition of his release.

"They will never release me," said he; "they may make you an apostate, but they will also make me a martyr."

"My father, they have sworn the oath that has never yet been violated, when given from Indian to Indian, that they *will* release you on those conditions."

"Has that oath never failed?"

"Never—ever, my father."

"Let me not fall into the hands of man," said the prisoner; "in this hour, God, be my guide and counsel."

"What is the answer, my father? Remember, your life—your precious life, may be saved, and that of William," she whispered softly in his ears. "Do not hesitate."

"I do not hesitate for myself. How, my child, is thy faith?"

"Firm—fixed, my father."

"Will you renounce it, if by that you could save the life of the William and become his wife with my consent?"

"I would not renounce that faith to add one moment to my life. Now, more than ever, do I see and feel its excellency. But you, my father, in whom it shines, may, by a protracted life, disseminate that faith to thousands."

"Shall I insure the faith of others by my own apostacy? You have my answer."

Rebecca gave one wild, frantic shriek, and was forced, almost lifeless, from the embraces of Harris.

"And what says Dahoon now?"

"I will not renounce my faith."

The signal was given, and the men arranged themselves between the river and the stake, and two or three sprung forward and applied their torches to the dry wood; slowly the smoke ascended, and then the blaze crept upward, while the loud shouts of the exulting savages drowned the prayer and groans of Harris and the wild shrieks of Rebecca.

"Apply the tortures," said the chief, and he sprung forward to give the example; when, suddenly, he pitched forward upon the fire, and the crack of numerous rites told whence his death had come.

In one minute the ground was filled with Indians of another tribe, and the survivors of the invading band were escaping down the river.

Through the mingled throng of living, and over the bodies of the dead, sprung one being upon the burning pile, and with a hatchet released the sufferer from his perilous position, as the fire was doing the work which the savages had left unaccomplished.

As the rescuer laid Mr. Harris on the ground, he exclaimed:

"Hi! Massa Harris, did n't I tell you, great while ago, 'byrn by come sometime or odder?'"

Pompey had escaped before the Indians surrounded the house, and knowing the attachment to Mr. Harris of a tribe a short distance above, and their hostility to those who had invaded the settlement, he was sure of aid if he could summon them in season.

The friendly Indians descended the river rapidly in their canoes, and were only in season to save the life of the whites.

William was brought fourth wounded, but not dangerously, and the family assembled in prayer and thanksgiving, while their friendly deliverers were discharging some of the minor offices of their calling and celebrating their victory by some characteristic attentions to the wounded whom the enemy had left on the shores of the Susquehanna.

"Did you not hesitate, my child," said Mr. Harris to Rebecca, "when death or apostacy was proposed?"

"When your death was the alternative, I did."

"Where, then, was your faith in Christianity—in its author?"

"Father, I am weak. I owe you obligations—I would sacrifice my life for your comforts; I knew you good—I knew you would decide correctly. My faith, then, was in you."

"In me?"

"In you—in you, oh, my more than father. You are the embodiment of that spirit by which I am guided. My faith in you, then—is it not my faith in the creed which you profess, and by which you live?"

No sooner had William recovered from his wounds, than Mr. Harris called Rebecca to him and signified his consent to the union between her and William, and his determination to make their circumstances as comfortable as the state of the neighborhood would allow.

"It is late, now," said Rebecca to William; "let us separate. The morrow will require our early attention, and Father Harris will be astir early in the morning."

"And he not the only one," said William; "for some of us must go down and bring the magistrate up, to perform the ceremony. We will meet early to-morrow morning."

Before the dawn of the day fixed on for her marriage, Rebecca left her chamber, and hastened along the banks of the river to the jutting promontory that she so much loved. Leaning there upon the side of a rock, she gave vent to all those feelings which spring up in the heart of a girl who stands upon the verge of marriage. Welling up from that heart were the waters of pure, holy affection for Harris, and of deep, abiding love for William. There was no want of all true feelings—no doubt of the high deservings of her lover. But Rebecca's education was imperfect; it had never eradicated the strong feelings for her own people; it had led her to see how rapid must be their decay, but it had not made her cling with undivided love to those whose superiority in certain points was exhibiting itself in the destruction of the natives; for she saw that the friend-ship of the whites was as fatal to the Indians as was their enmity. The lands passed as fast by cession as by conquest, and vices were sent with the wampum of peace as readily as with the weapon of war. And while she felt that she could apply no remedy, or become a preventive, she yet felt for those whose blood was in her veins—whose fathers' fame had been her glory.

"Oh, children of the forest," said she, as she bent her eyes upon mountains and table lands above, "ye are passing away like the leaves of autumn. The frosts and the sun-burn are alike fatal to you, and ere long you will be known only by your decay. Men will tell of your glories—but who shall see them? Dim shadows yet linger on the forest edge, and I catch the view of half fading forms as I look along the valley of the stream. Are these the spirits of my fathers come to chide me, their daughter, for my apostacy. Alas! what an apostacy is that of their sons, who retain the customs of the tribes, and yet adopt the vices of the whites."

"The light of another day is springing up, and a thousand shapes are visible; are these spirit-hunters of the red men—do they sanctify the night by their chase? They are not like the red men of those days. Mighty ones they are, and they pursue the mammoth for their sport. But how they depart before the coming light, as their descendants waste in the influence of the arts of the white men."

But ought I to wish it otherwise. Will not science

make more happy, and religion repay by its influences all the evil which has been brought on its name? Has it done it? Alas! I am distressed. What is to be the effect of all? Are the white men, with their religion, to drive the red men from their possession only to have more ample scope for vice, only to waste each other by the fraud with which they, in most places, overcome the Indians? or is the establishment of both to produce the happiness to all which is promised by their leaders? And are these doubts, these apparent difficulties, the result of my inability to judge of what is to follow, as the vision is now disturbed by the uncertainty of the dawning light, whose perfection will restore all things to their proper appearance?"

"Oh, let me yet, as I shall abide with these conquerors of our people, let me at least acknowledge that it is not they but their religion that detains me. No, deeply as I reverence my Father Harris, and much as I love William, I would join the warring, the decaying remnant of my tribe; and if I could not revenge their wrongs, I would die with them undegraded by treachery. But that religion—ah, they hold me there; they have driven from my heart most of the creed of my childhood. Only here and there is found a belief, green, from its association with infancy, but still beautiful, still cherished. While they have erected in my heart the form of their own faith, unfinished yet, but still promising, still sheltering. They have dealt with me as with our forests, in which our tribes had their home, they cut them down, leaving here and there a tree to tell of the things that were, and placing incomplete edifices for their own shelter—edifices that they promise shall be sufficient and beautiful in time."

The sun was rising above the horizon, and not a cloud stood in his whole pathway to the west. The tops of the mountain caught and reflected its first rays. As the warmth increased, the mists, which had fallen thick toward the base of the hills, began slowly to rise and roll in massive columns upward, or to pass off by the gap through which the river rushes. Rebecca gazed at the scene until her fancy moulded these morning mists into the forms of cherished beings. The whole energies of her tribe seemed to revive within her, and all of the wild and the unearthly that distinguished the dreams of her childhood rushed back upon her mind.

"I see you all," said she, "chiefs, warriors and women. I know ye now; every one has his form, and ye are returning from the hunting-field of spirits. Ye return mournful, though borne down with game; sad, for ye cross the fields which the whites have torn from your descendants; angry, for a child of a warrior is to be of those who are your enemies—and yonder group of little ones, they are my brothers and sisters, airy ones now, but happy in the mimic hunt, happy till they turn their faces on me, the last of all the household. And, father—oh, my father, the death-wound is yet upon thy breast, as thou movest onward in the air. Mother! mother! look not thus on thy child! Oh, turn not to me that breast whence I drew my life-nurture; that breast on which I rested when the life-drops were oozing forth from the wound which the enemy inflicted. But they are happy—happy in their

union, happy in the smiles of the Great Spirit whom they adored in their homes and their hunting-ground, whom they propitiated by terrible vengeance upon those who desecrated those homes and destroyed those hunting-grounds. They are happy, for the mist that gathers round my mother's brow is resplendent with rainbow beams, and as she passes upward to the mountain's summit, she waves her hand to me in peace. Thy pardon and thy blessing, oh, my mother—prostrate, I invoke them both."

William, who had witnessed the last agonizing scene, then stepped forward and raised the girl from the damp earth. She scarcely noticed his presence, the wideness of her eye denoted thoughts differently placed; and it was several minutes before she recovered her usual self-possession.

"It is passed, William, and we will now return to the house."

"But, Rebecca, why should you thus have exposed yourself and your health by such a yielding to the influence of your feelings and your imagination?"

"William, I am, or I would be, a Christian; and when I have given myself to you and to God, I would have no reserve in my heart from either, and therefore, before the sacrifice was made, as the daughter of the Judge of Israel went forth upon the high-places of her land to mourn, so I came hither to weep for what I was to leave, and to leave that for which I wept. The last sacrifice upon the altar of my fathers and my fathers' deities has been made. I have torn from my heart the flowers which grew upon the Indian's belief, and have prayed that the tree of life may overshadow the wild plants, that they blossom not again. I have taken down from the recesses of my soul, the gods which my mother enshrined there, and have taken leave of the living and the dead of my father's race. And now, William, now my beloved one, I am thine—thine in all seasons and all changes—thine, loving and loved; but, oh, do not forget that my mind, though dedicated to Christianity now, has been the home of the red man's creed, and may yet while it is sanctified by the new altar, reflect something of itself, its other self upon the purer worship, as the temples dedicated to the pagan god seem to cast some air of their origin upon the new and sanctified rites which they now enclose; and in moments of feeling, or when some additional wrong to my fathers' race is done in the name of our new creed, bear with me, if for a moment, I forget the blessed teaching of the gospel, and yield to the earlier influences of blood, of education and patriotism. It shall not be often, not for the world. Henceforth, my beloved one, I am thine; all of childhood's home—all of a people's wrongs—all of a nation's faith and a nation's gods, are given up—and all of thine adopted. Thy breast shall be my pillow in trouble, and thy smile my token of joy; thy welfare shall be my happiness, thy dwelling shall be my home, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

William pressed to his heart the couching, beautiful girl; and they turned to leave the eminence upon which they stood, and to join the family below.

The exceeding beauty of the morning induced them to look once more and admire the scene. The whole

broad river below them seemed one floating mass of light; and as the current passed on, its surface was disturbed by the boughs of the overhanging trees that dipped into the water, and created ripples that reflected all the hues of the moving light. The mountains in the west seemed clothed in gorgeous sunbeams, and nature appeared to have assumed her richest garb, to bless the nuptials that were about to take place.

"I love this scene," said Rebecca, "it tranquilizes me—it soothes my spirit, it elevates without agitating my mind—such a morning is a teacher of religion."

"The Spirit of God is teaching every where," said William.

"True, true," said Rebecca, "but I seem to lack some visible object, something upon which my eye may rest, something like the ladder of Jacob, by which I may ascend; the visible is necessary to me, to fix my thought upon and draw it up to the invisible. Is not your creed deficient in that?"

"Can there be a better man than Father Harris, and have you ever heard of one less influenced by the visible and tangible, and more guided by faith in the unseen?"

"True—but it is his goodness, his attainment in that grace which enable him to dispense with the visible. You white men cut and blaze the trees of the forest so that you may recognize the course by which you are to reach a desired point, but the Indian passes onward through the densest wood, with no visible sign, no outward evidence of the path."

"But, Rebecca, the white men find that their cuttings and blazings are imitated, so that it is difficult to tell in time which is the right mark, and resort must be had yet to the invisible to correct the visible. The former deceives us often—the latter never."

Hand in hand the pair returned to the mansion of Mr. Harris, and the day thus began in sacrifice and prayer, was closed in festivity. And William received to his arms his Indian bride.

The little enclosure at Harrisburg is a frail but eloquent memorial of the virtue and sufferings of Mr. Harris, and the fidelity of Pompey. The former handed down his name and his virtues to a numerous posterity.

Pompey, undoubtedly, is represented by some of his own color even in the present day. The great reward which he claimed for his successful exertions to save his master's life, was permission to introduce a fiddle into the settlement; and for years afterward the banks of the Susquehanna were made melodious by the joyful notes which Pompey drew from his favorite in-

strument, while blithely and strong was heard the footfall of the young at night, as they danced to the music of the Orpheus of their time.

William's descendants are in and around Harrisburg, holding office when they can get it, and dividing themselves between the two, or occasionally among the many parties, so that the advantage of ascendancy by either fraction may not be entirely lost by all. These are not the children of Rebecca; she died young—her frame of mind was not favorable to long life. She died a Christian, firm, consistent, active, growing always in faith, and full of good works; and yet it was remarked by the excellent clergyman whose teaching she followed, that her mind seemed never to have diminished entirely the creed of her childhood—and all her pure faith, all her Christian zeal, all her holy life, appeared to have some tinge of the creed of her fathers—not to alter the body of her faith, but merely to give it, at times, a color. "And," said a successor of that clergyman, "have not the teachings*she adopted, teachings of Christianity, always been thus affected by the previous character of the community or individuals by which they have been received?" No requirement diminished, no duty changed, no obligation dispensed, but a sort of reservation of a non-essential, which served to reflect a separate ray upon the admitted and the requisite. Religious truth, though enforced by divine grace, must in general be conveyed by a human medium, which will impart a portion of itself or its accidents, as the color of the atmosphere through which light is conveyed to earth gives hue and tinge to the rays, without diminishing essentially their powers to guide by their light, or invigorate by their heat. Nay, when we concentrate these rays to convey them to particular objects, the light not only takes the tinge of the medium, but it has also the divergency and eccentricity consequent upon the inequalities of surface, or the impurities of the glass through which it comes.

Rebecca lived to bless her husband by her domestic virtues and her unfeeling affection. Her death was mourned wherever her beautiful example of womanly virtue and Christian integrity was known.

[After the above narrative was prepared for the press, numerous letters that passed between Rebecca and her school-mates—one or two to Mr. Harris—and some to her lover, and two to her husband, near the close of her life, were supplied to the writer by the same person who furnished the materials for the story. They could not well be introduced with the narrative, but may be given hereafter, should it appear that they have interest enough for the pages of this Magazine.]

TRANSLATION

OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT* OF A POEM BY SAPPHO.

BY G. HILL.

TAOY 'AT like the apple—maiden young and fair—
That sees its fellows gathered, one by one,
While, on the topmost bough, though ripe and rare,

It unmolested sits and blooms alone:
Forgotten? No—a mark for every eye,
But for the gazer's longing hand too high.

* Published in *Weir, Rhetor. Grmc. 8. 683.*

TWO HOURS OF DOOM.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

HOOR I.—A Betrothal.

THE princes of the night came, one by one, into the halls of Heaven, and each, from his refulgent throne, sped far and wide through space his beams of glory. The earth saw the regal train, and rejoiced, saying, "I am their sister;" then the shadows passed away from her bosom, and she stood in radiance amid her starry compeers, sending back ray for ray.

"My Lillian, let us look upon the night," cried Kenneth—and he led her forth beneath the stars. They smiled upon the maid, and crowned her forehead with their beams, and her beauty grew as lofty and mysterious as their own.

The pair walked in silence, for each bosom throbb'd heavily, with its burden of unspoken love; they walked in silence, for youth was in flushing, and they hooded not the speeding hours.

First Kenneth spoke, for man must act while woman muses, and the spells of night oppressed him.

"Look, Lillian, on the shining orbs above us, circling their mysterious round! Knowest thou, the starry firmament is a vast prophecy of things to be? You burning record of the decrees of fate rolls its stupendous riddles in mighty round, and mock our earnest inquiry. The learning of the Magi, the "Persians starry wit," may catch but faint and far-off glimpses of the truths they blazon yet conceal. The boasted lore of the Chaldean, reads but imperfectly their dim revelations, while the Gheber, wiser in his ignorance than either, bows in worship to the celestial mysteries he presumeth not to compass or comprehend."

There was a majesty and gloom in the boy's conceptions that charmed and oppressed fair Lillian; and, as woman is prone to do, she turned from all the rolling worlds of which he spoke, to the deep, silent, and no less enigmatical world of her own heart.

He looked again upon the heavens on which was written, as he believed, the fate of nations, while her meek eyes followed his, striving to read from the jeweled scroll, her own doom.

"Kenneth," she cried, abruptly, and in awe, "I feel that I am approaching a crisis in my fate!"

"Thy fate, sweet one, is also written in letters of light above us. I am not deeply versed in heavenly lore, but from thy presentiment and mine, I read a crisis is at hand. Seest thou yon pale orb," he continued, raising his hand aloft, "my father told me once it shone upon thy birth, and from that hour it has been the object of my vigil and study; so pale, so pure, it seemeth like thy fair face set in heaven. Of late methought it shone with sadder beam, and wandered from its track. See!" he cried with a shout, "it journeys the skies, raised by side, with yon red-eyed planet."

Lillian raised her soft eyes, and met the lurid glare of the blood-red star.

"What orb is that?" she inquired, with a shudder, clinging closer to Kenneth's side.

"The star of my nativity!"

"Lillian! my Lillian! tremble not, beloved! hath not kind Heaven given thee to me?" He wound his arms around her frail form, and laid her to his heart.

"Dark youth, I fear thee!" she shrieked, and bursting from his embrace, fled into the night. Suddenly she paused, and covering her face with her hands, crushed the big tears that were gushing from their fountains, "ay!" she murmured, "but I love thee also!"

"Thou dost, my fawn!" said Kenneth, as he regained her side, "swear, then, to be mine."

The maiden hesitated, for the angel whose ward she was, whispered a warning.

"Swear not, for his brow is dark and his heart fierce—his path lieth through blood, and endeth in blackness!"

Then love lifted up his voice, crying, "What grief so great as parting from thy beloved! What woe so heavy as a disappointed heart!"

And the maiden said, "I swear! Whether for good or evil, for blessing or for blight, my doom is sealed, and I am thine."

"The crisis is past, beloved," whispered the wooer—"where is now thy fear?"

The maiden abode in the halls of her sires, while the youth rode forth intent on valiant deeds, for 'twas in the days when a hero's laurels were his bridal gift. But his heart was not strong in hope—neither was it girt with patience—neither was it seasoned with denial; and temptation beset him by the way and endurance failed, and when he returned, his knightly epure were dimmed, and tarnished his knightly honor.

"Oh, spurn me not, beloved!" he cried, in agonized abasement.

And the lady answered, "Through glory and shame I will be true to thee."

Then was Kenneth comforted by her tenderness, and strengthened by her counsels—and he went forth with hope to retrieve the errors of the past.

But the glory of his youth had departed, and the fear of God dwelt no more in his bosom; and his heart was curdled by the scorn of men, and hardened against his kind; and his right hand became a hand of power, but it was red with wrath—and injustice, and oppression, and cruelty, and wrong, and rapine, and murder, stalked in his train. Then he returned to his lady, and stood before her with a sullen brow, saying,

"By my valor have I won my bride!"

"Ah, Kenneth!" she faltered, "thou hast despised my counsels, thou hast mocked at my love; thy path hath been a path of blood, and thy crimes rise mountain-high between thee and thy affianced! Oh, why hast thou done this?"

The scales fell from his eyes in that pure presence, and looking back over the gulf of years, he felt appalled by his own sins.

"The stars, in their courses, fought against me,"* he answered gloomily—"it was my destiny."

"Ob, abandon that fearful error, and cease to burden Fate with thy misdeeds. Thy destiny hath been of thine own choosing. Didst thou not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of all good angels? Didst thou not yield an easy prey to the devices of thine own heart? For the sake of the future, look back upon the past, and tell me if thou canst not recall the hour when two paths were spread before thee, and thou didst choose thy lot; tell me no more of destiny!"

"My lady hath forgotten her meekness as well as her love."

"Kenneth, reproach me not! I have wasted my youth in riddle for thee; I have watched, and wept, and waited, now in hope, and now in hopelessness, until sorrow shadowed my father's halls, and mildew settled down on my heart. Now in the depths of my despair I love thee still, but I *dare not* wed thee! Go in peace; if man may ever meddle with his fate, mine shall be of my own moulding."

"Fashion it as thou wilt," he answered fiercely, "*I will come to claim thee in the appointed hour!*"

Fair Lillian sitteth in her husband's home, but a great shadow lieth athwart the hearth; 'tis the memory of an earlier, wilder, fonder love; and the fierce fame of her warrior, reacheth her ever, terrible as the roar of distant battle.

HOOR II.—*The Consummation.*

The princes of the night mounted their flaming steeds and coursed through heaven. Lillian sat in widow's weeds, and watched them from her great round tower. Suddenly the clang of a mailed heel rung on the winding stair, and her cheek paled—for those halls no longer echoed with martial sounds since Lord Ulric had been gathered home. Near and more near, loud and more loud, and a warrior strode into the apartment, and folded the lady in his embrace!"

"*I have come!*"

Those old, familiar, long beloved tones, how they broke upon the loneliness, thrilling to its centre her sorrow-stricken heart. What marvel if she wept unresistingly on his broad breast, in her agony of surprise.

"I have come to claim my bride!"

Then was the spell broken, and her soul awoke to a sense of its stern resolver. She freed herself from that passionate embrace, saying,

"I may not wed thee, Kenneth."

"But listen to my pleadings, my long lost one; canst thou not divinely forgive the past, and be my guardian angel for the future? Hast thou ceased to love, or hast thou learned to fear me?"

"Kenneth, thou art accursed of God, and abhorred of men, and yet I fear thee not. Thou wert the lover of my youth, ever fond, ever tender; and thy name, so dreaded in the land thou hast scourged, is to me but a talisman of gentle memories. I fear thee not. But

* The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

JUDGES, chap. v., verse 20.

I have walked through life with a strong hand on my heart, curbing its warm impulses, crushing its fond love. It hath plead passionately for thee, but I hearkened not, and by this bitter schooling have I learned to resist even thee."

"And I, have I not, 'mid sin and sorrow, 'mid wreck of hopes and ruin of soul, preserved undimmed my one bright dream of thee? Have I not sat by a lonely hearth, while thy smile filled the home of my rival with joy? Have I not forborne to tear thee thence, because I would not offer violence to thee or thine? And now wilt thou reject the love which youth hath sanctified, and manhood ripened?"

"Oh, why hast thou not wedded and forgotten me," she cried, in anguish.

"Because the hope of thy pale waning beauty was dearer to my heart than all the daughters of bloom. Because I would be ever ready for the hour when fate should say, 'arise, make ready thy bower for thy promised bride; *that hour has come!* Mark the heavens where 'tis written, thou art mine. Once, long ago, we looked upon the night with all its circling stars; thou seest them now, as then, treading their solemn round, unchanged, unchangeable. Not one of all the starry hosts may wander from its appointed pathway; and canst thou, child of destiny, escape thy fate? The hand that guides *them*, governs *thee*, and the decrees of the Omnipotent have been, from all eternity, and are immutable."

"Oh, tell me no more of thy stern, un pitying faith! thou hast imbued my mind with thy belief, until, like the scorpion girt with fire, I have almost turned on myself despairing. I would fain believe that the struggles and strivings of humanity are not without their fruits; that the fervent prayer, the earnest effort, are heard, and heeded; that man may wrestle all night with his Maker, and when the morning breaks, prevail!"*

Very touching was the fierce man's tenderness, but the lady was strong in her heart's martyrdom. Then he turned away, saying,

"Thou hast destroyed the hope of a lifetime, and my father's love hath failed me. How could I thus misread the stars?"

From the battlement he looked on heaven thus questioning, and the stars grew dim beneath his gaze.

The orb that beamed upon his lady's birth, sent down its calm, cold ray; his own more fiery planet blazed in lurid light, while an ocean of space rolled between.

"Lost to me!" he murmured.

As he spoke, the red planet shot madly from its sphere, careering athwart the concave like a sword of fire, it rushed from being, and deeper darkness brooded o'er the expanse.

Again his eye sought the milder light of the star he worshipped, when lo! *it had been except from the face of heaven.*

"Be it so, lost Pleiad!" cried the lover, and folding in his arms the pallid lady, leaped from the turret, into the abyss below.

* Exodus, chapter xxxii.

ERMENGARDE'S AWAKENING.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Dear God and must we see
All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to Thee! E. B. HARRIS.

It was an altar worthy of a god!

All of pure gold, in furnace fire refined;
And never foot profane had near it trod,
And never image had been there enshrined;
But now a radiant idol claimed the place,
And took it with a mace and royal grace.

And the proud woman thrilled to its false glory,
And when the murmur of her own true soul
Told in low, late-tones Love's impassioned story,
She dreamed the music from that statue stole,
And knelt adoring at the silent shrine
Her own divinity had made divine.

And with a halo from her heart she crowned it,
That shed a spirit-light upon its face,
And garlands hung of soul-flowers fondly round it,
Wrathing its beauty with immortal grace,
And so she felt not, as she gazed, how cold
And calm that Eidolon of marble mould.

Like Egypt's queen in her Imperial play,
She, in abandonment more wildly sweet,
Melted the pearl of her pure Life away,
And poured the rich libation at its feet,
And in exalting rapture dreamed the smile
That should have answered in its eyes the while.

And all rare gifts she lavished on that altar,
Treasures the mines of India could not buy,
Nor did her foot-fall for a moment falter,
Though the world watched her with an evil eye,
And sad friends whispered "Soon she'll wake to weep,
For lo! she walks in an enchanted sleep."

Oh! glorious dreamer! with dark eyes upturned
In wondering worship to that godlike brow,
How the rare beauty of thy spirit burned
In the rapt gaze and in the glowing vow,
How didst thou waste on one thy soul should scorn
The glory of a blush that mocked the Morn!

She turned from all—from friendship and the world—
Only Love knew the way to that dim glade,
And calm her sweet, yet queenly lip had curled
Had the world's whisper reached her in that shade,
But she was deaf and dumb and blind to all,
Save to the charm that held her heart in thrall.

And Love, who loved her, flew at her sweet will,
Bringing all gems that heard the rainbow's splendor,
And singing-birds with music in their trill,
And what wild-flowers fairy-land could lend her,
And flower and bird and jewel all were laid
To grace that golden altar in the Shade.

Fair was that sylvan solitude I ween—
The lady's charmed and transected spirit lent
The starlight of its beauty to the scene,
And joy and music with the fountain went,
While in a still enchantment on its throne
The lucid statue cold and stately shone.

Love lent her, too, th' enchanted lute he played
And she would let her light hand float at will
Across its chords of silver, half afraid,

Like a white lily on a murmuring rill,
Till Music's soul, waked by that touch, took wing,
And mingling with it hers would soar and sing—

"Dost thou see—dost thou feel—oh, mine idol divine,
How I've yielded the soul of my soul for thy shrine!
Dost thou thrill to the tones of my melody true?
Does it glide to thy heart on its musical feet?
Dost thou love the light touch of my hand as I twine
My passion-flower wreath for thy beauty benign?"

"Dost thou know how I've gathered all gifts that I own
To bless and to brighten the place of thy throne,
How my thoughts like young singing-birds flutter and fly
With a song for thine ear and a gleam for thine eye,
How Truth's precious gems, that drink sunbeams for wine,
Are wreathed into chaplets of light for thy shrine?"

"How Fancy has woven her fairy-land flowers
To garland with odor and beauty thine hours,
While Feeling's pure fountains play softly and free,
And chant in their falling 'For thee! for thee!'
Dost thou feel—dost thou see—oh! mine idol divine,
How I've yielded the soul of my soul for thy shrine?"

Thus sang the lady, but her waking hour
Drew near; for when her passionate song was mute,
And no fond answer thrilled through that hushed bower
Into her listening heart, she laid the lute
Within her loved one's clasp and prayed him play
Some idyl sweet to wile the hours away.

From his cold hand the lute dropped idly down
And broke in music at the false god's feet;
Love's lute! ah Heaven! how paled the peerless crown
Above that brow when with a quick wild beat
Of fear and shame and sorrow at her heart,
The lady from her dazzling dream did start.

And the dream fell beside the broken lute,
And the flowers faded in their fairy grace
And the fount stopped its glorious play, and mate
The birds their light wings that in that sweet place,
While the deep night that veiled the woman's soul
O'er shrine and idol cold and startless stole.

And in her desolate agony she cast
Her form beside Love's shivered treasure there,
And cried, "Oh, God! my life of life is past!
And I am left alone with my despair."
Hark! from the lute one low, melodious sigh
Thrilled to her heart: a sad yet sweet reply.

Then through the darkness rose a voice in prayer,
"My Father! I have sinned 'gainst Thee and Thee.
The idol, whom I deemed so grandly fair
That its proud presence bid thy heaven from me,
Shorn of his glory, shrank to common clay,
Behold for him and for my heart I pray.

Take Thee the lute—the shattered lute of love—
And teach my faltering hand to run it right
To some dear, holy hymn—which, like a dove,
From silver fetters freed, may cleave the night,
And fluttering upward to thy starlit throne
Die at Thy heart with blissful music moan.

THE CAPTIVE OF YORK.

BY STELLA MARTIN.

THE winter of 1692 was no mild specimen of the climate of the New England wilds. The settlers on the inhospitable coast of Maine found its severity to exceed all their apprehensions. The few comforts which they had as yet been able to gather around them, were inadequate to the wants of that long and dreary season. Many fell victims of hardships and despondency; while not a few toiled on, cheerful and uncomplaining examples of endurance and suffering. It was perhaps more fortunate for the northern settlements than their pioneers, that they were commenced in summer, for the cold and inclemency of their early winters were enough to sadden the heart, and blast the hopes of the most visionary dreamer. The stranger who built his rude open hut in pleasant June, fanned by cool breezes during his summer toil, wot not that a few months would bring a bleakness of which he had little conception. The settlements on the Piscataqua are among the oldest in Maine; and to those who first selected the romantic site of the now beautiful village of York, it seemed enchanted land. Primeval forests covered the whole country through which the Piscataqua and its Naiad Sisters wound their way to the sea. The delicate foliage of the beech and poplar, the deep sombre green of the hemlock and fir, the pale, graceful willow, and the bright emerald maple, all blended to form a perfect forest robe, as yet untouched by the devastating hand of man. Bald peaks lent wildness to the scene, already diversified by the commanding banks of the rivers which lay calmly mirrored in their deep, clear waters. No wonder the early adventurers looked with rapturous delight upon the broad bays studded with islands, the green promontories and quiet harbors into which the streams widening their channels, gradually lost themselves in the Atlantic. The sea-fowl bathed its drooping plumage unmolested on the shores, the wild-cat ran at will, guided only by the impulses of its savage nature, and the graceful deer proudly reared its antlered head, and bounded away, the undisturbed inhabitant of the mighty wilderness.

To him who, tired with the bondage of the old world, sought refuge in the new, these were glowing emblems of that liberty he so earnestly longed for. He hailed the land spread out before him, in all the magnificence of nature, as that which would realize his most chimerical ideas of happiness. Imagination added to its charms, and converted what was truly wild and beautiful into a paradise. The toils and dangers of the frontier life vanished away; and with a buoyant heart the wanderer adopted the unknown soil, alike ignorant and unmindful of the ills that would cluster around his future path. When want shall have been encountered in every form, sickness endured, famine driven from the door, and "hope, the star that

leads the weary on," delusive hope, shall whisper of bliss to come, he is destined to find in the savage tribes of the country, enemies more formidable than the evils of his condition. Hard fate! to survive the strife of the elements, to escape pestilence and danger only to perish by a relentless *human* foe.

The settlement of York had enjoyed several years of prosperity, the effects of which were perceptible in a considerable degree of neatness and comfort about its dwellings. This appearance of thrift made it a surer mark for destruction. In January, 1692, a band of Abenakis and French burst upon this defenseless village, "offering its inhabitants captivity or death." A terrible storm had just covered the earth with snow, to a depth which would have proved a barrier to any but these intrepid barbarians. They had walked on snow-shoes, the long distance from the basin of the St. John's, the difficulties of the way only serving to increase their insatiable thirst for bloodshed. It was a serene winter's evening, when the Abenaki braves surrounded their council-fire, a few miles from the doomed village, to determine upon their mode of assault. The purity of nature in these snowy solitudes strangely contrasted with the sanguinary deeds plotted there. She witnesses in silence the offences of her children. She beholds the members of the great brotherhood of man rise up and destroy each other, yet thunders no warning to the victim, nor hurls the fire of heaven upon the destroyer.

Stealthily advanced the murderers, while the peaceful inhabitants of York were gathered around their happy firesides. Ah, never more will those family groups meet around the altar of prayer, never again together join the festive dance. That ringing war-whoop which strikes the ear is the death-knell of the unsuspecting villagers. Mother, take a last look at thy darling, ere its baby face is snatched forever from you. Husband, clasp thy wife to thy bosom, for that fond embrace shall be the last. Lover, thou art vainly striving to wrest thy cherished one from the barbarian's grasp—thy agonizing efforts to save her, make her a prize in those savage eyes; and, unfortunate girl, instead of mingling thy blood with thy kindred, a captivity awaits thee a thousand times more horrible than death.

This lot befell Amy Wakefield. She saw her mother fall lifeless from the first blow of the tomahawk. Her father, with the fury of a madman, sprung upon the assassin, and proved the avenger of his wife. Swift as thought, however, he was overcome by the comrades of the dead Indian, and he lay a mangled corse beside his beloved companion; one son and a servant girl shared the same fate. Poor, gentle, timid Amy! there she stood petrified by the awful sight before her, but she made no effort to escape. Vain in-

deed would have been the attempt; her nonresistance saved her life, and prolonged her sufferings. No scalping-knife was uplifted over her head, but as if her sentence was written on her brow, they proceeded without a moment's hesitation to bind her hands behind her. Richard Russel rushed into the street at the first alarm, and ye who know a lover's heart can tell why he flew with the speed of lightning, to seek Amy Wakefield—his betrothed bride. He entered the dwelling where he knew carnage and death were doing their dreadful work; but what was danger to him, with such an object at stake!

"Oh, Richard," said Amy, opening her lips for the first time since her mother's dying shriek had sealed them, in a tone which would have melted a heart less sensitive than his. He darted forward, seized the Indian who was binding her, and with a maniac's gripe wrestled for the mastery. Young Russel, tall and athletic, was considered the most vigorous young man in the colony, but his strength was unequal to that of the sinewy son of the forest. A blow from a war-club felled him senseless to the earth. "Merciful God!" cried poor Amy in the anguish of her soul, as her last earthly hope was quenched within her. She was dragged from the spot where lay all she held dear. As she passed the door, a kindly stupor seized her; neither the screams of the villagers, nor the kindling flames of the cottages, roused her. She looked vacantly around, but heeded not what she saw. She felt no grief—she had no consciousness. The scenes of the past half-hour had banished her senses, and bewildered her mind. They seemed like a terrific vision in a dream—hideously vivid, without the power of realizing or escaping from it. Why did not oblivion forever steal over the past, or delirium cheat the soul in future?

The work of death was done. The slain were sepulchred in the ashes of their cottage homes; the captives were divided as spoils among the warriors, and toward morning they started for the northeast. Amy Wakefield and three other prisoners were the especial care of two Abenakis and a Frenchman, Jean Mordaunt. The whole party moved rapidly, lest the neighboring settlements should see the light of the burning village, and pursue them; but this little company were the foremost. The other captives with Amy were men, but she kept pace with them and the Indians.

She hurried along as if she were fleeing from enemies. All that day she traveled on, taking no food, uttering no complaint; and at last, when night came, she sunk down unconcernedly to sleep. It was one of their former stopping places, and the Indians rekindled the fire, which had scarcely expired. The poor captives gathered around them and welcomed the burning heat, though hardly more comfortable than the chilling blasts to which they had been exposed. Oh, the sorrows of that weary journey—cold, hunger and thirst were among the least of them. The Indians returned by the trail in which they came; but the snow was untrodden and deep, and the path lay through forests and across rivers. Some drooped by the way and received beatings for their manifestations of fatigue,

whilst many found snowy graves. For many days they traveled on together, but finally separated in little bands for the settlements where they belonged, each carrying with them their captives. This last sad comfort of friends and neighbors traveling together in their misery, was now denied them, and they looked each other a last adieu.

I said Amy slept. It was a blessed sleep, for it carried her back to childhood's days; now she was gathering violets with her little brothers on the river's bank; now she saw her brother's angel face, and heard her father's "dear little Amy." Then time drew by, and she felt her lover's warm kisses; years seemed moments, and moments years—and still she slept on. Would that she might have slept "that sleep from which none ever wake to weep."

The sun was high in the heavens ere they roused them from their slumbers. The labors of the previous day were exhausting even to the Indian's strong frame. Some of the wretched captives had passed a sleepless night from fear or excessive weariness; and to some their aching limbs forbade rest. But Amy still lay with her head thrown back, her hands clumped; her marble face and motionless lips rendered still more striking by the profusion of black hair lying disheveled about her. The Indian who advanced to awaken her, paused, as if he shrunk from such a personification of purity. He took hold of her shoulder and shook her; but it seemed as if her senses were bound by death's icy chains. He struck her a rough blow on the side of her head. She opened her eyes, and tried to rise, but her limbs refused her support, and she fell back. She looked up—her consciousness returned. The sight of the Indian's face brought back the scenes of that dreadful night, and she trembled like an aspen leaf. But another blow for her tardiness, brought a full conception of her situation, and a flood of tears. Her sad, feeble movements, the tears running in torrents down her cheeks, were a strange counterpart to the day before. They started; she tried to proceed, but her limbs seemed paralyzed, and her heart died within her. She forgot all around, even her own wretchedness; she remembered only that cottage scene, Richard, and her parents—and she prayed for death. Her sobs were heart-rending, still the cruel savages urged her on. Oh, were there no friendly angels abroad in the earth; was mercy fled, and vengeance dead! At length the Indians, enraged at what they considered the girl's obstinacy, raised a club to strike her, but Mordaunt, who, perhaps, had enough of humanity to be touched by the spectacle before him, leaped forward, averted the blow, and talking with them a few moments in their own rude, wild tongue, seemed to calm their anger. Soon after this there was a division of the company; Amy and some others, who were incapable of keeping up with the main party, were put together and allowed to proceed more slowly; still she went weeping on—that painful way was traced in tears, and the desert solitudes echoed with her sighs. After about three weeks, the Indians discerned their "smokes" in the distance, and saluted them with shoutings and expressions of great joy. Amy's peculiar grief had awakened some little pity, even a

the bosoms of her savage captors. To this, and the influence of Mordaunt, whose notice she had attracted ever since the first morning, when she lay an unconscious sleeper beside their fires, she owed her comparatively easy lot. She was given to Wiloma, the wife of Great Turtle, the last king, who kept her to do her menial drudgery, but treated her with some kindness.

Jean Mordaunt was a Jesuit missionary. He belonged to a class of whom mankind has drawn widely varying pictures. Pious, devoted, self-sacrificing, ambitious, crafty and revengeful, are, doubtless, all true descriptions of this fraternity, who have left no country without its representatives, and whose name is Legion. America, the "land of mountains and eagles," early drew them hither, and here we see their character in all its phases. They penetrated nearly every recess on the northern part of our continent, and visited almost all of the Indian tribes, teaching them the name of Jesus and the Virgin Mother; some affirming in their enthusiasm, that "the path to heaven was as open through a roof of bark, as through arched ceilings of silver and gold." "Not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way," says the eloquent historian, Bancroft. "The cross and the lily, emblems of France and Christianity," were carved on the trees, and inscribed on the rocks. Many, like Mesnard, or the gentle Marquette, found quiet resting-places in the wilderness; and the western waters which wash their graves, perpetually sing their dirge. But Gabriel Lallemand, Father Jaques, Jean De Brebeuf, René Goupil, and many others, sealed their labors with their blood. Their memory is precious to the mother church; and what wonder that her sons and daughters revere them as saints. But there were a vast multitude who claimed the same mission of love and mercy with these martyrs of holy zeal, whose lives and characters too plainly betrayed their hypocrisy. There were those whose religion cloaked their ambition, and others in whom intrigue had supplanted all the simplicity of the gospel. Instead of religious teachers, they often became artful politicians. That the French Jesuits participated in, and often instigated the attacks upon the English border settlements, is so well attested, that it cannot be denied. The enmity between the French and English nations was too deeply seated to be forgotten by their colonists, and often led them to rouse the merciless savage against their unguarded neighbors. It is difficult to conceive how a minister of that blessed religion which proclaims "peace and good-will to men," should have so far forgot its precepts, as to be present at the bloody massacre of York; but Jean Mordaunt was there. Perhaps he did not stain his hands with blood, but he spotted his soul with guilt.

Amy Wakefield gradually recovered her spent energies. Her elastic constitution rebounded from the severe shocks it had received, but her sufferings left an indelible impress on her spirits. Time could not restore the loved ones sleeping in the dust, and smiles bade adieu to her once happy face. Like Egeria of yore, she forever mourned her heart's lost treasures. Mordaunt dwelt upon that beautiful sor-

rowing face until it seduced him from his priestly vows; but it was a problem to the wary Frenchman how to approach Amy. Though a submissive slave, she was unapproachable; she answered no signs, nor noticed the broken English addressed to her. She shunned every one, and seemed to scorn sympathy with her foes. Months passed, and still she toiled on in Wiloma's cabin, but her grief was not assuaged, nor the fountain of her tears dried up. As spring came, she would steal away by herself without the wigwam to admire the opening buds, which filled the air with their perfume, and with delight would listen to the carol of birds, as they hopped merrily from branch to branch, fit emblems of happiness. The cheerfulness and beauty of all around her, contrasted strangely with her own condition, but at times she would forget her sadness, and soothed by the wild music of the waterfall, lose herself in some day-dream of happiness.

Old Wiloma scarcely watched her captive. Indeed, the thought of escape never entered the mind of Amy. Where should she fly, when all she loved were in heaven. True, she did not know that two of her brothers were dead. The eldest, Wintrop, was at a distant settlement at school; and little Johnny, the pet, was sweetly sleeping in the chamber when they were attacked, so it seemed certain that he was slain. But the chance of life vanished when Richard fell.

"Alas! the love of woman; it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of hers upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life has no more to bring
To her, but mockeries of the past alone."

Amy was one day sitting in the wigwam-door when she saw Mordaunt coming toward her, and rose to retire. "In the name of Jesus, tarry," said he, in a manner so earnest and imperative, that she stopped involuntarily. "I have prayed for thee to the Holy Virgin and the Saints," continued he, crossing himself. It was the first intelligible sentence in her own language that Amy had heard since she parted with her companions in misery. Some of the Indians spoke a broken English that she understood, but she had never heard Mordaunt utter a word before.

"I need not thy prayers to thy saints," said Amy, after recovering from her astonishment, and recollecting the teachings of her infancy.

"Speak not lightly of prayers, child, thy soul hath need of them," said Mordaunt.

"I know it, but those now sleeping in death, taught me that there is but One that heareth prayer," said she, her eyes filling with tears, "and He is our Father in Heaven."

"They were heretics, and knew not the communion of the true church," said the Jesuit. "They taught thee wrongly, child; and I fear their souls are now suffering the pains of purgatory, but for thy sake I would gladly pray them out."

Amy's eyes flashed indignantly. "That may be thy portion, deceiver; but those of whom you speak, killed by your murderous bands, are angels in heaven. I know it," said she, with an assurance that silenced Mordaunt. "I saw them last night, they beckoned me upward. Oh, Father, have mercy! and she lifted her eyes and hands heavenward, with an expres-

sion, as if her soul were quitting its earthly tabernacle. Mordaunt was awed. He sat silently gazing at her, and she into the azure above. Old Wilona, who had been asleep in the wigwam, at this instant awoke, and calling Amy, brought her wandering senses back to earth. She rose and obeyed the bidding. Mordaunt departed, but the expression of that upturned face haunted him. There was a touching serenity about Amy, as she gazed into the land of spirits, that commanded his admiration. Duplicity had indeed made him its disciple, but it had not entirely blunted his perceptions of the beautiful; his coarse heart was not impervious to a scene like that.

He sought another interview, but Amy avoided him more than ever after that conversation. Mordaunt often visited old Wilona's cabin, for she had learned the sign of the cross, but never could he gain an opportunity of speaking with her who now had his every thought. Cupid's arrows were too deeply transfixed to be withdrawn, and the more he was foiled, the more necessary seemed the object he would gain. One day Amy was walking in the woods, when Mordaunt coming up hastily behind, surprised her with, "My dear mademoiselle." She could not retreat, and had not time to reply, before his pent-up feelings found utterance in the best English he could command. He talked not of saints, or the "blessed Virgin." He had been seeking this opportunity too long, another was too uncertain, and above all, he felt too deeply to allow of any delay.

In a broken and tremulous manner he told her of his love; how his thoughts had dwelt upon her night and day, and swore to be faithful forever, would she but bless him with her affection. Amy's countenance indicated no participation in the confusion manifested by Mordaunt. The color came and went upon his cheeks, as hope or fear predominated—a fitful anxiety pervaded his whole frame. Nothing could have astonished Amy more than the declarations of Mordaunt. She had felt a decided aversion to him, without knowing why, or having the slightest suspicion of his real state of feeling. Her features were rigid, and bespoke no emotion, her voice calm, and her whole manner self-possessed.

"I have given my heart to my own dear Richard, and though he lives no more, I will not, I wish not to recall it. Where he lies, there lie buried my earthly hopes and affections."

"But," said he, "you are pining in this captivity—love me, and I will rescue you. I will fly with you. We will make our home amid the vine-clad hills of France; I will be thy deliverer and protector, and happiness shall crown thy days."

"I am pining," said Amy, "but it is not captivity that makes me sigh; I grieve for that which thou canst never restore; happiness has fled from my sad heart. The world is desolate. This wilderness is lonely, but even here nature has left witnesses of her love-likes," said she, pointing to the flowers at her feet.

"But be my bride," continued the impassioned lover, "and forget thy troubles."

"Never! never! I cannot forget, I would not be thy bride."

Mordaunt saw in her firm, determined manner, the death-blow to his bliss; but in her refusal there was something so pensive, so mournfully beautiful, that it set his soul on fire; he could not be refused—he begged on, as wretches do for life, for one assurance of her affection, but in vain. Flatteries, promises and entreaties were alike to her—she spurned them all. Mordaunt really loved Amy as purely as he was capable of doing, and could he have gained her by persuasion, the base passions of his soul might not have been roused from their lethargy; but the object was too precious to be abandoned until every expedient was exhausted. Desire prompted him—there was one art untried; principle deterred him not—he had no honor to forbid. He knew Amy's shrinking nature; he had observed her tremble when the Indians approached her, as if she dreaded contamination.

"Proud girl," said Mordaunt, "thou must marry me or an Indian."

"Terrible alternative, but rather the savage than thou, and rather death than either."

"Well," responded the Jesuit, seeming to be satisfied; "thy fair form will pander to the appetite of Manuki. He will exultingly gloat over his pale-faced bride. *Thine is a good taste.* Mordaunt or the savage." The last sentence fell from his lips livid with anger; but Amy noticed it not. Had a thunder-bolt flashed out from the clear sky above, she would not have been more terrified than at this disclosure. She had been more kindly treated than the other captives—but was it for this? Was it that Manuki, he who had torn her from her home, and murdered her lover, should press her to his bosom? Once, indeed, the appalling idea that she might be forced to become her captor's wife had crossed her mind, but it was only a momentary suspicion. Manuki had been gone for weeks on a hunting excursion, and the thought had never returned until now—but now all was clear; Mordaunt had confirmed her worst fears; it must be so—he had all the Indian's secrets. The announcement was awful. A ghastly paleness overspread her face, and cold sweat stood upon her brow. She was a picture of misery and despair. She uttered not a sigh, but a crushing heart-sickness came over her, and she resigned herself to her fate. The keen eye of the priest marked the change. He thought the victim was within his grasp, and slowly advancing with an air of fiendish triumph, he took her gently by the hand,

"Poor girl," said he, "while Mordaunt lives thou art safe. Love me, I will save you from that you so much dread."

"No," she returned, "the Indian's embrace would be less terrible than thine, thou hollow-hearted seducer."

This was too much for Mordaunt. The two passions, love and anger, drove him to desperation. Firmly grasping her arm, he said through his clenched teeth, "Heretic! thou canst not escape me!"

At this Amy seemed transformed; her eyes rolled wildly in their orbits, and she quivered with anger. In an instant Manuki and every thing connected with her captivity was forgotten. One only thought took possession of her soul, and that was of the priest be-

fore her. Hitherto she had feared and hated, now she de-pised him. She shook him from her, as if he had been a viper, saying, as she drew herself up to her full height, "Back, vile wretch, back! call upon thy saints, count thy beads, and pray poor souls out of purgatory, but touch me not—I know thee."

This was said in a tone so imperious and commanding, that Mordaunt, accustomed as he was implicitly to obey superiors, shrunk involuntarily back, and Amy, turning slowly around, walked away. But there was so much of the heroic in her despair, so much loftiness of spirit in her defiance, that he dared not follow. He knew not why, but there was something in that poor girl that awed him.

On that night, memorable to York, when so many closed their eyes in death, Amy and the Indians left Richard Russell alone, and, as they supposed, lifeless. But He who holds the springs of life, had ordered otherwise, and reserved him for future purposes. The blow which prostrated, stunned him so completely, that it effectually deceived his enemies. Mr. Wakefield's house was one of the first attacked, and some time elapsed before the pillagers had finished their work, and were ready to fire the village. Richard lay in an oblivious insensibility for a while; but when partially recovered, he opened his eyes, and discerned by the flickering firelight the devastation around him. He comprehended his situation, sprang to his feet, and running out the back way, and creeping behind fences, he escaped unobserved just as the flames were blazing out from the neighboring cottages. A large hollow tree stood near the fence back in the clearing, and Richard bethought himself of this asylum. He crawled until he reached it, and gave a long leap into its capacious trunk, sinking into the snow, and heaping it over his head. By this artifice he saved himself. He staid there long after the sounds of savage warfare ceased, until he was nearly frozen. At length exhuming himself, he looked toward the village, but he saw nothing save the consuming habitations—he heard nothing but their crackling timbers. He soon ventured out, and was going to warm himself, but when the scorching heat struck his chilled body, it caused intense pain. This, and the fear of some lurking foe, induced him to direct his steps toward the nearest settlement. He ran most of the way, rubbing and striking his almost torpid limbs, else he had never survived to tell the woful tale of his sufferings. Half dead from fear and pain, he reached the neighboring colony. The kind settlers bound up his wounds, and ministered to his wants. He now, for the first time, began to feel his loss, and exposure added to injuries and dejection, threw him into a violent fever. For weeks he lay upon the borders of the grave, the prey of racking pains and fierce delirium. Sometimes he seemed struggling with an unseen foe; at others he would call wildly upon Amy, and anon beckoning, seemed to fancy her by his side, and fall gently to sleep. At last the disease left him, but he was helpless as an infant. Gradually he recovered his strength, but months had passed, when he again stepped upon the earth. Health returned to Richard, and with it came thoughts of Amy. From his best recollection of her it seemed certain she was made a

captive. *She must be redeemed.* But was she alive? Could she outlive the dangers of the journey she must have taken, when he sunk under the few trials he endured? Long months had elapsed. Had she not been burnt at the stake, or more probably, had she not been sacrificed to the passions of the Indians? All these were painful suspicions, which constantly forced themselves upon his mind. But Hope, the "lover's staff," as Shakespeare truly says, stayed him up. As soon as he was able to ride on horseback, he started to find Winthrop Wakefield, who was about fifty miles distant, and the only one of all the inhabitants of York whom he knew to be alive. By riding slowly he performed the journey in a few days, and found Winthrop, who was quite overjoyed to see him, and learn that there was any reason to believe that Amy was still alive. From what he had gathered from the uncertain reports of the destruction of his native village, he supposed himself both orphan and friendless. This seemed confirmed by the fact that no tidings of any of his family later than that fatal night had ever reached him. Winthrop needed no persuasion to enter into a plan for rescuing his only sister from her deplorable condition. It wanted more eloquence to enlist others. All pitied the misfortunes, and were interested in the deliverance of the unhappy girl, and the other captives, if yet living. But there were so many difficulties attending the project, that to most it seemed entirely impracticable. The general direction of the Abenakis they knew; but it was a long and difficult expedition; the tribe was large, and scattered over an extensive tract of country, and they would be a feeble, unprotected band, without knowing to what particular point to direct their efforts. It was late in the spring—just the season when it was absolutely necessary for every man to be upon his little plantation to provide for the coming year.

But Peter the Hermit was not more indefatigable or importunate than Richard. To him the crusade was imperative, and the importance of the end to be secured exceeded the perils of the enterprise. He at last succeeded in inducing eight men from the different settlements to accompany Winthrop and himself. Providing for, and arming themselves as well as possible, they started on their hazardous excursion. It was the beginning of summer, and nature had on her gayest mantle. Fragrant blossoms strewed their path, and the groves were vocal with the melody of birds. As they advanced new objects called forth their admiration. The weather was fine, game was plenty, and they met with no insurmountable obstacles. Their march was much less tedious than they had anticipated. A different history theirs from that of the gloomy passage made by the captives the winter previous. When they had arrived at the Penobscot, they were surprised to find a man, whom they soon ascertained to be one of the captives of York. Escaped from the Indians, he had traveled many days, living on plants, twigs or roots, without a gun or knife, with which to procure food or defend himself. The poor man evinced the greatest joy on meeting them, and offered to return and guide them near where he conjectured Amy might be, though he had not seen her during his captivity, and had no positive knowledge concerning her. With more con-

fidence and renewed courage, they now pressed forward rapidly, not a little stimulated and incited by the melancholy narrations of their guide. He led them until they heard the sound of the waterfall, when he prudently concealed himself, knowing that he would be a sure mark for the missiles of the vindictive savages.

After the last interview with Mordaunt, Amy was distracted with tormenting fears. The more she thought the more painful became her apprehensions of coming evil. She knew she had made a bitter enemy of the Frenchman, and his lowering visage, and uneasy, troubled appearance, boded no good. She was each day more strongly convinced of the truth of the frightful intelligence he communicated. She knew the warriors were to return during that moon, which was a festival time with the Abenakis, and she felt assured Manuki would then carry his designs into execution. Her misery was now complete. Distressing surmises by day, only gave place to horrid dreams during her unquiet sleep at night. Amy resolved to attempt an escape. She knew not where to go; she had a vague hope, but no expectation of reaching the haunts of civilized men. But, thought she, "I would welcome death in the wilderness, with no covering but the leaves of the forest, and no memorial save the flowers that would spring from my dust, rather than life and pollution with the Indians." In this state of mind she left old Wiloma's cabin, as if for her customary walk, intending never to return. She looked back toward the wigwam where she had passed so many wretched hours, and breathed a prayer for its old occupant, whom she had seen for the last time. She had none but feelings of good will toward Wiloma. She had suffered her to go and come when she pleased, and treated her kindly in her own way, and Amy felt something akin to regret on leaving her. She bent her steps toward the waterfall, for as she often walked there, it would excite no suspicion. It was a beautiful afternoon in the latter part of June; every thing animate, save herself, seemed rejoicing. Since the day Mordaunt overtook her in the woods, she had ventured but a few steps away from their hut. For two or three days she had missed him, and presumed he had gone to meet the returning party; nevertheless, she wound her way along, cautiously, and afraid, starting back from the springing partridge and flying hare, timorous, as if each rustling leaf portended danger. The cascade which Amy often visited, was, indeed, a charming sight. It was produced by a little mountain-stream, which came tumbling impetuously down a ledge of rocks, and lost itself in foam. By the distance and vehemence of its fall, rather than the volume of water, it made the hills resound with its mimic thunder. The predilection which the red men have ever manifested for the roar of water, was probably the reason why the principal rendezvous of the Abenakis had been selected within the echo of this little cataract. Amy seated herself upon the rocks, where she could look into the sea of bubbles and diamonds below. The roar of the cataract contrasted strangely with the quiet of every thing around, but it was in harmony with her own agitated heart, and its dashing drowned the tumult of her spirit, and calmed its perturbations. She gathered the rich hanging moss which grew in profusion about

her, and felt irresistibly enchained to the spot. Thus spell-bound by the simple grandeur of the place, she forgot for a time her perplexities, and even her original intentions. Ah, little did she think danger or deliverance were so near.

After leaving their guide, Richard and his party proceeded in the direction indicated by the sound of the waterfall. Their plan was to secrete themselves in the cliffs about there, until they could discover if the chief part of the Indians were away. If so, they would fall upon the villages and secure the captives; but should the "braves" be there, they must await some more favorable opportunity. Advancing noiselessly, they came up within sight of the cascade, when a female figure attracted their attention. She was loosely clad; a robe of hair, dripping with spray, hung wildly down her shoulders, and, as she sat on a projecting rock, seemed the genius of the place. The keen eyes of Richard and Winthrop failed to recognize Amy. Her dress was devoid of every thing characteristic of civilization, and they thought her an Abenaki maid; still, something led them to doubt it. They halted, and Richard proposed to go forward alone and ascertain who it was. He could not see her face, but felt assured, as he advanced, that hers was no Indian form. Could it be Amy, thought he, proceeding less cautiously. Hearing his footsteps she turned her head. One wild scream of joy, and she was in Richard's arms. That meeting! who could describe its smiles and tears? "Absence, with all its pains, was by that charming moment wiped away." To Amy it was a resurrection from the dead; to Richard a long lost jewel found again. Winthrop's affectionate heart was not long in comprehending the scene before him, and following Richard, he embraced and kissed his sister again and again. Tears of joy choked his utterance as he sobbed forth his delight. Amy and Winthrop had passed the inorn of life joyously with each other; they "grew together, slept together, learned, played, cat together," sharing their childish happiness and woe; and when Winthrop heard the tidings of his family's misfortunes, it was the loss of Amy that brought forth his bitterest tears. This meeting brought back the associations of days gone by; but the past, as well as the present, was clouded by the recollection that all those near and dear had passed away, save only this, "his first love and his last."

Amy was not mistaken. Mordaunt had gone to meet the returning Abenakis. They advanced with shoutings, as usual, but the noise of the cataract overpowered every thing beside, and the unguarded trio were too much absorbed by their unexpected happiness to think of safety. The reserve party heard the yellings of the Indians, and fore-saw the threatening danger, but tried in vain to arrest the attention of Richard and Winthrop. One of them bravely started forward to warn them; but he had not advanced more than a hundred paces when he saw the Indians emerging from a little ravine opposite the falls, and sunk down into the thicket. A shower of arrows was the first premonition of their approach to the unfortunate dreamers. One bruised Amy's arm, one entered Richard's hat and

grazed the top of his head, and one sunk deep into the breast of Winthrop. "I am killed," cried he, as the fatal shaft pierced his vitals. Richard caught the gun that lay at his side, and, fleeing, discharged it toward their enemies. Amy, following him, ran until the sounds of the Indians grew faint and distant, and convinced them they were not pursued.

Poor Winthrop had run but a few steps when he fell dead into the bushes, unobserved by his forward associates. "Where is Winthrop?" asked Amy, as soon as recollection returned. The last few moments had too much happiness crowded into them—evil spirits looked down with malignity, and a blight came over the scene. But who shall tell the frightened Amy that Winthrop is no more? They listened—there seemed a howling joined with the roar of the falls. A thrill of horror passed over Amy as she thought that her poor brother might have fallen, wounded, into the hands of their foes. Exasperated at her loss, he would find far less humanity than she had experienced. Still that moaning sound continued and increased. Richard climbed a tall tree, thinking he might hear more distinctly, and perhaps discern what it was. What was his amazement when he found that his position enabled him to see the Indians—for in their hasty flight they had not noticed their ascent of a hill. He saw them crossing the stream below the waterfall. There were a multitude of them near together, winding their way upon the rocks. Richard had an acute, far vision; he never exerted it more than now. The howling swelled upon the breeze—what were they doing? "Oh, Heavens!" murmured he, "it is Winthrop." They seemed carrying a man, and occasionally he could distinguish the face of a white person. He looked again and again—it was not a red man. But then, thought he, would they be mourning over a slain enemy? It must be for a captive lost. They were crossing from the same side on which they had first seen them. There had not been sufficient time, and there could be no motive for crossing and recrossing with a dead enemy; more probably they would leave him to the wolves. But one thing was certain—Amy and himself were in danger, and would be pursued. He quickly descended, and taking her concealed themselves in a clump of cedars growing thick and full from the ground. So close was the covert that a pointer could scarcely have found them. "Where is Winthrop?" said Amy, imploringly. Richard dared not—could not tell her his fears, but spoke cheerily, and whispering of love she soon forgot every thing but her lover and her joy in seeing him once more. But the more Richard considered upon what he saw from the tree, the more inexplicable it appeared, and he resolved to relate it to Amy.

"Ah," said she, "it was Mordaunt, that dead body; and for him they were mourning. That random shot of yours killed their priest, wicked, miserable Mordaunt. You, Richard, have avenged my wrongs," continued she, bursting into tears at the remembrance of her insult.

"Yes, that accounts for all—their carrying the body, their howling, and not pursuing us," said Richard, still dwelling upon the sight and sounds of the after-

noon. "But dry up your tears, my sweet Amy; deliverance and happiness have come at last," and he strained her in ecstasy to his bosom. But the transport of her lover's embrace soon gave way to grievous apprehensions for the welfare of her favorite and now only brother. "We will go and seek him and our party," said Richard. "The Indians will scarcely follow us now; the burial of their priest will occupy them too much to think of pursuit." It was dim twilight when they crept forth from their hiding place. They had gone but a little distance when they heard a whistle, which started Mary, but which Richard understood was from one of his comrades, and soon they saw a moving figure near them. This proved to be the man who had vainly endeavored to warn them of their peril before their attack.

"Have you seen Winthrop?" asked Amy.

"Alas! my poor young woman," said the kind, honest man, "I hate to grieve you, if you do not know it, but I saw the dead lad fall by the way."

"Tell me where he lies," said the shocked, terrified girl.

"May be I can," said the man. "I was looking for some one to come with me, when I heard you and whistled."

He led the way and they followed silently, except the exclamations of grief that ever and anon broke from Amy. They had nearly reached the falls, the sight of which recalled the few delightful moments spent with Winthrop, when their leader, stooping down into a bunch of alder, said—"Poor, brave boy, here he lies." It was not yet dark; the pale twilight just revealed his pale, dead face, his garments dyed with blood, and the murderous arrow still deep in his breast. Amy kissed his cold, pallid cheeks, and bathed them in tears. "My ransom was too dearly paid," said she bitterly. "Why was Winthrop, so happy, so noble and so young, the one to fall by savage hands, when death would have been sweet to me, their wretched slave?"

"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," ejaculated their pious companion. "Clouds and darkness are about His throne, but He doeth all things well. We must not linger here."

He and Richard bore the dead body, and Amy followed, until they heard a signal, which told them they were in the vicinity of their party. They halted, and their friends gathered around them. The object before them disclosed the tragical history of the afternoon, and they mingled their tears for one whom they all loved. The full moon rose, and looked down through the forest trees upon that weeping band. The head of the dead Winthrop rested upon Amy's lap. He was even yet beautiful—the lustre of his eye was gone, but the clustering curls still lay life-like upon his placid brow, and his features were tranquil as if he were sleeping. There they sat, surrounding him, "dumb as solemn sorrow ought to be." At last a low voice fell upon the air, and prayer arose from that stricken group—each prayer as only ascends from the dependent, helpless and bereaved wanderer in the wilderness. Comforted and refreshed, they removed the fatal dart, brought water from a spring and washed the body of poor Win-

throp, wrapped it in a blanket, and buried his bloody garments. They resolved to relieve each other by turns, and carry the body with them until morning.

"I know they cannot hurt his corpse," said Richard, "but let us take it out of the enemy's country. He would have performed the like service for any of us."

An affecting sight was that funeral train. That solitary female, bent like a drooping flower by the tempest of grief that had swept over her, the chief mourner, followed close behind the dead, borne without coffin or bier. All that night they walked in slow procession, the stillness only broken by the occasional sobs of Amy, when her overwhelming grief burst its barriers afresh. There was a "mournful eloquence" in that mute sorrow. It bespoke deeper emotion than the clamorous wailings of the Indians over their dead. The moon sunk behind the hills, and the quiet stars shed their mild radiance upon them, until their twinklings were lost in the light of the breaking morn. Weary and sad, they were cheered by the signs of returning day, and by faith the pilgrims hailed it as the blest harbinger of the resurrection morn, when, after the long night of death has passed, the final trump will awake the righteous to "life immortal in the skies." Just as the silver clouds began to streak the east, they reached a beautiful green slope, with but few trees and a gentle streamlet bounding two sides of it. They stopped—every one seemed impressed with the fitness of the place for the burial. Amy first broke the silence, exclaiming, "It is a lovely spot!" but as they proceeded to lay down their unconscious burthen, she commenced weeping, and said, "Will you leave Winthrop here?" She uncovered his head and again pillowed it in her lap, kissing and caressing it, as if, perchance, she might awaken a smile upon that ghastly face, then mourning as if her heart would break when attracted toward the grave they were preparing for him. It was under

a spreading oak that they chose his resting place. The earth around was carpeted with flowers, the rivolet gliding below, and the place was in unison with the young and beautiful form they were about to entomb there. They finished their work—they brought shrubs and flowers and sprinkled in the grave, and wrapped their cherished one in his rude pall and laid him in the narrow bed. They knelt around, Richard supporting Amy, who seemed to forget every thing but that form so soon to be buried forever from her sight. The same good man who led their supplications the evening before, was now their chaplain, and his prayer brought holy consolation to the hearts of the afflicted. He spoke of the blessedness of the dead, who had passed from the cares of earth and entered "the mansions of rest above." He prayed most fervently for the living, who would, if faithful, soon partake of the same glory. When they arose death seemed disarmed of his terrors, and Heaven appeared very near. They covered their companion with boughs and fresh earth, and Amy cheerfully brought honey-suckles and strewed over his grave. The sun had begun to pour his mellow beams over the waking world when, with grateful and subdued hearts, they bade a final fare well to the burial place of Winthrop.

What though they left him without guard or memorial, alone in the wilderness! Kind hands had laid him there, prayer had hallowed the spot, tears of affection bedewed his grave, and guardian spirits would watch with jealous care his "sleeping dust." "Rest, thee, my brother, last of my kindred," said Amy, sending a lingering look backward.

"There softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground,
The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more 'll disturb thy deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

KUBLEH.

A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

Sofuk, the Sheik of the Shanmar Arabs, was the owner of a mare of matchless beauty, called, as if the property of the tribe, the Shanmerian. Her dam, who died about ten years ago, was the celebrated Kubleh, whose renown extended from the sources of the Khabour to the end of the Arabian promontory, and the day of whose death is the epoch from which the Arabs of Mesopotamia now date the events concerning their tribe. Mohammed Emir, Sheik of the Jebel, assured me that he had seen Sofuk ride down the wild ass of the Sajat on her back, and the most marvelous stories are current in the desert as to her fleetness and powers of endurance. Sofuk esteemed her and her daughter above all the riches of the tribe; for her he would have forfeited all his wealth, and even Amshah herself.

HAYARD'S NINETEEN.

The black-eyed children of the Desert drove
Their flocks together at the set of sun.
The tents were pitched; the weary camels bent
Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon the sand;
The hunters quartered by the kindled fires
The wild boars of the Tigris they had slain,
And all the stir and sound of evening ran
Throughout the Shanmar camp. The dewy air
Bore its full burden of confused delight
Across the flowery plain, and while, afar,
The snows of Koordish Mountains in the ray

Flushed roseate amber, Nimroud's ancient mound
Rose broad and black against the burning west.
The shadows deepened and the stars came out,
Sparkling in violet ether; one by one
Glimmered the ruddy camp-fires on the plain,
And shapes of steed and horseman moved among
The dusky tents, with shout and jostling cry,
And neigh and restless prancing. Children ran
To hold the thongs, while every rider drove
His quivering spear in the earth, and by his door
Tethered the horse he loved. In midst of all

Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared not touch—
The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the Sholk
A dearer wealth than all his Georgian girls.

But when their meal was o'er—when the red fires
Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer bayed—
When Shammar hunters with the boys sat down
To cleanse their bloody knives, came Alimâr,
The poet of the tribe, whose songs of love
Are sweeter than Balora's nightingales—
Whose songs of war can fire the Arab blood
Like war itself: who knows not Alimâr?
Then asked the men: "O Poet, sing of Kubleh!"
And boys laid down the knives, half-burnished, saying:
"Tell us of Kubleh, whom we never saw—
Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer flocked the group,
With eager eyes about the flickering fire,
While Alimâr, beneath the Assyrian stars,
Sang to the listening Arabs:

"God is great!

O Arabs, never yet since Mahmud rode
The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca's gate
That winged steed bestrode, whose mane of fire
Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah called,
He bore the Prophet to the walls of Heaven,
Was like to Kubleh, Sofuk's wondrous mare:
Not all the milk-white herds, whose hoofs dashed flame
In Bagdad's stables, from the marble floor—
Who, swathed in purple housings, pranced in state
The gay bezars, by great Al-Rachid backed:
Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed
That went o'er half the world with Tamerlane:
Nor yet those flying couriers, long ago
From Ormaz brought by swarthy Indian grooms
To Persia's kings—the foals of sacred mares,
Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea!

"Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,
The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can tell
Whence came she, whence her like shall come again?
O Arabs, like a tale of Sherzade
Heard in the camp, when javelin shafts are tried
On the hot eye of battle, is her story.

"Far in the Southern sands, the hunters say,
Did Sofuk find her, by a lonely palm.
The well had dried; her fierce, impatient eye
Glared red and sunken, and her slight young limbs
Were lean with thirst. He checked his camel's pace,
And while it knelt, untied the water-skin,
And when the wild mare drank, she followed him.
Thence none but Sofuk might the maddie gird
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear
About her shining head, that brooked no curb
From even him; for she, alike, was royal.

"Her form was lighter, in its shifting grace,
Than some impassioned Almée's, when the dance
Unbids her scarf, and golden anklets gleam
Through floating drapery, on the buoyant air.
Her light, free head was ever held aloft;
Between her slender and transparent ears
The silken forelock tossed; her nostril's arch,
Thin-drawn, in proud and pliant beauty spread,
Braving the desert winds. Her glossy neck
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's wing,
And all her matchless lines of flank and limb
Seemed fashioned from the flying shapes of air
By hands of lightning. When the war-abouts rang
From tent to tent, her keen and restless eye
Shone like a blood-red ruby, and her neigh
Rang wild and sharp above the clash of spears.

"The tribes of Tigris and the Desert knew her:
Sofuk before the Shammar bands she bore
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited not
To bid her welcome; and the savage Koord,
Chased from his bold irruption on the plain,
Has seen her hoof prints in his mountain snow.
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,
O'er ledge and chasm and barren steep amid
The Sinjar hills, she ran the wild as down,
Through many a battle's thickest brunt she stormed,
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fetlock deep
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid haze
Stified the crimson sun, she swept before
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty mane
Flared in its vortex, while the camels lay
Groaning and helpless on the fiery waste.

"The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian knew her:
The Georgian chiefs have heard her trumpet neigh
Before the walls of Teflis; pines that grow
On ancient Caucasus have harbored her,
Sleeping by Sofuk in their spicy gloom.
The surf of Trebizond has bathed her flanks,
When from the shore she saw the white-sailed bark
That brought him home from Stamboul. Never yet,
O Arabs, never yet was like to Kubleh!

"And Sofuk loved her. She was more to him
Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.
For many years she stood beside his tent,
The glory of the tribe.

At last she died.

Died, while the fire was yet in all her limbs—
Died for the life of Sofuk, whom she loved.
The base Jebours—on whom be Allah's curse!—
Came on his path, when far from any camp,
And would have slain him, but that Kubleh sprang
Against the javelin points, and bore them down,
And gained the open Desert. Wounded sore,
She urged her light limbs into maddening speed
And made the wind a leggard. On and on
The red sand slid beneath her, and behind
Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbulence,
As when some star of Eblis, downward hurled
By Allah's bolt, sweeps with its burning hair
The waste of darkness. On and on, the bleak,
Bare ridges rose before her, came and passed,
And every flying leap with fresher blood
Her nostril stained, till Sofuk's brow and breast
Were flecked with crimson foam. He would have turned
To save his treasure, though himself were lost,
But Kubleh fiercely snuffed the brazen rein.
At last, when through her spent and quivering frame
The sharp throes ran, our hundred tents arose,
And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy
O'ercame its agony, she stopped and fell.
The Shammar men came round her as she lay,
And Sofuk raised her head and held it close
Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye
Met his, and with a shuddering gasp she died.
Then like a child his burling grief made way
In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe
Wept for the faithful mare.

They dug her grave
Amid Al-Hather's marbles, where she lies
Buried with ancient kings; and since that time
Was never seen, and will not be again,
O Arabs, though the world be doomed to live
As many moons as count the desert sands,
The like of wondrous Kubleh. God is great!"

A MEMORY.

BY MRS. JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

The shadows are dark on thy soul,
And thoughts of the lost will throng,
For a voice hath vanished from the earth,
Sweeter than the spring bird's song.

Thou lookest on the still blue sky,
And puiest 'mid its pence to be,
For the grass springeth green on a grave,
And the world hath a grief for thee.

The flowers may be bright as they were,
And a fragrance as soft may fling,
But the verdure hath faded from thy life—
And the heart hath but one sweet spring!

I was a transient dweller in a strange land—one distant from my childhood's home, and far away from those who knew me first and loved me best. Gradually, as the vivid excitements of life had surrounded me, as new ties had sprung up and old hopes faded, I had lost the intimate knowledge of the welfare or the afflictions of many who had formerly been familiar friends, and a lengthened separation had produced that ignorance of the details of their destiny frequently occurring, even where affection still lingers unaltered. But there are periods when, as it were, remembrance irresistibly presses upon us, and we all have seasons when old times and buried associations crowd around us with inexplicable distinctness—when the actual lo-
ses for a while its absorbing interest, and the past, with all its radiant dreams, its rainbow illusions, is enchanting reality once more.

I was sitting alone, at the close of a lovely autumn afternoon, before an open window, my fancy busy with the throng of older associations, and inattentive to the beautiful view stretching beneath me, strikingly fair as were its features, now glowing through the crimsoning sunlight. But something—I know not what, for such glimpses are among the spirit's mysteries—had recalled other times, and my soul communed with itself and was still. The mind has its own restless and concealed creation—its hidden world of active silence; and to those who have battled with the depression attendant on human experience, there is untold luxury in reveling amid the crowding memories that "longest haunt the heart." Even as I sat thus idly reflecting, a paper reached me, sent by some friendly hand from my early home, and earnestly as I would have read a loving letter, I poured over the contents of that every-day record. It spoke to me as a messenger from the absent; each well-known name mentioned in its columns, held a thousand clustering reminiscences for me; the trivial local news was like welcome home-choil tidings; and I spoke aloud the old familiar names I had not heard for years, as if a spell lay in their sound. Last of all I turned to the page

where, side by side, were chronicled marriages and deaths. The first were those of strangers; among the last was noticed the final departure of one whom I had once loved, as we only love in the purity of youth. The announcement was worded in the usual form with which we herald to the careless world that a soul has gone to the mysterious future. Nothing was there to arrest the contemplation of the reader—to speak of inevitable human destiny to a throbbing human heart—to reveal the agony of mortality, the bitterness of death, or the trials of the wearily burdened and loving ones, perchance well-nigh borne down by that one event. "Died at sea, during her homeward voyage, Mary Vere, aged 24, for three years a resident missionary in Persia." And this was all! The ending of the saddest life I ever knew, the knell of as pure a spirit as was ever bowed and fettered by earthly cares—this was the cold, brief recording of the history of a warm nature, that had patiently toiled and uncomplainingly suffered—that even in its youth had been old in grief—that had wandered abroad and found no rest, and then, like a wounded bird, had winged its way homeward to die! Ah, Mary! little dreamed we, in our sunny days, that mine eyes should ever trace the chronicle of such a destiny for thee!

We had first met, in childhood, at the country residence of a friend, where we were both spending the summer months. She accompanied her mother—her only surviving parent, then slowly declining in the last stage of consumption. Mary and myself, thrown continually together, without other companions, speedily became warm friends, though her pensive, irresolute disposition, had little in common with my natural impetuous animation. She had been the attendant on suffering from her earliest recollection, for her father had died after a lingering illness, during which he had desired the constant enticement of his only child's society, and her mother had for years been a resigned but hopeless invalid. All who have closely observed children, are aware of the influence such things half-unconsciously exert over minds susceptible to every impression, and it was not strange that one so used to look on sorrow, should have learned at last to doubt the very existence of happiness.

Mary was a strikingly beautiful child, with dark, soul-revealing eyes, bright with the mystical fire of the burning thoughts within. I well remember their rapturous expression when she was excited by some tale of heroism—for she was full of a strange, quiet enthusiasm, that wasted itself in fruitless sympathy with the moral greatness of others, but shrank with painful distrust from reliance on its own impulsive guidance. She was quick of feeling, and easily touched by the most trivial deed of kindness, and her being was too

sensitive for her ever to be thoughtlessly happy. Her look and manner were peculiarly winning in their tranquil, subdued gentleness; and when this was, occasionally, though rarely, laid aside for awhile, amid the irrepressible mirth of childish amusement, her laugh had the ringing, silvery melody which seems the musical essence of enjoyment. For two successive summers we met and were inseparably intimate, and then four years elapsed before we were again together. During this interval Mary's mother died, and she went far from my home, to reside with a distant relation. We had, from our first parting, corresponded regularly, and her letters were, like herself, poetical and visionary. I know not wherefore, for she wrote no murmur, but they left the impression that she was not satisfied with her new home, and my heart yearned to comfort her, to remove from her lot its loneliness, from her soul its dullness. But she shrunk, with what then appeared to me morbid delicacy, from all approach to confidence on this subject, and gradually grew in all things less communicative regarding herself, as if doubting the response of sympathy. There was evidently a constraint placed on her spontaneous emotions—a quiet concealment of her deeper interests, which to me spoke mournfully, and recalled that silent, dejected consciousness of mental and spiritual solitude, which is the saddest portion and the most touching consequence of an orphan's unshared and melancholy destiny. It was not until long afterward that I learned the domestic trials and annoyances to which she had been subjected, and the dreary, joyless routine in which she dragged on the years that should have been her brightest ones.

It was with many a sweet anticipation of friendly, unreserved intercourse and affectionate solace—such dreams as are borne by loving angels to hearts strong in youth and rich in tenderness, that I looked impatiently forward to my next meeting with my old playmate, for now we had both glided from childhood to womanhood, and the firm bond was between us that links those who remember together. I shall never forget my astonishment when, after our first fond and impetuous greeting, I turned, with tearful eyes, to mark the alteration time had wrought in the appearance of my companion. She was calm and composed, almost to coldness, and there was no visible exhibition of the agitation struggling beneath, or of all the afflicting reminiscences which I knew were recalled by looking on my face again. She had grown from the timid, irresolute girl, to the proud, self-possessed woman, and her manner had the tranquil air of one aware of her own moral strength, and of the existence of impulses and feelings too pure and sacred to be lightly displayed to a world which had nothing in common with them. She was more beautiful than ever, and I have never seen a being whose polished, intellectual tranquillity was so faultlessly graceful. She had acquired the early maturity of mind given in kindness to those who are tried in their youth; for she had evidently "thought too long and darkly;" her feelings were still from their intensity, and hers was the reflective repose which, wearied and desponding, folds its drooping pinions and sleeps on the bosom of darkness.

Ah, me! it is a dreary thing to feel alone in the world—to have no eye brighten at our coming, no voice ever ready with its eager welcoming, nothing to tell us we are beloved, and that fond thoughts and wishes are around our onward pathway. O, ye who have never felt this worst of desolations—ye whose best affections bind ye still, who have no link broken, no yearnings unfulfilled, fold to your hearts the precious blessing that lives in domestic ties and speaks in household love, and greet kindly and gently those whose life is lonely—who look around them and find no answering gaze, who pine with many tears for one glimpse of the tenderness whose living light is daily yours, who go forward sadly and silently, with none to love them, save those who are angels in Heaven.

But there is a romance in every one's experience, evanescent though it be; and at length its bright change rose upon Mary's existence. I heard she was soon to be married, to a young clergyman, of whom all spoke in terms of approval and admiration. I sincerely rejoiced at an event so calculated to relieve at once her perplexities and regrets, and to summon sweet visions for one who had too long lived without affection in the world. I wrote to her, expressing all I felt—all my fervent hopes for her dawning welfare. I longed impatiently for her answer, anxious to discover if she realized as I wished the brighter career opening before her; but several weeks wended on, and brought me no reply. It was from another source I learned the dangerous and protracted illness of her lover, and a paper, tremulously directed by Mary's hand, at length informed me of his death.

Finally a letter came, with its black seal. It was the last farewell of one who loved me—the last pouring forth of tenderness from a heart that was broken; and yet, sorrowful as those lines were, they spoke of hopes unshadowed and immortal—of a pilgrimage troubled and toilsome, but full of reward, and of all an enthusiast's delusive anticipations in the sacred enterprise before her.

She wrote on the eve of her departure from her native land, and with her singular, acquired shrinking from the avowal of her feelings, she made no allusion to the connection recently broken; and not a word revealed the grief that clouded over her fairest prospects and sent her forth an exile. Frequently afterward I saw her name mentioned as one of unwavering zeal in her adopted cause, and faithfully devoted to the laborious responsibilities of her mission. But between herself and her early friends a gulf seemed to be, perhaps because she did not wish to revive the overpowering recollections of the past. The absence of all communication with those once dear to her, must have been intentional, for she was not one to forget. Three years of this unbroken existence of care and labor had gone by, and then I had thus accidentally learned the mournful doom of a being endowed with all earth's purest impulses, yet so soon recalled from its wanderings. Hers is no uncommon history—for many such are on our daily annals. O! give them kind thoughts and words, for these are the sad heart's treasured gems!

THIS WORLD OF OURS.

BY A. D. ANDERSON.

This world of ours is beautiful—right beautiful, I ween,
Are all its mountains tipped with gold, its valleys tinged
with green,
Its thousand laughing streams that sport, half sunshine
and half shade,
Like love's first herald seen upon the rosy cheeked maid.
The springing flowers are beautiful that open to the day,
And spread their perfume far and wide along the sunny
way;
The vine-clad rocks and shady dells that bask in beauty's
sheen;
This world of ours is beautiful—wherever it is seen.

This world of ours was beautiful in those good olden days
When knights would battle valiantly for ladies' smiles
and praise;
When in the list and on the turf, with lance and spear
and sword,
Those iron-handed men would meet no bond but plighted
word.
Each castle was a fortress then; each man could bend the
bow,
Or lead the dance, or join the song with voice as soft and
low,
As maidens when at night they hear their lovers' whis-
pered praise;
Oh! was not the world beautiful in those good olden days?

This world of ours was beautiful, when troubadours first
sang,
And castle hall and cottage roof with love and glory rang;
When high-born damsels clustered round—perhaps to
hear of one
Who joined the armies of the Cross, to fight 'neath Syria's
sun;
How he had borne the banner high amid the thickest fight,
And placed his name where it will shine like stars amid
the night;
And then bright eyes would brighter beam, despite the
truant tear;
Oh! was not the world beautiful when minstrelsy was
here?

This world of ours was beautiful when Rome was great
and free,
And proudly shone her mountain-bird, the type of Liberty;
When Freedom found a resting-place within those tro-
phied walls,
And circled with her eagle wing its temples and its halls;
When on the yellow Tiber's wave the shouts of victory
came,
And pride and glory mingled with the conqueror's lauded
name;
Then came the proud triumphal march, the heroes crowned
with bays;
Oh! was not the world beautiful in those her palmy days?

This world of ours was beautiful when Venice ruled the
tide,
And thousand voices rose to greet the old man's ocean
bride;

The waters gladly danced around the castles old and proud,
And from the latticed balconies, upon the passing crowd,
Gleamed forth the light of beauty's eye—Venetia's daugh-
ters fair,
With hearts as pure as were the gems that glistened in
their hair;
As bold in danger, true in love, as brave men's brides
should be;
Oh! was not the world beautiful when Venice ruled the
sea?

This world of ours was beautiful when 'neath Italia's skies
Her passion sons, like meteor stars, flashed on their won-
dering eyes.
Born in that sunny clime of love, where beauty tints the
air,
And earth and ocean, sun and shade, are more divinely
fair;
No marvel that their minds upgrew full freighted with
each tone,
And Love and Beauty sheltered them within their magic
zone,
Till all they saw and all they felt found in each work a
birth;
Oh! was not the world beautiful when Genius walked
the earth?

This world of ours was beautiful when by fair Arno's
stream
Sweet Florence lay bedecked with gifts, like beauty in
her dream;
So soft her skies, so mild her suns, such perfume in each
breeze,
Such songs of gladness from her plains, such flowers upon
the trees;
And then her dowered children stood like jewels in her
crown,
Or sun-clad monuments on which Time's rays come
proudly down.
To gild with beauty e'en decay—but what decay hast thou?
Oh! was not the world beautiful when Florence decked
her brow?

This world of ours was beautiful in England's palmy times,
When merrily from church and tower pealed out the spot-
tive chimes,
When deep within the greenwood haunts dwelt honest
men and free,
With hearts as gay and minds as light as birds upon the
tree;
Right honestly the day was passed; at night, upon the
green,
All joining in the merry dance the young and old were
seen,
And many a jocund song was sung, and many a tale was
told;
Oh! was not the world beautiful in those good days of old?

This world of ours was beautiful when valiant men and
true
Spread their white sails, and sought a home beyond the
waters blue—

They found it 'neath the forest old, 'mid wild and savage men,
Beside the ocean's rocky shore, withip the mountain glen;
And there was heard the childish laugh, and there the mother's tone,
Brought joy and gladness in their sound to many an altar-stone;
Men toiled and strove, and strove and toiled, through all the weary hours,
Oh! was not the world beautiful, this western world of ours?
This world of ours was beautiful, when Freedom first awoke,
Its cradle song the trumpet call, its toy the sabre stroke,
Full armed, like Pallas, then she stood amid the deadly fight,
And man by man stood boldly up, and clenched their hands of might,
The tempest came, no cheek turned pale, no heart unnerved with fear,
They grasped their swords more tightly than—'t was victory or a bier;
Long was the struggle, hard the fight, but liberty was won;
Oh! was not the world beautiful beneath fair Freedom's sun?
This world of ours was beautiful in times long, long ago,
When those good men of earnest souls dwelt with us here below;
Large was their faith in human kind; their mission seemed to be
To teach man all his duties here—Love, Faith and Energy,

To link each man to brother man, with links of firmest steel;
Then touch the spark of sympathy, and all the shock will feel;
Stamp the nobility of truth upon each deathless soul;
Oh! was not the world beautiful beneath such pure control?
This world of ours was beautiful, and still is so to me;
Since boyish days I've clung to it, with wildness and with glee;
Have laughed when others talked of wo beneath so fair a sky,
When time, like flocks of singing birds, with melody went by,
Have roved amid its fairy bowers, and drank of every stream
Of joy and gladness, till I lived within a blissful dream,
And life, deep laden with its fruits, slept like a weary child;
This world of ours is beautiful as 't was when Eden smiled?
This world of ours is beautiful despite what cynics say;
There must be storms in winter time as well as flowers in May;
But what of that?—there's joy in both the sunshine and the shade,
The light upon the mountain-top, the shadow in the glade.
Be free of Soul, and firm of Heart, read all life's lessons right,
Nor look for roses in the snow, nor sunbeams in the night.
Up! up! to action, armed with Love, Faith and Energy;
And then this world is beautiful, as beautiful can be.

MY SPIRIT.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

SPIRIT, my own proud spirit!
We may not sleep in dust,
There is a path marked out for us
Of a high and a holy trust;
Spirit, tried spirit, we were not born,
To die as cravens die,
With no proud niche for the wreathed urn,
No record on the sky.

We came up life together,
We have lived but a few short years,
We have tasted well at the fountain head
Of human hopes and fears;
Yet life is young, shall we not be so?
Shall we not drink and sing
Of the many glorious hopes that flow
From many a hidden spring?

Ay, and the streams shall gather
In a broad and open sea,
The leaping of whose crystal tide
Is immortality;

There shall be a time when we shall rest,
Some gentle summer even,
With a calm content, upon its breast,
And an opening view of heaven.

Storms will be wild around us
Before that time shall come,
And the thunder of blame will fill the air,
And the voice of praise be dumb;
Yet as we draw from the glorious stars
Beauty and light and love,
Hope's wing shall gild the closing bars
That shut us from above.

Spirit, my own proud spirit,
Thou wilt not fail me now,
Thy hands shall wreath the chaplet well
And place it on my brow;
Spirit, tried spirit, we were not born
To die as cravens die,
With no proud niche for the wreathed urn,
No record on the sky.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



[*Sarcoromphus Gryphus*, male.]

THE CONDOR. (*Sarcoromphus Gryphus*.)

This bird is one of the largest of the vultures. The early Spanish writers on America gave the most exaggerated accounts of its size and strength; and its true history and dimensions have been only recently ascertained. The bird was compared with the Roc of the Arabian romance writers. Acosta says that the bird called Condor is able singly to eviscerate and devour a whole sheep or a calf. Garcilaso de la Vega makes them measure 16 feet from tip to tip of the extended wings; he says their beaks are sufficiently strong to perforate and tear off a bull's hide, and to rip out its entrails; and that a single Condor "will set upon and slay boys of ten or twelve years;" which last exaggeration, though now exploded, has found its way into our common school geographies.

Investigation has shown that the Condor is merely a large, perhaps not the largest of the vultures. "The Condor," writes Mr. Bennett, "forms the type of a genus, a second species of which is the *Fultur papa* of Linnaeus, the king of the vultures of British writers. They are both peculiar to the New World, but approach in their most essential characters very closely to the vultures of the Old Continent, differing from the latter principally in the large, fleshy, or rather cartilaginous, caruncle which surmounts their beaks, in the large size of their oval and longitudinal nostrils, placed almost at the very extremity of the cere; and in the comparative length of their quill feathers, the third being the longest of the series. The most important

of these differences, the size and position of their nostrils, appears to be well calculated to add to the already highly powerful sense of smell possessed by the typical vulture, and for which the birds have been almost proverbially celebrated from the earliest ages. There is also a third species, the Californian vulture, two noble specimens of which, the only pair in Europe, are preserved in the London Zoological Society's Museum, rivaling the Condor in bulk, and agreeing in every respect with the generic characters of the group, except in the existence of the caruncle, of which they are entirely destitute.

"In size the Condor is little, if at all, superior to the Bearded Griffin, the Lämmergeyer of the Alps, with which Buffon was disposed conjecturally to confound it, but to which it bears at most but a distant relation. The greatest authentic measurement scarcely carries the extent of its wings beyond fourteen feet, and it appears rarely to attain so gigantic a size. M. Humboldt met with none that exceeded nine feet, and was assured by many credible inhabitants of the province of Quito that they had never shot any that measured more than eleven. The length of a male specimen somewhat less than nine feet in expanse was three feet three inches from the tip of the beak to the extremity of the tail; and its height, when perching with the neck partly withdrawn, two feet eight inches. Its beak was two inches and three quarters in length, and an inch and a quarter in depth when closed.

"The beak of the Condor is straight at the base, but the upper mandible becomes arched toward the point, and terminates in a strong and well curved hook. The basal half is of an ash brown, and the remaining portion, toward the point, is nearly white. The head and neck are bare of feathers, and covered with hard, wrinkled, dusky reddish skin, on which are scattered some short brown or blackish hairs. On the top of the head, which is much flattened above, and extending some distance along the beak, is attached an oblong firm caruncle or comb, covered by a continuation of the skin which invests the head. This organ is peculiar to the male. It is connected to the beak only in its anterior part, and is separated from it at the base in such a manner as to allow a free passage of the air to the large oval nostrils, which are situated beneath it at that part. Beyond the eyes, which are somewhat elongated, and not sunk beneath the general surface of the head, the skin of the neck is, as it were, gathered into a series of descending folds, extending obliquely from the back of the head over the temples, to the under side of the neck, and there connected anteriorly with a lax membrane or wattle, capable of being dilated at pleasure, like that of the common turkey. The neck is marked by numerous deep parallel folds, produced by the habit of retracting the head, in which the bird indulges when at rest. In this position scarcely any part of the neck is visible.

Round the lower part of the neck both sexes, the female as well as the male, are furnished with a broad white ruff of downy feathers, which forms the line of separation between the naked skin above and the true feathers covering the body below it. All the other feathers, with the exception of the wing coverts, and the secondary quill feathers, are of a bright black, generally mingled with a grayish tinge of greater or less intensity. In the female the wing coverts are blackish gray; but the males have their points, and

frequently as much as half their length, white. The wings of the latter are consequently distinguished from those of the female by their large white patches. The secondary quill feathers of both sexes are white on the outer side. The tail is short and wedge shaped. The legs are excessively thick and powerful, and are colored of a blueish gray, intermingled with whitish streaks. Their elongated toes are united at the base by a loose but very apparent membrane, and are terminated by long black talons of considerable thickness, but very little curved. The hinder toe is shorter than the rest, and its talon, although more distinctly curved, is equally wanting in strength, a deficiency which renders the foot much less powerful as an organ of prehension than that of any other of the large birds of the raptorial order."

The Condor is found in various parts of the vast mountain chain on the western border of the American continent, but it is most common in Peru and Chili. Its habitation is most frequently at an elevation of 10,000 or 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and there these birds are seen in groups of three or four, but never in large companies like the true vultures. Some of the mountain peaks bear names which in the Indian tongue mean Condor's Look-out, Condor's Roost and Condor's Nest. Two of them will attack a vicuña, a heifer or even a puma, and overcome it by repeated strokes of their beaks and talons. When gorged, says Humboldt, they sit sullen and sombre on the rocks; and when thus overloaded with food they will suffer themselves to be driven before the hunter rather than take wing. They do not attack men or even children, although it is admitted that two of them would be a match for a powerful man without weapons. Sir Francis Head gives an amusing account of a contest between one of his Cornish miners and a gorged Condor, which lasted an hour, and terminated in the escape of the bird.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

MY DEAR JEREMY.—I presume you are shaking the spray from your locks, and are over head and ears in love with salt water, while I am among the weeping willows in these days of hydrophobia, when water—that we cannot get at—provokes a feeling of madness. You glory in a proprietorship over which your plough passes, turning up soil that is all your own, while the nodding grain, golden and pulpy, ripens in your absence for your abundant granaries, while I cultivate this, my small patch, "a tenant at will," whose harvest of gleaming would be blown to the winds without a painstaking care and watchfulness. You are the lord of acres, while I wander around forbidden enclosures, and look upon many a Castle of Ludolence lounging but for a yard of ground all my own, upon which to plant a firm foot, to sound the challenge and cry—*war!* The very utterance of poverty is grandeur and riches, compared to the feeling of having the pent-up energies which have found a full outlet in enterprise, growing fiery in inaction, and panting for room, continually battling at the heart, and knocking in vain for freedom and exercise. But if you have ever felt the utter insignificance of wealth and high advantage combined with indolence and

inactivity, and forever do-nothingness, before the godlike attributes of persevering energy and indomitable will, you have felt the pride of manhood in its full force and power. You have reaped in anticipation the rewards of high courage, of manly resolve, of personal industry and victory. You have enjoyed in your day-dreams the full fruition of assured success—and awoke to hope on, to resolve and to conquer. Consider me, my dear Jeremy, as winding myself up for the next seven years, after having run down—as having stopped, if you please, to blow; and while you are luxuriating in the surf, and shaking the briny water from your shoulders, as throwing off surfdom, with a defiant air, and a determined purpose of taking a few strides forward, to meet that "good time a coming."

Who does not love the sound of the breakers at Cape May, who has once listened to their wild melody? What a chance for love-making is the evening stroll upon the beach. On the one side the rugged bank, on which the white houses sit like a flock of wild-birds suddenly alighted, and the faint twinkle of rush-like lights dancing like fire-flies in the night air; on the other, the wild waters—and emblem of the wild unrest of the human heart—their huge waves reflecting from their sides the quiet light of the moon,

while the white-caps come trooping in, like a squadron of dragoons, with their plumes dancing, and a roar, as if the tread of an army were near, and a thousand park of artillery were booming in the distance. The music of rich voices hushed amid the uproar—the light of kind eyes sparkling with a subdued eloquence—the loved face impressively thoughtful, indicating that God has laid his hand upon the heart, and whispered amid the tumult of its worldly thoughts, “be thou still!”

It was my good fortune to see both Cape May and the Falls of Niagara, for the first time, by moonlight, and whether the hues of evening naturally associated in the mind with twilight, deepened the impressions of awe and wonder with which I gazed upon them, or to the greatness of the novelty was added through the misty twilight, a dim religious sanctity to the impressions, I know not, but they have never since charmed me so much in the broad glare of day, as in the evening, with a quiet moon looking placidly down upon the flushing foam, seemingly rebuking the uproar.

The bathers, too, at mid-day, screaming like sea-birds amid the surf, with their many-colored garments dancing amid the foam—beauty floating upon the breakers as calmly as if reposing upon the virgin snow of her own pillows. Manhood breasting the billow, and riding securely far out where the huge porpoise rolls lazily along, while tiny feet go patting, and tiny hands go clapping along the shore, the very idleness and luxury of the sport impressing upon the beholder a sense of enjoyment, a feeling of relief from the work-day world, a consciousness of manhood and freedom above the value of dollars—a heart eased of the oppressiveness of brick and mortar, and open to a sense most acute of the very luxury of being idle.

If Philadelphians had made half as much of Cape May as the New Yorkers have of Saratoga, or the Yankees have of Newport, its visitors from all parts of the country would number tens of thousands; but I question whether its present character of being Philadelphia in holiday dress, let loose for a romp, does not add much to its charms. The relief from absurd ceremony, where every face is familiar. The easy, unrestrained life, the freedom of remark and retort, and the exuberant gaiety of the whole company, add to the enjoyment of the place, and make it a home in a family circle greatly enlarged and full of good humor.

But, my dear Jeremy, you must have observed that at Cape May we got along comfortably, without the towering and overshadowing influence of the “upper ten thousand,” which stands up to be worshipped by the people without money or brains. It might be a serious question, how long a man may exist, with great self-complacency, without heart, or intellect, yet with a purse well lined with gold—regarding the world of men and of matter as especially made for him—the lord paramount of the soil, and of the sinews, which of right belong to his betters. Cannot some one curious in nature and philosophy, analyze one of this genus, and tell the world how the appearance of humanity can be preserved without a single attribute of it, existing life-like and active in his breast. The whole effort of this air-drawn animal appears to be to rise, to get up in society, to overlook the pigmies who toil and sweat for bread—to loose his identity in the upper circle, that he may forget his grandfather, the soap-boiler, upon whose bubbles he has been shot upward—as we expect a pea from an air-gun. Prick the bubble, and the thing vanishes into air, without leaving behind him a trace of existence of the value of a pepper-corn, and so,

—“Grows dim and dies
All that this world is proud of.”

The gifts of God are equal. He sheds upon us all the

same glorious sunlight, and gives us the same heritage of dew and showers. The air has no monopolist, but its belmy odors as kindly kiss as well the beggar as the king. The mountain stream and the mountain flower acknowledge no master but the hand that formed them. The very beast that roams over the boundless prairies, and tosses his wild mane to the breeze, snuffs in an atmosphere sanctified by its freeness. God, over all his own works sheds the benignant light of universal benevolence and goodwill. The hues of a heaven-tinted charity blend kindly together the world over—the laws of a love undistinguishing are impressed upon all nature.

It is man—but a handful of his mother earth—that wrongs her kind bosom, and says to his brother, stand aside, the heritage is mine—we are not equals in birthright. I claim by pre-emption a supremacy which makes me thy master. The very purple I wear, when contrasted with the faded ruselet of thy poor garb, makes me thy lord. The jeweled rings of these fingers clasp thy neck, and make thee bondsman. Thou shalt go at my bidding and come at my call. Thou shalt toil until thy weary bones crack, to pamper to my luxurious desires! Thou shalt not even think but at thy peril! By the high authority of what is called Law, thou art enslaved!

By this right of law, how many wrongs are done, which the cold eye of day gazes on in silence, whilst hearts wrung with anguish weep on unpitied. This strong arm, when its fist clutches dollars, how terrible is it in its willingness to crush and overwhelm the unsheltered, the unbefriended, the poor, unpitied victim. But if a broad sparkling with diamonds interposes, how palmed and feeble becomes the blow—the justice, the equity of the law, how considerate and kind!

Yet law, according to the lawgiver, “is the perfection of reason,” which must account, I suppose, for the difficulty which the learned counsel experiences in expounding it to an “intelligent jury.” The poor thief therefore remains in profound ignorance of the equity of the decision, by which he is consigned to three years of penitence in solitary confinement, while his gayer brother in crime dashes through the streets with his carriage and scarlet housings, basking in the worship of wondering and approving eyes, his penalty for having started a bank, and stopped it, by which thousands of poor men lost the dollars which paid for the equipage, and furnished the viands for his pampered appetite, the meanness of which would have driven starvation from their doors. He is beyond the law. Let an hundred operatives agree in thinking that the wretched pittance for their daily labor will not suffice to feed the mouths of a half dozen famishing children, the law has its kind and protecting eye upon them at once—and if they dare express so infamous a sentiment, it immediately takes care of them as conspirators. But the masters of an hundred mills may openly avow their determination to close their doors and send starvation into a whole village, the law instantly closes its watchful eye, and dozes over the scene, deeming it right and proper that capital should be indulged in its absurdities.

Should John, upon the box of a gentleman’s carriage, come in contact with the hub of the humble cab of Jehu, and thereby disfigure the carriage and irritate the temper of the great owner, his honor, who may have had dealings with him, deals with Jehu, who is glad to get off for his five dollars, and thinks it a kindness that he is not imprisoned for the intolerable crime of John not giving an inch of the road to a vulgar cabman. When diamonds are trumps, take care of knives.

It is a fiction of law—for even “perfect reason” has her fictions, it seems—that people who are standing at a distance in a riot, are as culpable as those who are throwing

the brickbats—and it is certain they are the more likely to be killed, probably from a humane feeling of not wishing to irritate those who are too near—and it is for this reason, we presume, that after the riot is over, a number of citizens, against whom nothing can be proved, are arrested, to assert the majesty of the law, while the real rioters and murderers are perfectly unknown to the police. The law being discriminative thus administered, as well as stringent when necessary.

Great names, which provoke a riot, or lack the nerve and manliness to suppress it, have an overshadowing influence, which sways even the majesty of the law—it

would be indecorous in the law to meddle with greatness, even when it is impertinent.

"La-ur me!" exclaims an old lady, who has upset the contents of her frying-pan into the fire. But the poor soul little knows the calamity she invokes. It is doubtful whether fire and frying-pan would not follow, if her request were complied with. The law being at times both expensive and speedy.

"So seags the world along."

But, my dear Jeremy, I have rambled somewhat in this letter, so without more ado, I'll cut this. O. X. O.



"THE UPPER TEN" AND "THE LOWER FIGURE."

LENDER'S BOOKS.—NO. II.

By my right hand, Graham! by my right hand, which for — odd years hath traveled and travailed over much foolscap, (and under much fool's-cap quoth the fiend,) I am more and more convinced of the truth of the words of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" I have just laid aside "Mardi," (the gift of my warm-hearted friend, L. G. C. of the Knickerbocker,) it lies atop of old Du Bartas and some withered budlets of forget-me-not, and in like manner I sit with a few fragmentaries of old literature at bottom for my *primities*, some tender remembrances for my *secondaries*, and for the *alluvial stratum* of my perieranicks (as gentle Charles hath it) these fripperies by the Author of Typee. Confound the book! there are such beautiful Autom-flashes of light in it that you can almost forgive the puerilities—it is a great net-work of affection, with some genuine *gold* shining through the Interaterics.

Let us turn over the leaves a little—hear ye now—

"And what to me thus pining for some one to page me a quotation from Burton on Blue-Devils." V. I. p. 15.

What is *pageing* a quotation?

"Aunt the ropes and they will travel deftly through the subtle windings of the blocks." p. 33.

Why not say—"apply some oleaginous substance to the ambulatory cords, and prevent the inarticulate dissonance caused by the inharmonious attrition of the flaxen fibres against the liguensous particles?"

But this passage I especially commend:

"Good old Areturion! Maternal craft, that rocked me so often in thy heart of oak, I grieve to tell how I deserted thee on the broad deep. ('Maternal craft—maternal old oaken-hearted craft—maternal old oaken-cradle hearted craft' is good!) So far from home, with such a motley crew, so many islands, whose heathen babble *echoing through thy Christian hull must have grated harshly on sorry carline.*" p. 38.

"Many there are who can fall," says Martinus Scribberius; "but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully."

How beautifully he embellishes the most commonplace ideas:

"Among savages, severe personal injuries are, for the most part, accounted but trifles. When a European would be taking to his couch in despair *the savage would disdain to recline.*" p. 68.

"At Ravavai I had stepped ashore some few months previous; and now was embarked on a cruise for the whale, *whose brain enlightens the world!*" p. 1.

Jarl steals a keg of tobacco—

"From the Areturion he had brought along with him a small huff-keg, at bottom imparted with a solitary hayer of subtle Negrohead, fossil-marked, like the primary stratum of the geologists." (Ahem! primary stratum fossil-marked!) p. 66.

He surmisseth that Samos likes to get swipesy—

"Nor did I doubt but that the Upoluan, like all Polynesiens, much loved getting high of head; and in that state would be more intractable than a Black Forest bear."

Sometimes he breaks into hexameter:

"In the verdant glen of Ardair, far in the silent interior of Amma,
Shut in by hour old cliffs, Yillah the maiden abode."

This reminds one of Evangeline—

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley."

Let us hexametrize another passage, and we will have done with these fopperies:

"'T is no great valor to perish sword in hand, and bravado
On lip; cased all in panoply complete. For even the alligator
Dies in his mail, and the sword-fish never surrenders.
To expire, mid-eyed, in one's bed, transcends the death
[of Epam-
Inondas." p. 46.

I have done with Mardi—one is reminded in reading it (after Typee) that "there is as much skill in making dikes

as in raising mounts—there is an art of *dicing* as well as *flying*," and who knows but what the author, after attaining a comfortable elevation by his former works, may not have made this plunge *on purpose*, as men do who climb to the top of a high mast that they may dive the deeper.

Now do those crushed, withered budlets of forget-me-not, peeping from under the book covers, remind me of those beautiful hope-flowers that opened their pale blue eyes in the morning of my life, and bloomed and drooped—and passed away—

"How fair was then the flower—the tree!
How silver-sweet the fountain's fall!
The soulless had a soul to me!
My life its own life lent to all!"

The universe of things seemed swelling
The panting heart to burst its bound,
And wandering fancy found a dwelling
In every shape, thought, deed and sound.
Germed in the invatic buds, reposing,
A whole creation slumbered mute;
Alas! when from the buds uncloning,
How scant and blighted sprang the fruit!"

Alas! alas! young life, and young hopes are not perennials; even in the lofty conservatories and crystal hot-houses of wealth and station they flush into a sickly existence, and then perish like the meanest flower by the wayside. Did it ever strike you how much we are alike in this particular? Every one looking back upon his past life as the shipwrecked merchant looks upon the broad sea that hath swallowed up irretrievable treasures. Do you believe that if one had the power of inventing his new created babes with a course of life, that he would say, "Do as I have done—pass through my joys and my afflictions, and in the experience of my experience you will be happy?" Do you believe that any one—even the wisest, the purest, the best could say this? By my faith, I do not! And the great focal-glass of a common destiny brings down prismatic, many-hued humanity to a point hue, as a convex lens gathers and concentrates prism-bundles of light and heat from the broad disk of the sun. Human suffering in the chord universal that swells from the vibration of numberless strings.

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy;
This vast and universal theatre
Contains more woful pagenuts than the scene
Whereon we play—"

But, "Mardi" and forget-me-nots have spoiled three good sheets of foolscap, and I fear that I am too much 'the sentimental vein; let me therefore conclude with quoting a sweet little piece of philosophy, and lay aside these *lander's books* for a period.

"A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and then did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned
Some and mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith and struggle on!"

Here endeth the second 6th. RICHARD HATWARDS.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Characteristics of Literatures. Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Phila.: Lindsay & Blackston. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Tuckerman has written many interesting books, but we think the present volume is his most attractive if not his best production. It is characterized by his usual refinement of analysis, wealth of illustration, felicity of allusion, and mellow richness of style, while in the range it evinces over widely varied provinces of thought and character, it indicates more versatility than any of his other compositions. The volume includes a discussion and representation of eleven departments of literature, through a searching examination of as many authors, each of whom is taken as the exponent of a class. Thus Chaucer stands for the Moralist, Sir Thomas Browne for the Philosopher, Swift for the Wit, Shenstone for the Dilettante, Charles Lamb for the Humorist, and Macaulay for the Historian. The selection of men to illustrate the subjects is, of course, not free from cavil. We should say that Burke was not exactly the man to stand as an expression of the Rhetorician, for his rhetoric, though matchless of its kind, is secondary to his philosophy. He appears to us, even as analyzed by Mr. Tuckerman, in the character of a profound, vigorous and vital thinker, and is no more a rhetorician, in any exclusive sense of the term, than Bacon, Hooker, Taylor, or even Milton. Where style is the incarnation of thought, the visible image of the mind that employs it—and this is its nature in all the greatest authors—the word rhetoric is hardly applicable to it. Macaulay is more emphatically the rhetorician than Burke.

Select Comedies; Translated from the Italian of Goldoni. Giraud and Nota. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

A volume like the present, giving the English reader a good idea of the spirit and form of Italian comedy, has long been wanted, and we have little doubt that it will be successful. To the lover of the English drama the plays may seem to lack solid character and unctuous humor; but they are still distinguished by a fertility in the invention of ludicrous incidents and positions, and a mischievous quick-footed spirit of intrigue, that no person with a sense of the comic can read them without exhilaration. The translations are, we believe, from an American pen, and appear to be well executed. Six complete comedies are given, and the translator has been fortunate in his selections both in respect to merit and variety. The two comedies of Goldoni are alone richly worth the price of the book.

Kaloolah, or Journeys to the Djebel Kumri. An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is something strange for a writer to present himself for the first time as a candidate for public favor with a volume indicating so much power and originality of mind, and such practiced talents of composition as the present. The book is a regular tale of adventures, as interesting as exciting incidents rarely told can make it, and interwoven with the story are many graphic descriptions of scenery and keen delineations of character. Considered in respect to the originality of its conception, the new vein of romance it opens, and the admirable method of the narration, we think the volume cannot fail to attract the attention which it will certainly reward.

The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its Relation to the History of Mankind. By Arnold Guyot. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this valuable Manual is Professor of Physical Geography and History in the same institution to which Agassiz is attached, and originally delivered the present lectures in French to an audience in Boston. They have been elegantly translated by Professor Felton, of Harvard University, and are very warmly recommended by the New England Savans for their union of profundity and simplicity. The subject is one of the most important in the whole range of science, and is one in which all can take an interest, and all obtain information, as popularized by Professor Guyot. Agassiz says of the book and its author: "Having been his friend from childhood, as a fellow student in college, and as colleague in the same university, I may be permitted to express my high sense of the value of his attainments. Mr. Guyot has not only been in the best school, that of Ritter and Humboldt, and become familiar with the present state of the science of our earth, but he has himself in many instances drawn new conclusions from the facts now ascertained, and presented most of them in a new point of view. Several of the most brilliant generalizations developed in his lectures, are his; and if more extensively circulated, will not only render the study of geography more attractive, but actually show it in its true light, namely, as the science of the relations which exist between nature and man, throughout history."

The Life of Maximilien Robespierre. With Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By G. H. Lewis. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this biography is but little known in this country, and has hardly received his deserts from the critics on either side of the water. He is a clear, close, vigorous thinker, an accomplished scholar, and a nervous, condensed and brilliant, though slightly aphoristic writer. Though his ideas and style occasionally betray the influence of Carlyle, and though his English nature has been a little modified by an infusion of French metaphysics, he generally appears as an independent as well as a forcible thinker. In the present volume, though he appears largely indebted to the works of Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc, he has still produced a book original in the main, and has been especially happy in steering a middle course between those writers who have represented Robespierre as a monstrously of malignity and cruelty, and those who have tried hard to make him appear a persecuted and virtuous patriot, whose most questionable acts sprang from exalted motives. The reader closes the book with the feeling that he has gained a better insight into the character of the immortally infamous revolutionary leader than he had before. The letters of Robespierre, which the author obtained in MS. from Louis Blanc, and the extracts from his speeches in the Convention, add much to the interest and value of the volume.

History of Maria Antoinette. By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is another of Mr. Abbott's beautiful series of pocket histories, having for its subject a story so exciting and so mournful that the novelist or dramatist could hardly treat

its incidents with more pathetic effect than the chronicler who confines himself to the literal facts. The characteristic merit of Mr. Abbott's books is the knowledge they display not merely of their subjects but of the exact nature of the ignorance of the general class of readers, and this merit is well illustrated in the present volume. The French Revolution is to most minds a confused mass of terrible events without any connecting principles; but few can read its history, as far as it is presented in Mr. Abbott's simple and orderly narrative, without obtaining clearer ideas of the whole matter.

A History of American Baptist Missions in Asia, Africa, Europe and North America. By William Gamwell, A. M., Professor in Brown University. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

We like the present volume for the indication it gives of the rich materials for history and biography which lie almost unused in the various records of Christian missions. All the heroic qualities developed in man and woman by religious principles and religious passions, are visible in those records to the untailed eye, but they are commonly so submerged in the affected phraseology and sectarian jargon of mediocre compilers, that they are commonly set aside as vulgar and fanatical by the general reader. Professor Gamwell has written a volume in which all the worn and wasted terms of the pedants of cant are discarded, and the subject, as far as the Baptist missions are concerned, is treated in a style intelligible to all who have any perception of beauty, holiness or heroism. The work, apart from its theological character, is one of great interest and excellence.

Sacred Rhetoric; or Composition and Delivery of Sermons. By Henry J. Ripley. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

This treatise should be carefully pondered by all clergymen who have a contempt for the graces and proprieties of composition, arising from their apprehension of being interesting to their congregations. Professor Ripley has produced a searching treatise, in which, with a true critical remorselessness, he lays bare the defects of arrangement and composition most likely to beset the productions of his profession, and gives a clear statement of those principles which should guide the brain and pen of the preacher. The volume also includes Dr. Ware's admirable "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching."

History of Wonderful Inventions. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publishers of this elegantly printed volume have included it in a series called the Boy's Own Library, but its interest and value are hardly confined to youth. It is a book containing carefully written accounts of the invention of the Miner's Compass, Gunpowder, Clocks, Printing, the Telescope and Microscope, the Steam-Engine, the Electric Telegraph, and many other wonderful events in the history of the intellect. We never read a volume of this sort without giving a new and vivid impression of the grandeur of human nature, considered as possessing the powers of creation and combination.

Manual of Ancient Geography and History. By Wilhelm Mux. Translated from the German. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Professor Green, of Brown University, is the American editor of this valuable manual, and his name is a guarantee that it has been revised and corrected with scrupulous

care. To the general student of history the volume will be of great service, as it maps out the whole ground of historical study, gives the names of the authorities for the history of each nation, and in the smallest possible space consistent with clearness, presents a view of the history, geography, religion, literature and art of all the ancient nations, European and Asiatic. The work indicates an erudition as minute as it is vast.

The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground. By the Author of *The Pilot*. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Longevity is no characteristic of novels, and *Old Pat* is the last name which could be applied to a hero of fiction. The romances which flare in the parlors of one year are pretty sure to repose in the cemeteries of the next. To this empirical law, Cooper's *Spy* is one of the honorable exceptions. It at once attained popularity, and it has kept it, surviving all those mutations of the public taste which, since its first appearance, have consigned so many brilliant fictions to oblivion. As an old friend in a new dress, we welcome this volume. Its value is enhanced by the revision of the author, and the addition of an introduction and notes.

A Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this volume is careful to write himself down an "honorable" on his title page, and the whole tone of the composition evidences that self-satisfaction which is so apt to accompany social position. Though the reader is inclined to be prejudiced against an amateur author who assumes so confident a tone, the feeling wears away as he reads the volume. It contains a great deal of information pleasantly told, has some capital sketches of curious character, and ranks among the sprightliest of recent books of travels. The American edition is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.

The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West. Digested from his Journal and Illustrated from various other sources. By Washington Irving. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This delightful work forms the tenth volume of the revised edition of Irving's works, and has for its subject a theme especially interesting at the present time, when more than ever, "westward the course of empire takes its way." We hardly know of a more felicitous partnership than that of Bonneville and Irving—one to perform the deeds of adventure which the other records.

Life in the Far West. By George Frederic Ruxton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this volume died at an early age, but not before he had partly fulfilled the destiny to which his talents and adventurous spirit pointed. "His adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," and the present work, indicate not merely the courage and enthusiasm of a traveler, but much felicity in transferring to other minds the objects and incidents which filled his own.

Pottison Legacy.

This is the title of a novel, by Albert Smith, published in the cheap form of the present day, by Carey & Hart. It is a pleasant, readable, and interesting work, and will be found caustic as well as funny. The characters are well sustained and the plot well developed.



1854.

and the M. B. Co.

scenes—such unloosing of the elements of fun—such odd admixtures and jumbings together of objects, all broadly picturesque and ludicrous, did the day present,

other in a gentle breeze stirring, each one moving its thousand lips so delicately that the sunlight which was kissing them seemed trembling with rapture—in short, an air of quiet solitude brooded over the whole place.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

GENERAL TRAINING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THERE were three events which we used to look forward to at the approach of summer with a great deal of interest. These were the Fourth of July, General Training and Camp Meeting. The denizens of a city can hardly understand the pleasure with which the inhabitants of a secluded village hail any thing out of the usual quiet routine of existence. Consequently they would be likely to stare at the very idea of any one who was old enough to drive fast trotters, attend cock-fights, shoot balls over billiard-tables, and dance the polka, attaching any importance to such ordinary if not "decidedly vulgar" matters. But with all due deference to the dandies, I must still reiterate that we thought these three things of much consequence, and entitled to the place of events in our simple village calendar. The Fourth of July was a great affair, inasmuch as it was not only great in itself, but it opened as it were the gates of the decided summer, letting in upon us those long delicious hours when the sun's eye begins to glance through its cloud lashes at three in the morning, and shoots up its light to wink and glimmer until nine in the evening. Camp Meeting was also very important—inherently of course—and also as coming as it did in October, it shut those same summer portals, and reminded us of the occasional presence of Jack Frost, that jackall of winter, who comes prowling amidst our gardens some time before the stern roar of the old lion is heard. But General Training occurring in August, sandwiched between the two—the summit-level, so to speak, of the season—the acme—the apex—was, on the whole, the greatest event of the three. It was coupled with nothing else, either as herald of bright days, or reminder that those days were past. It had neither the brilliance of hope nor the fragrance of memory. It was therefore self-sustained—it shone by its own light. And full of the elements of enjoyment was it. So much bustle and noise—such rattle-te-bang topsy-turvy scenes—such unloosing of the elements of fun—such odd admixtures and jumbings together of objects, all broadly picture-que and ludicrous, did the day present,

that no wonder it created such a sensation in our usually quiet and well behaved village.

As the contrast last hinted at constituted one of its charms to me, I will commence by sketching the appearance of the village the evening before.

We will suppose the time to be about six o'clock, P. M. in the last week of August. The sun is about an hour and a half high, and is beginning to throw out rays of the richest and at the same time the softest splendor. A broad beam, like a golden vista, strikes Ramsey's house on the hill right along the toes, thence, darting a blow athwart the breast of Fairchild's domicile, it hits St. John's store right in the abdomen, and then sinks down the slope of the street. This is on one side of the village. On the other, a second beam comes along in a sort of stealthy, zigzag manner, being broken by a row of trees, until, blazes! it pitches into the two lower eyes of Coit's dingy edifice so violently as to make them flash again. After this feat, it laughs along the verge of the village green, making it wear an edging of gold, and then paints the black picture of the mail-coach before Hamble's door in such grotesque proportions as to send the head of one horse poking into the middle of the street, and his tail streaming into Cady's store. And not only this, but the beam sketches the figure of Hamble himself coming from "Samt's store," with a bottle of "sour wine" for his bar, in one hand, and a white pitcher brimming with the cool nectar from the "corner well" in the other.

Would you believe it? these were the only objects visible in the street. How all the inhabitants had contrived to withhold themselves from sight in this mellow sunset I cannot imagine. But such was the fact. The houses stood protruding their noses of porches at those opposite, and peering into one another's eyes, with their dark wigs cutting against the soft amber sky—the trees were whispering soft things to one another in a gentle breeze stirring, each one moving its thousand lips so delicately that the sunlight which was kissing them seemed trembling with rapture—in short, an air of quiet solitude brooded over the whole place.

By and by the quick rattle of wheels struck upon my ear, and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw a two-horse wagon coming furiously down the street with a collection of white, red, and black plumes, with bayonets and gun-barrels glistening above, and a great blue standard fluttering over the whole. A strain of martial music simultaneously struck up from amongst the warlike array, which array to my nearer vision, resolved itself into a dozen men, "armed and equipped as the law directs," including a fifer, who was lengthening his visage into a puckered whistle upon his little yellow tube, a drummer, who was engaging his sticks in the loudest manner on the sounding sheep-skin, and a bass-drum player, who had hung his huge instrument, like a great barrel, at the end of the wagon, and who, being a little the worse for liquor, (shown by constant lurches,) came down upon the quivering circles each side with prodigious vigor at precisely the wrong times, thereby breaking up and almost overpowering the tune by an irregular succession of boom—boom—boom-boom-booms.

As the wagon pulled up with an emphasis at Wiggins's, three huzzas rent the air from the occupants, a dozen shots, in which were mingled the round, deep tone of the musket, and the short, peevish crack of the rifle succeeded—and the "sodgers" bounded upon the stoop, streamed into the bar-room, calling for "liquor," and lo! the "premonitory symptoms" of General Training.

After this temporary ripple in the current, the village again settled down into its customary quiet. The sun disappeared—the golden glow crept up the western sky as if to greet the "hunter's moon," that looked in the sweet twilight like an orb of pearl, becoming, however, momentarily brighter, like the hope of a holy heart as the night of the grave approaches. And soon the gold was chased down by the silver, and the beautiful moonlight lay as if it was tangible sleep upon the village.

About ten o'clock I took one of my solitary walks along the single street. Nothing could be more silent and solitary. The soft yet splendid sheen streamed down upon the roof, and whilst the dwellings upon one side of the spacious thoroughfare were bathed in lovely light, those opposite were lying in the deepest blackness. The tricks of the moonlight were various. The old weather-streaked Court-House looked as white and new as the smart Presbyterian "Meeting-House" just erected, whilst its belfry (so open that it seemed as if it would ring its own bell when the wind blew) cocked itself up with a pert air, like the upturned nose of a conceited man, and the red pimple of a clerk's office between both Court and Meeting-House, looked redder than ever. Hamble's rough stone wall was streaked over very prettily, sending out from its summit gleams of light like silver flashes—the white chips about his woodshed were like patches of snow—the shadow of a log, with an axe struck into it, seemed like a black pump lying prostrate—the shrubbery in the little enclosure along the side of the tavern, sparkled out into a million of eyes—the sign, with the red coach upon it, going so fast that its wheels were nothing but spokes, and the horses so fierce that they were galloping

right up into the air, looked bright as a new button, whilst the broad village green seemed like an expanse of (if I may use the expression) solidified light. I turned to pursue my walk. The fluted pillars of St. John's store looked "good enough to eat," as a rather matter-of-fact girl once observed to me in a moonlight walk, and the "corner well," with its long arm of a pole reared over its head, and its bucket tucked down at its front, seemed as if it had just drunk and had put down its glass. I still made my way up the street. Not a single person abroad, not a light to be seen—it appeared as if the whole village had grown out, as it were, of the quiet and beautiful light that lay so broadly upon it. Tired at last of being the only watcher in the silent village, I retraced my steps, and (to speak vulgarly) "went to bed."

I was awakened by martial music in full blast. I dressed myself and sallied out. A broad beam of the newly risen sun had settled like a yellow pool just in front of Wiggins's tavern, and standing within it, were the three worthies who had awakened the *Motucello* echoes the evening before with their music from the wagon. The fifer was again spitting his breath most industriously into his "whistle," as the boys called it, and keeping time with his foot, the drummer, who had a way of looking down upon his drum, and working his mouth to the motion of his sticks, was sending out his rattling tones by his side, and facing the two, with his shoulders drawn back, and supporting his instrument on his breast, the bass-drummer was bringing down his leathern knobs this time to the music, (he had only had two morning bitters, so Wiggins said.) but with such a terrific noise as to make even himself wince at every stroke.

There was quite a collection of men around the "musicians;" several with brown cartridge-boxes and bayonet-sheaths, and one or two with gilt eagles in their hats, and plumes of white feathers, whilst one fellow was equipped with an old straw hat, the rim of which was shorn away at his forehead—a red flannel shirt, hincey-woolsey pantaloons, and a long, heavy rifle on his shoulder. This genius was fairly wrapped up in the music. He was evidently enchanted. Now he would listen with his mouth wide open, then he would look around the group and nod, as if to say, "isn't that fine!" and then he would give birth to laughter, as though he could n't restrain himself any longer for the life of him.

Interspersed amidst this group were many of the village boys, edging their way at every practicable point nearer the musicians. One youngster, ragged as a saw, had succeeded in placing himself by the tenor drum, and was looking at the double performance of mouth and sticks, with the greatest admiration, whilst another, with open elbows and slouched hat, which was only prevented by a bulge in front from sliding entirely over his dirty face, was peering up into the twitching countenance of the bass-drummer, standing the thunder of the blows with all the nonchalance of a real veteran.

My attention was now, however, attracted toward the genius with the rifle, by his giving birth to a loud shout. Inflamed beyond bounds by the music which

was now on a rattling quick-step, the red flannel gentleman now made a spring in the air, and then dashed out into a "heel and toe" dance, flourishing his rifle as if it had been a walking-stick, now over his head, and now on each side of him, and making every thing fairly echo with his loud and frequent whoops. He at length became the lead-tone of all eyes, except those of the musicians, fairly driving these worthies in the most ungrateful manner (they being the source of his inspiration) into the shade; becoming, as it were, the centre of a circle of grinning faces, until completely tired out with his exertions, he broke away, ascended the tavern stoop, and the next moment made the bar-room ring with his vociferation for "a small pull of some of the rael grit!"

By and by the "trainers" began to appear at all points, some in groups, some singly, some by wagon loads. And one wagon came in so filled with bristling muskets, that it had the appearance of a huge steel porcupine.

The population of the surrounding country, men, women and children, commenced straining in to gaze upon "the show," and make merry amongst themselves. A number also of the surrounding farmers and their wives came as venders of pies, cake, small beer, cider, etc., turning their wagons into shops, wheeling them under the shadows of the trees, detaching the horses, flinging at the same time quantities of hay before them, and covering the seats of the wagons with cards of yellow gingerbread, mingled with pies, carved generally into quarters, and cider barrels at the ends, with faucets resembling hooked noses. Others again had erected booths of rough boards or hemlock boughs filled with articles of consumption. I looked at one for a few moments which Aunt Betsy Lossing had (as usual) erected.

It was composed of hemlock boards, with branches of the same tree. A rude counter had been placed athwart the entrance, behind which appeared Betsy's red face and burly form, together with a boy and girl as assistants. Upon shelves were rows of casks lettered gin, brandy, whisky, etc.; on the highest shelf were two or three boxes of cigars, a dozen thick glass tumblers, and a small box of lemons, whilst below all, two barrels of cider (probably) looked out dimly from the shadow. The sun-shine streamed richly in, lighting the lemons brilliantly, giving to the cigars a warm tint of brown, flashing upon the gilt letters of the casks, dancing on the glasses, and only failing to penetrate the recess where the barrels lay on their stomachs.

Still did the soldiery and country people stream in. By this time several pedlars had established their box wagons upon the grassy margins of the broad village street, and were as clamorous in their vocations as crows around a carrion.

The village was now a scene of active, noisy, bustling life. I amused myself for a short time by examining in detail the human current that flowed past my office steps. Now passed a pair of country lovers, the girl in the act of biting off a huge piece of mince pie, whilst the "he" was industriously engaged in puffing at a great black cigar, giving his rosy-cheeked sweet-

heart the benefit of the smoke gratis. Next came a little rustic maiden alone, all hellowed and horriboned like a walking milliner shop; then a young wood-man, who had scarcely ever emerged from the forest before, but who had "left the saw-mill to-day to go a traime," sauntered past with his rusty old musket (which doubtless did service at Minisink in "granddaddy's" hands) horizontal upon his shoulder; then a rough-looking check-shirted hunter, with his rifle in his grasp, and then a bumpkin from "Strong's Settlement," with his hands deep in his pockets, his "limpsey" hat upon one side of his head, minus half the crown and the whole of the rim, and opening his gray eyes so wide as fairly to pull his mouth open.

Succeeding this interesting specimen of humanity, minced along a youthful, undersized soldier, in an old blue artillery coat, made in the Revolution, the red-striped skirts striking his heels, the breast down to his hips, and the sleeves tucked up nearly to the elbows; and next strode a brawny hero, who had crowded himself into a gray cavalry jacket, with its shadow of a skirt cocked up behind like the brush of a deer, and the breasts shruking away nearly under his arms.

"I say there, hadn't you two fellers better swap?" shouted a pedler from his box as the twain passed. "Darn me," added he, in an under tone, as they went regardless along, "if one of them are chaps don't look loose enuff to run out of his coat like this ere old woman's cider, whilst that ere other crittur is screwed up so tight that he'll sartently bust up afore long. How-ever it 's their business, not mine. HERE 's a lot of fine spoons! no Garman silver about them. Come, roll up, touble up, any way to get up—come, give us a bid!" etc. etc.

The rolling of drums now announced that the time for the mustering of the different companies composing the regiment (the bloody 186th) had arrived. Lines of soldiers were soon seen scattered along the street, and the loud voices of the sergeants calling the roll were heard. There were two uniform companies attached to the regiment, beside "the troop," or light-horse company, viz., the artillery and rifle. The dress of the former was a blue jacket, with red tufts on the shoulders, and caps with red tufts in front, whilst that of the latter was a green hunting shirt fringed with black, with black plumes in their hats. The cavalry company were dressed in red coats faced and collared with black velvet. The rest of the regiment were clothed, some in odd uniforms, others in their every-day clothing, and presented a strange and motley array of colors and accoutrements.

The preliminaries being gone through, the arduous duty of forming the companies into line was now to be accomplished. A great stir was at this instant discernible amongst the crowd before Wiggins's steps, and shortly I observed the figures of several officers waving and glittering with feathers and tinsel rising above the surface of heads as they mounted their prancing steeds. Spurring them through the throng, they succeeded after a while in clearing a long space and extending the breadth of the village street. The word was then given to form the line, and amidst the loud orders of the officers I could see the different

squads arranging themselves into marching order. A few minutes elapsed, and then arose a din sufficient to drive one crazy, and yet of the most ludicrous character. Each company was furnished with its own drums and fife, and, in some instances, bass-drum and cymbals. The three or four companies near me commenced marching in columns at nearly the same moment, their respective bands striking up at the same time, each playing its own tune. The effect was laughable in the highest degree. "Hail Columbia" had its slow heels tripped up completely by the *pirouettes* of "Yankee Doodle;" the "Girl I left behind me" and "Miller's Quick Step," locked themselves together in a perfect wrestling match, first one down, then the other—now a bar struggling convulsively, then a strain nearly throttled; then high and low notes, tug and tug, heard alternately, the whole at last mingling itself up into the strangest entanglement possible—a maelstrom, so to speak, of whirling music. A bass-drum would thunder down, breaking the back at a stroke of a long roll proceeding from a tenor one near by, whilst another of the latter species would rub-a-dub right into a pair of cymbals, and scatter their silver clashing into an entire route. New tunes would be constantly arriving as the distant companies came marching up to give fresh life to the wrangling discord, whilst to add to the uproar, the whole pack of pedlers, amounting to nearly a dozen, had given tongue at the first hurly-burly of the music, bursting out, as it were, in full cry. "Here's your fine penknives, all a going at onst," shouted a tall, ram-rod looking fellow, with a knob of a hat, and a nose that seemed stretching out on purpose to scent a good bargain. "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," bawled another, with a white broad-brim so weak and slouchy as to look as if about to faint away off his head. "How much for this splendid necklace!" yelled another, in a higher key, with the rim of his beaver cocked fiercely in front, and with a patch in the back of his coat, as though he had an eye there to look after his articles in that direction. "Come, gentlemen, can't wait, onst, twice! wont you say sixpence more!" said a fourth, sinking from a shout gradually down to a coaxing whine, whilst a fifth, with straight, black hair and saturnine complexion, giving him quite a sanctimonious look, let his tongue run on in chase of "a penny, a penny, a penny, a penny," with the perseverance of a bloodhound.

Elevated on one of the wagons was a member of the light-horse company. He had taken the post as a matter of joke, and was now holding up the different articles for sale with a merry smile on his face, and every now and then winking to the crowd as if to remind them what a capital jest his being there was. The pedler himself in the meanwhile, with an apple of a face perched upon a bean-pole of a form, was with great *nonchalance* seated upon his box, evidently quite content that the light-horseman should do the work, and he sit by and receive the profits. So exciting and pleasant did the soldier find his self-imposed task, so elated by the possession of this new accomplishment, which had remained undeveloped even to him-elf until now, and so intoxicated with the flattery which the laughter of the throng at his jokes offered,

that he continued there all day, incurring a fine for non-attendance at the parade.

At the next "General Training" I saw the same fellow. Turned topsy-turvy by his success, he had abandoned his farm and "took to peddling" on his own hook. But what a difference. Interested now in the occupation personally, and having the "keenest sort" of an eye to the profits, his selling was no longer a joke. The merry glance was replaced by a look of care, his dashing, off-hand manner was exchanged for an eager, beseeching air, his jokes were few and evidently forced; in short, in making his amusement his trade, he had made himself a very poor pedler.

What became of him I don't know, but I heard casually once that he had after a while betaken himself again to his little farm, (which he had mortgaged to obtain his fitting out as a pedler,) quite broken-spirited and out at elbows.

Foremost in the tempest of martial music, towering as it were, the very genius of the scene, was Joe Lippett. Joe was a capital hand at a fife, his long chin serving as a resting-place for the instrument. He was therefore engaged to play for half a dozen companies. It was a sight to see him. Marching forward with immense strides, his puckered lips and promontory-like chin forming a deep nook into which his fife was thrust, he sent forth his piercing notes like a north-wester. After escorting a company "into line," he would vanish, and in a minute would be seen at the head of another, blowing away like Tophet, and after performing the same service to it, *presto!* his shrill music would be heard, and his legs and chain soon coming from a different quarter.

At last, after great exertions, involving vast displays of horseman-ship, and large, particularly guttural, words of command, continual risings in their stirrups, and occasional looks of deep ferocity, the junior officers of the day succeeded in getting the regiment into line, as it is called in military parlance, but in fact into a curve, as the middle sagged a good deal inward. Still it presented something of a front, and along it the young officers went into violent spasms of dexterous riding, spurring their horses and curbing them tightly at the same time, thus causing them to advance backward, as it were, and perform feats with their hoofs, somewhat dangerous to the pie-eating and cider-drinking spectators.

At length I discovered the cause of this great display by the youthful gods of war, by happening to observe them glancing at the windows opposite, where I discovered their dulcineas looking at the whole affair with immense interest.

It was amusing to note the various aspects of the soldiers composing the line. One had a nose like a triangle, another as if an oblong piece of dough had hit him in the face, and had clung there; the next had a little pair of eyes flying about as if anxious to hide away in their sockets, whilst the next appeared so determined to stare with his great goggle eyes that he seemed to suppose to wink would be time wasted. Here was a mouth with the corners turned up into a sculptured grin; there was another turned down, as if with a perpetual colic. Here were cheeks rounded

out as if blowing a trumpet, whilst there were others so fallen in, that they seemed glued to their side teeth. In short, there was no end to the differences in the physiognomies of the "citizen soldiery," as that patriotic and intellectual portion of our people, the politicians, (those particularly who wish to go to the "legislator,") term them.

A file of men was now detached for the standard of the regiment—a great blue thing, as large nearly as a ship's top-sail. The men were paraded in front of the tavern steps—the standard appeared on the stoop—a flourish of drum and fife—the standard waved, then descended, and borne by little Billy Waddle, went gayly to its appointed place under the inspiring influence of a favorite quick step.

The reception of the colonel was now also gone through, and he rode in very stiff dignity, with his legs sticking out on each side of his steed, very much like a pair of open compasses, toward the line, with his peacock tail of a staff trailing behind him. Taking, then, his station, with his horse (tickled constantly by the spur) making uneasy motions, as if itching all over, he gave utterance to a few shouts, made hoarse for the occasion, which were followed by convulsions of carrying, presenting, and supporting arms, on the part of the soldiers, some together, and some not, just as it happened. Preparations were then made for the march to the village-green, where the exercises of the day were to take place. The music was all collected in front, and the order was given to wheel into platoons. Each man performed this manœuvre at his own time and "on his own responsibility," and consequently such a fluttering took place as to throw the whole scene into confusion. The feat was, however, at last performed, the drums began to mark time—the men ditto, (after a fashion,) and the order from the colonel was, "by platoons, march!" the last word uttered with most tremendous emphasis. The order was taken up and sent along from company to company in every variety of tone, from a growl to a squeak, ending at last like a faint echo at the extremity of the array. The whole regiment then moved, the drums still keeping up their preliminary tapping. At length the music burst out into a terrific explosion of sound, and onward marched the martial pageant. The sight was ludicrous enough. Some had started with the right foot foremost, and were entangling their legs in the most unjustifiable way, with those of their neighbors, endeavoring to change to the left foot; some, owing to the extreme tightness of their belts, (these were principally in the uniform companies,) hitched along as if their hips went on rusty hinges, and others, owing either to the want of a musical ear, or recklessness, sauntered along in their natural gait, which did not happen to suit the air, and consequently carried disorder along the whole rank. In the former class was a little irascible-looking fellow, who, starting the wrong way and endeavoring to get right, and who being met in his efforts at precisely the wrong times by a lank genius next him, kept hopping testily from one foot to the other, whilst his companion did the same at alternate moments, until the legs of both went backward and forward like a quick cat's-cradle. On

swept the array, the colonel looking sterner than forty Napoleons on a field of battle. Conspicuous in the front rank of "the music" was Joe Lippett, chiming his fife, whilst amidst a row of drums came my friend with the red feather, working his mouth in the most emphatic manner, and looking down upon his instrument as if he thought that the withdrawal of his eyes would cause an instant paralysis of his sticks.

Then followed the artillery and rifle companies, and in the midst of the regiment, who should appear but little Billy Waddle, staggering up under the enormous regimental standard. Billy, in being the bearer of the silken honor, had allowed his ambition to run away with his discretion. He was evidently supplying his strength from the very depths of his despair, humoring in a variety of ways the blue flaunting tyrant which held him completely under control, bracing against its frequent lurches with efforts that made him grin like a death's-head, and struggling up convulsively as it plunged downward with pitchings and totterings worthy an animal afflicted with the blind staggers.

With wonderful efforts, however, he continued to keep the flag somewhat in order, until he arrived opposite my office. A beautiful basswood was growing there, on the outer verge of the side-walk, and spreading its broad branches considerably over the street. The regiment swept underneath these branches in its progress upward to the village-green. Billy saw the impediment and lowered his standard. He did it, however, with such quick effort, that he lost all control over its descending weight, which pitched the luckless manikin forward so irresistibly that the steel points of the staff struck with somewhat of an emphasis right into the calf of Jim Thompson's leg, who happened to be marching directly before. Never shall I forget Jim's hop on the occasion, or the terrified look he cast backward. It appeared as if he thought that the rear rank had suddenly taken it into their heads to charge bayonet upon those in front, and that he was to be the first victim. But his look changed as he perceived the cause, and the glance of contempt and vexation which he shot at poor Billy, as he commenced limping along rubbing the offended part, was ludicrous in the extreme.

The regiment now arrived at the green, where it was to be inspected. The inspector was an imperturbable, square-built Dutchman, bestriding a horse as imperturbable and donkey-like as himself. He now appeared upon the ground, as the regiment, after performing half the circuit of the green, was halted in the order it had marched.

Dismounting, the inspector gravely commenced his task. Moving from man to man, he examined the musket and other accoutrements of each, the inspected bringing his piece to a present with a quick jerk as the inspector presented himself, and the latter trying the lock with a sharp click, and making the ramrod jump with a keen jingle in the barrel. Occasionally, some piece, loaded by its wag of an owner, would explode with a loud report as the inspector drew trigger, followed by a great snickering and chuckling on the part of those near by, but the inspector never relaxed his heavy muscles for a moment. Thus he went from

man to man, and rank to rank, until the whole process was completed.

In the meanwhile the music had gathered in a cluster at a little distance, surrounded by the boys and "loafers" of the village. Now and then the muffled sound of a tattoo, beat upon the cords of the drum, arose, with the comic squeak of a fife accompanied by loud laughter from the idlers around, and sometimes a single "boom" from a blow upon the bass-drum.

But the inspector, having left his last man, the word "attention the whole," was loudly sounded, and the scene was changed in an instant. Those who had been lounging "at ease" upon their guns, stood erect and soldier-like—those seated upon the grass sprang to their places—the band hurried to its station at the head, and, in a short time the whole regiment was in marching order.

The time had now arrived to pass in review before the colonel. With his staff upon either hand, that redoubtable hero had now stationed himself at the head of the green for the regiment to march past him. The command of "march" was given, the music struck up, and the regiment moved. Playing most obstreperously, the band passed the colonel, who sat, chapeau in hand, and then fell upon one side. The sight now became comic. The officers as they approached, prepared with great solemnity and very apparent consciousness of the importance of the manoeuvre, to salute with their swords the puissant presence of the commandant, and the "rank and file" to perform the same ceremony with their presented guns. The first officer, who was a captain from the wilds of Lumberland, was so taken up by the immensity of the act he was to perform, that he forgot to perform it at all until quite past the colonel. Remembering himself then, in his nervous hurry, he brought his sword up so quickly to his face that he knocked his hat off, and stooping to recover it, he received such an impetus from his front rank, who were too intent upon their part of the performance to see any thing, that he was pitched without ceremony, in the most headlong and sprawling manner, after his hat.

The next officer was but a little more fortunate. He had witnessed the performance of his predecessor, and being nervous, was thrown into a considerable flurry thereby. Determined not to be caught in the predicament of delaying his manoeuvre, he went to the opposite extreme. Miscalculating his time in his agitation, and seeing the colonel's eye fixed upon him, he, some distance before he reached that functionary, brought his sword up with a great flourish, and saluted. By the time he reached the colonel, his part was, of course, performed, and the air of sneaking and deprecating consciousness with which he slunk past was so marked, as to cause a smile even upon the grim features of the commandant himself. After this, things went on pretty well, until a tall, awkward, rawboned lieutenant, who "tended saw-mill for a liven" on the Sheldrake Brook, approached the colonel. Fixing his eyes on his officer, he thrust his sword out horizontally, as if to charge bayonet. Not seeing where he was going, so intent was he upon his staring, that, meeting with some obstruction, he stumbled, pitched forward,

and before he could recover himself, he had run his sword half way into the soft turf of the green, with the bit striking against his breast with an emphasis that made him gasp like a frog in an exhausting receiver. He was the last officer, and with this interesting exhibition of soldierly grace and dignity, the ceremony closed. The colonel clapped his chapeau on his head, and, attended by his staff, once more took his place in the regiment, and, after a short march, the order was given to form a "hollow square," for prayer and a speech from the judge advocate. After considerable trouble the square was formed, with all the officers in the middle. The prayer was offered by the "learned and pious" Dr. Stubbornthought, and at the conclusion, the colonel proclaimed, in a pompous tone, that the judge advocate would now commence his address. Instantly this functionary spurred from the side of his superior to perform this duty. He was an ambitious young sprig of the law, always on the look-out for distinction, and seeking where he could make a speech turn up with all the keenness and avidity of a hound on the track of a deer. He was wittal very irascible. With his usual ambition, he had now selected the most fiery and run-away steed in the village, being convinced that he was as good a horse-man as he was a speaker, and that, let me tell you, is saying a great deal. Direct upon his announcement, as before observed, he made his way in the midst of the square, and endeavored to settle himself in his saddle to commence his address. But this was more difficult than he imagined. Having given a severer dig with his spur into the side of his animal than the latter bargained for or relished, it began to testify its anger by a series of prancings and curvettings decidedly more ornamental than either useful or agreeable. Grasping his bridle, however, firmly, and knowing that delay in endeavoring to soothe his horse might ruin his speech, the youngster, after giving birth to a loud preliminary h-e-m, commenced.

"Fellow-soldiers, (whoe, Jim,) I appear before ye, (whoe, I say,) on this occasion to address you briefly upon the duties of the citizen soldiery of our country. The duty of defending our homes and firesides, (whoe, whoe, you brute you,) our homes and firesides, (whoe, you rascal,) homes and, (well, I never saw such a devilish creature in my life, whoe, I say,) homes and firesides is a paramount duty. Who—would—evade—it! Who—wou-wou-wou-wou-would, (whoe, whoe, who-o-o-e—you most infernal of all devils,) who would sh-h-sh-shun or fly—here the question bolted out at broken intervals, occasioned by the thumping in his saddle from the prancing of his excited horse, was to the great horror of the square, answered practically by the questioner himself. If no body else would fly he, or rather his steed, showed that he would. Giving a tremendous leap, Spitfire (the horse's name, and a capital one, too,) broke through an opening in the square and "rattle-te-clatter," (as Louisa Joe, in describing the scene afterward to a knot of the village young men in Wiggins's bar-room said,) the way he streaked it over the green, was nothen to nobody's folks. He went like a shot from a shovel past Old Cheese's as if he was a goen to pitch right into John

P.'s donyard. But old Spitfire catty-cornered round so quick that "little Blackberry" (the rider's nickname in the village, from his dark complexion,) swung sideways like old Lummocks when he's slewed, and then, Lordjersees Massies, if he did n't slip it down the turnpike in a hurry, with little Blackberry a hold of the mane, and a grinning like a wild-cat, you may say to my face that I'm a liar, that's all. However, Spitfire could n't git past Wiggins's, no how you can fix it, for he's eat too many oats there, so he gives another sheer so that little Blackberry's right leg stuck out like a pump-handle, and bolt he went under the shed, and brought up all stenden. Little Blackberry pitched into the manger, and the boss began to eat hay as if nothin had been the matter, and that, boys, is the vend on 't. Who's a goen to treat!"

In the meanwhile, the regiment had been again arranged in marching order, and with a blithsome quickstep, had left the green, swept up the little village to its out-kirts, and then turning, was now on its way back to its starting place before Wiggins's tavern-

porch. A cloud of dust gave token to those at the porch that the martial show was approaching. The piercing sife—the rub-a-dub of the drum—and the deep blows of the bass-drum, were next heard; the arms broke glistening from the dusty cloud—down came the column with its hasty tread, and fronted before the tavern in one long line. After a few words of command, the magic words, "you're dismissed," sounded upon the air, and with a wild hurrah, the ranks broke into scrambling confusion, and "General Training" was ended. Wagon after wagon filled with the soldiery, rattled away; throng after throng of those on foot hurried off by the numerous roads leading into the adjacent country, and at sunset, the village had once more relapsed into its customary quiet. So have we seen a pool, ebbed by a breeze, tossing its waters in confusion, and then calming itself into its usual tranquillity, uniting the scattered fragments of rock, tree and sky, again into the soft, reflected picture of its quiet and beautiful mirror.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

SWEET little flower,
That hang'st thy fair and modest head
Beneath the shower,
And bendest o'er thy parent bed,
As mourning for thy sisters dead—
Oh! smile again—the storm has fled.

Ah! who could break
Thy tender stem, so very fair,
So very weak—
To deck his breast, to perish there,
Beneath the coldly piercing air,
Of harsh neglect, regret, despair?

Nay, droop not so—
No ruthless hand shall touch thee here—
No, gentlest, no—
I'll hide thee where, devoid of fear,
Thou'lt bloom, to one lone heart most dear,
Nor ruder love than mine be near.

And I will leave
All other cares, and steal to see,
At morn and eve,
Mine own lov'd floweret's purity—
For I alone shall smile on thee,
And thou alone shalt smile on me

And when thou'rt gone
And all thy sweetness buried deep,
And I alone—
Still will I in my fond heart keep
Thy memory green, and come to weep,
Where thou, my loved one, shalt sleep.

And soon, dear flow'r,
Ah, very soon I'll follow thee—
My little hour
Of fated life must quickly flee—
Then cold and lone my grave shall be,
Without a tear—oh! not like thee.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

"Good-night!" the words were spoken, and we parted,
I to my lonely home, to nurse on thee,
With spirit bowed and saddened, broken-hearted—
And thou, to dreams of joy—but not of me.

"Good-night!" how very coldly it was spoken;
But those loved tones are lingering near me yet,

And though of tenderness they bring no token,
I would not, if I had the power, forget.

"Good-night!" and happy, dearest, be thy morrow—
From gloom and sadness be thy future free;
Be mine alone the darkness and the sorrow—
For where thou art not, all is night to me.

JASPER ST. AUBYN;
OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 91.)

THE morning was still very young, and the sun, which was but just beginning to rise above the brow of the eastern hill, poured his long, yellow rays, full of a million dusty motes, in almost level lines down the soft, green slopes, diversified by hundreds of cool purple shadows, projected far and wide over the laughing landscape, from every tree and bush that intercepted the mild light.

The dews of the preceding night still clustered unexhaled, sparkling like diamonds to the morning beams, on every leaf and flower; a soft west wind was playing gently with the thousands of bright buds and blossoms which decked the plea-sant gardens; and the whole air was perfumed with the delicate fragrance of the nighionette and roses, which filled the luxuriant parterres. The hum of the reveling bees came to the ear with a sweet domestic sound, and the rich carol of the blackbird and the thrush came swelling from the tangled shrubberies, full fraught with gratitude and glee.

It was into such a scene, and among such sights and sounds, that the young free-trader wandered forth from the tranquillity and gloom of the sick chamber in which he had spent a sleepless night; but his mind had been too deeply stirred by his conversation with Sir Miles St. Aubyn, and chords of too powerful feeling had been thrilled into sudden and painful life, to allow him to be penetrated, as he might have been in a less agitated hour, by the sweet influences of the time and season.

Still, though he was unconscious of the pleasant sights and sounds and smells which surrounded him, as he strolled slowly through the bowery walks of the old garden, they had more or less effect upon his perturbed and bitter spirit; and his mood became gradually softer, as he mused upon what had passed within the last hour, alone in that bright solitude.

Wild and impetuous and almost fierce by nature, he had brooded from his very boyhood upward over his real and imaginary wrongs, until the iron had so deeply pierced his soul, that he could see nothing but coldness, and hostility, and persecution in the conduct of all around him, with the exception of his old student uncle and his sweet Theresa. Ever suspecting, ever anticipating injury and insult, or at least coldness and repulsion from all with whom he was brought into contact, he actually generated in the breasts of others the feelings which he imputed to them all unjustly. Accusing the world of injustice or ere it was unjust, in the end he made it to be so indeed; and then hated it, and railed against it, for that which it had never dreamed of, but for his own fantastic waywardness.

It was unfortunate for Durzil, that the good man,

into whose care he had fallen, ever of a philosophical and studious, nay, even mystic disposition, had become, since the sad fate of his beloved sister, and the early death of a yet dearer wife, so wholly visionary, so entirely given up to the wildest theorizing, the most abstruse and abstract metaphysical inquiries, that no one could have been devised less fitting for the guardian and instructor of a high-spirited, hot-headed, fiery boy than he was.

The consequence of this was, as it might have been expected, that disgusted early with the strange sorts of learning which the old man persisted in forcing into him against the grain, and discontented with the stillness and deathlike tranquillity of all around him, the boy ran away from his distasteful home, and shipped for the India voyage in a free-trader, half merchantman, half-picaroon, before he had yet attained his thirteenth year. In that wild and turbulent career, well suited to his daring and contemptuous spirit, he had, as he himself expressed it, become hardened and inured not to toils and sufferings only, but to thoughts and feelings, habits and opinions, which perhaps now could never be eradicated from his nature, of which they had become, as it were, part and parcel.

When he returned, well nigh a man in years, and quite a man in stature, and perhaps more than most men in courage, resource, coolness and audacity, old Allan, to whom he had written once or twice, apprising him that he had adopted the sea as his home and his profession, received him with a hearty welcome, and with few or no inquiries as to the period during which he had been absent.

Thereafter, he came and went as he would, unasked and unheeded. When he was ashore, the cottage by the fords of Widecomb was his home; and his increasing wealth—for he had prospered greatly in his adventurous career—added materially to the comforts of old Allan's housekeeping. His life was, therefore, spent in strange alternations; now amid the wildest excitement—the storm, the chase, the fierce and frantic speculation, the perilous and desperate fight, the revelry, the triumph, and the booty; and now, in the calmest and most peaceful solitude, amid the sweetest pastoral scenery, and with the loveliest and most innocent companions that ever soothed the hot and eager spirit of erring and impetuous man, into almost woman's softness.

And hence it was, perhaps, that Durzil Bras-de-fer had, as it were, two different natures—one fierce, rash, bitter, scornful, heedless of human praise or human censure, pitiless to human sorrow, reckless of human life, merciless, almost cruel—the other generous, and

soft, and sympathetic, and full of every good and gentle impulse.

And it was in the latter of these only, that Theresa Allan knew him.

It must not be supposed, from what I have written that Durzil was a pirate, or a buccaneer—far from it. For though, at times, he and his comrades assumed the initiative in warfare, and smote the Spaniards and the Dutchmen, and the French unsparingly, beyond the Line, and made but small distinction between the *meum* and the *tuum*, especially if the *tuum* pertained to the stranger and the papist, still neither public opinion, nor their own consciences condemned them—they were regarded, as Cavendish, and Raleigh, and Drake, and Frobisher and Hawkins had been, a reign or two before, as bold, headlong adventurers; perhaps a little lawless, but on the whole, noble and daring men, and were esteemed in general rather an ornament than a disgrace to their native land.

As men are esteemed of men, such they are very apt to be or to become; and, having the repute of chivalrous spirit, of generosity and worth, no less than of dauntless courage, and rare seamanship, the adventurous free-traders of that day held themselves to be, in all respects, gentlemen, and men of honor; and holding themselves so, for the most part they became so.

It was, therefore, by no means either wonderful or an exception to a rule, that Durzil Bras-desfer should have been such as I have described him, awake to gentle impulses, alive to good impressions, easily subject to the influences of the finest female society, and in no respect a person either from his habits, his tastes, or his profession to be rejected by men of honor, or eschewed by women of refinement.

And now, as he followed slowly on the steps of his beautiful cousin, the young man was more alive than usual to the higher and nobler sensibilities of his mind. The information which he had gained concerning his own father's feelings, at the moment of his death, had greatly softened him, and it began to occur to him—which was, indeed, true—that he might have been during his whole life conjuring up phantoms against which to do battle, and attributing thoughts and actions to the world at large, of which the world might well be wholly innocent.

Up to this moment, although he had long been aware of his constantly increasing passion for his fair cousin, he had rested content with the mild and sisterlike affection which she had ever manifested toward him; and, having been ever her sole companion, ever treated with most perfect confidence and sympathy, having found her at all times charmed to greet his return, and grieved at his departure; knowing, above all things, that at the very worst he had no rival, and that her heart had never been touched by any warmer passion than she felt toward himself, he had scarcely paused to inquire even of himself, whether he was beloved in turn, much less had he endeavored to penetrate the secrets of her heart, or to disturb the calm tenor of her way by words or thoughts of passion.

Now, however, the words, the questions of the old cavalier had awakened many a doubt in his soul; and with the doubt came the desire irrepressible to envisage

his fate, to learn and ascertain, once and for all, whether his lot was to be cast henceforth in joy or in sorrow; whether, in a word, he was to be a wanderer and an outcast, by sea and by land, unto his dying day, or whether this very hour was to be to him the commencement of a new era, a new life.

Now, as he walked forth in the beautiful calm morning, in that old, pleasant garden, which had been the scene of so much peaceable and innocent enjoyment, he felt himself at once a sadder and a better man than he had ever been before; and while determined to delay no longer, but to try his gentle cousin's heart, he was supported by no high and fiery hope; he seemed to have lost, he knew not how or wherefore, that proud heaven-reaching confidence, which was wont to count all things won while they were yet to win, still less did his heart kindle and blaze out with that preconceived indignation at the idea of being unappreciated or neglected, which would a few hours before have goaded him almost to frenzy.

I have written much of his character to little purpose, if it be not plain that humility was the frame of mind least usual to the youthful seaman, yet now, for once, he was humble. He had discovered, for the first time in his life, that he had erred grossly in his estimate of others, and was beginning to suspect that that false estimate had led him far away from true principles, true conceptions; he was beginning, in a word, to suspect that he was himself less sinned against than sinning; and that his was, in fact, a very much misguided and distempered spirit.

He clasped his brow closely with a feverish and trembling hand, as he walked onward slowly, pondering, with his whole soul intent upon the future and the past. He was inquiring of himself, "Does she, can she love me?" and he could make no answer to his own passionate questioning. While he was in this mood, bending his steps toward the favorite bower wherein he half hoped half feared to find Theresa, a soft voice fell upon his ear, and a light hand was laid upon his arm, as he passed the intersection of another shady walk with that through which he was strolling.

"Good-morrow, Durzil," said the young girl, merrily. "I never thought to see you out so early in the garden; but I am glad that you are here, for I want you. So come along with me at once, and tell me if it be not a nest of young nightingales which I have found in the thick syringa bush beside my arbor. Come, Durzil, don't you hear me? Why what ails you, that you look so sad, and move so heavily this glorious summer morning? You are not ill, are you, dear Durzil?"

"Dear Durzil," he repeated, in a low, subdued tone. "Dear Durzil! I would to God that I were dear to you, Theresa—that I were dear to any one."

So singular was the desponding tone in which he spoke, so strange and unwonted was the cloud of deep depression which sat on his bold, intelligent brow, that the young girl stared at him in amazement, almost in alarm.

"You are ill," she cried, in tones of affectionate anxiety; "you must be ill, or you would never speak so strangely, so unkindly; or is it only that you are

overdone with watching by that poor youth's sick bed? Yet no, no, that can never be, you who are so strong and so hardy. What is it, dearest cousin? Tell me, what is it makes you speak so wildly—would that you *were* dear to me! why, if not you, *you* and my good, kind father, who on the face of the wide earth is dear to poor Theresa! That you were dear to any one! You, whom my father looks upon and loves as his own son; you, whose companions hold you as almost more than mortal—for have I not marked the inscriptions on your sabre's guard, and on the telescope they gave you? You, who have saved the lives of so many fellow mortals; you, to whom those ladies, rescued at Darien from the bloodthirsty Spaniards, addressed such glowing words of gratitude and love; you, cousin Durzil, *you*, who are so great, so brave, so wise, so skillful, and above all, so generous and kind; *you* talk of wishing you were dear to any one! Goodsooth! you must be dreaming, or you are bewitched, gentle Durzil."

"If I be," he replied with a smile, for her high spirits and gay enthusiasm aroused him from his gloomier thoughts, and began to enkindle brighter hopes in his bosom, "if I be, thou, Theresa, art the enchantress who has done it."

"Ay! now you are more like yourself; but tell me," she said, carelessly, what was it made you sad and dark but now?"

"Only this, dear Theresa, that I am again about to leave you."

"To leave us—to leave us so soon and so suddenly, Why you have been here but three little weeks, which have passed like so many days, and when you came you said that you would stay with us till autumn. Oh, dear! my father will be so grieved at your going. You do not know, you do not dream how much he loves you, Durzil. He is a different person altogether when you are at home—so much gayer, and more sociable! Oh! wherefore must you leave us so quickly, and after so long an absence, too, as your last? Oh, truly, it is unkind, Durzil."

"And you, Theresa, shall you be sorry?"

"I will not answer you," she replied, half petulantly, half tearfully. "It is unkind of you to go, and doubly unkind of you to speak to me thus. What have I done to you now, what have I ever done to you, that you should doubt my being sorry. Are not you the only friend, the only companion I have got in the wide world? Are you not as near and dear to me, as if you were my own brother? Do not I love you as my brother, even as my father loves you as his son? Ah, Durzil! if you are never less loved than you are by poor Theresa Allan, you will ne'er need to complain for lack of loving."

And she burst into tears as she ended her rapid speech; for she did not comprehend in the least at what he was aiming, and her innocent and artless heart was wounded by what she fancied to be a doubt of her affection.

"And if you feel so deeply the mere temporary absence which my profession forces on me, Theresa, how, think you, should you feel were that absence to be eternal?"

"Eternal!" she exclaimed, turning very pale. "Eternal! What do you mean by eternal?"

"It may well be so, Theresa; and yet it rests with yourself, after all, whether I go or not—and yet be sure of this, if I do go, I go forever."

"With *me*—does it rest with *me*?" she cried, joyously. "Oh! if it rests with me, you will not go at all—you will never go any more. I am always in terror while you are absent; and the west wind never blows, howling as it does over these desolate bare hills, with its mournful, moaning voice, which they say is the very sound of a spirit's cry, but it conjures up to my mind all dread ideas of the tremendous rush and roar of the mountain billows upon some rock-bound leeward coast, as I have heard you tell by the cheerful hearth; and of stranded vessels, creaking and groaning as their huge ribs break asunder, and of corpses weltering on the ruthless waves; oh! such dread day-dreams! If it rest with me, go you shall not, Durzil, ever again to sea. And why should you? You have won fame enough, and glory and wealth more than enough to supply your wants so long as you live. Why should you go to sea again, dear Durzil?"

"I will *not* go again, Theresa, if such seriously be your deliberate desire."

"If such seriously be my deliberate desire!" the fair girl repeated the words after him, with a sort of half solemn drollery. Was it the native instinct of the female heart, betraying itself in that innocent and artless creature, scarcely in years more than a child—the inborn, irrepressible coquetry of the sex, fore-seeing what was about to follow from the young man's lips, yet seeking all unconsciously to delay the avowal, to protect the uncertainty, the excitement, or was it genuine, un-suspecting innocence? "You are most singularly solemn," she continued. "this fine morning, Durzil, wondrously serious and deliberate; and so, as you are so precise, I must, I suppose, answer you likewise in due set form. Of course, it is my desire to have the company of one whom I esteem and love, of one to whom I look up for countenance and protection, of my only relative on earth, except my dear old father, as much as I can have it, with due regard to his interests and well-being. My father is getting very old, too, and infirm; and at times I fancy that his mind wanders. I cannot fail, therefore, to perceive that he needs a more able and energetic person near him than I am. I can, moreover, see no good cause why you should persist in following so perilous and stormy a profession, unless it be that you love it. Therefore, as I have said, of *course*, if it rest with me to detain you, I would do so—but always under this proviso, that it were with your own good will; for I confess, dear Durzil, that I fear, if you were detained against your wish, if you still pant for the strong excitement, the stormy rapture, as I have heard you call it, of the chase, the battle, and the tempest, you never could be happy here, whatever we might do to please you. Now, Durzil, seriously and deliberately, you are answered."

"I could be happy here. I am weary of agitation and excitement. I feel that I have erred—that the path I have taken leads not to happiness. I want

tranquillity, repose of the heart, above all things—love!"

"Then do not go—then I say positively, Durzil, dear Durzil, stay with us—you can find all these here."

"Are you sure—all of them?"

"Sure? Why, if not here in this delicious, pastoral, simple country, in this dear cottage, with its lovely garden and calm waters, where in the world should you find tranquillity, if not here, in the midst of your best friends, in the bosom of your own family, where should you look for love?"

"Theresa, there be more kinds of love than one—~~and~~ that I crave is not cold, dutious, family affection."

Now, for the first time, it seemed that the young man's meaning broke clearly upon her mind; now a sudden and bright illumination burst upon all that seemed strange and wild and inconsistent in his conduct, in his speech, in his very silence. Unsuspected before, it was now evident to her at once that deep, overmastering passion was the cause to which she must refer all that had been for some time past to her an incomprehensible enigma in her cousin's demeanor.

And now that she was assured, for the first time in her life, that she was really, deeply, ardently beloved—not as a pretty, childish playmate, not as an amiable and dear relative, but as herself, for herself, a lovable and lovely woman, how did the maiden's heart respond to the great revelation?

Elevated on the instant from the girl to the woman, a strange and thrilling sense, a sort of moral shock affected her whole system—was it of pleasure or of pain?

It has been often said, and I presume said truly, that no woman—no, not the best and purest, the most modest and considerate of their sex—ever receive a declaration of love from any man, even if the man himself be distasteful to her, even if the love he proffer be illicit and dishonest, without a secret and instinctive sense of high gratification, a consciousness of power, of triumph, a pride in the homage paid to her charms, a sort of gratitude for the tribute rendered to her sex's loveliness. She may, and will, repulse the dishonorable love with scorn and loathing, yet still, though she may spurn the worthless offering, and heap reproach upon the daring offerer, still she will be half pleased by the offer—if it be only that she has had the power, the pleasure—for all power is pleasure—of rejecting it. She may, and will, gently, considerably, sympathetically decline the honest offers of a pure love which she cannot reciprocate or value as it should be valued; but even if he who made the tender be repulsive, almost odious, still she must be gratified, perhaps almost grateful for that which he has done.

To a young girl more especially, just bursting from the bud into the bloom of young womanhood, scarce conscious yet that she is a woman, scarcely awake to the sense of her own powers, her own passions—a creature full of vague, shadowy, mysterious fancies, strange uncomprehended thoughts, and half perceived desires, there is—there must be something of wondrous influence, of indescribable excitement in the receiving a first declaration.

And so it was with Theresa Allan. She was, in

truth, no angel—for angels are not to be met with in the daily walks of this world—she was, indeed, neither more nor less than a mere mortal woman, mortal in all the imperfection, and narrowness, and feebleness, and inability to rise even to the height of its own best aspirations, which are peculiar to mortality—woman in all the frailty and vanity and variety, no less than in all the tenderness, the truth, the constancy, the loveliness, the sweetness of true womanhood. She was, in a word, just what a great modern poet has described in those sweet lines,

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

and no one who is a true judge of human, and yet more of woman nature will regret that she was such; for he must be a poor judge indeed, he must know little of the real character of womanhood, who does not feel that one half of her best influences, one half of her sweetest power of charming, soothing, controlling, winding herself about the very heart-strings, arises from her very imperfections. Take from her these, and what she might then be we know not, but she would not be woman, and until the world has seen something better and more endearing, until a wiser artificer can be found than He who made her, even as she is, a help meet for man—away with your abstractions! give her to us as she is, at least if not perfect, the best and brightest of created things—a very, very woman.

She heard his words, she felt his meaning, yet the sense of the words seemed to be lost, the very sounds rang in her ears dizzily, her breath came so painfully that she almost fancied she was choking, the earth appeared to shake under her feet, and every thing around her to wheel drunkenly to and fro.

She pressed one hand upon her heart, and caught her cousin's arm with the other to support herself. Her whole face, which a moment before had been alive and radiant with the warm hues of happiness and youth, became as white as marble. Her very lips were bloodless; her whole frame trembled as if she had an ague fit.

He gazed on her in wonder, almost in terror. For a moment he thought that she was about to faint, almost to die; and so violent, in truth, was the affection of her nerves, that, had she not been relieved by a sudden passion of tears, it is doubtful what might have been the result.

They were standing when Durzil Bras-de-fer uttered the words which had wrought so singular a change in Theresa's manner, within a pace or two of the sylvan bower, of which she had spoken, and without a moment's pause, or a syllable uttered, he hurried her into its quiet recess, and placing her gently on the mossy seat within, knelt down at her feet, holding her left hand in his own, and gazing up anxiously in her face.

He was amazed—he was alarmed. Not for himself alone, not from the selfish fear of losing what he most prized on earth—but for her.

He knew not, indeed, whether that strange and almost terrible revelation arose from pleasure or from pain. He knew not, could not even conjecture whether it boded good or evil to his hopes, to his happiness. But the scales had fallen from his eyes in an instant. He

had discovered now, what her old father, recognizing genius with the intuitive second-sight of kindred genius, had perceived long before that this young, artless, inexperienced, child-like girl, was, indeed, a creature wonderfully and fearfully made.

He had never before suspected that beneath that calm, gentle, tranquil, unexcitable exterior there beat a heart, there thrilled a soul full of the strongest capabilities, the most earnest aspirations, the most intense imaginings, that ever were awakened by the magic touch of love, into those overwhelming passions, which can tend to middle state, but must lead to the perfect happiness or utter misery of their possessor.

But he saw it, he knew it now; and he felt that so soon as the pre-ent paroxysm should pass over, she too would feel and know all this likewise. Whether for good or for evil, for weal or for wo, he perceived that he had unlocked for her whom he truly and singly loved, the hitherto sealed fountain of knowledge.

And he almost shuddered at the thought of what he had done—he almost wished that he had stilled his own wishes, sacrificed his own hopes.

For though impetuous and impulsive, though in some degree warped and perverted, he was not selfish. And when he observed the terrible power which his words had produced upon her, and judged thence of the character and temper of her mind and intellect, a sad suspicion fell upon him that hers was one of those over delicate temperaments, one of those spirits too rarely endowed, too sensitively constituted ever to know again, when once awakened to self-consciousness, that quietude in which alone lies true happiness.

Several minutes passed before a word was spoken by either. But gradually the color returned to her lips, to her cheeks, and the light returned her beautiful blue eyes, and the tremor passed away from her slight frame; but her face continued motionless, and so calm that its gravity almost amounted to severity. It was not altogether melancholy, it was not at all anger, but it was, what in a harder and less youthful face would have been sternness. Never before had he seen such an expression on any human face—never, assuredly, had hers worn it before. It was the awakening of a new spirit—the consciousness of a new power—the first struggling into life of a great purpose.

Her hand lay passive in his grasp, yet he could feel the pulses throbbing to the very tips of those small, rosy fingers, so strongly and tumultuously, that he could not reconcile such evidence of her quick and lively feeling with the fixed tranquillity of the eye which was bent upon his own, with the rigidity of the marble brow.

At length, and contrary to what is wont to happen, it was he who first broke silence.

"Theresa," he said, "I have grieved—I have pained—perhaps offended you."

And then she started, as his voice smote her ears, so complete had been the abstraction of her mind, and recovering all her faculties and readiness of mind on the instant,

"Yes, Durzil," she said, very sweetly, but very sorrowfully, "you have grieved me, you have pained me, very, very deeply; but oh, do not imagine that you have offended—that you could offend me. No; you

have torn away too suddenly, too roughly, the veil that covered my eyes and my heart. You have awakened thoughts, and feelings, and perceptions in my soul, of whose existence I never dreamed before. You have made me know myself as it were, better within the last few minutes than I ever knew myself before. It seems to me, that I have lived longer and felt more, since we have sat here together, than in all the years I can count before. And, oh, my heart! my heart! I am most unhappy."

"You cannot love me, then, Theresa," he said, tranquilly; for he had vast self-control, and he was too much of a man to suffer his own agitation or distress to agitate or distress her further. "You cannot love me as I would be loved by you—you cannot be mine."

"Durzil," she said, in tones full of the deepest emotion, "until the moment in which you spoke to me, I never thought of love, I never dreamed or imagined to myself what it should be, other than the love I bear to my father, to you, to all that is kind, and good, and beautiful in humanity or in nature. But your words, I know not how nor wherefore, have awakened me, as it were, into a strange sort of knowledge. I do *not* love, I almost hope that I never may love, as you would wish me to love you; but I do feel *not* that I know what such love should be; and I tremble at the knowledge. I feel that it would be too strong, too full of fear, of anxiety, of agony, to allow of happiness. Oh, no, no! Durzil, do not ask me, do not wish me to love you so; pray, rather pray for me to God rather, that I may never love at all—for so surely as I do love, I know that I shall be a wretched, wretched woman!"

That was a strange scene, and it passed between a strange pair. Great influences had been at work in the minds of both within the last few hours, and it would have been very difficult to say in which the greatest change had been wrought.

In her, the tranquil, innocent, unconscious girl had been aroused into the powerful, passionate, thoughtful woman. A knowledge of that whereof she had been most ignorant before "her glassy essence" had awakened her, as the breeze awakens the lake from repose into power.

In him, the violent, hot-headed, stubborn, and impetuous man of action had been tamed down by a conversion almost as sudden and convincing into the slow, self-controlled, self-denying man of counsel. As the discovery of power had aroused her into life, so had the discovery of long cherished, long injurious error, tamed him into tranquillity.

One day ago he would have raved furiously, or brooded sullenly and darkly over her words. Now, even with the fit of passion all puissant over him, with the wild heat of love burning within his breast, with the keen sense of disappointment wringing him, he had yet force of temper to control himself, nay, more, he had force of mind enough to see and apprehend, that *this* Theresa, was no longer the Theresa whom he loved; and that, although he still adored her, it was impossible either for him to meet the aspirations of her glowing and inspired genius, or for her to be to him what he had dreamed of, the tranquillizing, soothing spirit which should pour balm upon his wounded,

restless, irritable feelings—the wife, whose first, best gift to him should be repose and tranquillity of soul.

He pressed her hand tenderly, and said, as he might have done to a dear sister,

"I have been to blame, Theresa. I have given you pain, rashly, but not wantonly. Forgive me, for you are the last person in the world to whom I would give even a moment's uneasiness. I did not suspect this, dear little girl. I did not dream that you were so nervous, or moved so easily; but you must not yield to such feelings—such impulses, for it is only by yielding to them that they will gain power over you, and make you, indeed, an unhappy woman. You shall see, Theresa, how patiently I will bear my disappointment—for that it is a disappointment, and a very bitter one, I shall not deny—and how I will be happy in spite of it, and all for love of you. And in return, Theresa, if you love poor Durzil, as you say you do, as your true friend and your brother, you will control these foolish fancies of your little head, which you imagine to be feelings of your heart, and I shall one day, I doubt not, have the pleasure of seeing you not only a very happy woman, but a very happy wife."

"Oh, you are good, Durzil," she said, tearfully and gently. "Oh, you are very good and noble. Why—why cannot I—" and she interrupted herself suddenly, and covering her eyes with both her hands, wept silently and softly for several minutes. And he spoke not to her the while, nor even sought to soothe, for he well knew that tears were the best solace to an overwrought over-excited spirit.

After a little while, as he expected, she recovered herself altogether, and looking up in his face with a wan and watery smile.

"You are not hurt, you are not wounded by what I have done," she said, "dear Durzil. You do not fancy that I do not perceive, do not feel, and esteem, and love all your great, and good, and generous, and noble qualities. I am a foolish, weak little girl—I am not worthy of you; I could not, I know I could not make you happy, even if I could—if I could—if you know what I would say, Durzil."

"If you could be happy with me yourself," he answered, smiling in his turn, and without an effort, although his smile was pensive and sad likewise. "No, my Theresa, I am not hurt nor wounded. I am grieved, it is true, I cannot but be grieved at the dissipating of a pleasant dream, at the vanishing of a hope long indulged, long cherished—a hope which has been a solace to me in many a moment of pain and trial, a sweet companion in many a midnight watch. But I am neither hurt nor wounded; for you have never given me any reason to form so bold, so unwarranted hope, and you have given me now all that you can give me, sympathy and kindness. Our hearts, our affections, I well know, let men say what they will, are not our own to give—and a true woman can but do what you have done. Moreover, even with the sorrow and regret which I feel at this moment, there is mingled a conviction that you are doing what is both wise and right; for although you have all within yourself, though you are all that would make me, or a far better man than I, ay, the best man who ever breathed the breath

of life, supremely happy; still, if you could not be happy with me, and in me yourself—how could I be so?"

She looked up at him again, and now, with an altered expression, for there was less of sadness and more of surprise, more of respect for the man who spoke so composedly, so well, in a moment of such trial, on her fair features. Perhaps, too, there might have been a shadow of regret—could it be of regret that he did not feel more acutely the loss which he had undergone? If there were such a feeling in her mind—for she was woman—it was transient as the lightning of a summer's night—it was gone before she had time even to reproach herself for its momentary existence.

"You are astonished," he said, interpreting her glance, almost before she knew that he had observed it, "you are astonished that I should be so calm, who am by nature so quick and headlong. But I, too, have learned much to-day—have learned much of my own nature, of my own infirmities, of my own errors—and with me to learn that these exist, is to resolve to conquer them. I have learned first, Theresa, that my father, whom I have ever been forced to regard as my worst enemy, died conscious of the wrong he had done me—done my mother—and penitent, and full of love and of sorrow for us both. And therein have I convicted myself of one great error, committed, indeed, through ignorance, which has, however, been the cause, the source of many other errors—which has led me to charge the world with injustice, when I was myself unjust rather to the world, which has made me guilty of the great offence, the great crime of hating my brother men, when I should have pitied them, and loved them. Therefore I will be wayward no more, nor rash, nor reckless. I will make one conquest at least—that of myself and of my own passions."

"I know—I know," said the girl, suddenly blushing very deeply, "that you are every thing that is good and great; every thing that men ought to admire and women to love, and yet—"

"And yet you cannot love me. Well, think no more of that, Theresa. Forget—"

"Never! never!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands eagerly together. "I never can forget what you have made me feel, what I must have made you suffer this day."

"Well, if it be so, remember it, Theresa; but remember it only thus. That if you have quenched my love, if you destroyed my hope, you have but added to my regard, to my affection. Promise me that wherever you may be, however, or with whomsoever your lot shall be cast, you will always remember me as your friend, your brother; you will always call on me at your slightest need, as on one who would shed his heart's blood to win you a moment's happiness."

"I will—I will," she cried affectionately, fervently. "On whom else should I call. And God only knows," she added, mournfully, "how soon I shall need a protector. But will you," she continued, catching both his hands in her own, "will you be happy, Durzil?"

"I will," he replied, firmly, returning the gentle pressure, "I will, at least in so far as it rests with man to be so, in despite of fortune. But mark me, dear

Theresa, if you would have me be so, you can even yet do much toward rendering me so."

"Can I—then tell me, tell me how, and it is done already."

"By letting me see that *you* are happy."

"Alas!" and again she clasped her hand hard over her heart, as if to still its violent beating. "Alas! Durzil!"

"And why, alas! Theresa?"

"Can we be happy at our own will?"

"Independently of great woes, great calamities, which we may not control, which are sent to us for wise ends from above—surely, I say, surely we can."

"And can you, Durzil?"

"Theresa, *this* is to me a great wo—yes, a great calamity; and yet I reply, ay! after a time, after the bitterness shall be overpast, I can, and more, I will. Much more, then, can you, who have never felt, who I trust and believe will never meet any such wo or grief—much more can you be happy. Wherefore should you not, foolish child—have you not been happy hitherto? What have you, that you should not be happy now?"

"Nothing," she replied, faintly. "I have nothing why I should be unhappy, unless it be, if I have made you so."

"Theresa, you have not—you shall see that you have not—made me unhappy."

"And yet, Durzil, yet I feel a foreboding that I shall be, that I must be unhappy. A want—I feel a want of something here."

"You are excited, agitated now; all this has been too much for your spirits, for your nerves; and I think, Theresa, I am sure that you are too much alone—you think, or rather you muse and dream, which are not healthy modes of thinking—too much in solitude. I will speak to my uncle about that before I go—"

"Before you go!" she interrupted him, quickly. "Go, whither?"

"To sea. To my ship, Theresa."

"Then you *are* hurt, then you *are* angry with me. Then I have no influence over you."

"Cease, cease, Theresa. It is better, it is necessary—I must go for awhile, until I have weaned myself from this desperate feeling, until I shall have accustomed myself to think of you, to regard you as a sister only; until I shall have schooled myself so far as to be able to contemplate you without agony as not only not being mine—but being another's."

"Would it—would it be agony to you, Durzil? Then mark me, I never, never will be another's."

"Madness!" he answered, firmly; "madness and wickedness, too, Theresa. Neither man or woman were intended by the great Maker to be solitary beings. God forbid, if you cannot be mine, that I should be so selfish as to wish your life barren, and your heart loveless. No; love, Theresa, when you can, only love wisely; and the day shall come when it will add to my happiness to see and know you happy in the love of one whom you can love, and who shall love you as you must be loved. Never speak again as you did but now, Theresa. And now, dearest girl, I will leave you. Rest yourself awhile, and compose yourself, and then go if you will to your good father."

"Shall I—shall I tell him," she faltered, "what has passed between us?"

"As you will, as you judge best, Theresa. I am no advocate for concealment, still less for deceit—but here there is none of the latter, and to tell him this might grieve his kind spirit."

"You are wise—you are good. God bless you."

"And you, Theresa," and he passed his arm calmly across her shoulder, and bending over, pressed his lips, calmly as a father's kisses on her pure brow. "Fare you well."

"You are not going—going to leave us now?"

"Not to-day—not to-day, Theresa."

"Nor to-morrow?" she said, beseechingly.

"Nor to-morrow," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "but soon. Now compose yourself, my dear little girl. Farewell, and God bless you."

CHAPTER V.

The Parting.

*Addio Teresa, Teresa addio.
No pianger, bella, no pianger, no.
Quando Tu ritorno
Ti rivedro.*

After scenes of great excitement there ever follows a sort of listless languor; and, as in natural commotions the fiercest elemental strife is oftentimes succeeded by the stillest calms, so in the agitations of the human breast, the most tumultuous passions are followed frequently, if not invariably, by a sort of quiet which resembles, though it is not, indifference.

Thus it was, that day, in the household of William Allan. Tranquil and peaceful at all times, in consequence of the reserved and studious habits of the master of the house, and the deep sympathy with his feelings and wishes which ruled the conduct of his children—for Durzil was in all respects, save birth, the old man's son—that house was not usually without its own peculiar cheerfulness, and its subdued hilarity, arising from the gentle yet mirthful disposition of the young girl, and the high spirits of Durzil, attuned to the sobriety of the place.

But during the whole of that day its quietude was so very still as to be almost oppressive, and to be felt so by its inmates. Allan himself was still enveloped in one of those mysterious moods of darkness, which at times clouded his strong and powerful intellect, as marsh exhalations will obscure the sunshine of an autumn day. Durzil was silent, reserved, thoughtful, not gloomy or even melancholy, but—very unusually for him—disposed to muse and ponder, rather than to converse or to act. Theresa was evidently agitated and perturbed; and although she compelled herself to be busy about her domestic duties, to attend to the comforts of the strange guests whom accident had thrown upon their hospitality, though she strove to be cheerful, and to assume a lightness of heart which she was far from feeling, she was too poor a dissembler to succeed in imposing either on herself or on those about her, and there was no one person in the cottage, from the old cavalier down to the single female servant, with the exception of her father, who did not perceive that something had occurred to throw an unwonted shadow over her mind.

Jasper, alone perhaps of all the persons so singularly thrown together, was himself. His age, his character, his temperament, all combined to render him the last to be affected seriously by any thing which did not touch himself very nearly. And yet he was not altogether what is called selfish; though recklessness, and natural audacity, and undue indulgence, and, above all, the evil habits which had grown out of his being too soon his own master, and the master of others, had rendered him thoughtless, if not regardless, of the feelings of those around him.

All the consequences of his accident, except the stiffness and pain remaining from his contusions, had passed away; and though he was confined to his bed, and unable to move a limb without a pang, his mind was as clear, and his spirit as untamed as ever.

His father, who had been aroused from the state of indolence and sedentary torpor, which was habitual rather than natural to him, by the accident which had startled him into excitement and activity, had not yet subided into his careless self-indulgence; for the subsequent events of the past evening, and his conversation with Durzil on that morning, had moved and interested him deeply; had set him to thinking much about the past, and thence to ruminating on the future, if perchance he could read it.

He by no means lacked clear-sightedness, or that sort of worldly wisdom, which arises from much intercourse with the world in all its various phases. He was far from deficient in energy when aught occurred to stimulate him into action, whether bodily or mental. And now he was interested enough to induce him so far to exert himself, as to think about what was passing, and to endeavor to discover its causes.

It was not, therefore, long before he satisfied himself, and that without asking a question, or giving utterance to a surmise, that an explanation had taken place between the young seaman and Theresa, and that the explanation had terminated in the disappointment of Durzil's hopes. Still he was puzzled, for there was an air of tranquil satisfaction—it could not be called resignation, for it had no particle of humility in its constituents—about the young man, and an affectionate attention to his pretty cousin, which did not comport with what he supposed to be his character, under such circumstances as those in which he believed him to stand toward her.

He would have looked for irritability, perhaps for impetuosity bordering on violence, perhaps for sullen moodiness—the present disposition of the man was to him incomprehensible. And if so, not less he was unable to understand the depression of the young girl, who was frequently, in the course of the day, so much agitated, as to be on the point of bursting into tears, and avoided it only by making her escape suddenly from the room.

Once or twice, indeed, he caught her eyes, when she did not know that she was observed, fixed with an expression, to which he could affix no meaning, upon the varying and intelligent countenance of his son—an expression half melancholy, half wistful, conveying no impression to the spectator's mind, of the existence in hers either of love or liking, but rather of some sort of

hidden interest, some earnest curiosity coupled almost with fear, something, in a word, if such things can be, that resembled painful fascination. Once too he noticed, that not he only, but Durzil Brau-de-fer likewise, perceived the glance, and was struck by its peculiarity. And then the old cavalier was alarmed; for a spirit, that was positively fearful, informed the dark face and gleaming eyes of the free-trader—a spirit of malevolence and hate, mingled with iron resolve and animal fierceness, which rendered the handsome features, while it lasted, perfectly revolting.

That aspect was transient, however, as the short-lived illumination of a lightning flash, when it reveals the terrors of a midnight ocean. It was there; it was gone—and, almost before you could read it, the face was again inscrutable as blank darkness.

The thought arose, several times, that day in the mind of Miles St. Aubyn, that he would give much that neither he nor his son had ever crossed the threshold of that house; or that now, being within it, it were within his power to depart. But carriages, in those days, were luxuries of comparatively rare occurrence even in the streets of the metropolis; and in the remote rural counties, the state of society, the character of the roads, and the limited means of the resident landed proprietors rendered them almost unknown.

There were not probably, within fifty miles of Widecomb, two vehicles of higher pretension than the rough carts of the peasantry and farmers; all journeys being still performed on horseback, if necessary by relays; even the fair sex traveling, according to their nerves and capability to endure fatigue, either on the side-saddle, or on pillions behind a relative or a trusty servant.

Until Jasper should be sufficiently recovered either to set foot in stirrup, or to walk the distance between the fords of Widecomb and the House in the Woods, there was therefore no alternative but to make the best of it, and to remain where they were, relying on the hospitality of their entertainers.

Durzil's manner, it is true, partook in no degree of the coloring which that transient expression seemed to imply in his feelings; for, though unwontedly silent, when he did speak he spoke frankly and friendly to the young invalid; and more than once, warning to his subject, as field-sports, or bold adventures, of this kind or that, came into mention, he displayed interest and animation; and even related some personal experiences, and striking anecdotes, of the Spanish Main and of the Indian islands, with so much spirit and liveliness, as to show that he not only wished to amuse, but was amused himself.

While he was in this mood, he suffered it to escape him, or to be elicited from him by some indistinct question of the old cavalier, that he intended ere long to set forth again on another voyage of adventure to those far climes which were still invested with something of the romance of earlier ages.

It was at this hint, especially, that Miles St. Aubyn observed Theresa's beautiful blue eyes fill with unbidden tears, and her bosom throb with agitation so tumultuous, that she had no choice but to retire from the company, in order to conceal her emotion.

And at this, likewise, for the first time did William Allan manifest any interest in the conversation.

"What," he said, "what is that thou sayest, Durzil, that thou art again about to leave us? Methought it was thy resolve to tarry with us until after the autumnal solstice."

"It was my resolve, uncle," replied the young man quietly, "but something has occurred since, which has caused me to alter my determination. My mates, moreover, are very anxious to profit by the fine weather of this season, and so soon as I can ship a cargo, and get some brisk bold hands, I shall set sail."

"I like not such quick and sudden changes," replied the old man; "nor admire the mind which cannot hold to a steady purpose."

The dark complexion of Durzil fired for a moment at the rebuke, and his nether lip quivered, as though he had difficulty in repressing a retort. He did repress it, however, and answered, apparently without emotion:

"You are a wise man, uncle, and must know that circumstances will arise which must needs alter all plans that are merely human. *L'homme propose, as the Frenchman has it, mais Dieu dispose.* So it is with me, just now. The changed determination which I have just announced does not arise from any change in my desires, but from a contingency on which I did not calculate."

"It were better not to determine until one had made sure of all contingencies," said William Allan, sententiously.

"Then, I think, one never would determine at all. For, if I have learned aright, mutability is a condition unavoidable in human affairs. But be this as it may, the only change, I can imagine, which will hinder me from sailing on the Virginia voyage, so soon as I can ship a crew and stow a cargo, will be a change of the wind. It blows fair now, if it will only hold a week. One other change there is," he added, as his fair cousin entered the room with a basket of fresh gathered roses, "which might detain, but that change will not come to pass, do you think it will, Theresa?"

"I think not, cousin Durzil," she replied with a slight blush, "if you allude to that concerning which we spoke this morning."

The old knight looked from one to the other of the young people in bewilderment. Their perfect understanding, and extreme control of their feelings was beyond his comprehension, and yet he could not believe that he had mistaken.

"What, are you too against me, girl?" said her father quickly. "Have you given your consent to his going?"

"My consent!" she replied, "I do not imagine that my consent is very necessary, or that Durzil would wait long for it. But I do think it is quite as well he should go now, if he must go at all, particularly as he intends, if I understand rightly, that it shall be his last voyage."

"I did not promise that, Theresa," said the sailor, with a faint smile—"although"—

"Did you not?"—he interrupted him quickly—

"I thought you had; but it must be as you will, and certainly it does not much concern me."

And with the words, she left the room hastily, and not as it appeared very well pleased.

"There! see'st thou that?" cried her father—"see'st thou that, Durzil?"

"Ay! do I!"—replied the young man with a good deal of bitterness. "But I do not need to see that to teach me that women are capricious and selfish in their exigency of services."

There was a dead pause. A silence, which in itself was painful, and which seemed like to give birth to words more painful yet, for William Allan knit his brow darkly, and compressed his lower lip, and fixed his eye upon vacancy.

But at this moment Jasper, whose natural recklessness had rendered him unobservant of the feelings which had been displayed during that short conversation, raised himself on his elbow, and looking eagerly at Durzil exclaimed:

"Oh, the Virginia voyage! To the New World! My God! how I should love to go with you. Do you carry guns? How many do you muster of your crew?"

The interruption, although the speaker had no such intention, was well timed, for it turned the thoughts and feelings of all present into a new channel. The two old men looked into each other's faces, and smiled as their eyes met, and Allan whispered, though quite loud enough to be audible to all present:

"The same spirit, Miles, the same spirit. As crows the old game cock, so crows the young game chicken!"

"And why not?" answered Durzil, with a ready smile, for there was something that whispered at his heart, though indeed he knew not wherefore, that it were not so ill done to remove Jasper from that neighborhood for a while. "If Sir Miles judge it well that you should see something of the world, in these piping times of peace, it is never too soon to begin. You shall have a berth in mine own cabin, and I will put you in the way of seeing swords flash, and smelting villainous saltpetre, in a right good cause, I'll warrant you."

"A right good cause, Durzil? and what cause may that be?" asked his uncle in a caustic tone.

"The cause of England's maritime supremacy," answered the young man proudly. "That is cause good enough for me. For what saith bully Buke in the old song—

'The sea, the sea is England's, quoth he again,
The sea, the sea is England's, and England's shall remain.'

And he caroled the words in a fine deep bass voice, to a stirring air, and then added—"That, sir, is the cause we fight for, on the Line and beyond it—and that we will fight for, here and every where, when it shall be needful to fight for it. And now, young friend, to answer your question. I do carry guns, eighteen as lively brass twelve-pounders as ever spoke good English to a Don or a Monsieur, or a Myndbeer either, for that matter; and then for crew, men and officers, I

generally contrive to pack on board eighty or ninety as brisk boys as ever pulled upon a brace, or handled a cutlass."

"Why you must reckon on high profits to venture such an outlay," said Sir Miles, avoiding the question of his son's participation in the cruise.

"Ay!" answered Durzil, "if no gold is to be had for picking up in Eldorado, there is some to be gained there yet by free-trading—and once in a while one may have the luck to pick up a handful on the sea."

On the sea, ay! how so?"

"Once I was going quietly along before the trades, with my goods under hatches as peaceable and lawful a trader, as need be, when we fell in with a tall galleon careering. Having no cause to shun or fear her, I lay my own course with English colors flying, when what does she but up helm and after us. In half an hour she was within range and opened with her bow guns, in ten minutes more she was alongside, and—"

"Along-side, in ten minutes, from long cannon range!" exclaimed Miles St. Aubyn—"what were you doing then, that she overhauled you so fast?"

"Running down to meet her, Sir Miles, with every stitch of canvas set that would draw, when I saw that she was bent on having it; and—as I was about to say when you interrupted me—in twenty more she had changed owners."

"Indeed! indeed! that *was* a daring blow," said the old soldier, rousing at the tale, like a superannuated war-horse to the trumpet, "and what was she?"

"A treasure galleon, sir; a Spaniard homeward bound, with twenty-six guns, and two hundred men."

"And what did you with your prize, in peace time? You hardly brought her into Plymouth, I should fancy."

"Nor into Cadiz, either," he replied with a smile. "Her crew, or what was left of them, were put on board a coaster bound for St. Salvador, her bars and ingots on board the good ship 'Royal Oak,' of Bristol, and she—oh! she, I think, was sent to the bottom!"

"A daring deed!" said Sir Miles, shaking his head gravely—"a daring deed truly, which might well cost you all your lives, were it complained of by the Most Christian King!"

"And yet his suppetue Christianity fired on us the first!"

"And yet, that plea, I fear, would hardly save you in these days, but you would hang for it."

"Amen!" replied the young man. "Better be hanged, 'his country crying he hath played an English part,' than creep to a quiet grave a coward from his cradle. And now, what say you, young sir, would you still wish to adventure it with us, knowing what risks we run?"

"Ay, by my soul!" answered the brave boy, with a flashing eye, and quivering lip, "and the rather, that I *do* know it. What do you say, father? May I go with him? In God's name, will you not let me go with him?"

"Indeed, will I not, Jasper," said Sir Miles, with an accent of resolve so steady, that the boy saw at once it was useless to waste another word on it. "Beside, he is only laughing at you. Why! what in heaven's

name should he make with such a cockered as thou, crowing or ere thy spurs have sprouted!"

"Laughing at me, is he!" exclaimed the boy, raising himself up in his bed actively, without exhibiting the least sign of the pain, which racked him, as he moved.

"If I thought he were, he 'd scarce sail so quickly as he counts on doing."

Here Durzil would have spoken, but the old cavalier cut in before him, saying with a sneer,

"It is like thou could'st hinder him, my boy, at any time; most of all when thou art lying there bed-ridden."

"The very reason wherefore I could hinder him the easier," replied Jasper, who saw by Durzil's grave and calm expression that the meaning his father had attached to his speech, was not his meaning."

"And how so, I prithee."

"Had he, as you say he did, intended to mock me, or insult me otherwise, I would have prayed him courteously to delay his sailing until such time as my hurts would permit to draw triggers, or cross swords with him; and he would have delayed at my request, being a gentleman of courage and of honor."

"Assuredly I should," replied Durzil Bras-de-fer, "and you would have done very rightly to call on me in that case. But let me assure you, nothing was further from my intention than to laugh at you. I sailed myself, and smelt gunpowder in earnest, before I was old as you are by several years; and I was perfectly in earnest when I spoke, although I can now well see that my offer, though assuredly intended, could not be accepted."

Before Jasper had time to reply to these words, his father said to him with a look of approbation,

"You have answered very well, my son; and I am glad that you have reflected, and seen so well what becomes a gentleman to ask, and to grant in such cases. For the rest, you ought to see that Master Durzil Olifaunt is perfectly in the right; and, that having offered you courteously what you asked rashly, he now perceives clearly the impossibility of your accepting his offer."

"I do not, however, see that at all," answered the boy moodily. "You carried a stand of colors, I have heard you say, before you were fifteen, and you deny me the only chance of winning honor that ever may be offered to me, in these degenerate times, and under this peaceful king."

"I do not think that it would minister very much to your honor, or add to the renown of our name, that you should get your self hanged on some sand key in the Caribbean sea, or knocked on the head in some scuffle with the Spanish guarda costas—no imputation, I pray you believe me, Master Olifaunt, on your choice of a career, the gallantry and justice of which I will not dispute, though I may not wish my son to adopt it."

"I know not what you would have me do," said the boy, "unless you intend to keep me here all my life, fishing for salmon and shooting black-cock for an occupation, and making love to country girls for an amusement."

"I was not aware, Jasper," answered his father more seriously than he had ever before heard him speak,

"that this latter was one of your amusements. If it be so, I shall certainly take the earliest means of bringing it to a conclusion, for while it is not very creditable to yourself, it is ruinous to those with whom you think fit to amuse yourself as you call it."

"I did not say that I ever had amused myself so," replied Jasper, somewhat crest-fallen by the rebuke of his father—"though if I am kept moping here much longer, heaven only knows what I may do."

"Well, sir, no more of this!" said the old man sharply. "You are not yet a man, whatever you may think of yourself; neither, I believe, are you at all profligate or vicious, although, as boys at your age are apt enough to do, you may think it manly to affect vices of which you are ignorant. But to quit this subject, when do you think you shall sail, Master Olifaunt?"

"I cannot answer you that, Sir Miles, certainly. I purpose to set off hence for Plymouth to-morrow afternoon, and, as I shall ride post, it will not take me long

ere I am on board. When I arrive, I shall be able to fix upon a day for sailing."

"But you will return hither, will you not, before you go to sea?"

"Assuredly I will, Sir Miles, to say farewell to my kind uncle here, who has been as a father to me, and to my little Theresa."

"And you will pass one day I trust, if you may not give us more, with Jasper at the Manor. We can show you a heron or two on the moor, and let you see how our long-winged falcons fly, if you are fond of hawking. It shall be my fault, if hereafter, after so long an interruption, I suffer old friend-ship, and recent kindness also, to pass away and be forgotten."

"I will come gladly to see my young friend here, who will ere then be quite recovered from this misadventure; and who, if he rides as venturesomely as he fishes, will surely leave me far behind in the hot hawking gallop, for though I can ride, I am, sailor-like, not over excellent at horse-man-ship." [To be continued.]

THE SPANISH MAIDEN.

BY MRS. AGNES E. COLEMAN.

A WANDERER o'er the hills of Spain,
I stood one balmy summer's night,
To see come down on hill and plain,
Streamlet and tower fair Luna's light;
While traced on the bright waters deep
Were forest dun, dark mountain hour,
Old ruined tower and castle keep,
Reflected from the emerald shore.

But swift winged thought, so prone to stray,
Was hov'ring o'er a western strand,
When lo! came minstrel's gentle lay,
In tones as from Elykinn land.
A Seville girl with jeweled hair
Was near her trelliced window leaning,
And pouring on the balmy air,
This song of love's own gentle dreaming.

"How many an hour, bright Guadalquiver,
I've stood beside thy flowing tide,
And wished my home might be forever,
Near where thy silver waters glide—
Were Carlos near, with brow of snow
His noble intellect revealing,
And that dark eye whose radiant glow
Is lit by high and holy feeling.

"For like fair Eden's early flowers,
Thy groves are in perpetual bloom,
And Love's own wing fans the bright bowers
Of orange, bergamot and broom.
O'er all this region of delight
Spring reigns like one unending day,
No storms its opening blossoms blight,
Nor shades on its pure waters play.

"And when the orb of day hath gone
Down o'er Moreen's dusky height,
How beautiful the stars come on,
The blue ethereal arch of night.
Ah this fair earth hath many a scene
By pure and gentle breezes fanned,
Yet boasts no realm cloudless, serene,
Like my own Andalusian land.

"But dull to me the fairest clime,
Cheerless its landscapes to my view,
Unless another's eye with mine,
Can gaze upon its beauty too;
And vain to me the rich perfume
Floating on all the ambient air.
From Seville's gardens in their bloom,
Unless a voice I love is there.

"Were India's realm before me laid,
I'd give it all might I recline
My sadden'd brow my weary head,
Carlos, on that dear heart of thine—
And hear thy soft, low tones again
Fall like sweet music on my ear,
With strange bland influence to sustain
My timid heart, my aching cheer."

The Spanish maiden ceased her lay,
And slowly from my vision past,
Like some sweet dream in summer's day,
Too bright and beautiful to last—
Yet oft methinks when moonlight e'en
Falleth on stream, and tower, and tree,
Again that soft low voice I hear
Murmuring its plaintive melody.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

NO. II.—THE LAST SACRAMENT.

BY GIBBIE.

EVEN from his fairy-like and laughing boyhood, George Atherton had been a dreamer. His soul seemed like a harp whose chords were tuned in heaven, and from which the rough winds of earth could draw forth at best but a sad and broken melody. The spirit of the Beautiful was given him at his birth, to be his constant companion and unailing friend. It walked with him in his solitary rambles, it talked with him in his lonely hours, it filled his dreams with high thoughts and splendid imaginings. It led him to the solitude of nature, and opened his eyes to behold the beauties of this glorious creation, which even in ruins bears the stamp of the Divinity. And there, as his mind gradually expanded, Religion came to him in the stillness of life's morning, and taught his fresh and unworn spirit of the Highest and Holiest, by whom are all things, and in whom all exist. To his child-like faith the Deity was not a far off and incomprehensible mystery, but an ever present all pervading spirit. In the thousand voices that resound through this wide spread universe, he heard an undertone—a low solemn voice, that said—"be not afraid—it is I."

And then as the youth grew to manhood, wrapt in these high and glorious communings with Nature and his God, the love which had hitherto filled his soul with an unuttered melody sprang like lightning to his lips, and he stood up before the world to tell what the spirit of God should whisper him of Christ and his love to the lost and guilty—of heaven and its inconceivable glories. But even into the holy religion which he preached he carried the ever present spirit of Poetry, while he neglected not to expound in a simple manner the truths of the gospel, it was plain that he loved better to soar upward into the regions of the vast and terrible unknown where sits the Omnipotent clothed in his own infinity. He roamed the vast field opened by revelation, and culled the fairest flowers and the richest treasures that he might lay them with his heart's devotion a willing offering upon the altar of the Almighty.

Time went on, and a new class of emotions was awakened in his breast. The love which before was lavished on every thing beautiful in heaven or earth, was turned into a new channel, centered upon one object; and within his heart was a secret image that was worshiped as second to naught save his God. The moment that Emma came before him with her delicate and ethereal loveliness, the spirit within him whispered that that pale sweet face should be his destiny. He listened to her voice and the echo of its melody was thenceforth around him night and day, and the very circumstance, that in a more worldly mind would have quenched the first risings of affection by a sense of its utter hopelessness, only served to draw him more closely to her.

In the brightness and in the gloom, in the sunshine and beneath the radiance of the pale-browed queen of night, since the gates of Eden closed on guilty man, there has walked an angel over the earth. Amid the green glades and flowery meads, beneath the mighty forest trees and over the barren wastes, over the towering billows and within the crowded city, up the majestic rivers and in the wild solitudes whence riseth the song of Nature untremulous and clear, has her footstep passed and the light of her starry eye been seen. In that "better land" she is the angel who waits without the gate of the celestial city and opens it to the holy and blessed ones who crowd thither. To them she seems bright and beautiful, and her voice hath an echo of the songs of heaven, but on earth she wears a more sombre garb, and her eye hath a shade of gloom far in its misty depths, and men call her the angel of Death. This angel had for months been walking with Emma, step for step, along the path of life, and sealing with her icy touch the springs of existence. Before George saw her, consumption had marked her for the tomb. He knew it by the strange brightness of her eyes and the hectic flush upon her cheek, and yet the young pastor loved her

—As one might love a star
The brightest where ten thousand are
Singly and silently,
Without a hope or sense a wish
That she would link her fate with his
Along life's dreary way.

They stood together beneath the free blue sunny sky. His high brow was flushed, and his whole frame quivered with the impetuous emotions that would no longer be controlled, and even in their hopelessness had uttered the words that might never be recalled.

She listened silently, and when at length she raised her dark blue eyes to his they were filled with tears.

"Have you thought well ere you told me this," she said in a low tremulous tone. "Know you that if you would unite your fate with mine you must turn from the glad pathway of life, and tread a dark lone valley that leads to a shadowy bourne were we must part? Know you that the radiance of youth and health has long since faded from my path, and of all my expectations there remains but one—that one is Death—and of all my hopes, only the hope of heaven. However dearly you may love me, I can never be wholly yours—even now I am wedded to another—I am the bride of the Grave."

"I have known it all—I have felt it all. I know that love's highest boon may be but to catch the last look, the last sigh—yet even with this certainty that love is dearer to me than ought else on earth. I ask

for nothing but to hear you say that I am beloved—I dare expect nothing but to watch with you the fleeting of the few months that remain to you on earth, and as you stand beneath the portals of the grave to receive one last assurance of undying affection as they close between us—one promise that you will be mine—mine still, in heaven.”

“Yet I would not have it so,” said she musingly. “Why should I throw the shadow of the tomb over your path? Why should I chill your blood with the cold touch of death? No, no, George, leave me, and since you cannot forget, think of me but as an angel in heaven.”

But even as she spoke her voice grew fainter and fainter, and when she ceased she sunk upon his breast exhausted by the struggle of feelings too strong for a form so frail. He bent over her—

“Once, only once, thou only beloved—only once say that thou art mine,” he murmured in low thrilling tones.

She raised her face, and their eyes met in a long earnest gaze. Then slowly and tremblingly her white lips opened—

“Thine, thine forever.”

He knew that she was dying day by day, and yet he talked to his own heart of life and hope, as if he deemed in the madness of his devotion that such love as theirs would ward off death. And as time passed on we saw his form grow thin, and his pale face yet paler, and his dark eyes were dimmed as if he had looked too long and earnestly into the darkness and tears that overhang the grave. But she—there was a fierce and unnatural glow upon her cheek that told of the deadly fire within, and her step became slow and faltering, but the clear light of her eloquent eyes grew brighter and brighter as if she had looked through the gloomy clouds of death upon the unspeakable glory of God, and in gazing had forgotten how to weep. Thus in that hour did the fair and fragile become the support of the strong-hearted ones who, for her sake, were bowed to the earth with sorrow. Her love was no summer flower to wither beneath the shadows of the dark valley—and they who wondered at its strength knew not that it was fed with dews from the river of Life, and nourished with the sunshine of the world beyond the tomb.

It was the day for the celebration of the sacrament in our church at C—, and at her earnest request Emma was permitted to be with us on this occasion—perchance the last for her on earth. For some time she had been failing rapidly, and it was now evident to all that her pilgrimage was nearly finished. She entered when the afternoon service was over, walking slowly between her aged and heart-stricken parents. The young pastor did not lift his head, but sat with his face buried in his hands till all was still again. He was gathering strength to appear before the people of his charge as became a minister of God, that he might not appear to preach to them of a sustaining grace that had failed to help him in his hour of need.

When he arose his face was very pale, but all trace of emotion had vanished. All human affection incom-

patible with the Divine will seemed to have died within him, and he stood calmly and firmly up, and clasped his hands to pray. Long and earnest was that petition, and its burden was the cry of a suffering heart, “Not my will, oh God, but thine.” When it was ended, then were distributed the emblems of the sacred body that was broken, and the blood that was shed for man’s salvation, and again the pastor rose.

At first he spoke in low tones of the Lamb of God who gave himself to die for man, and of the efficacy of that death; but his voice rose with the theme, his eyes kindled, and his cheeks flushed as he proceeded.

“Since I sat here, beloved friends, I have had communion with the Father of Spirits. I seem to see the blessed Redeemer on the night in which he was betrayed, when he took the bread and brake it among his disciples. I see his glorious yet mournful face as he bade them keep this holy festival in memory of him. He knew that before the next evening the Son of God would have been laid, a bound and bleeding victim, upon the altar of man’s transgressions. Ah! before the morrow he must have offered up the atoning sacrifice that was to take away the sins of the whole world—to open the healing fountain whose waters should mingle with the stream of Death and take away its bitterness. He knew all the terrors of that fearful night in the garden—the bloody sweat, the buffeting, the ignominy, the agonizing death, were all before him. Conceive his feelings as he sat among that chosen band, as he met the earnest gaze of the loved one who lay in his bosom, and heard the eager, tremulous question, ‘Lord is it I.’

“I see him when the betrayer had left the disciples, lead them forth into the garden, where even they who had sworn to die for him could not watch with him one hour—when as he knelt alone beneath the olive trees he heard from afar the clash of arms and the shoutings of the mob that came to take him. I hear the thrilling agony of his mighty heart, as sinking beneath the weight of a world’s iniquity, he cries—‘If this cup may not pass from me, thy will be done.’

“The scene is changed. Behold I see the clouds parted and the veil which hides the awful future is withdrawn. I see heaven opened, and he who agonized in the garden and bled upon the cross, ascends in the clouds, and with him those faithful ones who in all ages of the world have feared not to follow him, even unto death. The brightness of his Father’s glory is around him, and the affrighted earth shrinks away from his presence—‘Behold he cometh in the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also who pierced him, and they shall wail because of him. And the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat—the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light,’ and the whole earth shall be offered as a burnt sacrifice to the terrible glory of God.

“Shout then, ye little flock!—ye chosen ones from the foundation of the world! Lift up your eyes to the celestial city, and lo! the pearly gates are unbarred—enter into Paradise, and join the choral hymn that is chanted before the throne, for worthy is He who hath redeemed you, to receive glory and endless praise.

"The vision hath passed, but the voice of God within me answereth, 'He that overcometh shall inherit the kingdom.'

"And oh! my brethren, what entire sacrifice of ourselves should we give to him who for our sakes condescended to become incarnate. What obstacle should hinder us when we remember that such is our reward. We journey on through this valley of sunshine and tears, our hearts are fettered with the strong ties of earthly love, and we joy and sorrow, hope and fear, as do those who have no support but their own strength—that broken reed that pierces the breast that leans on it. But to our vision there is one bright spot, though earth may be dim around us; there is one hope when all other hopes fail, one refuge when tempests assail us, one friend who will never die."

The pastor paused and gazed mournfully on the group before him. Emma was sitting with her bright beautiful eyes raised upward, while the smile on her parted lips, and the rapt expression of her face, showed that borne on the wings of faith, and the hope of that unutterable glory, she had forgotten this mortal existence, and was communing with her kindred angels. When he spoke again, it was in a lower tone, and his voice trembled slightly for he was but a man, and now that the excitement had passed, his heart filled with a boundless affection for that pale young creature.

"And should not this hope comfort you, oh ye who have so often been sorely tried, and who must now again be called to look through tears up to your Father's throne, while she who leaves you tears the tendrils of your hearts from earth, that she may fix them with the grasp of an all-conquering faith upon the altar of God. Mourn yet not, as comfortless—whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Lift up your eyes from this earthly dust to that celestial home where ye shall dwell forever—in your Father's house are many mansions, and your Redeemer has said, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

As he spoke these last words a long, deep, thrilling sigh, that seemed to bear upon it the anguish of a breaking heart, broke from the mother's lips, and drawing nearer to Emma, she clasped her arms around her as if she feared she would go even then from her embrace. The action and the sigh drew Emma from the height to which her sublime thoughts had soared. She turned suddenly, and a change passed over her beaming face as she looked upon her parents. Her father had bowed his head upon his hands, and his aged frame shook with suppressed sobs. Both had forgotten time, place, every thing but that she was their last, their only one, and the thought that came more than ever to their hearts, that she must leave them. Emma wiped the tears from her mother's face and strove to speak, but the reaction of feeling was too great for her feeble frame to endure; she became violently agitated, a faintness came over her, and starting from her seat, she fell forward into her mother's arms gasping for breath.

Night, solemn and holy! How infinite was the mercy that gave thee to spread thy star-pangled mantle over the tired earth, hushing to repose its misery, and hiding its crime. Night, pure and beautiful! The

fitting time for the soul of the innocent to ascend to a better land.

Midnight had chimed on the old church clock, and the whole world seemed sleeping as if bound by a spell. The stars were looking down from the far off heavens, and the large moon was sinking behind the long low clouds in the west, gilding leaf and fountain with its brightness, and shedding a holy radiance on the face of the dying girl. Emma was reclining on a low couch by the open window, and save the low sighing of the wind all was still in that room of death. The agony of suffering that all day had racked her frame, was now passed away, and she lay in a calm slumber, with her head upon her mother's bosom. George Atherton knelt beside the couch with her hands clasped in his, and her father stood near, silent beneath the pressure of a woe too deep for tears. The last hour had come—they knew that she was dying.

Is it not ever thus? The loveliest, the most utterly beloved are ever the first to leave us. Those on whom we most leaned for support and comfort during this earth-pilgrimage are ever the first victims to the unerring shaft of death. And *it is well*. Fondly as I have loved and deeply as I have mourned for the dead, I feel that it is well. "The branches are lopped off that the tree may fall the easier." The prop to which we cling is torn away that the bleeding tendrils of these wrung hearts may wind themselves more closely around the Rock of Ages. The chords that bound the spirit to earth are severed, that its flight may be unimpeded toward that heavenly city, that New Jerusalem, where God shall wipe away all tears.

How shall I tell of the parting—the *final* parting. How shall mortal language describe the triumph of stern relentless Death over the love of human hearts. He who sitteth in his calm glory above the reach of earthly sorrow—He to whose bosom that cherished one is now departed—He alone can tell the anguish of that trial.

She left them. She who had been the sunlight of their existence, turned from them, and meekly and cheerfully trod the lone valley of Death. But she had listened to "the spoken words," she had caught a glimpse of the glories of her heavenly home, she had heard a faint echo of the harpings of an immortal hymn, and she raised her eyes with glad faith to the throne of the Eternal, and leaning on the arm of her beloved she entered into her rest.

When morning came over the laughing earth, the light looked into that still chamber tremblingly, as if it feared to break the solemn gloom. Still they remained there—those pale watchers beside the dead—and with her head yet leaning on her mother's breast, and a faint smile upon her parted lips, lay the cold lifeless form of the beautiful one who had gone from them forever. That dying smile—it beamed upon their hearts like sunlight from heaven. It was the seal of Love's triumph, of the soul's immortality, and told of a reunion beyond the grave.

Not long did those aged and lonely parents survive her. Gently and easily they were called into their celestial home. And for him who had so loved her—still he wanders on the earth, working his Master's

will, lonely yet not desolate. He shut his heart above that deep and quiet sorrow, as above a shrine whose lifeless ashes might never be rekindled by the fire of earthly love. Of Emma and of her early death, few ever heard him speak, but all who saw him, knew that the hopes and affections which engross the heart of

man had been forever torn from his, and that amid the changes of his career his calm soul lifted its thoughts upward to the heaven of heavens where *she* now dwells, with an eager and imploring cry—"how long, oh Lord—how long."

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS.

ONE December evening cold,
Filled with sorrows manifold,
To the *seer* and *sallow* wold
With an *risin* step I stole,
To hold converse with my soul
Of the loved and lost of yore,
Dwelling on the shadowy shore—
The Spirit-shore.

Very lonely was my breast—
On that night no genial guest
By its hearth-stone paused to rest;
Dim the lamp of Hope did gleam
O'er my young heart's darkened stream;
And I sought from mystic store
In that lamp new oil to pour—
Fresh oil to pour.

Dark and drear and desolate,
On a mossy crag I sat,
Watching through the heavenly gate
Mony a solemn Angel-band
Marching to the Spirit-land,
When Love tapping on the door
Of my heart, did there implore—
A Home implore.

Trembling, shivering, timid-hearted,
From that holy dream I started,
As a ghost of the departed
From the gates of light had drifted,
And with icy fingers lifted
Up the latchet of the door
Of my doating heart once more—
Ah me! once more!

Then aside I dashed the tear,
Lower bent my mental ear,
More distinct the taps to hear,
And all thoughtless did begin
To tell Love to enter in,
When an Angel sought this shore
To defeat him at the door—
My lone heart's door.

Low his golden tresses streaming
O'er his wings with soul-light beaming,
Perched he down amid my dreaming,
Perching, but ere I could rise,
Gazing full into my eyes,
As my soul he would explore—
And thus Cupid by the door—
My lone heart's door.

Calmly then the Angel spoke,
Words that o'er my spirit broke,
Like the chimes in dream-land woke—
"Sad, meek solitaire of earth,

Loving, trusting from thy birth—
Soul that heavenward dost soar!
Tura this traitor from the door—
Thy lone heart's door.

"In thy breast he seeks no home—
From the blithest he will roam;
He will enter the heart's dome,
Filch its every jewel fair,
Plant his barbed arrow there,
And then straight go out the door,
Back returning never more—
Ah, never more!

"Search the chronicles of love,
See the nets that he has wove,
To entrap the timid Dove;
See in Lethe's crowded dome
Ashes of his hecatombs;
And I wot thou 't keep the door
Of thy heart locked evermore—
Forever more.

"Blossoms in thy heart may bloom,
E'en while Love lath these his home,
But their roots are in the tomb;
And the tramp of funeral-feet
Lone thy spirit's ear will greet,
When too late to lock the door
Of thy heart forever more—
Ah, evermore!

"Therefore, mournful child of song,
Leave Love to the heartless throng,
Who can cope with wo and wroug;
Pour thy soul's surcharge of fire
On an altar holier, higher,
And let Reason keep the door
Of thy fond heart evermore—
Forever more."

When the Angel this had said,
Out his burnished wings he spread,
And above the tree-tops sped;
Upward, upward, where the moon
Floated in her cloudy nook,
Leaving me to guard the door
Of my heart forever more—
Ah, evermore!

But this heart would not obey
What the missioned sprite did say—
It would have its willful way;
It made Love its chiefest guest,
Till he banished Peace and Rest,
When he straight went out the door,
Locking Wo in evermore—
Ah, evermore!

LEGEND

OF THE INTRODUCTION OF DEATH, AND ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE WORSHIP AMONG THE OGIWAS.

BY KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

THE period of time which preceded the introduction of death and evil into the country of the Indians, is represented to have been one which the most fanciful imagination might suggest.

At this late day the son of the forest speaks of it with deep feeling, and sighs for its return.

The following was related to me in a wigwam in which I spent about fifteen years of my early life. It constituted a part of a lecture I received during the ceremony of initiation into the order of the Mysterious Worship of the Medicine Lodge.

When Keshanoradoo made the red men, he made them happy. The men were larger, were fleet on foot, were more dexterous in games, and lived to an older age than now.

The forest abounded with game, the trees were loaded with fruit, and birds who have now a black plumage were dressed with pure white. The birds and the fowls ate no flesh, for the wide prairies were covered with fruits and vegetables. The fish in the waters were large. The Morodoo from heaven watched the blaze of the wigwams' fires, and these were as countless as the stars in the sky.

Strange visitants from heaven descended every few days, and inquired of the Indians whether any thing was wrong. Finding them happy and contented, they returned to their high homes.

These were tutelary gods, and they consulted with the sages of the different villages, and advised all not to climb a vine which grew on the earth, and whose top reached the sky, as it was the ladder on which the spirits descended from heaven to earth, to bless the red men.

One of these errand-spirits became intimate with one of the young braves, who dwelt in a cabin with his grandmother, and favored him with invitations to stroll with it among the various villages around.

The favor shown by this god to the young man produced a jealousy among his brethren, and during the absence of his distinguished friend, the favored one was much troubled by his neighbors, who envied him his situation.

On one occasion when this persecution became intolerable, he determined to leave his country, and, if possible, accompany the spirit to the skies.

The chief men had enjoined on all the duty to refrain from any desire or any attempt to ascend the vine whose branches reached the heavens, telling them that to do so would bring upon them severe penalties.

The spirit finding the young man quite sad, inquired, learned the true cause of his sorrow, and taking him, re-ascended.

The old woman cried for his return, "Noo-sis, be-ge-wain, be-ge-wain." "My child, come back, come back!" He would not come home, and the woman having adjusted all her matters in the lodge, after the nightfall repaired to the vine and began to ascend it.

In the morning the Indians found the lodge she had inhabited empty, and soon espied her climbing the vine. They shouted to her, "Hoision shay! ah-wos be-ge-wain, mah-je-me-di--moo-ga-yiesh!" "Holloa, come back, you old witch you."

But she continued ascending, up, up, up.

A council was held to determine what inducement could be made to her to return. They could hear her sobbing for her grandson. "Ne-gah-wah-bah-mah nos-sis." "I will yet see my child."

Consternation and fear filled the hearts of the nation, for one of their number was disobeying the Great Spirit. Indignation and fury were seen in the acts of the warriors, and the light of the transgressor's burning wigwam shed its lurid rays around.

The woman was just nearing the top of the vine which was entwined around one of the stars of heaven, and about entering that place, when the vine broke, and down she came, with the broken vine which had before been the ladder of communication between heaven and earth.

The nations, as they passed by her, as she sat in the midst of the ruin she had wrought, pushed her declining head, saying, "Wah, ke nah mah dah bee mage men di moo ya yish." "There you sit, you wicked old witch."

Some kicked her, others dragged her by her hair, and thus expressed their disapprobation. All who shall live after thee, shall call thee *Egwa* (woman.)

The news of the disaster spread rapidly from village to village. Soon numbers of men, women, and children were singularly affected. Some complained of pains in their heads, and others of pains in various parts of their bodies. Some were unable to walk, and others equally unable to speak.

They thought some of these fell asleep, for they knew not what death was. They had never seen its presence.

A deep solemnity began its reign in all the villages. There was no more hunting, no more games, and no song was sung to soothe the sun to its evening rest.

Ah, it was then a penalty followed transgression.

Disease was the consequence of the breaking of the vine. Death followed.

One day, in the midst of their distresses, they consulted each other to determine what could be done. None knew.

They watched carefully for the descent of those beings who used to visit them—and at length they came. Eagerly each strove to tell his story. They soon found that the strangers were silent and sad. They asked the natives what words they wished to tell the Great Spirit in their distress. One said that the vine might be replaced. Another that the Great Spirit might cause the disease to leave them. Another wanted to kill the old woman. Another desired plenty of game; and another wished the Great Spirit to send them something that would cure.

After this the strangers left, telling the Indians to wait, and they should know what the Great Spirit should say.

Each day of their absence seemed a month; at

length they came, and gathering around, the eager people said to them that they must all die, as the vine that connected earth to the skies was broken, but the Great Spirit has sent us to relieve you, and to tell you what you must do hereafter.

The strangers then gathered all the wild flowers from the plains, and after drying them on their hands, blew the leaves with their breath, and they were scattered all over the earth; wherever they fell they sprung up and became herbs to cure all disease.

The Indians instituted a dance, and with it a mode of worship. These few were the first who composed the Great Medicine Lodge, and they did so from the bands of the Great Spirit.

There is not a flower that buds that is not for some wise purpose, however small. There is not one blade of grass that the Indian requires not. Learning this, and acting in view of it, will be for your good, and will please the Great Spirit.

LILY LESLIE.

A BALLAD.

BY GRETTA.

Boxed Lily Leslie roved
Down among the heather,
In a clear and sunny day
Of the summer weather.

Something seemed to cloud her brow
Mingling with it gladness,
Half the look betrayed a wish,
The other half was sadness.

By the brooklet's flushing course
Then she stopped to ponder—
Why did Lily look so sad?
Why so lonely wander?

Did she gaze within the stream
At the form reflected?
Was her fancy pleased to see
What she there detected?

Did she note her sportive curls,
Did she try to twine them,
As the sunny breeze untied
The snood that would confine them?

Did she mark her rounded cheek
Warm with youth's bright dawning,
Soft as sunlight on the snow
In a winter's morning?

Did she count the summer's o'er
Since she watched them flying?
Sixteen times had known them come,
Sixteen mourned them dying.

Was she thinking how at home
In her mountain shealing,
She unseals her father's heart,
All its love revealing?

How she nestles in his arms
When he says he's lonely,

Tells him he must love her well
Because he has her only!

No! I'm sure that none of these
Made the lassie wander—
Then why did Lily walk alone,
Why did Lily ponder?

Why did Lily sit her down
Mute as Sorrow's daughter,
With her little blue veined feet
Shining through the water?

Why was Lily's voice not heard
'Mid the brooklets laughter,
Carmelike like free-born bird
With echo babbling after?

Stealing softly through the shade
I heard what she was saying,
And a rare complaint indeed
The maiden was betraying.

She was sighing, "Would that God
—Ere he took my mother—
Had given me, like Mary Hill,
A darling, darling brother!"

"How proud that Mary Hill appears,
When Harry comes from sea,
But I have none to wish returned,
And none to come to me.

"The old man in our little home
Might then forget my mother,
And when he died would know me wife—
Oh that I had a brother!"

"A brother! Lily," soft I said—
As springing to her side
I caught her, like a startled fawn
Just bounding o'er the tide—

"A brother! Lily, sit thee down
 And I will be thy brother;
 Dost thou not know, since thine is dead,
 That thou may'st choose another?"

She laid her rosy palm in mine,
 The artless little fairy,
 And said, "Dear Harry, may I be,
 Your sister, just like Mary?"

"May I watch to see you come,
 May I run to meet you—
 May I do the thousand things
 Mary does to greet you?"

We sat us down beside the hill
 Broud shadowed by the mountain,
 And there we talked the matter o'er,
 Beside the gurgling fountain.

And when the golden sun went down,
 She promised, as I kissed her,
 That she would ever, ever be
 My darling, dearest *SISTER!*

Then a thousand plans she told—
 Of course none could miscarry—
 Oh! she was so happy now,
 She had a brother Harry!

But my heart was beating wild
 Ever since I kissed her,
 And in vain it tried to say
 "Love her as a *SISTER!*"

Softly then I bent me down—
 Now the stars were shining—
 And my arm around her waist
Brotherly was twining—

"Sister, there is one thing more
 I'll tell thee while we tarry;
 Lily, *brothers* go awny,
 Darling, *brothers* marry!

"Thou wilt be alone again
 For thy Harry's going—
Sisters may not keep me here,
 Though their tears be flowing.

"Lily! hast thou never heard
 Of a bond more tender,
 For which the heart a brother's love
 A sister's would surrender?"

"Such the spell that binds me now,
 Dearest mountain flower,
 And I've given all my soul
 To its gentle power!"

"Dost thou hear me, Lily, love?
 Shall I longer tarry?
 Darling *BROTHERS* go away,
 Dearest *BROTHERS* marry!"

Lily Leslie bent her head,
 Like a dew-wet blossom,
 And the tears were falling fast
 O'er her heaving bosom.

What she sobbed I may not tell—
 What I answered to her;
 I only know the night grew dark
 On maiden and on wooer.

When the moon was sailing high
 She knelt within the shealing;
 I beside the old man's couch
 Was all the tale revealing.

Soon he laid his aged hands
 Tremblingly upon us,
 And I heard his fervent voice
 Pray for blessings on us.

Lily laughed with merry heart
 As she kissed her *BROTHER*,
 "HUSBANDS need not go awny,
 Need not love another."

Now within her mountain home
 Long we've lived together,
 And my roivings since are all
 With her, in summer weather.

And so happy have I been,
 I ne'er wished another,
 Nor have heard my Lily since
 Pine to have a—*BROTHER!*

TO A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. E. MARION STEPHENS.

'T is so like life that I could gaze
 For eye upon that face,
 As pilgrim souls, with uplift soul,
 His spirit-resting place.
 The brow so calm and passionless—
 The eye so purely bright—
 As if its every glance was full
 Of peace and holy light!

They haunt me whereso'er I turn,
 Those lustrous eyes of thine,
 Although their pleasant smile may rest
 Oh never more on mine!

Ah weary—very weary 't is
 To look so long on thee,
 To love, to worship, yet to know
 Thy thoughts are far from me.

And yet I would not have thee mine;
 My heart with such excess
 Of joy would break beneath the spell
 Of its own blissfulness!

Oh no, I do not crave thy love;
 I only ask to be
 A simple floweret in thy path
 While thou art *all* to me!

Who would not weep should never love!
 A term of weary years
 Is love's best boon to human hearts—
 Its brightest guerdon—*tears!*

I would not have it cast for me
 A shadow on thy heart,
 Or cloud one single ray of thine,
 All glorious as thou art!

No—rather let my spirit kneel
 As to some distant star,
 Whose light illumines my sad soul
 From its bright home afar:
 And while its beams may gladden those
 More deeply—wildly blest,
 One transient gleam may help to come
 To lull my soul's unrest!

LOVE TESTS OF HALLOWEEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[SEE ENGRAVINGS.]

THE eve of All Saint's Day is memorable in Scotland as a time when the fairies hold a grand anniversary, and when witches and evil beings are abroad on errands of mischief. This superstition, modified in various ways, finds a place also among the peasantry of other nations. In the United States, Halloween used to be observed by country maidens as a time for trying sweethearts, and gaining such an intelligible peep into futurity as would enable them to find out whether they would be married or not; and if that happy event was to crown their lives, who would be the man of their choice. And even at this time, "Hallow-Eve," as it is called, is not suffered to come and go without the effort of some loving maidens to penetrate the mystery of their matrimonial future. The modes of trying sweethearts, and the various love tests applied, are curious enough. Burning nuts, the love-candle, eating an apple before the looking-glass at midnight, the salt-egg, and dropping melted lead through a key into a basin of water, are a few of them, and all must be accompanied by particular ceremonies or incantations, in order that they may have the desired power to lift the veil of futurity.

A few years ago we spent Halloween in the family of a friend who resides fifty miles away from any large town in the interior of Pennsylvania. He had three marriageable daughters, who, it may be presumed, felt as much interest in the great question of matrimony as is usual in girls of their ages; and, on the occasion referred to, something of what they thought and felt was clearly enough displayed. One member of this family was an old aunt, whose kind, gentle character and cheerful disposition, made her a favorite with all. She was a widow. Twenty years had gone by since the grass became green over the grave of her husband. She often referred to the past, but not in a spirit of sadness or regret. And when she spoke of her husband, the allusion seemed more to one who was living than dead. And living, in fact, he was to her. The deep affection that was in her heart, made him ever present to her thoughts, and she lived in full confidence of a re-union when she, too, should lay off the mortal robes that enveloped her spirit, and rise into a true and substantial life.

To be with Aunt Edith for half an hour, was to feel toward her as toward an old friend. In less than that time, on our first meeting, I was as much at home with her as if we had been acquainted for years. For her young nieces, Aunt Edith entertained the warmest affection. It is doubtful if she could have loved her own children more tenderly. She was ever ready to take an interest in what interested them; and entered into all their pleasures with a heartiness that made them her own. On the evening to which I have referred, as we sat pleasantly conversing before a bright

fire in the parlor, almost the first of the season, Aunt Edith said, as if the thought had just occurred to her, addressing, as she spoke, the oldest of her nieces,

"Why, Maggy, dear, this is Hallow-Eve. Have you forgotten?"

"So it is!" cried Maggy, in return, clapping her hands together with girlish enthusiasm.

"Hallow-Eve!" chimed in Kate, the youngest of the three. "Oh, we must try sweethearts to-night!"

"Sweethearts!" said Mr. Wilmot, the father of the girls, in a grave voice. "Nonsense! Nonsense, child! What do you want to know about sweethearts?"

Kate slightly blushed, but her smile was so radiant, that it quickly extinguished the deeper hue that had come over her bright, young countenance. She did not, however, reply to her father's question, but looked into the face of Aunt Edith for encouragement.

"Wait awhile, dear," said Aunt Edith. "your father don't understand these matters. But I was a young girl once, and know all about them."

"Trying sweethearts! Why I thought that custom was peculiar only to the Scotch and Irish peasantry."

Aunt Edith looked at me and smiled.

"In cities," she replied, "these customs are hardly known, but here they have always prevailed among portions of the people. Halloween, though not kept with the formality attending the occasion in the rural districts of Ireland or Scotland, is yet remembered by hundreds of young maidens who live far away from the great towns, and who improve the occasion to get, if possible, a peep into futurity, and read therein an answer to their heart's eager questions."

"Can it really be," said I, in return, "that superstition like this prevails in an age and among a people so enlightened. Fortune-tellers would find a rich harvest in these regions."

"Not richer, I presume," returned Aunt Edith, "than among your more enlightened dwellers in cities."

"True, we have fortune-tellers and astrologers in abundance, and they appear to find enough silly people to encourage and support them. But what is the nature of these love tests that so many of your country maidens apply on Hallow-Eve?"

Aunt Edith smiled as she answered,

"They are of various kinds. Among the most common is burning nuts on the hearth. A young maiden will take two nuts, and naming one for the man who is, or whom she would like to have for her sweetheart, and the other for herself, she puts them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, will be the future relation toward each other by the lad and lassie. Don't you remember these verses in Burns' "Hallowe'en":

The auld guidwife's well hoordit nits
 Are round an' round divided
 An' monie lads' an' lassies' fates
 Are there that night decided;
 Some kindle, coutheie,* side by side,
 And burn thegither trimly;
 Some start awa' with mucey pride,
 And jump out-ower the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e,†
 Wha 't was she wadna tell;
 But this is Jock, an' this is me,
 She says in to herself;
 He bleezed ower her, an' she ower him,
 As they wad ne'er mair part!
 'Till fuff,‡ he started up the lum,§
 An' Jenn had e'en a sair heart
 To see 't that night.

The girls were all listening with fixed attention, and even Mr. Wilmot was interested.

"This, as I remarked," continued Aunt Edith, "is one of the commonest modes of trying sweetheartes. There are many others, and some of them involve ordeals that would make the stoutest nerves quiver."

"Did you ever try any of them?" I inquired, half forgetting myself in asking so pointed a question.

"Perhaps I have," replied Aunt Edith, smilingly.

"A young maiden will go through a great deal, in order to get some kind of an answer to a question that so deeply involves her happiness. But you mus' n't expect me to make any confessions."

"Oh no, we wou'nt ask that," said I, "but you will not object to relating some experiments of this kind that you have known others make?"

"Certainly not. When I was a young girl, a great deal more attention was paid to the Eve of All Saints' Day than at present, and love-stricken lasses would look forward for months for its arrival, in order to try their sweetheartes. You remember Lizzie Wells, afterward Mrs. Jackson?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Wilmot, to whom the question was addressed.

"I shall never forget one of her attempts to raise the spirit of her future spouse. Poor girl! It turned out rather a serious matter for the time. She was a timid, bashful thing, and was particularly sensitive when any one jested with her about a sweetheart. It is usually the case, that love charms are tried by at least two, and sometimes three or four girls, in order that they may brace up each other's courage. But Lizzie had no sister as a confidante, and there was no maiden of her acquaintance to whom she would betray the anxiety she felt on the momentous subject of love. So, on Hallow-Eve she must try her sweetheart all alone, or still remain in doubt. But doubt had pressed upon her bosom until it could be borne no longer. As the day that closed the month of October began to fade into twilight, Lizzie's resolution in regard to a certain experiment, which had been strong when the bright sun looked down from the sky, began to waver. Clouds had heaved themselves up in the west, and the

cold autumn wind began to moan among the old forest trees. The young girl felt a creeping shudder pass through her frame, as her imagination pictured the weird hour of midnight, and herself, alone, seeking by strange rites to conjure up the spirit of her lover. But the thought of one who, of all others she had yet seen, embodied in her eyes the highest human perfections, and the uncertainty that accompanied this thought, brought her mind back again to its first resolution. To have some sure knowledge on this subject, was worth almost any trial, and the strong desire she felt for its possession, nerved her heart again for the task she had laid upon herself.

"As night closed in, the air became tempestuous. The wind rushed and moaned through the trees that were near and around her father's dwelling. Every window rattled, and the shutters and gates seemed as if moved by some spirit-hands, for they were still scarcely a moment at a time. Lizzie saw in all this disturbance of the elements a sign that weird ones were abroad, and you may well suppose that her heart trembled when she thought of the experiment she was about to make. When Hallow-Eve occurred just one year before, she had tried one of the ordinary love charms; but its indications were not satisfactory to her mind?"

"What was it?" asked Kate.

"The salt egg," replied Aunt Edith.

"Oh!"

"The salt egg?—what is that?" I inquired.

"One or two, or more young girls, as the case may happen to be," said Aunt Edith, "sit up until the witching hour of midnight. Then in the ashes they roast each an egg, from which, after it is done, the hard yolk is taken, and the cavity made in the egg by this removal, filled with salt. Precisely at twelve o'clock at night, the white of the egg is to be eaten with this salt, and then, without drinking, the parties go to bed. Of course, they get very dry in the night and dream of water, and, it is averred that, in the dream, the spirit of the lover presents a cup of water. If the damsel dream that she takes the water and drinks it, the one by whom it is presented will be her future husband; but if she refuse to take it, she will not marry the man, and there are chances in favor of her dying a maid."

"Did you ever try the salt egg, aunty?" inquired Kate, with an arch look.

"Nonsense, child! Don't ask your aunt such a question," said Mr. Wilmot, laughing.

"Yes, dear," was the good-humored reply. "I've tried that charm."

"And how did it come out?" asked Maggy, and Jane both at once.

"All right," returned Aunt Edith, while a beautiful smile played about her features. "Well," she continued, "as I was saying, Lizzie had tried the salt egg, but it had not proved so satisfactory as she had desired, and she resolved to work out a deeper charm, and to interrogate the future by a more earnest rite. What this should be, had for many days been a subject of debate in her mind. The most certain spell was that of the south running spring or rivulet. But not within half a mile was there such a stream in the right location. To make this trial of sweetheartes a

* Lovingly.

† Watchful eye.

‡ With a puff or bounce.

§ Chintney.

sure one, the person must go after dark, to a stream running south, and just where three estates meet, dip the left sleeve in the water. She must then sleep in a room where there is a fire, and on going to bed, hang the garment with the wet sleeve to dry. Of course, she must lie awake until midnight, at which time the spirit of the future husband will enter the room, go up to the fire, turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side, and then go away again. But, as I said, this ceremony was out of the question, for Lizzie, even if her nerves would have been strong enough for the trial, there being no southward running spring within a convenient distance. Other plans were next debated, and the final conclusion was to eat an apple before a looking-glass, just as the clock struck twelve, in the hope of seeing the apparition of her spouse to be, looking at her over her shoulder. At first thought this may seem but a little matter, but let any one try it, and she will find her courage put to a severe test."

"A dozen times, as the lonely evening passed away and Lizzie hearkened to the troubled roar of the storm without—the rain had begun to fall—did her heart fail her. But the intense desire she felt to know something certain in regard to her lover, brought back her wavering resolution. There was no one at home but her father and mother, and they retired to bed, as was their usual custom, about nine o'clock. Three hours yet remained before the all-potent love test could be tried, and there was full time for Lizzie's already weakened nerves to become sensitive to the utmost degree. In order to make the time pass less wearily, she took up some work and tried to sew. But her hand was so tremulous that she could not hold the needle, and after a few trials, she was forced to abandon the attempt. She next tried to read, but with no better success. Her eyes passed from word to word over the open page, but there was not the slightest connection between the words in the book and the ideas that were passing through her mind. Half an hour was spent in this way, and then, startled by a noise as of some one trying to open the outside door, she looked up and listened intently, while her heart throbbed so heavily that she could distinctly hear every pulsation, and feel them as strokes upon her bosom. As she listened, other sounds became apparent. There was the noise, as of feet, walking around the house; voices were heard in the moaning wind, and cries from the distant forest. Now, there seemed to be a knocking at the window-pane, and she half turned herself to look, her heart shrinking lest some fearful apparition should meet her eyes. Even in the room the deep silence was broken by strange sounds—something rustled in one corner, and rattled in another; and even the fire blazed on the hearth with an unearthly murmur, while the sparks flew suddenly out, and darted across the room as if impelled with some living purpose.

"Thus it was that the hours crept slowly on. But still firm to her purpose, Lizzie, though her heart was almost paralyzed with superstitious fear, kept her lonely vigil. At length the clock, which had ticked with a louder and louder noise as time wore on toward midnight, pointed to the minute mark before twelve.

Up to this time the storm without had been steadily increasing. But now there came a sudden lull in the tempest, and the roar of the wind sunk into a low, sobbing moan, that sounded strangely mournful.

"The hour had come. Upon the table by which Lizzie sat, stood the candle, and near it the apple which must be eaten as a part of the spell that was to raise the spirit of her lover. Strongly tempted was Lizzie, at this crisis, to rush from the room and abandon the bold experiment. Both hands of the clock would be on the point that marked the close of Halloween in a few seconds, and if she did not act now, the secret she so ardently desired to penetrate would still be hidden from her eyes. She felt awful in that moment of deep suspense. Her heart ceased for an instant to beat, and then bounded on again to troubled throbbings. Then, with a kind of desperate energy, she caught up the candle and apple, and turned to the glass that hung against the wall. As she did so, the brief lull in the tempest expired, and the wind, as if it had gained new power, rushed past with a wilder sound, and shook the house to its very foundation."

"One glance into the mirror, as the hammer of the clock began to fall sufficed. A wild scream, thrilling through the house, accompanied by a noise as of some one falling heavily, aroused the sleeping parents. When they descended to the room below, they found Lizzie prostrate on the floor in a state of total insensibility."

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed Kate, in a husky voice.

"What did she see?" asked Maggy, who had been listening with breathless attention.

"It was many hours before the frightened girl came back to consciousness," said Aunt Edith. "I saw her on the day afterward, and she looked as if she had been sick for a month. We were intimate, and on my asking her some questions, she told me what she had done, and avowed that, as she looked into the glass, she distinctly saw the face of a man peering over her shoulder."

"But you didn't believe her," said Mr. Wilnot.

"Did she know the person whom she saw?" asked Maggy.

"Yes. She told me who it was; and they were afterward married."

"Non-sense!" exclaimed Mr. Wilnot. "I'm really surprised at you, sister! You will turn these silly girls' heads. You surely don't believe that she saw any face in the glass besides her own."

"In imagination she did, without doubt. The fact of her fainting from alarm shows that."

"But you say, Aunt Edith, that she afterward married the person she saw?"

"Yes, dear. But that is no very strange part of the story. Young ladies are not famous for keeping secrets, you know. I told a young friend, in confidence, of course, what Lizzie had told me. She, though bound to secrecy, very naturally confided the story to her particular friend and confidante, and so it went, until the young man came to hear of it. It so happened that both he and Lizzie were rather modest sort of young people, and, though mutually in love with each other,

shrank from letting any signs thereof become manifest. At a distance the young man worshiped, scarcely hoping that he would ever be, in the eyes of the maiden, more than a friend or acquaintance. But, when he heard of the love test, and was told that his face had appeared to the maiden, he took courage. The next time he met Lizzie, he drew to her side as naturally as iron draws to the magnet; and as he looked into her mild blue eyes, he saw that they were full of tenderness. The course of true love ran smoothly enough after that. On next Halloween they were made one, in the very room where, a year before, the never-to-be-forgotten love charm was tried."

On the next morning neither of the sisters were very bright. Maggy was pale; Jane did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, and Kate looked so thoughtful as she sipped her coffee with a spoon, and only pretended to eat, that her mother inquired seriously as to the cause.

Kate blushed, and seemed a little confused, but said nothing was the matter.

"I hope you have not been so silly as to try sweet-hearts," remarked Mr. Wilmot.

Instantly the tell-tale blood mounted to the brow of Kate. Maggy, likewise, found her color, and rather more of it than her cheeks were wont to bear.

"Why girls!" exclaimed the father, who had spoken more in jest than in earnest. "Can it be possible—"

But, before he could finish the sentence, both Kate and Maggy had risen from the table—their faces like scarlet—and were hastily leaving the room.

"Really," said Mr. Wilmot, "I thought better of them girls! What nonsense! This is all your fault, sister. I should n't at all wonder if you were up with them trying your sweetheart."

Aunt Edith smiled, in her quiet, self-possessed way, as she replied—

"I hardly think, brother, you will find it any thing more serious than eating a salt egg on going to bed, or some trifling affair like that; for which I can readily excuse a young maiden."

"To think they should be so weak as to believe in nonsense of this kind!" said the father. "I hoped that my daughters had better sense."

"Do n't take the matter so seriously, brother," replied Aunt Edith to this. "It has only been a little frolick."

"It has been rather a serious one, I should think, to judge from the effects produced. Jane, I presume, is too much indisposed to get up; and I am sure both Maggy and Kate look as if they had been sick for a week."

"They'll all come out bright enough before noon. Do n't fear for that."

The girls, however, were not themselves again during the whole day. Jane's absence from the breakfast table was in consequence of a nervous headache, from which she suffered nearly all day. And Kate and Maggy continued to look thoughtful, and to keep as much away from the rest of the family as possible.

It came out, before night, that each of the girls, on retiring at twelve o'clock, had eaten a "salt egg." The consequence to Jane was a sick headache; and the

others did not feel much better. As to their dreams, they wisely kept their own counsel. That there had some effect upon their spirits, was, no doubt correctly, inferred.

"That a young girl, after sitting up until twelve o'clock at night, thinking of a certain nice young man, and then eating half a cupfull of salt, should dream that she was thirsty, and that this certain young man came and offered her water to drink, is not a very wonderful occurrence, and might be accounted for on very natural principles."

"Of course," replied Aunt Edith, to whom the remark was made, as we sat, all but the girls, conversing before the parlor fire on the evening of that day. "And yet I have known of cases where the dreams that came were singularly prophetic. As for instance. A young friend of mine, when I was a girl, tried, though under engagement of marriage, this experiment. She dreamed that her lover came and offered her water, and that she declined taking it, which is considered an unfavorable omen. In a month afterward, although the time for the wedding was fixed, the young man deserted her for another."

"All that may have occurred," said Mr. Wilmot, "without there being any connection between the dream and the after event."

"Oh, certainly. Yet you must own that the coincidence was a little singular," returned Aunt Edith.

"There are hundreds of coincidences occurring daily that are far more remarkable."

"Very true. But will you say positively that indications of things about to occur are never given? That no shadow of a coming event is ever projected upon our pathway as we move through life?"

"As I do not know, positively, any thing on the subject, I will assert nothing. But, as a general principle, we are aware that Providence wisely withholds from us a knowledge of the future, in order that we may remain in perfect freedom. If the knowledge of future events was given, our freedom would be destroyed, for the certainty of approaching calamity, or favorable fortune, would destroy our ability to act efficiently in the present. And as, for so good a reason, our Creator draws a veil over the future, I think it wrong for us to use any means for the removal of that veil."

"To any one," replied Aunt Edith, "whose mind is as clear on this subject as yours, all seeking after future knowledge would be wrong. But all are not so enlightened. All have not the intelligence or ability to think wisely on Providence and its operations with men. To such, in their weakness, the kind Providence that withholds as a general good, may grant particular glimpses into the future, as the result of certain forces which may determine spiritual influences; as was the case in ancient times, when oracles gave their mysterious answers."

"I'm afraid, sister," said Mr. Wilmot, "that you have a vein of superstition in your character."

"No," returned Aunt Edith. "I believe I am as free from superstition as one need wish to be. But I look upon the operations of Providence with man as designed for his spiritual good, and as coming down

to meet him even in his lowest and most ignorant state, in order to elevate him. There may be a condition of the human mind that needs, for its aid, some sign from the world of spirits; and wherever that state exists, such signs will be given. In the barbarous times of any nation, we find a belief in supernatural agencies—in signs, tokens, and oracles—a prominent characteristic. This is not so much an accidental circumstance as a Providential arrangement, by which to keep alive in the mind the idea of a spiritual world. The same is true among the menlighted classes at the present day; and the reason is of a similar character. To people who know no better than to seek, by certain forms, to penetrate the future, true answers may be permitted sometimes to their inquiries; and this for a higher good than the one they are seeking."

At this point in the conversation the young ladies came into the room, and the subject was changed. During the evening allusion was again made to the topic upon which so much had already been said, when, in answer to some question asked of Aunt Edith, she related the following:

"Before I was married," said she, "there was a certain young man who paid me many attentions, but whom, from some cause or other, I did not particularly fancy. He was an excellent young man, of a good family, and, as sober and industrious as any one in the neighborhood. Still, for all this, I felt more like repulsing than giving him encouragement. He saw that I avoided him when I could do so without appearing rude, and this made him more distant; yet I could see that his mind was on me. I would often meet his eyes when we were in company; and he would come to my side whenever he could do so without appearing to be intrusive. His many excellent qualities, and the manliness of character for which he was distinguished, prevented me from treating him otherwise than respectfully. As a friend, I liked him, but when he approached, as was evidently the case, in the character of a lover, I could not be otherwise than cold and reserved. There were two or three other young men who appeared fond of my company, any one of whom I would have accepted, had he offered himself, in preference to this one.

"Such was the state of my love affairs, when Halloween came round. A cousin, a young girl about my own age, was spending a few weeks in our family, and she and I talked over the matter of trying sweethearts. After looking at the subject in its various lights and shades, we finally determined to summon up the requisite courage, and burn a love-candle. So, after all the family were in bed, which was not until after eleven o'clock, we began to make preparations for this ceremony. Burning the love-candle is done in this way. A table is set with bread, cakes and fruit; or any other articles of food that may be selected. Plates for as many guests as are expected are also put upon the table; but no knives or forks, lest the guests should, by any accident, harm themselves. A little before midnight a candle, in which a row of nine new pins have been placed just below the wick, is lighted and set upon the table. The distance between the row of pins and the burning end of the

candle must not be greater than will melt away by the time the hour of twelve strikes. When the candle burns down to the pins, they drop one after the other, and just as the last one falls, the apparitions of the future husbands of those who try the charm will enter, it is said, sit down to the table and eat, and then rise up and go away.

"Well, Lydia and I determined that we would try this love charm; so we arranged our table, placed upon it the candle in which were stuck the row of nine new pins, and sat down to await the arrival of the hour that was to open for us a page of the future. I shall never forget the deathlike stillness that reigned for a time through the room; nor how I started when the old house-dog suddenly raised, almost under the window, a long, low, melancholy howl. My heart seemed to beat all over my body, and I could feel the hair rising on my head. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we lit the candle and returned to our seats on the opposite side of the room to that in which the table was standing, almost crouching down in our chairs. As we did so, one of the shutters, which was merely drawn to without being fastened, flew open suddenly, and was slammed back against the side of the house, at the same time the wind began rising and moaning through the trees I felt awful. Spirits seemed all around me, and I looked every moment for some fearful apparition to blast our sight with its presence.

"Steadily the hand passed from point to point, and from figure to figure on the dial of the clock, my feelings becoming more and more excited every moment. At last came the warning that is given just before the striking of the hour, and the minute hand had but a point or two to pass before it was on the sign of twelve. My very breath was suspended. A few moments more, and then the hammer of the clock fell, and each stroke appeared as if made upon my heart. Suddenly there came a rush of wind past the house, and strange, wild, mournful tones it made; then the door swung open, and in came the apparition of a man. I saw in an instant that it was the one of whom I have spoken. His face had a fixed, dreamy, and, it seemed to me, troubled expression. He went up, slowly, to the table, and sitting down at my plate, took some fruit. For the space of nearly a minute it seemed to me, he remained there motionless; but did not eat. Then rising he turned away and left the room. During the brief period he remained, he manifested not the slightest consciousness of our presence. You may be sure we did not remain long after he had retired, but went tremblingly up stairs, half frightened out of our wits, and buried ourselves beneath the clothes without stopping to remove our garments, where we lay and shivered as if both of us had ague fits.

"Well, sure enough," continued Aunt Edith, "it turned out as the sign had indicated. I was married to the young man, and my cousin died an old maid. It was all folly I thought to struggle against my fate, and so from that memorable 'Hallow-Eve' received my lover's attentions with favor."

"And were you so weak as to believe that any one did really come in?" said Mr. Wilnot."

"I was," returned Aunt Edith.

"It was all your imagination," said the brother, positively.

"No, I believe not. I don't think it was possible for both of our eyes to be deceived."

"Then your cousin saw it too?"

"So she would have averred, had you asked her the day before her death."

Mr. Wilmot shook his head; while the girls looked credulous. I noticed that Kate glanced slightly around, every now and then, half fearfully.

"One day," resumed Aunt Edith, "about two years after our marriage, something favoring an allusion to the subject, I said to my husband—'There is one thing that I never could bring myself to mention, and I hardly like to do it now.' 'What is that?' he asked. I then related to him, minutely, all that I have told you this evening. He looked grave, and was thoughtful for some time. Then he said—'And there is also one thing about which I have never felt free to speak to you. I remember that night well, and shall have cause to remember it as long as I live.' 'Were you conscious of any thing?' I asked eagerly. 'Yes, of a great deal,' he replied. 'I saw, in fact, all that passed.' 'In a dream?' said I. 'No, while awake—as fully awake as at this time. To throw off all disguise, and speak without mystery, I happened on that night to be going home at a late hour, and in passing your house saw a light streaming through a small opening in the shutter. It instantly occurred to me that you might be up and engaged in some love experiments, as it was Hallow-Eve; so, stealing up softly, and peeping in, I saw that I was not in error. No very long time was

spent in determining what to do. My decision I marked by suddenly jerking the shutter back, and slamming it loudly against the house. Concealed by the darkness, I perceived the effect of this. It was what I had anticipated. You did not in the least suspect the truth. As plainly as if I had been in the room, I could now see all that was passing; and, as I understood the particular charm you were trying, knew precisely what part I was to act in the ceremony. So, as I had all along believed myself to be the favored one, although you somehow or other appeared to think differently, I took the liberty of walking in, just as the clock struck twelve.

At this part of Aunt Edith's story she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from all in the room.

"And so that was the explanation of the great mystery?" said Mr. Wilmot. "The troubled spirit was a real flesh and blood visitor after all."

"Yes. And in my heart I forgave him for the trick he played off upon me so adroitly."

"Why, Aunt Edith!" exclaimed Maggy, taking a long breath. "How you frightened me! I really thought it was a spirit that had entered!"

"No, child. Spirits, I believe, are not apt to walk about and visit love-sick maidens, even on Hallowe'en, for all that may be said to the contrary. The instance given you is the best authenticated I have ever known."

This relation furnished abundant food for merriment, as well as for some sage reflections during the evening, and even Maggy, Jane and Kate saw reason to join with the rest in laughing over the folly of Love Tests at Hallowe'en.

THE ODALISQUE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

In marble shells the fountain splashes;
Its falling spray is turned to stars.
When some light wind its pinion dashes
Against thy gilded lattice-bars.
Around the shrubs, in breathing cluster,
The roses of Damascus run,
And through the summer's moons of lustre
The tulip's goblet drinks the sun.

The day, through shadowy arches fainting,
Reveals the garden's burst of bloom,
With lights of shifting iris painting
The jasper pavement of thy room:
Enroofed with palm and laurel bowers,
Thou see'st, beyond, the cool knock,
And far away, the penciled towers
That shoot from many a stately mosque.

The voice of bird and tinkling water
Sounds cheerily in the cloudless morn,
That comes to thee, its radiant daughter,
Across the glittering Golden Horn;
And like the wave, whose flood of brightness
Is seen alone by eyes on shore,
Thy sunlit being moves in lightness
Nor knows the beauty all adore.

Thou hast no world beyond the chamber
Whose inlaid marbles mock the Bowers,
Where burns thy lord's choicest of amber,
To charm the languid evening hours.
These sounds, for thee, the fond lute's yearning
Through all enchanted tales of old,
And spicy cressets, dimly burning,
Swing on their chains of Persian gold.

No more, in half-remembered vision,
Thy distant childhood comes to view;
That star-like world of slumbers Elysian
Has faded from thy morning's blue:
The eastern winds that cross the Taurus
Have now no voice of home beyond,
Where light waves foam in endless chorus
Against the walls of Trebizond.

For thee the Past may never reckon
Its hoard of saddening memories o'er,
Nor voices from the Future beckon
To joys that only live in store.
Thy life is in the gorgeous Present,
An orient summer, warm and bright;—
No gleam of beauty evanescent,
But one long time of deep delight.

JESSIE LINCOLN: OR THE CITY VISITERS.

BY MISS M. J. B. BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of N., reader, where the scene of my story is laid, is truly a most lovely place, so far certainly as Nature is responsible; for a broad, beautiful river bounds it on one side, and a fine range of mountains, picturesquely grand, screen it on another. Wealth, too, has joined hands with Nature to assist in the perfect completion of what *she* had left as it were unfinished. Sweet cottages nestling in green shrubbery, and elegant mansions surrounded by spacious gardens and lawns, glistening with fountains or shady with groves, reveal to the beholder a harmonious conspiracy between taste and affluence to picture Paradise in daguerreotype—every thing must be in daguerreotype in these days.

But the *moral*—perhaps it would be more charitable to say the *conventional* aspect of the village, is not so lovely as the natural aspect. A certain line of distinction has been drawn in society, and has long been assuming a greater and greater stringency, as an old generation passes away, and a new one refining upon its ancestor succeeds it. It is not the aristocracy of family and birth—the pride of nobility, as in England—nor the aristocracy of wit and talent, as in France—nor yet the true aristocracy of intellect and moral worth—but the peculiarly American aristocracy of money! Caste, determined by the possession or non-possession of estates and bank-stock, is scarcely more rigidly guarded on Hindoo ground than here—and intermarriages between the “higher and lower classes”—ridiculous names it is true, to be applied to society in republican democratic America—are regarded as sufficient reason for casting off all association with the *degraded* party, whatever rank said party may have sustained before.

And here I cannot forbear a passing remark on the obvious inconsistency of this principle. The accidents of fortune are so very variable, and its mutations such matters of every day experience, that a more fluctuating or uncertain standard of station could not possibly have been chosen. The possessor of half a million to-day, in a few years may die alone and in penury, the miserable tenant of a deserted garret, while the ragged, shivering, homeless boy, who pays his last hardly earned copper for the privilege of sleeping on an untenanted board, may at length find himself in the enjoyment of the “highest honors in the gift of his countrymen,” the honorable master of thousands, with a once starving and outcast beggar child the sharer of his emoluments and the elegant mistress of his mansion. The son of the rich man may die unknown and unblessed in the prison or the almshouse, “while the son of the maid servant who cleaned the President’s kitchen,” may be carried to the “white house” in

triumph, the chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation. But pardon my digression, dear reader—I needed not to *pen your own sentiments*. It is time I should introduce you to some of my people, if I would interest you, as I hope I may, in their acquaintance.

The “first and best” lady in the village of N. was Mrs. Josepha Tower. This lady was a widow, and in every respect, in heart, and mind, and manners, she was a truly elegant and accomplished woman. She belonged in a measure to the “old school,” and she possessed an uncommon share of sterling common sense, and the firmest and most uncompromising Christian principle. She was the possessor, too, of ample wealth, and diffused it with a liberality which reflected honor on her generosity, as well as poured a stream of happiness into her bereaved and widowed heart. The earlier part of Mrs. Tower’s life had been passed in a Southern city, though she was proud to claim a birthright on New England’s soil, and an affinity with the upright and earnest New England heart in her purposes and dispositions. When the cholera with pestifential breath swept over the city of C—, it numbered among its victims her husband and her only child; and as the staff and centre of her hopes were thus suddenly cut down at a single stroke, Mrs. Tower turned her face toward the home of her childhood, and sought amid the green hills and quiet streams, where those fresh and careless years had been passed, for that alleviation to her sorrows which she must have sought in vain among scenes where her irreparable losses would be constantly suggested by contact and association. She came forth from the furnace of her affliction like gold seven times purified, and resolutely declining even the consideration of a second marriage while her heart was bound so fast in its wedlock to the grave, she consecrated her influence and her wealth to the noble purpose of promoting the well-being and the happiness of her fellow sojourners in a wilderness world. The star of her hope had gone out while she yet watched it in midheaven, and why should she henceforward bind herself to the unselfish aim of spreading abroad the joy which had taken its flight from her own bosom, leaving in its place a calm and holy resignation? So to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, “from the river to the ends of the earth,” flowed the rills, all fresh and fertilizing, which found their reservoir in her kindly and world-embracing benevolence.

Every thing tasteful and elegant in the matter of household appointments, was always to be found at Mrs. Tower’s. Books, not laid upon the shelves of her library merely to dazzle by their gilding, but to be read by every body who would read—pictures and statues—for she was a generous patroness of the arts—music and flowers, and the most refined and polished

society, were among the most familiar attractions one always found at the residence of that excellent lady; and yet I tell my readers only the truth when I say that with all her wealth, and her truly enviable social position, Mrs. Tower was the only woman in the whole circle of N. aristocracy who had independence enough to bid defiance to conventional proscription, and invite whom she pleased to tea with her—whether it was the President's lady or her washer-woman. Mrs. Tower to be sure had too much politeness to invite those whom she knew her aristocratic neighbors did not choose to recognize as equals when she invited *them*; but she heartily despised the principle which governed her wealthier acquaintances, in excluding the worthy poor from their society *because* they were poor; and in the face of all expostulation and astonishment, she disdained such unreasonable trammels and acted accordingly, though she well knew what surprise her decision occasioned, and what gossip it furnished. But the fault-finders—what could they do? They could not proscribe Mrs. Tower, for she abounded in that one great requisite for elevated station—a plenty of *money*—and she could gather into her house more distinguished people from the circle of her private acquaintance, than half the village put together—they could not lose the pleasure of such agreeable levees as Mrs. Tower made for strangers who were visiting her at all seasons of the year. Beside, just now when my story commences, the young minister of the village was an inmate of her family, and being unmarried and unbetrotthed, and there being at the same time a goodly number of young ladies unmarried, but marriageable, in the most important families of his parish, the minister, Rev. Louis Style, became a very interesting character, aside from his public capacity, and the unconscionable prize in quite an extensive lottery. But more of the Rev. Louis Style anon.

CHAPTER II.

One lovely evening in summer, a circle of young ladies were sitting in the delicious moonlight that streamed fitfully through the glancing leaves and fragrant clusters of honeysuckle that shaded the veranda of Mrs. Tower's residence, chatting joyfully—the *girls* I mean—not the honeysuckles or the moonlight, though I could not vouch that *they* exchanged no love whispers audible to the ears of fairies—laughing merrily over the ices and fruit, and of course, gossiping.

Mrs. Tower had been more than usually agreeable, though she was always lovely; and as to Mr. Style, he had carried every heart. The girls had all been completely captivated; some by his calm and manly beauty, and some by the flashing brilliancy of his ripe and richly cultivated mind, and some by those inexpressible fascinations, which, had he been a man of the world, would have made him irresistible to all society. But Mr. Style was a man of pure and exalted piety, and would have conscientiously feared to use his slightest power to interest a heart to which his own must stoop from its own moral height to meet, or to whose affection he could not earnestly respond. Indeed so fastidious was the Rev. Mr. Style, that he had never met the lady, as he determined, whom he could

cordially invite to the queenship of his affections. He was verily so happy and contented as an inmate of Mrs. Tower's family in the pursuit of his daily duties—so happy in the satisfaction and regard of his people, that it seldom occurred to him that "it is not good for a man to be alone." The mainmas and blooming young ladies, however, adopted that doctrine as one of the most important, prominent and practical of the whole creed, and most especially did they set their faces against so Popish a practice as the "celibacy of the clergy!"

Mrs. Tower had withdrawn from the circle a few minutes to examine the dispatches brought in by the evening mail, but returning soon with a smile of unusual gladness illuminating her pensive face, and an open letter in her hand, she said—

"Well, girls, I have intelligence here that makes me very happy. I have at length prevailed with a young friend of mine, to leave the city and pass a few weeks with me during the hottest of the season, and I am so very glad—"

"O, so art I," interrupted Miss Charlotte Varley, a very languishing young lady, who had great hopes of success with Mr. Style, since she had joined his communion and was a teacher in his Sabbath-school—but withal a *belle*—"a young gentleman from the city will be very refreshing this terrible weather—I hope he is a pious man, Mrs. Tower—we have so few of those—and that he will bring us some new plans about Sabbath-schools and benevolent societies such as are found to be most useful in the city!"

Miss Varley closed her remarks with a small sigh, and looked at Mr. Style for pious sympathy. Mr. Style that moment turned away to pluck a drooping blossom that hung near him, and some of the ruder minxes indulged in mischievous glances and a smothered laugh.

"I declare, Charlotte," interposed Miss Emilie Jones, who was one of Miss Varley's most sincere despisers, "the effervescence of your regard for Sabbath-schools and 'cent societies,' has quite anticipated the sequel of Mrs. Tower's story—you did not allow her time to say whether we are to be favored by the accession of a *lady* or a *gentleman* to our little country community—but consulting your own fancy, I suppose you took it for granted it must be a 'pious young gentleman.'"

The color deepened in Charlotte's really beautiful face, as a glimpse of her ridiculous position flashed from Emilie's playful satire, and to increase her confusion, the girls all laughed more faintly than before. There might have been some serious heart-burnings, but Mrs. Tower came to the rescue.

"Charlotte is entirely excusable, young ladies," she said, "and I am responsible for her remark by my own ambiguity. My friend is a *lady*, and one of the loveliest of her sex in mind and heart. I have not seen her since she grew into a woman, but I am confident from what I know of the development of her character, I shall not be disappointed in the promise of her childhood. She will be here in two weeks at most, and possibly sooner. Now I am old and dull girls, and I shall draw largely on your vivacity for her entertain-

ment, at *first* for *my* sake, and afterward, when you know her, for her own."

"O yes, indeed, Mrs. Tower," promised the girls, and none more promptly than Charlotte and Adelaide Varley, both for themselves and for their mother and three sisters at home. They would specially make a party for her, though they had determined to make *no* parties till their friends, Mrs. Tyler and her daughter, very genteel people from New York, should come, which event could not certainly be hoped for at least for three weeks. And Misses Charlotte and Adelaide telegraphed to each other, while the rest were promising their attentions, how much pleasure it must afford Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth if they should happen to recognize a city acquaintance in Mrs. Tower's expected visitor—"as their metropolitan friends," Charlotte remarked, "were so very gay and fashionable, they had sometimes languished in the country for a city face or something that looked familiar."

"It must be a melancholy and most insupportable deprivation," chimed in Emilie Jones, "to spend a whole fortnight on the stretch in such an ugly and unsightly village as this of N. has the reputation of being, especially in the summer, and all that time, not so much as *see* fiery red brick palisades towering up on both sides of you, and pouring down on your 'devoted head' a perfect torrent of heat! I am sure if I were anybody's 'metropolitan friends,' I should mourn being obliged to set my feet on the cool grass! How I should miss the scorching them on a hot pavement, to say nothing of the disadvantage to my lungs of inhaling fresh clear air, instead of dust and cigar smoke, and all sorts of vile fumes and abominations! What is your taste, Mr. Style?"

"I am a great lover of the country, and particularly of this beautiful village, Miss Emilie," gallantly replied Mr. Style.

"Well, well, Emilie, enough of your mischief for once," said Adelaide Varley, with a very severe smile which she meant for an indifferent one. "We all know you are more wicked than civilized. But my watch says it is time to go home, and I guess Mrs. Tower will be glad to be rid of such a set of chatter-boxes as we have proved ourselves this time."

"Mr. Style will write a livelier sermon for it, I'll wager my thumb, after he has slept upon the savor of our conversation," said Emilie, as she gave him her hand at parting, and turned gayly round to bid Mrs. Tower good night."

"Come again, dears, every one of you," said Mrs. Tower, as she smiled on the youthful group, "come every day and enliven us with the life of such glad spirits. Mr. Style would lead a most monotonous life indeed if I were all the company he could have."

"You, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Tower," replied Emilie. "That man is verily avaricious who covets better or more charming society than our most delightful hostess of this evening, to say nothing of the ice creams and ceteras! Yes, worthy of stripes is he, whether clergyman or layman!"

And Emilie finished her speech with a quick glance at the young minister, and her own peculiarly rich and musical shout of mirth, and tripped lightly down the

terrace and across the wide and shaded street to her own home.

As the other young ladies of the party had farther to go, Mr. Style took them all under his protection, rendering particular assistance to Miss Charlotte, who complained of excessive weariness and lassitude. Beside, being occasionally afflicted with a difficulty of the heart, she could not walk so fast as some of the girls, so Mr. Style found himself safely at Mrs. Varley's door with his delicate charge, many minutes after all the others were laughing and speculating about it in their own rooms.

"Well, Adelaide, what do you think of Mrs. Tower's coaxing a very pretty young lady to her house, to pass some weeks in company with the Rev. Mr. Style?" said Charlotte, very sharply, as she ran upstairs to the parlor, in double quick time, quite independent of the "heart difficulty," that had so impeded her progress home.

"It's downright scandalous!" said Miss Annette, the eldest daughter, "and I should not wonder at any breeze it might raise in the church and society—it may result in something very unpleasant indeed!" and Annette shook her head very doubtfully.

"It is ridiculous! Nothing but a trap, depend on it," said Mrs. Varley, for Adelaide had detailed the whole story with her own annotations long before Charlotte reached home.

"It is really a very presuming thing," seriously responded Annette, shaking her head still more dubiously.

"Yes, yes—very presumptuous indeed!" sneered Mrs. Varley, who never had any opinions, only those that were to be had at second hand. "Just as if Mrs. Tower could not only dictate who she shall have for minister, but also who he shall *marry*! for I declare, girls, it looks like that—do n't it now?"

"To be sure it does, mamma," replied Annette; "you have hit the nail on the head this time! It takes you to see what folks are about behind the scenes. Lottie, did you get any particulars about this person out of Mr. Style, coming home—whether he ever saw her—whether she is rich and fashionable, so it will do for us to notice her—"

"No, Annette, I did not learn any thing about her, though I asked questions enough in all conscience," fretted Charlotte. "But I think we had better write immediately to Mrs. Tyler and find out something," she continued. "I declare, mamma," and the tears started to her eyes for very vexation and disappointment, "Mr. Style would not speak only on the most indifferent subjects coming home, and if I do n't brag him to the point soon, I do n't believe one of us will ever be married in the world, and I will go to a convent! I will!"

"Don't say so, Lottie! don't dear," soothed the mamma—"only think what good aim money takes at the hearts of men, and are we not *rich*, child; and are not my daughters fine dashing girls, dressing as well as the best of 'em, and wont they finally marry *just* as they please? The chaff always blows away first, they used to say when I was young!"

"Well, who wants to wait forever, mother, for all

"that?" said Annette, who really had waited a reasonable time, with her purse and her heart in her hand, and yet no bidders.

"I for one, want to wait till I am sought," said Adelaide, and not make such a ridiculous matter of it as Charlotte does, in her pursuit of Mr. Style. The girls all laughed at your speeches, Lottie, till I am heartily vexed and ashamed about the whole game. Do be a little wiser in your demonstrations—"

"I guess I'll come and borrow some of the wisdom you have to spare, Miss," retorted Charlotte, very angrily, as she rose and whisked out of the room, slamming the door violently after her.

Mrs. Varley and the three sisters, Annette, Almada, and Cynthia, all pounced upon Adelaide, who was really more shrewd and sensible than they all, till she diverted them from the attack by a narration of what was always interesting, the gossip she had gathered from one and another, together with her own active surmises during the evening.

"If you had seen how Emilie Jones acted, mamma—I could not help thinking Mr. Style and Mrs. Tower were both delighted with her impudence," said Adelaide. "For my part, I think she is one of the sauciest and most sarcastic imps I ever saw. If Capt. Jones was not so rich and his family so influential, I would cut her acquaintance."

"And a mighty deal would she care for that," replied Annette, "so long as Mrs. Tower makes such friends of her and her mother. But did she tell you that her father and George are coming home directly? Mrs. Jones was here to-night, and she said so."

"No—she did not say a word about it. She makes no disclosures to me," returned Adelaide. "There will be another mark for our beautiful Charlotte—the young lieutenant—if she does not succeed in her 'ecclesiastical measures,'" she added, biting her lips in expectation of a torrent of displeasure from her mother and sisters. It came, of course, and in a fit of resentment and passion, she too flirted off to bed.

CHAPTER III.

The Varley family were very wealthy in purse, and that was the only anchor with which they were able to fasten themselves on society. They were ignorant, vulgar, and haughty, proud, unprincipled, and deceitful. A more designing, intriguing, unscrupulous woman than Mrs. Varley, can seldom be met with, but her plans were all so superficially laid, and so very shallow and short-sighted, they had so far unfortunately failed, at least all the matrimonial alliances she had projected for her five marriageable daughters—inasmuch as they all remained a heavy article in a saturated market. Charlotte was the youngest, and in person, so far as the delicate tinging of the face and a faultless chiseling of form were concerned, she possessed unusual loveliness. But the deformity of her ill-disciplined and mis-directed mind, and the prominent weakness of her character, were so apparent, that in the estimate of really sensible and intelligent people, the one favorable item passed for almost nothing.

Mrs. Varley had resolved to secure the Rev. Mr. Style for her youngest daughter, and she determined

that nothing should be left undone to accomplish so desirable an object. Charlotte was herself too weak to play her part well in a well concerted scheme—but in a miserably lame one, she played it wretchedly. Mr. Style saw to his infinite but necessarily concealed disgust, the snare that was spread in his sight, and though nothing in the world was easier than to escape, it subjected him to a mortifying espionage, and most disagreeable caution in his pastoral intercourse with his people. What the designs of others might be he was too high-minded even to imagine; but there was no mistaking Miss Charlotte Varley's intentions, with eyes only half open.

Since Mr. Style had been an inmate of Mrs. Tower's household, Mrs. Varley had been making perpetual attempts to place herself and her daughters on a footing of intimacy there; but her efforts had been unsuccessful, as Mrs. Tower was just as polite as ever, and just as reserved as ever, leaving Mrs. Varley to guess at the reason. Of course she put her own construction upon the matter, and never failed, when she could find or make an opportunity, to hint at something unfavorable in relation to Mrs. Tower. She did, as malicious people often do, foil herself with her own weapons, for almost every body loved and admired Mrs. Tower, and distrusted and disliked Mrs. Varley, though her wealth and standing in society gave her a kind of influence and power, which she and the five Misses Varley most industriously exerted.

Mrs. Tower's clear mind fathomed at a glance the intent of her neighbor, but the sentiments about the outposts of her prudence, were never for once caught slumbering on duty, or taken in a moment of unguardedness; and she sealed her discoveries in her own breast, leaving her friend and protégé, the Rev. Mr. Style, to his own conclusions and his own discretion. He longed to ask her if his observations tallied with hers, but he feared it might savor of conceit, or wear some other unworthy aspect in her eyes, so they remained mutually silent.

Such was the condition of things when Mrs. Tower welcomed to her house and her hospitalities the daughter of her early friend, sweet Jessie Lincoln. An illness of a few days had delayed her arrival, but the paleness it had left on her cheek only added a charm to her sad and lovely face.

"Now you are mine for a long, long time—for *always*, Jessie," said Mrs. Tower, as she folded the gentle girl to her heart. "How long I have urged you, and now you are really with me at length? How like the Jessie of my childhood you are, dearest, and how like the Jessie I laid beside her father in the grave!"

The awakening of painful remembrances brought the relief of mingled tears to the childless widow and the orphan Jessie; but soon controlling her emotions Mrs. Tower continued—

"I shall preach one of my favorite doctrines in your ears, my dear Jessie, till you are my proselyte indeed. This notion of yours about dependence is *only* a notion. It is banishing the bloom from your cheek, and stealing from your whole youth the treasures of joyousness which the young should especially garner.

There is bitterness enough laid up for meridian years, Jessie, without casting so deep a shadow over the light and the hope of your girlhood. You must henceforth make my house your home, and be my own daughter. Say, Jessie, will you not?"

Poor Jessie could only reply with her tears.

"At least you must consider the matter," proceeded Mrs. Tower, "and if I succeed in making your stay with me agreeable while you are my guest, I shall certainly hope to persuade you. But dry those tears, Jessie. I dare say I have opened the subject prematurely—if you are not too weary for company to-night, I must take you down stairs and introduce you to some ladies I see coming up the avenue, to sympathize in my gladness—Mrs. Jones and her Emilie. Mrs. Jones is one of my dearest friends, and Emilie is a wild, crazy-headed creature, but very sensible and affectionate, and I am sure you will love her."

Jessie's plain traveling-dress was exchanged for one of simple white muslin, and the bright mass of her beautiful black hair, released from its confinement, fell in smooth, heavy ringlets over her shoulders. Her whole air was a harmonious combination of ladylike reserve and a native born gentility, which education indeed may polish and improve, but can never implant. Mrs. Tower fondly kissed the cheek of the graceful girl, and then placing Jessie's arm within her own, she led her with almost maternal pride to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Jones and her daughter welcomed the young stranger with the sincere cordiality of old friends, and Emilie, who became immediately fascinated with the simplicity and unassuming gentleness of her manner, expressed the earnest hope that Miss Lincoln would be happy enough to spend the whole summer.

"If you have a country-loving taste, I am sure you cannot find a lovelier spot than our own village, Miss Lincoln—or Jessie—as I mean to call you when we are no longer strangers," said Emilie, her brilliant face sparkling with kindness, as she sat down on the sofa by Jessie's side. "There is every thing beautiful at Mrs. Tower's I know," she continued, "but I am so wild, and so much of a rambler that I love the forests and glens and waterfalls, and above all horse-back excursions! We have a pair of fine saddle-horses that papa has just brought home—high-spirited creatures they are—they make me think of Zenobia's horses. Don't you ride on horseback, Miss Jessie?"

Jessie had never practiced at all.

"O well! I can learn you in a very little time, and I'll undertake to be your tutor in horsemanship, for I am far more notable in it, than in some more feminine accomplishments. Do you hear my my boast Mrs. Tower? I have engaged to learn Miss Lincoln to ride on horseback, in which art I have informed her *I excel!*" and Emilie laughed heartily at her own nonsense.

"No very unreasonable boast, Miss Emilie," said Mr. Style; "and I think Miss Lincoln would have no difficulty in believing every word, if she had seen you practicing your Arab's this morning. I was confident your neck would be broken! But have you found names for the horses yet? You were in a grave study about that last evening!"

"O yes, Mr. Style, I am happily relieved of that anxiety. I could not think of christening them with those Quixotic names which you suggested, for I knew I could never remember them—and I was so troubled to suit myself, that I referred the whole matter to papa and George, and after a protracted and laborious discussion, they declared for the illustrious names of Romulus and Remus! I hope they may not quarrel for precedence, as those old worthies did! Indeed I shall be wrathful enough if Romulus practices any imposition or violence on Remus, for he is decidedly my favorite, and not entirely a *non-resistant* I discover. But I shall give Miss Lincoln her introductory lessons on my docile old Betty, who has run so many delightful races for my pleasure. After that I purpose to settle a pension on Betty, and leave her to enjoy a calm old age. O I long to be about it! Will you be too tired to take your first ride to-morrow morning, Miss Lincoln? Betty is quiet as a kitten, and will kneel to take you on her back. Mrs. Tower's avenue behind the garden is just the place too. Mrs. Tower may we ride there?"

"Certainly you may, Emilie," replied Mrs. Tower. "I give you the range of my house and grounds, together with the command of my carriage and coachman, till you shall get Jessie acclimated!"

"That is noble, Mrs. Tower! All I want. Your avenue is longer and wider than ours. I am sure I shall have roses as red as my own on Jessie's cheek in a very little while. And you, Mr. Style, may prepare yourself for a challenge to a horse-race, when Miss Lincoln can ride my Romulus!"

Jessie expressed unbounded delight at the prospect of amusement that was before her, and offered a thousand thanks to Emilie for her willingness to instruct her.

"O pray don't say a word about that," replied Emilie. "Perhaps I shall not prove so competent as I promise. But if I fail, Mr. Style here shall finish your education!"

"Now, Mr. Style," said Mrs. Tower, when the ladies had made their adieux, "you must take charge of Jessie's entertainment, while I attend to a little business. I am sure she will be pleased with the conservatory?"

The young clergyman very readily undertook the commission, and throwing open a door from the drawing-room, he led the delighted girl into a sweet wilderness of flowers and fragrance.

Three weeks glided by almost imperceptibly, for Jessie Lincoln had never experienced such a full tide of happiness. The cool, fresh country zephyr kissed her cheeks, and there crept over them a delicious tinging, delicate as the blush of a rose-bud. Vigorous exercise, rural walks, and every kind of simple pleasure banished the sickly and languid expression from her face, and with returning health came vigor, vivacity, and joyousness. George and Emilie Jones were unwearied in their devotion to Jessie's happiness; the Varleys had outdone everybody in promises of attention and politeness, especially Miss Charlotte, who found very frequent occasion to watch for any indications of Mr. Style's preference of Jessie

before herself. Poor Charlotte! she longed to read his heart; the indifference, nay, positive aversion she would have discovered there, would have been "the gall of bitterness" to her own, for she was deeply and desperately in love, if ever a silly young woman was, and a breath could have fanned her electrical jealousy into an uncontrollable flame. She would have given the last farthing of her fortune for an assurance of affection from the young minister. Alas! he never gave her any; yet at this juncture, without the slightest reason to believe he regarded her with any other sentiment than the commonest acquaintance, she confidently did believe she had taken him in her toils, and he would soon declare himself her admirer, unless Jessie stood in the way.

It was impossible not to see with one's eyes open that Mr. Style was becoming deeply and vitally interested in Jessie, though in her simplicity and humility she was wholly unconscious of it; and if she had conceived the possibility of such a thing, she would bitterly have rebuked her own presumption, for she regarded herself altogether too humble to aspire to such a position in the world as to become the wife of such a gifted man. It is true that the lustre of his mind, the high tone of his moral endowments, and the faultlessness of his exterior moulding, charmed her—and what young heart would they *not* charm, I pray you tell me, dear lady reader? But the idea of loving Mr. Style with any other love than that which is inspired and sanctioned by respect and friendship merely never entered her mind. Jessie was, however, the beau ideal of all his visions—the pure, pious, refined, and high-souled woman he had always hoped to meet before he surrendered his heart with its rich treasury of manly and generous love. He knew her history—you shall know more of it anon, reader—and he admired and revered the strength and unconquerable resolution with which she had combated and triumphed in the midst of the most depressing discouragements. Respect, admiration, love, combined to make him—no, not a willing slave at her feet—he felt her moral nobility would revolt at that; but they made him ready to plant his strength by the side of her weakness, to be its defence and protection till the death-angel should come, commissioned to guide her from earth to heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth, Mrs. Varley's genteel "metropolitan friends," had detained themselves at Saratoga so long as the most fashionable company remained. But they at length wrote a hasty note to the "dear Varleys" stating definitely when they should be at the depot in N., expecting to see the carriage in waiting. And they did come, "bag and baggage," to stay till November—it was only August then, and they flattered themselves, so they announced, that even in so short a stay, very much happiness might be reciprocated.

The prime advantage of Mrs. Tyler's acquaintance to the Varley family, consisted in the circumstance that that lady and her daughter boarded at what they called one of the most fashionable houses in the city. Mrs. Tyler despised housekeeping; it confined one so

to the mercy of servants, besides company made it so troublesome and expensive. The Miss Varleys could go and board at the same place in the winter, and Mrs. Tyler would be so very kind and condescending as to "take all the trouble of *chaperoning* them into the society of the "upper ten thousand," and nobody could with any certainty predict what advantages might accrue; perhaps a splendid settlement, perhaps—I know not how many inducements she possessed, all of which sounded golden enough in the ears of the Miss Varleys when they made her acquaintance at—Beach the season before, and insured for her what she intended, an invitation to the country when it was genteel to go into the country without such a bill of expence. The sphere in which Mrs. Tyler actually moved was only in the same pseudo-genteel orbit with the Mrs. Washington Potts's, Mrs. De Perouk's and a similar galaxy of inferior magnitude, to whose acquaintance and real claims to respect our shrewd and gifted countrywoman, has introduced so many delighted and instructed readers. Blessings on her simplicity, and on her two-edged satire; blessings on her mind and her pen, for holding up a mirror before the face of society, in which it may see not only its lineaments of loveliness, but also its deformities.

Mrs. Tyler was a very small, *dried-up* woman, if I may be tolerated for the expression, though a row of beautiful porcelain teeth displayed themselves whenever she parted her parched and skinny lips; her cheeks were most unnaturally rosy—I should have said *rougey*! A profusion of smooth and glossy ringlets adorned her head, and her whole dress was so in the extreme of fashion, there could have been, indeed, but a paltry difference between her "polar and equatorial diameter." Brilliant sparkled in her gay caps, among the ribbons and roses; gums flashed on her withered hands; "tinkling ornaments, cauls, round tires like the moon, chains, and bracelets, and mufflers, bonnets and head-bands, and tablets, earrings and rings, changeable suits of apparel, mantles, and wimples, and crimp-pins, glasses, fine linen, hoods and veils," figuratively speaking, the Prophet's whole catalogue of a Judean toilette, was in requisition, with many modern inventions, at which a Judean maiden would have stood aghast, to make a vain old woman young again! O, miserable ambition!

Miss Elizabeth was large and masculine in all her proportions, with an ungraceful stoop in her shoulders, coarse and prominent features, staring blue eyes, a brilliant and exquisite complexion, and most unusually beautiful hair. Her manners were intended to be easy and nonchalant, while in truth, to the eyes of true refinement, they were unpardonably bold and rude. Miss Tyler had persuaded herself she was a *wit*, her sayings had sometimes occasioned so much laughter, and she delighted to use her fancied power everywhere, and on all occasions, shooting the shafts of her sarcasm and irony hither and thither without delicacy, civility, or mercy. She dressed gaudily and expensively, while her father drudged behind the counter of his "hardware and leather establishment," early and late to support such enormous and unnecessary expenditures. She read novels "all night," and was

familiar with the fate of every hero and heroine, from those of Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and George Sand, down to the prettiest specimen of "yellow-covered literature" for sale in small retail beer-shops, or peddled in railroad cars by newsboys. She glomed in the unfeminine and unprincipled habit of laughing at and ridiculing people in their very presence, if their backs were turned, and especially *country people*; was strangely familiar with strangers; laughed and talked very loud in the streets, shops, and public conveyances, *et cetera*. Dear reader, I need not fill my outline more definitely; with a blush for the honor of my sex, I am compelled to admit there is more than *one* Elizabeth Tyler in "these degenerate days!"

Well, the next day after Mrs. Tyler and her daughter arrived Mrs. Varley gave a very extensive invitation to the *ton* of the village, to assemble at her house in the evening, to pay their respects and make the acquaintance of her most distinguished visitors. The invitation, of course, included Mr. Style, Mrs. Tower, and Jessie Lincoln, concerning whom they had unaccountably neglected to make any inquiries, strange as it may seem, when she was the object of such nervous anxiety.

From eight till nine, poor Charlotte sat on the sofa by the side of Miss Tyler, terribly dispirited, and eagerly watching for the announcement of the Rev. Mr. Style. Elizabeth rallied her in vain; she scarcely remembered to introduce her friend, and tried fruitlessly to be amused by Elizabeth's coarse and unladylike raucous on the really elegant company as they entered. By and by Charlotte and Elizabeth simultaneously started; Charlotte rose from her seat, and Miss Tyler suddenly seized her arm, as if to detain her till some surprise was explained, and leveled her quizzing-glass deliberately at a group who were that moment exchanging salutations with Mrs. Varley near the door.

"There is Mr. Style! that's him! that splendid figure!" whispered Charlotte, who had neither eyes nor ears for any one else.

"Gracious, Charlotte Varley! what kind of company do you entertain, for mercy's sake!" very audibly ejaculated Miss Tyler. "Upon my word, if there isn't my *mantuamaker*, Jessie Lincoln, invited to a party to honor *us*, mamma! Isn't that a pretty piece of impudence! Well, I did think you were genteel people, and decently aristocratic before—you Varleys!"

"Laud!" chimed the mamma, displaying her elegant row of porcelain, and fanning herself vigorously, "Who is the people that's distinguished by such illustrious visitors as *sewing-women*, and takes 'em out into company? Don't introduce *us*, Miss Varley!"

"Hav'n't you got some tailoress girls, and school ma'ams stowed away somewhere, Lottie, that you are going to bring out, to give distinction to this *mélange*?" sneered Elizabeth, in a lower tone, with a most contemptuous smile, before Charlotte had time to recover from her confusion enough to apologize that the company was no more exclusively patrician.

"She is Mrs. Tower's visitor," stammered Charlotte, in a whisper, as Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth rose from the sofa, and unjustly walked a little aside, lest the

despised mantuamaker should approach near enough to make an introduction inevitable.

"A *towering* specimen she must be!" panned Elizabeth to Miss Emilie Jones, who had stood near the sofa, leaning on the arm of her brother. The hood mounted to Emilie's forehead, in an angry flood, and the bitterest retort rushed with the speed of lightning to her lip.

"Hush, Emilie," softly whispered her more prudent brother, as he saw the resentment of the insult to her friends, flashing in luminous sparkles from her black and brilliant eyes. "Silence is the 'better part of valor' just now, sister!"

Emilie darted from his side, and in a few minutes she had clustered a charming circle of ladies and gentlemen about Miss Lincoln, and by the most graceful and assiduous attentions, she sought to banish the cruel embarrassment and mortification Miss Tyler's vulgar rudeness had occasioned, for Jessie had instantly recognized her, and guessed at the import of her contemptuous remarks, by the inquiring eyes that were immediately bent upon her, from the vicinity in which Miss Tyler had made her communications. She did not blush for the truth that she was poor, and had heretofore gained her livelihood by the labor of her hands, but the curious and somewhat disdainful glances which she felt were directed toward her, chafed her sensitiveness to its tenderest vitality. She did, indeed, shrink from the charge of intrusion and presumption, which she had no doubt many hearts were preferring against her, however politeness might for the moment seek to conceal it. Poor Jessie tried to appear composed as if nothing had happened to pain her, but she found her self-possession deserting her in her utmost need. The hand that rested on Emilie's arm trembled—the great tears struggled into Jessie's eyes—her cheeks glowed one moment with the heat of a fever, and the next her face was almost as colorless as the white dress she wore.

"Do take me to some less conspicuous place, Emilie," she whispered, "this cruel scrutiny kills me."

Emilie did as she was requested, and apparently without design, extricated her from the group around her, led her to a seat by an open window, and sat down by her, with so much sympathy and distress in her usually joyous face, that poor Jessie was quite overcome, and was obliged to creep herself with the curtain to conceal her irrepressible tears. As she took hold of the folds of the curtain, the massive drapery fell, and so rich and dark was the velvet, that it entirely concealed those within from those without, who were gayly pronouncing the piazza, or lingering listlessly in the moonlight.

Some movement diverted almost all the company from the room, and also from the piazza near the window where Jessie and Emilie were sitting, and the same movement gave Mr. Style an unobserved opportunity to join them. Emilie looked in his face—there was a sternness and resentment in its expression that puzzled her for a moment, it was so unlike him, but his first remark solved her difficulty at once.

"Don't be so distressed, Miss Lincoln—it is not difficult to put the right interpretation—" and then he

bit his lips to stay the wrathful thoughts that were clamoring for utterance. A gleam of delight illuminated Emilie's eyes, and she involuntarily extended her hand to him, in token of her sympathy with all he had refrained from uttering.

"Ah!" she said, and the bitterest scorn was in her glance and tone, "you are a prudent man, I know, but I am a fearless and reckless being, and I shall take the liberty to read out the interpretation, you no doubt wisely repress."

"No, no, dear Emilie," expostulated Jessie, "I will beg Mrs. Tower to release me from my promise, and I will go where I shall not involve my generous friends in such painful and humiliating circumstances."

"Never! Jessie Lincoln, never!" warmly remonstrated Emilie, "you shall—"

She was interrupted by the sound of footfalls and smothered voices on the piazza without.

"I would not be an impertinent listener," she said, "but I recognize Charlotte's voice. Something of interest to you, Mr. Style, I presume, for I hear your name."

The footsteps drew nearer, and the voices grew more clear and audible.

"Now we are alone, Elizabeth," said Charlotte, "I must tell you my troubles. I had every reason to believe Mr. Style was in love with me—mamma says I had—and I have no doubt he was on the eve of a declaration, which would have made me the proudest and happiest creature in the world, when Mrs. Tower brought about the advent of that mix of a low-bred Jessie Lincoln, whose true place in the world you have been good enough to disclose. How I do despise her! I know Mrs. Tower got her here on purpose to foil me. They say she manages admirably to keep them together, and that Mistress Jessie is ready to dog him everywhere, and throw herself eternally in his way. And then that rascally Emilie Jones, my worst enemy, sustains her in it all, and helps it forward. I do not know what ridiculous things that bewitched mantuamaker went do to raise herself into genteel society, and save any more mantuamaking. But I declare, Elizabeth, I shall die without him! What shall I do? How shall I manage it? Come, you know?" Charlotte's voice began to tremble as if she were in tears.

A crimson blush—but it was the blush of indignant innocence—burnt Jessie's face, neck and arms. She rose to go, but Mr. Style, with contempt and disgust, and utter indignation battling with discretion for the mastery in every lineament of his face, gently drew her to a seat again.

"Do?" responded the heartless and unprincipled Elizabeth, "why, let me think. He does somehow seem to be a prize worth capturing, he is so stately and handsome. I am not sure, Lottie, but I shall come into the ranks to contend for him myself, ha! ha! ha! At least you could afford me the pleasure of a flirtation, just while I stay! I would not snap my finger, however, for a little obscure country parson for a *kiss-band*! Well, I guess you must manage to get some story into currency, that will give her an impulse back to her patterns and fashion-plates, and make him a chance to forget such a very meek and meaching face,

and sanctimonious demeanor; but mind you, don't mention your *authority*. I shall be terribly angry if you do, for these sewing-girls get possession of a great funny things they might circulate to one's disadvantage you know—and they are so touchy and jealous, they are really a very mischievous class of persons. But let me tell you a fact. I lost a splendid bracelet that cost me forty dollars at one dress-maker's! I will not mention her name, but you can make *your own inferences*! And Elizabeth Tyler and Charlotte Varley maliciously giggled.

"I may draw *mine* too, may I not?" said Emilie Jones, as she sprang to her feet, with flashing eyes and indignation burning in every feature. Thrusting aside the drapery, she presented herself on the piazza, with an air as imperial as a second Zenobia defending the honor of her Palmyra. But the offending parties had hastily retreated, and mingled with the other guests who were returning from a stroll in the beautiful garden, which was gayly enough illuminated to be the trysting-place of Houries.

"Be calm, Jessie—Miss Lincoln," said Mr. Style, as he drew her unresisting arm within his own. "Such malice always works ruin to those who cherish it."

Jessie's wounded heart fluttered strangely. The cruel and unprovoked injustice she suffered, awoke her pride, and made her stronger in body and spirit, while the mingling of the champion and the lover in Mr. Style's tone and manner reassured her, and restored her self-possession. He placed her by the side of Mrs. Tower, who was chatting agreeably, wholly ignorant that any thing had occurred to disturb or distress Jessie, then attached himself to one and another circle, as he saw their entertainment flagging, and at length he found himself by the side of Miss Charlotte and her friend.

"Really, Mr. Style," said Charlotte, as she laid her small, fair hand on his arm, and looked up languidly in his face; "you have been so choice of yourself or so democratic to-night, I have hardly seen you at all. Now it is your duty as a knight-errant, to make yourself agreeable to my dearest friend, Miss Tyler."

Mr. Style was disgusted almost to loathing, and in his soul he shrank from the false and deceitful woman, whose deliberate wickedness and folly his own senses had so unwillingly attested. But he gallantly bowed in obedience to Charlotte's familiar challenge, and addressed something very common-place to Miss Tyler. She was transformed in a moment, and became all vivacity, and wit, and life. She joked and frolicked, and laughed till the attention of the company was attracted, and poor Charlotte began to be most cruelly jealous. Indeed, so entirely did Miss Tyler attach herself to Mr. Style, that emancipation was hopeless for the remainder of the evening. At a late hour the guests departed; and painful, indeed, were the disclosures Jessie made to Mrs. Tower, of the misery and mortification she had endured so innocently.

"Do let me go to-morrow, dear Mrs. Tower, my mother; I can never endure that the humbleness of my station should expose you to reproach like this."

"No, Jessie," replied Mrs. Tower, as she drew

the weeping girl to her bosom. "You are my own daughter now, and by an instrument legally attested, no longer dependent on your own exertions, but my chosen and acknowledged heiress. It is no reproach to you, my dearest child, among those whose true elevation of mind and character places them above the necessity of those artificial props, which are always called to sustain assumption—that you were reared under the clouds of misfortune, or that your own hands supported an invalid father and mother. Jessie, I honor you for it, and the gift of a fortune is but a trifling reward. Say no more about leaving me—you cannot and you must not do it. Leave this matter all to my 'elder wisdom,' and forget it in the repose your mind and body need."

CHAPTER V.

The following morning, as Mrs. Tower and Jessie were sitting in the library, with Emilie Jones and her brother, a servant brought in an awkwardly folded and hastily written note, and presenting it to Jessie, informed her that the bearer waited in the hall for a reply. Jessie opened the unsealed paper and read:

"Miss Lincoln,—The buttons on my traveling dress, which you made, do not give me any satisfaction. This is for you to come to Mrs. Varley's this afternoon, directly after dinner, and alter them, and I shall expect you to make no extra charge for it.

"ELIZABETH TYLER.

"P. S. Mrs. Varley's family would be willing to employ you on my recommendation."

The color went and came in Jessie's cheek, as she read the deliberate insult the writer evidently intended.

"What is it, Jessie?" said Emilie, whose electrical sympathy was instantly roused, "any thing more from those abominable Tylers? Pray let me see?" Mrs. Tower looked over Emilie's shoulder as she read. "What insolence! Jessie Lincoln, if I were only a *man*, I am sure I should avenge your insult in single combat! Why, brother, are *you* a man, and will you see a lady treated like that?" she continued with thrilling emphasis, throwing the note disdainfully out of her hands.

"Yes, sister, I hope I am a man," replied the young naval officer, "but not quite so hot-headed and reckless a man as *you* would have made. If you were on board our vessel, I fear we might have our hands full to keep you out of 'affairs of honor!' Miss Lincoln, I presume," he continued, laying down the note, while a flush slowly crept to his forehead, "has wisdom enough to manage with the contempt it deserves, so very contemptible an assault!"

"I will reply to it, Jessie," said Mrs. Tower, as she sat down before her writing-table and wrote:—

"Mrs. Tower takes the liberty to decline for Miss Lincoln, the proposition Miss Tyler has seen fit to make, as the change in Miss Lincoln's circumstances and prospects renders any further intercourse with Miss Tyler unbecomingly entirely. That intercourse is therefore at an end."

Jessie begged that any thing so like retaliation, might not be sent, as Miss Tyler was unquestion-

ably instigated by the Varleys, who were too cowardly to assail her only through a tool.

"It becomes me, Jessie, to vindicate the honor of my family, and I feel justified in checking such effrontery, and foiling it with its own weapons," insisted Mrs. Tower.

"Yes, yes indeed!" said Emilie. "I'm glad of it, Mrs. Tower, and I only wish I had the inditing of the reply. It would scorch like a flame, I'm sure it would, every word of it. Do, please charge me with the delivery of the missive, Mrs. Tower! my fingers ache for the commission, and I'll add an oral appendix on my *own* hook!"

"O, no, Emilie," replied Mrs. Tower, smiling; "I appreciate your generous intention, but I fear your enthusiasm and indignation might spoil your embassy."

Meantime the whole Varley family were indulging in boisterous exultation over Elizabeth's "capital trick, to show a mantuamaker girl that she was out of her reckoning when she sailed into *their* latitude—she did not belong with *them*, no how you could fix it;" for it must be humiliating, indeed, to be ordered to such paltry service after deceiving such wealthy and important people into showing her some distinguished civilities. Charlotte said she "guessed it would convince Mr. Style that there was something to choose between an heiress and a servant!" Mrs. Tyler simpered from behind her porcelain, that "it would learn people to know their places—and one might lose some *custom* by such a fraud on society—the matter would not stop in a corner!" Annette declared it was "too good." Mrs. Varley echoed, as usual, the respective opinions, as they came from the mint, and Adelaide gleefully suggested that it "might taste a little bitter to Mrs. Tower's palate, as she made such a prodigious favorite of the girl. For *her* part, she expected Mrs. Tower would import a colony of chimney-sweeps, to give brilliancy to society there, she was so much the patron of the 'lower classes!'"

But the reply came far sooner than it was looked for, and exultation speedily changed hands with consternation. What could it mean? "Change in her circumstances and prospects!" What possible interpretation could be applied to that? Charlotte fell into hysterics, and screamed she "knew it could mean nothing less than that Jessie Lincoln was engaged to Mr. Style!" and to complete the excitement, she actually fainted away.

"Good gracious me!" stormed Miss Tyler, almost choking with passion, "I should like to know what 'change of circumstances and prospects,' can license an impertinent, presuming, poverty-punched hussy of a dress-maker to withdraw her acquaintance from a lady of *my* position in the fashionable world! Mother, did we tear ourselves from the importunities of our city friends, and patronize these Varleys, for such insulting treatment as this? Mrs. Varley, we did not know you lived among Hottentots, or we should have refused to come here, in the face of all your urgency, every soul of you!"

Mrs. Varley and her four conscious daughters, vituperated, apologized, and appeared, as well as their own choir would permit, the excited and wretched

visitors, who declared "they would leave the house and the town immediately, and spread the story as far as the newspapers would carry it, and that was everywhere!" But it was finally suggested by the daring Adelaide, that her mother should go to Mrs. Tower, clothed with all the terror of their united resentment, and demand a satisfactory explanation. Especially was she commissioned to discover if possible what sudden "change in circumstances and prospects," had set Jessie Lincoln upon such a pinnacle over the heads of everybody."

"I declare, girls," said Mrs. Varley to her daughters, in secret session, before she started on her errand, "I do feel like pizon about this affair! I am half skart out of my wits at such a breeze between us and Mrs. Tower! I wish to the mercy we had never seen these mischief-making Tylers! As if them that touches porcupines mustn't expect the quills! Or them that insults, to be insulted back again. I don't believe they are half so rich and uppermost as they pretend—and then they make such a sight of trouble! Besides, you know what I told you I surmised about Mrs. Tower. If it is so, she will be sure to let me and other people know it, if she has n't already!"

The girls all looked doubtfully at each other.

"I wish in my heart these Tylers would go," said Annette, "for of all the conceited trumpety old sights that ever I saw, Mrs. Tyler is the foremost."

"I cannot express my detestation of Liz," interrupted Adelaide. "She is as false and cunning as the very old snake himself, and bad as I am, I do think she is worse!"

Charlotte had come to life enough by this time to mention Miss Tyler's flirtation with Mr. Style, when she was checked by Adelaide with,

"Hush! she is coming—it 's said *somebody* is always at hand when you are talking about him!"

"O, do go quick, Mrs. Varley! Hav'n't you got ready yet?" I'm terribly impatient for that woman's apology," said Miss Tyler, as she unceremoniously opened the door and thrust in her face. "But what are you talking about with closed doors? *Us*, I presume! You look caught, every one of you," and Miss Tyler turned up her disdainful nose, as if there would be no further amity till she heard a disclaimer of that offence.

"O, no, no, Lizzie, my dear!" supplicated Mrs. Varley, in her blandest and most conciliatory tone. Pray come right in, love, and cheer up these poor disconsolate creatures while I am gone. Bring my hat and parasol, Adelaide. Shameful, isn't it, to drag a body out in this brilliant sunshine, on such business?"

"We were saying," remarked Adelaide, as she handed the bonnet and parasol to her mother, "how much we do despise these deceitful kind of upstarts, who pretend to be so much more than they really are!"

"It is the tendency of our American institutions," replied Elizabeth, in a tone more pacific, but very affectedly sage, as she settled herself idly into a rocking-chair. "They encourage upstarts! You don't see nothing of this kind in England. For my part, I think it devolves on the higher classes to—to—hem—"

she found herself unexpectedly wading beyond her depth, and unfortunately adrift in the high flown piece of wisdom she had started to express. Charlotte hastened to the rescue, in a very luminous climax to Miss Tyler's halting proposition.

"To let them know," she interposed."

"Yes, to let them know!" replied Elizabeth, with clinching emphasis.

Meanwhile Mrs. Varley was sailing majestically along the street toward Mrs. Tower's residence. Her face was very brazen, but there was a trembling and apprehension in her heart, which communicated itself to her body, and her hand shook nervously as she twitched the door-bell.

"Is Mrs. Tower in?" she said to the servant who opened the door, in a very sharp and insolent voice—and before he had time to reply, she added, "go and tell her that Mrs. Varley wishes to speak with her alone."

In a few minutes Mrs. Tower entered the drawing-room, her countenance and carriage as placid as if never a breath had disturbed her. A cold and haughty bow was the response she received to her polite and polished greeting. Mrs. Varley seemed entirely at a loss for her next measure—she was confused—exceedingly confused, but the sternness of her coarse features softened not a shadow. Mrs. Tower inquired for the health of her family.

"Yes, ma'am! it becomes you to ask, I should think," retorted Mrs. Varley, very bitterly. "Did you write this note, ma'am?" and she advanced toward Mrs. Tower with the offending document.

"I did, indeed, Mrs. Varley," replied Mrs. Tower, as she just glanced at the note, and gave it back to Mrs. Varley.

"Ah, you did! and you seem very cool and indifferent about it, too, as if it was a small matter to insult a genteel family like mine, just because we wont have any thing to do with the lower classes, nor uphold *you* in it," said Mrs. Varley, losing all control of herself, and swelling her tones as she grew angrier and angrier, to the keen and wiry pitch peculiar to the voice of an excited woman. "I'll thank you to tell me what it means?"

"Precisely what it says," replied Mrs. Tower, in a low, calm voice; "but what do you mean by the 'lower classes?'"

"I mean all *mantymakers*, and servants, and tradespeople, and everybody that *works* for a living," quickly responded Mrs. Varley—she was fortified on that point. "I'd have you to know that my family is too rich and high up in the world to have any thing at all to do with them sort of folks, whatever *yours* may be, Mrs. Tower! But I know one's bringing up has a great deal to do with one's genteelty—it don't set easy on everybody!"

"A very pertinent remark, Mrs. Varley," replied Mrs. Tower, with an effort to repress a smile. "I conclude you do not embrace your visitors in your catalogue of the 'lower classes?'"

"No, indeed! that's what I do n't! they are very wealthy, and fashionable, and high-bred people, and know all the richest and fashionabest people in the

city of New York; and what's more, they know how to resent an affront as well as some other folks—I guess you will find out."

"I must take the liberty to correct one of your statements, madam," replied Mrs. Tower. "Mr. Tyler, the husband and father of your visitors, rents his hardware store in New York of the business agent of my adopted daughter and heiress, Miss Jessie Lincoln, to whom I have given my estates in that city. And, moreover, he is so deeply indebted for borrowed capital, to support the extravagance of his wife and daughter, that every farthing he possesses would not liquidate his debt. So much for the wealth and independence of the *tradesman's* family. As to the fashionable part of the story, without any arrogance I may assert that my acquaintance for years has included the first and wealthiest families in New York, and I venture to affirm that in those circles Mrs. Tyler and her designing daughter were never so much as heard of!"

Mrs. Varley began to look crestfallen.

"Well," she rejoined, "I don't know but it *may* be so, but I have no reason to think it is. At any rate, they don't hug up many-makers, and take 'em out visiting with them!"

"Mrs. Varley," replied Mrs. Tower, rising from her chair and assuming a moral majesty before which her narrow-souled assailant quailed, "I acknowledge it is exasperation which prompts to the disclosure of another truth, which may sound rather painfully to your pride. I deplore the occasion, but you have really driven me to it, in order to vindicate the dignity of my family, which you have willfully wounded. Mrs. Varley, *you* were a servant in my father's house—you contracted a vicious and disgraceful marriage with a servant in a large gambling establishment in the city of Baltimore, where we then resided, and when you ran away with your husband—my *chest of jewels* went with you! I *saw* you take it, but I forebore to expose you to my father, because I pitied your sin and folly, and I knew the severity of his sense of justice and injury would pursue you without mercy, so he died in ignorance of your crime. You lived in degradation and poverty for years and years, and I have seen those fastidious daughters of yours, now so sensitive lest they should be contaminated by contact with what you are pleased to call the "lower classes," ragged and hungry in the streets of C., while I lived in that city with my departed husband. And more than once have I carried food and clothing to the miserable abode you called your home. Do you remember your own almost mortal illness when the cholera scourged that city? Some fortunate stakes at the gaming-table subsequently put Mr. Varley in possession of considerable sums of money, and the diligent pursuit of the same vicious business for many successful years, has put you and your family in possession of an independent fortune. For these facts I can refer you to authorities if you will. Now, have I read this chapter of your private history correctly?"

Mrs. Varley turned every imaginable color as the relation proceeded—pale, red, speckled and spotted. She was utterly confounded for a moment, and then

she exclaimed, as she seized Mrs. Tower's passive hand in both her own.

"Joseph Gordon! I have sometimes thought it must be the same!"

"Joseph Gordon was my maiden name," replied Mrs. Tower, calmly yet sorrowfully watching the whirlwind in poor Mrs. Varley's soul. "Twenty years, and bitter sorrows, have wrought more changes in me than fortune has in *you*, Cynthia Varley. But have I spoken truly?"

Mrs. Varley could scarcely reply; she sunk down upon the sofa completely overcome. Mortification and deep humiliation seemed to paralyze her faculties. Tears, and sobs, and groans, right pitiful to witness followed. One moment a storm of furious passion rose in her bosom, and the next a torrent of tears poured over her cheeks.

"It is all true," she stammered at length; "but O don't, for mercy's sake, don't expose us! It would be our ruin, our utter ruin, and I am sure I have suffered enough already. I will restore your jewels fourfold," and she began nervously working at a magnificent diamond that sparkled on her bosom.

"Keep the jewels, Mrs. Varley. I do not need them, neither will I accept what you have so long called your own," said Mrs. Tower mildly. "I know not what remorseful visitings have struggled in your heart, but if they had wrought a moral renovation there, I would have left this painful story in oblivion, and spared *you* so much humiliation. Believe me, Mrs. Varley, *money* is not the true criterion in estimating respectability or character, as you seem to judge. That man is poor indeed who only possesses heaps of shining gold, though so great he cannot count their value—but the wealth garnered in the heart, the gems of virtue set around the immortal soul, are the only imperishable riches, which are the legitimate and justifiable ambition of an imperishable nature. I will keep your secret sacredly, as I have kept it these many years that we have been neighbors and acquaintances. I will only exhort you to remember, madam, that there is nothing dishonorable in honest, laborious, physical industry—the working with one's hands. The fact that my beloved Jessie toiled to provide for the comfort of her sick and indigent parents, and discharged with her own noble efforts all their pecuniary obligations, only renders her more admirable in my estimation, and worthier to receive the inheritance I feel honored to bestow upon her. Hereafter she will be recognized as my own daughter."

Mrs. Varley was perfectly subdued. The character of the lady she had come armed to annihilate, stood out sublimely before her, in contrast with her own conscious duplicity and assumption—lambled and silenced she rose to go, with very much the feeling of an arrogant general vanquished and routed, and forced into a disgraceful and disordered retreat.

My pen is unequal to the description of the scene at Mrs. Varley's own house, when she at length reached home, and detailed to her daughters the whole story, and relieved the suspense of her guests, by so much of it as related to themselves. Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth decided to leave in the first train the next morn-

ing, bearing with them any thing but the cordiality and good wishes of their hostess and her five daughters, who gave the "metropolitan friends" definitely to understand that they regarded themselves most scandalously imposed upon, by the shabbiest of pretenders, and that any further acquaintance would be unthought of, which complimentary farewells the guests fiercely retorted.

Mrs. Varley very shortly concluded that the health of her family, which, in truth, had suffered somewhat by their unexpected defeats, required journeying; and in a few days the house was closed, the servants discharged, and the household had departed, rumor said to spend the winter in Cuba. And not long after the citizens of N. were very much astonished by an advertisement in the papers, stating that "the entire establishment lately occupied by Mrs. Cynthia Varley, deceased, would be sold at public auction on such a day—house, grounds, furniture, plate, horses and carriages, etc., and that the sale must be positive, for cash." Subsequently the melancholy report was confirmed, that Mrs. Varley and her fair and beautiful Charlotte were taken with violent fever on their journey southward, and had both died. The fate of the survivors remained in mystery, as the administrator of the estate had no liberty to communicate their place of residence, or their future intentions. No doubt they chose some fashionable resort, and I fear became the prey of fortune-bunters.

Mrs. Tyler, on her return to New York, found not only that her husband was bankrupt, and his affairs in a state of irretrievable ruin, but his mind also was a perfect wreck, fluctuating between idiocy and insanity, but its coloring always that of the most hopeless depression. Jessie Lincoln's bounty long supported him at a lunatic asylum, while his wife and Elizabeth managed to support themselves by the proceeds of a small millinery shop.

The revolution of a few years brought some interesting changes over the society of N. Jessie Lincoln, the faithful and dutiful daughter, became the beloved and lovely wife of—"The Rev. Mr. Style of course!" cries my hasty reader. "Who ever read a story where the hero and heroine were not finally married? it is an event to be fully anticipated." Then, indeed, is my tale a novel one. Be not too confident in coming to conclusions, because precedents happen to be in their favor.

Jessie Lincoln became the beloved and lovely wife of Lieutenant George Jones! I do not know but she would have married Mr. Style, if, like too many others, he had not lingered in the vestibule of the temple of Hymen till another hand lighted the torch, and proudly stood beside her at the altar. The heart of Jessie Lincoln was irrevocably given, with all its wealth of love to the young naval officer, and the minister was left to regret his too confident and presumptuous delay when regrets were unavailing. But Jessie was a "mourning bride"—for only a few weeks after her marriage, her noble and beloved patroness sickened and died, leaving Jessie and her husband the proprietors of her tasteful and elegant mansion, and the principal heirs to her estate.

"But did Mr. Style—such a fine young man, and so royally gifted, consign himself to a gloomy celibacy, and live and die a bachelor—'which being interpreted, is half a man?'"

Nay, reader, I'll hasten to tell you that Emilie Jones, that wild, hair-brained, passionate, but truly generous and high-minded Emilie, learned lessons of gentleness and piety, and married—because they mutually and earnestly loved—the young clergyman of the church of N.; and by bequest of Mrs. Tower, the beautiful residence of the Varleys became the village manse, and their lovely home!

TO INEZ.—AT FLORENCE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I wonder how thou look'st,
In thy home far, far away,
Where thy voice, like Samner's streamlet,
Is singing all the day.
Is thine eye as bright as ever?
Have thy footsteps lost their bound,
That they had when last we listened
To the moonlit ocean's sound?

Has thy young heart quit its dreaming,
'Neath thy own pure sunny skies,
In those nights when stars are vieing
With the lustre of thine eyes?
When the dreams of youth were flinging
Their roses round thy way,
'Mid the perfumed airs of spring-time—
That betuld in life's May.

Say, does the Arno run as clear,
Beside thy palace walls,
As when upon its waves we looked
From out thy father's halls?

Music was there when last I pressed
My lips upon thy brow,
And left thee—eye, and voice, and form,
Are all but *memory* now.

But memory, such as o'er the heart
Its rainbow arch still throws,
As bright as when on ocean's breast
Its sunlit beauty glows—
Is with me now; the forest shade,
The brook, the flower, the tree,
The tones of music 'mid the night,
Are peopled all with thee.

Then, Inez, in that distant clime,
If still thou think'st of me,
At evening when thou goest out
Upon the tranquil sea,
Our souls shall meet—for kindred ones,
That bow at memory's shrine,
Oft meet in dreams, and thus my heart
Shall often join with thine.

COMMUNION OF THE SEA AND SKY.

BY ELVIRA JONES.

It was a night whose starry ray
E'en matched the brilliant hue of day,
A night replete with gifts of June—
A flowery earth and silver moon.
Sleep softly waved her opiate rod,
And stilled all things on earth's green sod.
The ocean slept, so gently breathing,
Scarce I marked its bosom's heaving.

In em'rald couch the flow'rs reposed,
The violet's azure eye was closed ;
The balmy, odor-laden air
Scarce stirred beneath its burden rare,
Though oft a slumbering breeze would wake,
And on its harp sweet music make ;
The list'ning waves would catch the lay,
With silver lutes so sweet they'd play
That e'en the peerless nightingale,
Warbling within some quiet vale,
Would cease his matchless melody,
To list, and dare no rivalry.

At least a swifter breeze did come
Down from its far off heavenly home ;
Bright dew-drops on its wings it bore,
The fairest gems of midnight's store ;
O'er all the earth like stars they lie,
As if to imitate the sky ;
Brighter than monarch's sparkling gem
Was the lowly flow'ret's diadem.

Methought indeed 't was love's own hour—
He could not choose a fairer bower—
A scene so still, so void of strife,
So stirless, yet replete with life.

A lily by a rose-bud stood,
Partaking of its honey food,
With tender and confiding grace
They waved to each a fond embrace.

A star in the far azure sky
Heard a murmur'ing streamlet's sigh,
His image in her bosom still
He saw, and blessed the gentle rill.

A zephyr sought the roses bower,
To serenade the lovely flower,
Yet all unlike the constant star,
He sees the streamlet from afar.
For her forsakes his tender rose,
To her his love would fain disclose ;
She trembled at his light caress,
Yet kept the image in her breast.

Sudden a voice that came along,
As softly as a fairy's song,
Or like the wind-harp's faintest sigh,
That scarcely lives ere it doth die,
Folded the pinions of my thought,
And deep and mute attention brought—
'T was the voice of the far off sky
Whispering its scarce heard melody

To its kindred sea, whose list'ning waves
Scarce stirred within their azure caves.

"Ocean, sleepest thou thy nightly rest ?
Or with thy weight of stars so great,
Thou canst not hear my lay of love,
My wooing whispers from above ?
Thy brilliant burden I will lift,
Awhile withdraw my nightly gift ;
My graceful clouds shall intervene,
No more thy brilliant load is seen.
Now listen to my nightly song,
My voice unheard to mortal throng.

"How strange none mark our sympathy,
And yet how like I am to thee.
My voice to thee a passage finds
In music of the tuneful winds,
While soft thy murr'ring waves reply
With a sound more faint than joy's sigh.

"I gaze at thee with eyes of light,
With loving look, from orbs as bright,
Thou answer'st me. My beams I send,
As messengers to thee. They lend
A golden chariot to thy waves,
In which they leave their dark blue caves
And joyously to me they come ;
Though grieved to leave their native home,
In purple mansions here they dwell,
But mark thy bosom's sorrowing swell,
And weary of their absence long,
Again they seek their home of song.

"Within thy bosom hidden lie,
Fair pearls unseen to mortal eye—
I, too, have jewels e'en more bright—
My dew-drop gems, which deck the night

"In their blue home thy gold-fish rove—
I, too, have children whom to love,
My fairy birds who sport along,
Here in their happy world of song."

The voice was still. The ocean sighed,
In harp-like tones its waves replied—
"Our converse, unperceived by men,
Still lasts, though sound is hushed, e'en then,
Though winds are still, nor waves rejoice,
I speak to thee in silence's voice.
What gives to us our hue of love,
This azure tint, below, above ?
It is our *depth*, unseen, profound,
In shallow-hearted man ne'er found."

The voice of the sea was hushed.
A fairy cloud the heavens brushed,
And tears of joy the sky was weeping,
Aroused the wavelets lightly sleeping.
They sprang to meet so playfully,
A union 't was of sea and sky.

COLORED BIRDS.—THE BULLFINCH.

FROM BECHSTEIN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS is one of the indigenous tame birds which is a favorite with the rich and noble. Its body is thick and short. Its whole length is six inches and three-quarters, of which the tail measures two and three-quarters; the beak is only six lines in length, short, thick, and black; the iris is chestnut-colored; the shanks eight lines high, and black; the top of the head, the circle of the beak, the chin, and beginning of the throat, are of a beautiful velvet black; the upper part of the neck, the back and shoulders, deep gray; the rump white; the under part of the neck, the wide breast, and to the centre of the belly, are of a fine vermilion, less bright, however, in the young than old; the blackish pen-feathers become darker toward the body; the secondaries have the outer edge of an iron blue, which in the hinder ones is reddish. The tail is rather forked, and of a brilliant black, tinged with iron-blue.

The female is easily distinguished from the male, for what is red on him is reddish-gray on her, while her back is of a brownish-gray, and her feet are not so black; she is also smaller.

This species has some singular varieties; the principal are:—

1. The *White Bullfinch*, which is of an ashy-white, or wholly white, with dark spots on the back.

2. The *Black Bullfinch*. These are most generally females, which become black, either with age, when they are only fed on hemp seed, or with having been kept when young in a totally dark place. Some resume at their moulting their natural colors; others remain black; but this black is not the same in all; some are of a brilliant raven black, others dull, and not so dark on the belly; in some the head only is of a raven black, the rest of the body being duller; in others the black is mixed with red spots on the belly, or the latter is entirely red. I have seen one in which the head and breast, as well as the upper and under parts of the body, were of a raven black, every other part of a dull black, with the wings and tail white; it was a very handsome bird, rather larger than a redbreast.

3. The *Speckled Bullfinch*. It is thus called, for, besides its natural colors, it is spotted with black and white, or white and ash color.

4. The *Mongrel Bullfinch*. It is the offspring of a female reared in the house from the nest, and of a male canary. Its shape and color partake of those of the parent birds; its note is very agreeable, and softer than that of the canary; but it is very scarce. This union rarely succeeds; but when tried, a very ardent and spirited canary should be chosen.*

* However difficult this pairing may be, it sometimes succeeds very well. A bullfinch and female canary once produced five young ones, which died on a journey which they could not bear. Their large beak, and the blackish down with which they were covered, showed that they were more like their father than mother.—Translator.

5. The other varieties are: the *Large Bullfinch*, about the size of a thrush, and the *Middling*, or *Common*. As to dwarf birds, which are not as large as a chaffinch, it is a bird-catcher's story, for this difference in size is observed in all kinds of birds. I can affirm it with the more certainty, having had opportunities every year of seeing hundreds of these birds, both wild and tame. I have even in the same nest found some as small as redbreasts, and others as large as a crossbill.

HABITATION.—When wild, bullfinches are found over Europe and Russia. They are particularly common in the mountainous forests of Germany. The male and female never separate during the whole year. In winter they wander about everywhere in search of buds.

FOOD.—When wild the bullfinch does not often suffer from the failure of its food; for it eats pine and fir seeds, the fruit of the ash and maple, corn, all kinds of berries, the buds of the oak, beech, and pear trees, and even linseed, millet, rape, and nettle seed.

In the house those which run about may be fed on the universal paste, and, for a change, rape seed may be added; those which are taught must be fed only on poppy seed, with a little hemp seed, and now and then a little biscuit without spice. It has been remarked that those which are fed entirely on rape seed soaked in water live much longer, and are more healthy. The hemp seed is too heating, sooner or later blinds them, and always brings on a decline. A little green food, such as lettuce, endive, chickweed, water-cresses, a little apple, particularly the kernels, the berries of the service tree, and the like, is agreeable and salutary to them.

BREEDING.—These tenderly affectionate birds can hardly live when separated from one another. They incessantly repeat their call with a languishing note, and continually carass. They can sometimes be made to breed in the house, like the canary, but their eggs are rarely fruitful. In the wild state they breed twice every year, each time laying from three to six eggs, of a bluish white, spotted with violet and brown at the large end. Their nest, which they build in the most retired part of a wood, or in a solitary quick-set hedge, is constructed with little skill, of twigs which are covered with moss. The young ones are hatched in fifteen days. Those which are to be taught must be taken from the nest when the feathers of the tail begin to grow; and must be fed only on rape seed soaked in water and mixed with white bread; eggs would kill them or make them blind. Their plumage is then of a dark ash-color, with the wings and tail blackish-brown; the males may be known at first by their reddish breast; so that when these only are wished to be reared they may be chosen in the nest,

for the females are not so beautiful, nor so easily taught.

Although they do not warble before they can feed themselves, one need not wait for this to begin their instruction.* for it will succeed better, if one may say so, when infused with their food; since experience proves that they learn those airs more quickly, and remember them better, which they have been taught just after eating. It has been observed several times, that these birds, like the parrots, are never more attentive than during digestion. Nine months of regular and continued instruction are necessary before the bird acquires what amateurs call firmness, for if one ceases before this time, they spoil the air, by suppressing or displacing the different parts, and they often forget it entirely at their first moulting. In general it is a good thing to separate them from the other birds, even after they are perfect; because, owing to their great quickness in learning, they would spoil the air entirely by introducing wrong passages; they must be helped to continue the song when they stop, and the lesson must

* I do not recommend the employment of bird organs for instructing birds, because they are rarely accurate, and their notes are harsh and discordant; for bullfinches repeat the sounds exactly as they hear them, whether harsh or false, according to the instrument used. The good and pure whistling of a man of taste is far preferable; the bird repeats it in a soft, flute-like tone. When one cannot whistle well it is better to use a flageolet.—*Translator.*

always be repeated whilst they are moulting, otherwise they will become mere chutterers, which would be doubly vexatious after having had much trouble in teaching them.

DISEASES.—Those bullfinches which are caught in a snare or net are rarely ill, and may be preserved for eight years or more; but those reared from the nest are subject to many diseases, caused by their not having their natural food, or by those injurious delicacies which are always lavished on favorite birds; they rarely live more than six years. The surest means of preserving them healthy for a long time, is to give them neither sweets nor tit-bits of any kind, scrupulously to confine their food to rape seed, adding now and then a very little hemp seed to please them, and a good deal of the green food before mentioned. The bottom of their cages should be covered with river sand, as the bird there finds some stones which aid the functions of the stomach. Their most frequent diseases are moulting, costiveness, diarrhoea, epilepsy, grief and melancholy, in which case they are quite silent, and remain immovable, unless the cause can be discovered. They must not be given any delicacy, and must be fed entirely on soaked rape seed. A clove in their water, proper food, and particularly a good deal of refreshing green food, enables them to pass the moulting time in good health.

TIME AND CHANGE.

BY ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD.

Time's flood sweeps on with ceaseless flow,
And o'er all things that are below
Change hath his empire: every day
Some object testifies his sway,
The falling leaf, the fading flower
Show Change and Death are Nature's dower;
And every day that passes o'er us
Takes something time shall not restore us;

Some dear delight, some hope in blossom,
Some cherished memory from our bosom,
Some holy impulse which Heaven lent us
When first on life's fair voyage it sent us,

Some sunny hue of childhood bright,
That blest us with its lingering light,
Some pleasant friend, some earthly stay,
We fondly hoped to keep for aye,

These hearts of ours, though once so bright,
Have less and less of love's young light;
The world has lost the charm it had,
Even Nature seems less green and glad,
And from our bosoms, shut and lone,
Faith, like a beautiful bird, has flown.
O, Time and Change! how strong ye be!
How unlike what we were are we!

WOMAN'S HEART:—A SONNET.

FOR JULIA.

BY REV. RUFUS HENRY BACON.

Like to a calm and placid inland bay,
Hemmed in by leafy solitudes and hills
That ward the ruder winds, and kindly stay
The tempest—where the forest song-bird fills
Its peaceful shores with music through the day,
And moonlit silence claims the evening hours—
On whose sweet borders bloom the choicest flowers—

A woman's heart should be. In which alway
The cloudless heavens may smile, and gentlest ray
Of stars glide down, to emblem forth the away
Of purity and truth, and happiness
Made up of innocence and loveliness
Of soul—so rarely found in this sad world of ours,
Where evil mars the good, and wastes divinest powers.

A TRAVELER'S STORY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PRINSON.

WE had been out since early morning, rambling amid the rough romance of the Scottish Highlands, in the vicinity of the far-famed Loch Katrine. With Sir Walter's picture of that "burnished sheet of living gold," with its surrounding hills broken by trosach, dell and valley, in my mind's eye, I own that I felt disappointed, as I stood upon an isolated rock at the foot of "huge Ben-Venue," and looked up to the feathered crests of the eternal mountains, (by courtesy,) and then gazed where Katrine

"In all her length for winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that emperied bright
Floated amid the livelier light."

The scene *was* grand, and very beautiful, and no soul can be more susceptible than mine to the beauties of Nature in her solitudes of mountain, lake and woodland; but I had expected too much. It needed the love light of Sir Walter's Scottish heart to give the scenery, in my eyes, the loveliness it wore for him. To roe the rough hill, with its shingly bosom, its tufts of heather, and ravines fringed with yellow broom, and feathery fern—the precipitous rocks and wooded slopes—the pebbly beach and abrupt headland—the cloud-checked heaven above—and the deep, clear lake that mirrored all these in its trembling bosom, were but as the multitudes of hills and lakes, which every where diversify the surface of our earth. I was disappointed, and of course inclined to underrate the real beauty and sublimity of the grand theatre by which we were surrounded. The enthusiastic admiration which burst in ejaculatory phrases from my companions became distasteful to me; and partly to relieve my own peevishness, and partly to escape from the distasteful demonstrations of the company, I struck into a narrow path that wound spirally along up the precipitous rocky tower at the base of which I had been standing. Higher and higher I ascended, botanizing amongst the plants and lichens, until a stone on which I placed my foot gave way beneath the effort I made to spring higher, and alas for my *excursion*—after a rapid but very rough descent, I found myself prostrate on the pebbly beach—half buried in rubbish, and the faithless stone that betrayed my unwary foot lying very uncomfortably upon what should have been my lower limbs, though at that time they were elevated considerably above my head, fixed, as in a vice, between a hillock of pebbles and the fallen mass of rock. Great was my fright, greater my pain, and greatest the consternation and alarm of my companions, who soon extricated the fallen greatness from its perilous position, and discovered that one of my legs was badly fractured, and both severely crushed, while several serious bruises, in other parts of my person, rendered me quite helpless, and apparently in great danger. What now was to be done? There was a real tempest of sighs, groans, and lamentations, and no

small shower of tears; a goodly number of which fell from the dark eyes of dear little Charlotte M' Lane, a perfect highland fairy, who had been the joy beam of the party, through the day; ever moving, and never weary, glad herself, and gladdening all around her. Now she sat amid the cloaks which were spread for my accommodation, on a heap of gathered fern, and supported my head in her lap, soothing, condoling, and weeping by turns—or all together. And I, notwithstanding my sorry plight, felt a queer kind of pleasure in being the object of such care and solicitude, to one so young, so lovely, and so joyous-hearted. But what was to be done? Night was gathering her shadaws in the dells—and though the day had been fine, we began to feel that

"Not the summer solstice there
Tempera the midnight mountain air."

There seemed no means of conveying my poor mangled carcass along the rugged paths of that broken district, and de-pair seemed gathering with the gloom of the evening.

Just at this juncture, a young man who stood above me on a crag burst out with a tremendous halloo!! and continued to shout boisterously, and wave his square yard of perfumed linen, with a grotesque earnestness. It was soon apparent that he was signaling a boat, which appeared to be crossing the lake, half a mile above us, and which was rendered visible by

"The western wave of ebbing day."

She returns my signal, cried Harry, jumping from his eminence, and immediately roaring out that he had sprained his ankle most unmercifully. Our comrades drew off his boot, and using it in place of a pitcher, commenced pouring water on the injured limb. Meantime the boat approached us, a commodious yacht built craft, carrying two oarsmen and a young highlander, who realized my idea of Sir William Wallace, for he was at once the most beautiful, noble and unconscious creature that my eyes ever rested on. Addressing us with a lofty and yet gentle courtesy, he inquired in what way he could be of service to us. Our forlorn condition was soon explained to him, and it was speedily settled that he should convey Harry, myself, and fairy Charlotte, to his mountain home, while one of his boatmen should pilot the residue of the party to the main road, where we had left our carriages. The young Scotsman, whose name was Malcomb Douglas, assured us that we should receive both medical and surgical attendance at his father's house, where we should be welcome until we were recovered of our injuries, or until we were pleased to leave. My couch was speedily transferred to the bow of the boat, and dear, lovely Charlotte was soon again burdened with my languid head, for by this time I was both dispirited and faint. I took no note of the voyage, except that our benefactor took the place at the oar of him whom he had sent as guide to our party; and long

before we landed the night was dark, for the young moon, which shed a trembling radiance on the opposite mountain shore, left our side of the deep, dark water in a blacker shadow.

At length we landed, and I had become so stiff and sore, from my undrest injuries, that I lost my consciousness as they lifted me from the boat, and on the ninth day after, awoke to find myself in a magnificently furnished room, lying in a bed which might have been seen a monarch, while near my pillow, in an antique velvet-cushioned easy-chair, reclined my fairy Charlotte, in a deep but apparently troubled sleep. I soon recollected all that had befallen me, except the lapse of time since the memorable night, and thinking that we had recently arrived, did not wonder that Charlotte had sunk under her fatigue. So I composed myself to sleep and kept her company in the land of dreams.

I awoke again. It was still night, at least it seemed so in that darkened apartment, but I could distinguish the rich and heavy ornaments of the walls and ceiling, and the sumptuous embroidery of the heavy tapestries, which swept from the lofty cornice to the floor; the antique chair also stood by the bed-side, but its late occupant was not there. I moved, and raised my head somewhat from the pillow, when from the concealment of my bed-curtain came forward a stately lady, apparently fifty years of age, wearing a rich dress of black satin, and holding a small golden night-lamp in her hand. She looked earnestly into my eyes a moment, and then with a gentle grace, which betrayed no surprise or other emotion, she inquired how I had rested, and if I found myself better of my wounds. I replied that I felt quite well, when she shook her head, bade me be quiet, and took her seat in the vacant chair. Presently Charlotte stole softly into the room from a curtained recess, and meeting my smile of recognition, uttered a cry of joy, laughed, danced, wrung her hands, and finally wept like an infant, despite all the efforts of the dark-robed lady to quiet her transports. I now discovered that I had been a week delirious, and considered in a very precarious condition; that Harry was nearly well, and that he and Charlotte had been my constant attendants, aided by the lady present, and other members of her household. Soon after a silvery-haired old man, came to my bed-side, and being introduced as my physician, congratulated me with courteous politeness on the favorable change in my condition, adding that with proper care my recovery would be certain and speedy.

Did you ever enjoy the luxury of an easy convalescence, surrounded by every comfort, and attended by a smiling beauty, and jovial young companion? What Elysium-like dreams employ the languid fancy—and what a world of impossibilities gather around us, like tangible and familiar things. I dreamed of a life of love and joy with fairy Charlotte. I would win her, and bear her like a rich trophy to my transatlantic home. Oh! we would be so happy. How would her buoyancy of spirit enhance all my joys; and her ready sympathy, how it would soothe my sorrows; and then what a nurse she would be, whenever I was ill. She liked me, that was certain; of course I could

win her love, and then my happiness was secure. And I indulged in all the passionate vagaries of love dreaming, until I felt that unconnected with Charlotte there was for me no futurity. Thus passed one week more, and then I was permitted to occupy the cushioned chair, and sit by the open window. It was singular that I had felt so little curiosity respecting my host, and the singularity of surrounding objects, but my love fancies had fully occupied my mind.

Now, as I sat at the casement, which extended from floor to ceiling, and had no other protection for the crystal crown-glass than the clinging vines without, and the embroidered tapestries within, and looked out upon the wild scenery, apparently uninvaded by the hand of cultivation, which substitutes the useful for the beautiful, the production of Art for the sublimity of Nature, I felt the awakening of a thousand wonders, as to where I was, and with whom, and how the wealth of that chamber found its way to that singularly hidden spot; and who was the stately lady who occasionally came to my bedside; and how such a man as Malcomb Douglas came to be an inhabitant of those mountain wilds? I had seen him but seldom, since I regained my consciousness, but his manners were perfect, and his conversation displayed unconsciously the treasures of a rare and richly cultivated intellect. He seemed a being altogether above the level of mankind. It would have seemed absurd to fancy him talking nonsense, discussing fashions, or inquiring what he would get for dinner. Yet he was not ignorant or unmindful of the courtesies, and little conventionalities of life—but he seemed to boid them of no moment, and give no thought to such trifles—which came to him intuitively, and as belonging to daily intercourse.

As I thus mused, gazing down upon the lake, and away to the opposite hills, I observed, shooting out from behind an abrupt headland, a beautiful little sail-boat, in which stood Malcomb Douglas, and which, coming round the point, ran into a white pebbled bay, just in front of and beneath my window; and then from a clump of hazes emerged my idol, Charlotte, supported by no other than Harry Heath, who it then occurred to me, had mentioned in the morning that he should take my gentle nurse out for a little exercise, as she was suffering from her close attendance upon me. She was beautiful in the distance, but as she clung to Harry's arm, and looked up familiarly into his face, I felt a pang of jealousy, the first that had ever wrung my bosom. They stepped into the boat, and sat down together, and the little craft, as if proud of her freight, put off gallantly along the shining water. And Charlotte would be by Harry's side—how long?

"I fear you are in great pain," came in anxious, inquiring tone upon my ear.

I started—my jealous feelings were living on my face. "Just a little twinge," I said, "occasioned by shifting my position indiscreetly."

"You should be very careful," returned the good man who had been my surgeon and doctor from the first, and who now advanced, examined the position of my fractured limb, and took a seat beside me at the window. "How gallantly you little boat holds

her way, with her living freight of beauty, love and happiness," he murmured, as if communing with himself; "and yet a single blast of the mountain storm may overwhelm her, with all her warm young hopeful heart, deep down in the cold weltering waves." He finished with a deep sigh, and a cold shudder ran through my frame, in response to his fearful words. "Do not let me make you melancholy," he said, after a pause; "but I am an old man, and have endured many sorrows, and have grown distrustful of the promises of happiness. Reverses come so unexpectedly."

"I think," said I, timidly, "that the owners of this mansion must have known some strange reverse of fortune. It seems so singular to find the manners of a court, and the luxury of a palace, in a rough stone mountain dwelling."

The old gentleman looked earnestly in my face a moment. "I have never spoken of these things to any one," he said, "but if you feel interested, I will tell you a tale, to begin the time until the return of your companions. Fifty years ago—for I am now seventy-eight—the lady whom you have seen in this chamber was the loveliest creature that ever existed out of heaven."

"Fifty years!" I exclaimed, "why she is not more than fifty years old."

"So any stranger would suppose," was the quiet reply; "but she is near seventy. But fifty years ago she was young, and lovely, and joyous; more, she was the only and idolized daughter of a princess of the realm, whose foreign lord fell in battle, having never seen his infant child. The widowed princess lived in seclusion, though in the neighborhood of a court; and though her daughter, the Lady Anna, received every advantage in the way of education, she was never presented at court, or allowed to mingle with courtly society. And, indeed, she seemed to feel no desire for ostentatious display or admiration, but rather delighted in the quiet of domestic life, and the unceremonious intercourse of confiding friendship. I will not tell you whose son I am, but I was not deemed an unsuitable companion for the royally-descended Lady Anna. My sister was the friend and confidant of the princess, and I was a privileged visiter at her palace-home, and much in the society of her daughter from her childhood. I am an old man now, but then I was a boy, and had a young, ardent heart. I cannot tell when I first loved the Lady Anna. It seems that I loved her from eternity. She was always perfect in my estimation. Her actions were precisely what I would have dictated, and her words, the expression of my heartfelt sentiments. And then she was so beautiful—so truly beautiful. Not pretty; any young girl may be so dressed and ornamented as to appear pretty—and we frequently hear of styles of beauty; but true beauty is independent of dress or adornment; you adore it, not because it is tastefully arrayed, but because it is of itself adorable. I have seen ladies receiving homage as belles and beauties, who, in homely attire, and engaged in household toils, would have been really repulsive; but Lady Anna would have been entrancingly beautiful in any dress, or at any occupation; and notwithstanding her royal descent and superior attain-

ment, she was gentle, unassuming, and of a loving and confiding nature. To me she was always frank and like a loving sister; and, oh, I was happy, perfectly happy in the possession of her pure regards. I had not thought of a change in our relations, of an interruption of our intercourse, of a separation—*never!* I felt as if we should live on, for and with each other forever. Every place where she had been was hallowed; every thing that she had touched, sacred in my estimation; and whatsoever she had looked upon was dear to my eye, and I felt that the light of her glance rested upon it. All my thoughts, and words, and deeds, had reference to her, and her approval was the whole aim of my life; and yet the selfish thought of appropriating her to myself, of making her *mine*, was no part of my soul's worship. To be near her, to see her, and to hear her voice, was enough for my young heart.

"She was fifteen, and I three-and-twenty, when my guardians resolved to send me as confidential secretary to the minister to Sweden. I ought to have felt myself honored by this appointment, but I felt only an agony of grief. To go away from Lady Anna, and all the places where we had been together, was a trial which almost made me frantic. But I could not decline the appointment—I must depart. The affair was so sudden, and I had so little time for preparation, that I found no opportunity for a private interview with Lady Anna. She expressed deep regret at our approaching separation, but I felt, and keenly, that her sorrow was not like mine, not the desolation of soul that made the day dark and the night sleepless to me. Then I longed to tell her all my love—then I felt that I would have her all my own; and then I doubted for the first time the existence in her bosom of a love answering to my own. And in this state of mind the day of departure found me.

"You will write by every opportunity," she said, as I held her hand in my tremulous grasp. Her voice was low and sad, and as she looked into my face, tears gushed over her long eyelashes and fell large and bright upon her bosom. My soul was a whirlwind. I prest her hand to my lips, and hastened with unsteady steps from her presence.

"Three years—only three years—and yet they seemed three ages, was I a wanderer in stranger lands. I did write whenever I found opportunity—but opportunities were not so frequent fifty years ago as they are at present. So my missives were few, and only twice in those three years was my heart delighted by the receipt of a letter from Lady Anna.

"Sweet and gentle were her words, like those of a loving sister, and yet they did not satisfy my spirit. I longed for one passionate regret, one ardent expression of hope for our reunion, one sentence that evidently gushed involuntarily from a devoted heart. These were not in her letters.

"When it was announced to me that we were speedily to turn us homeward, my heart leaped up with a great bound, and then seemed to sink, pulseless, in my bosom. It was an agony like death; and from that hour until we landed on our native shore, my mind was a perfect chaos, or rather a tumult of opposite and

contending emotions. Joy was fettered by apprehension; hope was throttled by deadly fear, and doubt, like a strong giant armed, beat back every ray of gladness, every beam of joyous anticipation, every spirit that dared to whisper of happiness to come. I thought of every event that might have occurred during the three years of my absence—of death—change—misfortune—and I almost wished for death, rather than the knowledge that awaited me; and yet I knew not what was in store.

"I arrived. The white cliffs—the silver beach—the green shore of my native land, were all unchanged. The majestic Thames was all the same as when last I passed down its tide; the mighty city, with its towers and palaces, gleamed in the sunlight, as it had done since my boyhood. *There was no change.* My soul became calm, and as I traced the old familiar streets, and looked up to the well known buildings and paused in the shadow of the well-remembered trees, my heart became joyous, and I sped on to the abode of my dear and only sister. I should hear of Lady Anna there.

"I did hear. The princess had fallen into a decline. A sojourn in Italy had been named as her only chance of recovery, and to Italy she had gone, accompanied, certainly, by her only child, the Lady Anna. They had been gone nearly a year, and I need not tell you, that as soon as I could make arrangements, I followed them to that far-famed lovely land.

"They were at Pisa. I found them there. Our meeting was full of gladness—but *they were changed.* The princess was wholly subdued by pain and weakness. She was attenuated in person, and the lofty expression of her face was softened by a look of meek endurance. Her voice was low, and her smile—it came seldom—was sad, exceedingly.

"And Lady Anna, anxiety and watching had taken away the buoyancy of her person, and the sunlight of her spirit. She received me joyfully; but ere the first interview was over, I detected a restlessness, a sort of watching and insecurity in her eye and manner which had no reference to me, and for which I accounted by referring to the precarious state of her only parent's health. Several times that day I observed her eyes fixed on her mother's face, and dimmed with gathering tears.

"I discovered that here, as at home, she lived in seclusion, never mingling with the gay world, and I ought to draw her into society, with a view to divert her mind from its sadness. "I cannot join the dance, or listen to sweet music," she replied, "while my dear mother is suffering at home." I however persuaded her to go with me to some of the public exhibitions of the beautiful in art. We had visited several galleries, cabinets and churches; we had stood side by side, wrapt in awe or admiration; we had walked together amongst the sweet breathed flowers, and beneath the shadowy trees; we had stood upon the seacoast, when the stars looked down upon their trembling images in the deep mirroring waters; we had looked together on many entrancing beauties of Nature as well as of Art; and I had felt my soul struggling to pour out before her the treasures of the inner

temple of its love, but a something in her manner restrained me—I could not tell her of a passionate love. Now she was unto me as a loving sister—a declaration would change the relation between us, I knew not if for joy or sorrow.

"A mournful day arrived. The princess, who was forgotten by her country, fell unexpectedly asleep to awaken no more till the heavens pass away.

"Lady Anna arose from the heavy blow, and assumed a calm melancholy of demeanor. Yet, to my surprise, she spoke not of returning home. Months passed, and we were still at Pisa. Lady Anna suffering from an uneasiness which she could not conceal, and which at times broke forth in fits of passionate weeping, and again showed itself in almost sullen silence, or something akin to peevishness. The balance of her fine mind was evidently disturbed. She had a sorrow which she had not confided to my love.

"We were walking pensively along one of those glorious avenues, shadowed by tall, dark leaved trees, one fine June morning, when we saw a gay party, in open carriages, advancing from the country. Lady Anna, as usual, drew her veil over her lovely face, and walked on without evincing any curiosity, but I recognized some of the party, whom I had seen abroad, and directing her attention to a particular vehicle, the most magnificent in the *cortège*, I whispered, "there is a lady whom I have heard you wish to see—the Princess L—. Is she not lovely? And her husband is a noble looking man. Did you ever see his equal?" I turned to Lady Anna, expecting her reply. She stood still, and as I touched her hand I started—it was cold and rigid as the hand of a corpse. I lifted her veil, and my heart grew cold with fear and wonder. Her face was white as death, and the features were fixed in an expression of the most intense agony. The carriage had all passed by, and there she stood, apparently changed to marble. I spoke to her, I entreated her to speak or move, and at length the tension of her nerves gave way, and she sunk powerless in my arms. A vehicle chanced that way, and I lifted her in, and bore her to her hotel. Sixteen hours she lay with no sign of life, except an almost imperceptible breathing, and then she rallied, lifted her head from the pillow, and looked wildly round the room, then clenching her hands together, she burst into a passion of lamentation and bitter weeping. I never witnessed distress equal to hers. She cried aloud, and her tears came not in drops, but flowed in continuous streams, and every sob seemed as if it had torn her heart asunder. I dreaded that she would suffocate in that tempest of agony. But she turned from my attempts to soothe, and wept on until her strength was utterly exhausted. She did not rise from her bed until several weeks were past, and then she was more like a corpse than a living woman. The bloom never came back to her cheek, the smile to her lip, or the lustre to her eye. She spoke not of the day, or the cause to the commencement of her illness—and I did not presume to ask any explanation. On the commencement of her illness I had taken rooms adjoining hers, and now I frequently heard her walking to and fro in her chamber a great portion of the night. It was a clear, starry

midnight, one of those holy seasons when the earth is dark, and the atmosphere too transparent to be luminous. When we look away into the clear ether, and almost comprehend the immense distances to the bright distant disc of the innumerable stars. I was sleepless, and stood at my casement looking out upon earth and heaven. There was a knock at my door. I turned and admitted the Lady Anna. Pale she was, as usual, but she seemed unusually agitated. I besought her to be seated, and to honor me with her commands.

"Godolphin," she said, solemnly, 'tell me the name and title of the man whom we saw seated beside the Princess L——?'

"Surely his name is no secret," I said; 'all Europe knows him—he is king of ——.'

"Swear this to me," she said.

"Poor lady," I ejaculated mentally, 'she is deranged'—but I swore the oath prescribed.

"Now listen," she continued; 'this king, under an assumed name, sought me in my seclusion, won my love—my *love*, I say,—and we were privately married, more than two years ago. I need not repeat the sophistries by which he persuaded me that he had imperious reasons for a temporary concealment, reasons which I should one day know, and which I must approve. My mother's illness rendered it easy to elude her suspicion, and when you came, we still kept our secret. He was generally absent from Pisa, on pretence of business—but I saw him frequently. I was expecting a visit from him daily when we met him on that fatal walk. I have not seen him since, though he has implored an interview, if but for five minutes. I will never see him more.' And a wail of anguish, which no words could utter, struggled up from her broken heart. I essayed to speak. 'No, no,' she said, 'I have not finished. I am dead to the world. Let it be understood that I lie with my mother. Would to God it were so, indeed. You will serve me. I know you will. Provide for me, then, a retreat, where none who ever knew me may hear of me again. I have contemplated death—suicide; but I will live to weep, and pray, and suffer.'

"Oh, what words for my ear were these. I felt to thank heaven that the darkness enabled me to hide my emotions from her, for my suffering was terrible. I felt light and hope, earth and heaven, at once annihilated. When she declared that she had loved another, my heart died within my bosom. It has never since throbbled as it was wont to throb at every thought of her. I no longer loved, but existence had become a void. The fair temple of my youth, with its idol, and all its beautiful treasures, was at once swept away, and the dark flood rolled sluggishly where my joys had been. I felt, not agony, but desolation; not regret, but cold despair. But I would live for her sake—she was miserable, and I could assist her.

"Then I bethought me of this ancient castle, which had been a stronghold of my ancestors, and had fallen greatly to decay. I offered to repair it, and bring her hither. She thanked me warmly, and I came and commenced my repairs. I had always loved this glorious Highland scenery, where the mountains lie forever watching the reflection of their magnificent

features in the mirroring lake below, as if watching the lights and shadows on their rugged brows, and the graceful floating of the tresses of yellow broom, bound and crowned with the dark wreathing heather, shining with sunlight, or gemmed with drops of dew, or the diamonds of the summer shower. And when the summer is old, and like a forsaken woman, casts her ornaments from her with showers of tears and heavy sighing; the mountains seem to watch the fall of the verdure on the bosom of the waters, until they see the splendor of the wintry stars forming a diadem around their snow-crested heads. These scenes of sublime beauty, I judged, were well calculated to soothe the tumult in both our spirits; and here, where the breezes whisper to each other across the deep, narrow dell, I formed a little paradise of fruit trees and glowing shrubs, and furnished these rough halls with the sumptuousness of a palace; and then I brought Lady Anna and her infant daughter home. To my household I presented her as my sister, and a widow; and their Scottish hearts received her with a ready sympathy, and respected a sorrow which seemed to them so natural and commendable. To those who had known her, I said the Lady Anna is no more. The loss of her mother broke her gentle heart. My heart was dead, yet I regarded her as a dear sister; and to this day she knows not that I ever felt more for her than a brother's love. And now that we were all the world to each other, I enjoyed a calm that seemed very like happiness. Her child, the little Lady Adela, soon engrossed our warmest affections; she was a sweet and lovely child, but no way like her mother. She had clear blue eyes, fair curling hair in rich abundance, a complexion of transparent pink and white, and though delicately formed, she was plump and exquisitely moulded. Her intellect was wonderful, yet she was a simple-minded, loving and confiding child. She grew to be a part of my being. Her mother hardly loved her more than I. Her education was our delight—she was so docile, so quick to receive instruction. Earth hath been graced with very few like her. The beautiful bud became a flower, yet she seemed more pure and spiritual than in her childhood.

"If I might ask one boon for my child," said Lady Anna, one evening, as we were speaking of Lady Adela's future prospects. 'If I might obtain one boon for her, I would pray that she might never feel the pulse of human love.'

"Poor Lady Anna, her experience had been bitter—and mine, I could have answered, Amen, to her prayer. But a lone traveler craved hospitality at our postern. He was hard-ome, noble, and virtuous. Adela learned to reply to the love which grew up in his heart for her. It was a dreadful trial to our doating hearts, but we gave her, with our blessing, to her beloved, and put bonds upon our feelings, when she bade a sobbing farewell, and left her own dear home for a splendid station in the queenly city of Edinburgh.

"The knowledge that she was happy in her new home, was a sweet solace to our loneliness; and when, in less than two years, she came with her fine young boy to spend the time of the summer heat with us, we were supremely happy. Womanhood had not dimmed

the gladness of her heart, or withered the flowers of her childish glee and affection. Wisdom had come to her, unaccompanied by sadness.

"Toward autumn her young husband arrived, to spend a few days and take her with him home. There was a gay party assembled in these old halls, and for days there was feasting, and mirth, and music, excursions on the hills, and parties on the water. It was a lovely afternoon in the fitful September. The two boats were manned, and the barge provided with implements and tackle for fishing, took the gentlemen on board, while the ladies accompanied them in the lighter and more elegant sail-boat. They shoved out from the shore, with music and shouts and laughter. We wished them a joyful sail, and turned to our avocations of preparation for the evening meal and entertainment of the party. We sighed as we thought how soon we should be left to the old silence and loneliness. Our preparations were completed—the day was drawing to a close. I found Lady Anna at this very easement, looking out upon the lake, watching for the return of our beloved. I took the station I now occupy, but my eyes rested on my silent companion's face. She did not look at me, and I gazed unchecked until the past, with all its shadows rose up around me. I trembled in every nerve, and felt the waters of the swollen heart rise tingling to my eye-lids. I knew not what possessed me, but I felt as if I must kneel before her, and confess all the passion, the presumption of my youth.

"Look! look!" she cried, "they come!" and far up at the point of yonder noble bluff, I beheld the boats heading toward home. Just at that moment came a low growl upon a fitful gust, and instinctively we turned our eyes toward the west. Black, billowy clouds were surging and heaving above the mountain crest like a stormy ocean, and down that rugged gorge the dusky masses of mist came tumbling like giants wrestling in the death-struggle, and the winds growled and shrieked adown the defile.

"Lady Anna grew white—I had seen her so once before; my own heart grew heavy with a pain like death.

"Oh, God! Oh, merciful God!" came from Lady Anna's still lips, in accents of heart-piercing agony. If they could but outstrip the storm; if they could but near the coast before it leapt upon the lake. It was evident that they knew the danger, and exerted all their powers; the boats glided swiftly over the smooth, black surface of the water, which lay as if concentrating itself to meet the on-set of the aerial force. Our eyes turned from the boats to the upheaving storm; our souls were agast in the horrible suspense—fear—dread—extreme terror—held hope in a throbbing grasp; more than our lives were at stake, and we were powerless—utterly powerless to retard the danger or aid the souls in peril. We could only stand here, and gaze with wide-open, glazed eyes upon the scene. Oh, I think I see it now re-enacting before me. The light sail-boat led in the race, and with our telescope we could distinguish our child standing upright in the bow, her face raved, as if watching the portentous clouds, and her white hands clasped over the black mantle that covered her bosom. At the tiller of the barge stood

her husband, while the sturdy rowers strove to keep pace with the flight of the sail-boat; and so they sped on to escape, if possible, the tornado which lay growing like a couchant lion, ready to leap in its irresistible fury upon them. The dark billows of the cloud lay high above yon mountain wall, but for a time they seemed to make no progress, or rather to sink back upon themselves. How our hearts panted and stretched toward our treasures, as if we would draw them from the peril. As they were coming from that point, and the storm rising over that eminence, you will perceive that the wind would take them broadside, and thus greatly increase their danger. You see that all along the opposite shore there is no safe landing place, and they were far out on the lake when they first perceived the clouds rising above the heights. Then there was no time for thought or reflection, and they seemed to imagine that their only chance was to reach the shelter of these heights before the wind should intercept them.

"During the temporary lull of the storm, a trembling angel, almost hope, hovered over us. Our souls went out toward the mariners, every dip of their oars fell upon our distended hearts, striking thence a quick gasp, and a pulse of pain—and thus we stood, the gathering darkness falling like a mountain veil between us and the objects of our anguished solicitude.

"Oh, God! what a blaze of lightning rent the gloom, and pierced, like a shower of flashing poniards, soul and sense; while a clang, as of the rending to atoms of an iron mountain, stunned our ears. Then the storm spread its black wings, and sprang like a fierce vulture from the heights, leaving a line of lurid red between it and the horizon. The crisis was at hand. Were the boats within the shelter of the land? They were nearing our side of the lake rapidly. We could not breathe. At that moment our Adela, who had not moved since we first descried her, lifted her hands to heaven with an expression of the most agonized despair—and now the doom fell. With the ruck and roar of a cataract the wind came down upon the lake. It met the water between us and the boats. The spray went up to heaven. Lady Anna sunk back with a shuddering groan. The lake was a tumult of warring elements. Fierce winds, waters, thunder and wrestling flames contending in a horrid turmoil. I turned away and sunk upon my knees beside the mother, whose heart felt upon its quivering chords the death-agony of the dear one who was perishing in the boiling waves. My soul was benumbed with horror; I had no word of hope for her, and there was no consolation. I lifted her form and held her to my heart, with only one wish, that then and there we might die together."

The tremulous voice of the old man ceased, and for a while he wept like a stricken woman. At length he resumed.

"They were lost—all lost. A few fragments of the boats was all we ever found. That storm made many mourners beside ourselves. Widows and orphans, young girls and aged parents, wept the buried in the water. We all sought to sustain each other; and Lady Anna and myself were sustained not merely by a submissive dependence upon Jehovah, but by the

sense of a responsibility toward our lost Adela's infant son. He has been our care, our hope, our pride. You can testify that there are few equals for Malcomb Douglas—that is his baptismal name. His father's name and title may one day be borne by him, and receive more honor than, noble as they are, they can confer.

"I know not why I have told you these things, except it be that our identity may not perish. I will give you on this card our real names, and, as in the revolutions of nations, the forgotten are remembered, and the lost found, you may sometime hear of us honorably, or read our story on the half fabulous page of national history. But I thought not of these things. When I saw the gay young party put off an hour ago, it brought the past so vividly to my mind, that I felt constrained to tell you how the pure may be deceived—how the virtuous may suffer, how the noble may shrink into obscurity, how the world's idols may be forgotten; and, most of all, that nobility, education,

moral greatness and purity, with all gentle virtues and all lofty aspirations, may exist in retirement, unknown and unregarded by a world that should be proud to wear them as jewels upon its bosom. But He that doeth all things well, will reward every man according to his works. So let it be."

I thanked the old gentleman amid the tears that I could not restrain; and he expressed his gratitude for my sympathy.

I knew not what effect his story wrought upon me, but I forgot both my love and my jealousy; and heard the announcement of Charlotte M'Lane's engagement to Harry Heath with real pleasure. I left the hospitable mansion of my illustrious host and hostess with deep regret, impressed with the dignity of virtue, and the importance of a firm trust in the goodness and wisdom of the Ruler of the Universe. I have since heard the name of young Malcomb heralded by the voice of fame, and trust that his career will be one of unparalleled usefulness and splendor.

THE TWO PATHS.

BY MRS. MARY B. HORTON.

THE Lord of all things planted a garden at the foot of the hill of life. It was like a flowered plain. The heavens wore a gentle smile, and the earth was fresh and green, with no deadness of stalk or stem upon flowers or trees. The shout of glad, young voices made its music as birds made the music of the air, and merry troops danced with a lightness peculiar to that garden of joy, over the soft yielding turf from which no serpent's sting ever came forth.

Sweet fountains gushed up in shady places, where the happy ones rested from their play, and beautiful vistas opened on every side, formed of bright garlands, which fell on the brows of the childish throng like crowns. Through the clustering branches of ever-budding trees the bright light glanced, excepting when a transient cloud passed over, leaving dew-jewels sparkling in the sun.

This was the garden of infancy—those clouds the fleeting sorrows of childish hearts which leaves the tear upon the smiling cheek. The fountains in the shady places were those of sinless memory—the vistas were Hope's.

Angels on busy wings swept over the beautiful place, watching, as messengers of the Great Throne, the doings of these young creatures, who in the garden of love and peace knew not the roughness of the road which lay beyond its mossy boundaries. From time to time these angels caught a sweet one from the dancing crowd, and bore it tenderly to the bosom of the "Well Beloved." And such were blessed; for they had only known the joy of their garden home—their feet had never toiled through the dust of that hilly way rising beyond the plain. A line of glistening wings was thus kept up between the garden and the

Throne, by the passing up of angels with their beautiful gifts; and the groups thus broken in upon were taught to grieve not for sweet companions so well beloved of Heaven, so that their sunny sports went on with but a momentary shadow.

The gentle lamb and heavenly dove nestled against the breast of fondling little ones, or answered to their call as if their mate's. With Hope's garlands on their brows, and their feet sandaled with flowers, the dancers counted not time, as those on the outer hill counted it, by hours, but let it make its annual rounds unnoticed, until the period arrived for them to leave the pure retreat. Time was to them no gray-haired tyrant with a warning hour-glass, but a kind friend laden ever with roses and smiles. It beckoned them to play, it beckoned them to rest, and they saw not the different face and burden it sometimes bore until they had gone out beyond the gates.

Upon a mossy bank in this garden of infancy lay an infant boy. Its chubby, dimpled hands played with the flowers of innocence and joy that grew luxuriantly in that pure atmosphere. The light of that blessed place danced in his eyes, and its sweet music was succeeded by his tiny shout. While he thus lay, a little girl stole out from a playful group, and gliding to his side threw her fond arms around him and kissed his beaming face with the quick love of a warm heart. The baby pressed his face against his sister's with an answering lovingness, and passed his fingers through her curling hair with a low laugh of happiness, echoed with the maturity of two summer's longer life, by the little one bending over him. How holy a thing was the love they bore each other, and how stainless were their souls as each answered to the other in purity and joy.

The angels rested on their clear wings to write upon their foreheads "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and rejoiced that they were appointed guardians over them, to whisper good when evil tempted them upon the outer hill.

Some of the older ones even in that peaceful place looked out upon the hill with longing for the journey. They saw the continuous band of youths and maidens going out from the garden gates, and longed to reach the age which was to free them from the gentle laws of their garden nursery. Oh, how sad was the reasoning which had led to this desire—how sure the pleasures of that sweet place they dwelt in—how bitter might be the anticipated delights of the Hill of Life. The gay crowds hurrying up the hilly way seemed in the distance like a merry company with no care or pain. Their shouts and songs came on the breeze like the gushings of sunny hearts knowing no cloud. The listening ears of the waiting ones inside the gates heard not the sighs which broke from gifted spirits, they caught not the silent prayer of the weary and broken-hearted.

The baby boy had grown to take his place in the line of youths who were to leave forever the home of childhood and its innocent delights. His sister was by his side, and on their dear young heads an invisible hand was laid blessingly, as they stepped out upon the dusty way. They had left their home of joy, they were to walk evermore upward, upward, through unknown snares and by the borders of dreadful depths. Yet their hearts beat hopefully and strong, and the first day's travel was so easy and so new, that they mourned not for the childish sports of the garden left behind, and gayly looked forward to their life-long pilgrimage.

Flowers they found in their way somewhat resembling those their infant hands had plucked, and sweet voices fell upon their ears which sounded quite as holy as those in their first home. They talked together of the teachings they had so often listened to, of the warnings they had been impressed with, as the time drew near for them to leave the garden gates. In their young wisdom they believed their guardian teachers had looked with perverted eyes upon the travelers of the hill, and with over earnest zeal had given them too dark a character. They had spoken of serpents hidden beneath the grass—of snares like a mine laid out under flowery beds. They had painted false smiles, and spoken of honeyed words spoken to deceive. They had prayed that the guileless travelers would allow themselves no chain which might seem to be of flowers, but would prove to be of iron, eating deep wounds into the soul. What could they have meant by all these pictures and all these prayers? The way had been as yet but short, yet surely as they looked up, the same appearance of ease and joy broke on them. They still walked hand in hand, still loved such flowers as they loved in the plain beneath, still looked toward the Throne at morning and at night as their eyes had ever been led to do. Their ministering angels still followed them on wings of joy, because they walked so pure and lovingly, and would have spread their brightness round them to have kept off evil forever, if their Lord had not given

to these travelers of the hill a work for their own hearts, which, if "well done," would meet with a most bountiful reward. Prayer, in time of danger from a false step or slippery way, would bring their willing aid, but prayer must first be warmly breathed to show a holy faith.

On, on they went, guarding their days by morning adoration, and bringing by their evening supplication sweet rest to their feet and beautiful visions to their hearts. They had been told that at a certain point two ways met, of which they must choose the right or left. And soon they found themselves surrounded by a hesitating crowd at the entrance of the paths. The narrow one had for its guide-post the holy book of their Lord, with opened page, from which, in golden characters, spoke forth—"The way to Heaven." At the entrance of the other was a figure, the body concealed with flowers, but the face exposed. The eyes were of ravishing delight, and the mouth dropped musical and melting tones, which to that company of inexperienced youth seemed like the sweet promises of heavenly joy. She told of beautiful and social scenes, prepared in lovely places all along the roomy and cheerful way she would lead them through. She spoke with smiling lightness of the dull routine of duties and unexciting pleasures of the path which so few choose, and pointed gayly with tempting finger to the laughing crowds treading the broad way of which she was the queen—and what a queen! So fair of face, so full of joyousness, so innocent of speech. She spoke of the Great Father who was the lord of all upon that hill, and with delicious earnestness pleaded for the hearts of that young company, because their lord would not condemn their feet for dancing on the flowers she would strew along their path. He would not be so cruel-hearted as to frown upon His children's joy. Oh! how the company of angels, who hovered round, watched for the decisive step of the young creatures they had followed from the garden walls. Some had hid their faces in their bright wings for grief, when they had seen the cherished beings of the innocent house choose the left hand path which their heavenly nature knew would lead to Death. Yet, with faces veiled, they followed the deluded ones, in hopes to win them back before they strayed too far.

And what was our brother's and sister's choice? The boy looked wistfully toward the glittering throng, which danced and laughed amid the wreaths and brilliant artificial light of the broad way, but followed his sister's guidance toward the path whose light was from the Throne. The angels, whose care they were, rejoiced, and followed with a low song of triumph the holy travelers.

The boy, through love for his dear friend, murmured not for a time at the calm and peaceful way they trod. But his imagination, naturally so vivid and bright, had nothing to revel in as they walked upward side by side with holy men and pure, who sung the praises of the Good King as they rose toward the crown. The crown glittered upon the summit of the hill as a promise of eternal rest and joy for the unarmouring and patient traveler.

But the heart of the young man became listless; and

his eyes became dull to see the lustre of the crown as it shone fast by the Lord's high throne. From discontent he went to murmuring. His sister and his angel whispered loving words to the clouded heart, and sought earnestly to win it back to feel the beauty of the journey they had commenced so joyfully. But no! the distant sound of mirth, the distant glitter of fine sights, and spectacles appearing so ingenious and rare, caught his wandering senses at every turn. His quiet journey became a burden to him. His sister's face became a sad reproach. The crown looked dim upon the summit. To his changed eye the holy men and women walked like monks and nuns in solemn company. His excited fancy would make it seem injustice that the Lord who made the way, should have had its pavement so hard and rough, when the broader path was carpeted with flowers, which could yield to the bounding foot so gently, and ever be so fresh.

More and more the prospect changed to his changed eyes. The ascent now was steep and wearisome, and oh! how the sad, sweet face of his garden friend, the sister of his childhood passed on the mossy banks, how it looked upon him longingly, as if the pilgrimage even in the narrow way would be half sorrowful if he went not up with her to the end. His angel shone from her eyes its look of pleading, but all were lost upon the evil-awakened youth, who saw no stars in that pure heaven, no guide in that pleasant way worth following. More and more as his heart gave up the treasures of its infancy, the revel of the other path broke on his ear. His eyes gazed offtener on the distant groups than on his sister's face, or the high crown. That sister prayed, besought with tears that he would let his guardian spirit guide him, that he would call upon the messengers of the Throne to divarn the tempters who were changing his heart. And yet he, the object of that fond one's watching thus far upon the road, he who in sweet babyhood had been her pride and hope even in her own young years, he turned and left her! Turned and fled, not daring to look back and catch another glimpse of her pale face! he fled, and how short was now the way to Pleasure's arms; the gain of long year's travels how quickly lost. He stood once more where the two paths met, and looked a moment on the plain below, where yet was green the home of his childhood's innocence. For a moment came the memory of the spirits he had carried from it as inmates of his soul. He gazed upon its quiet loveliness, and sighed in his bewilderment and guilt, for the season of his infancy, that he might be again a child and play amongst those garden flowers.

It could not be! And sealing his brow with the stamp of determined hardihood, he turned from the retrospect of his boyhood's purity, and gave his hand to the fair-faced queen, who welcomed him more gladly that he came from the rival path.

How wildly did he enter now into all the scenes of that gay place! He sought to drown his angel's whisperings in revels, and at first he succeeded well, for the parties he joined were of those, who, like himself, were neophytes to the reigning queen, and were not yet quite slaves to the hideous form so shrouded in flowers. But the innocent joyfulness grew more evil

at every step, for in this gay kingdom there was no restraining power, and the poor misguided youth who had left the quiet walk where every onward step induced to purity, now saw the ruin which came by unsuspected agencies upon the hearts and forms of these thoughtless travelers. Guilt grew more familiar at every turn. He could see that his companions grew old before their time, and almost imperceptibly changed their careless mirth and slight indulgences to wicked merriment and love for evil practices, which they would have once despised.

Paiaees rose up on every side, filled with sparkling drinks, which drowned the voices of grieved angels, and gave exulting life to the dread demon of Human Will. The laughter which had come faintly to his ears when he was by his lost sister's side, like the sound of a joyful stream, now was like a raging river, wild and ruinous. Gay women fluttered on with "Vanity" written in jewels upon their foreheads, and the beauty of their girlhood lost under the weight of fashion's charms. How the heart of that lost wanderer turned to his sister's memory, and read there how chaste, how simple, how lovely she walked, unmindful of the garments her body wore if her spirit shone in the garb of holiness.

He looked toward the path she was now treading alone, and could tell her untiring step, and see the light of her high brow as it was at times uplifted to the throne—praying for him! Those gay women looked like painted sepulchres as he turned back; and though they shook their jeweled fingers at him playfully, and tried to win his admiration by outward charms, his heart compared them with the gentle presence of his sister in the heavenly path, and it learned to loathe the beings whose souls were unadorned and dark. They had been beautiful, but had lost the roses of their cheeks, the jewels of their eyes, the sweet sign of modesty upon their brow, and now owed Art a debt which grew with every year.

As he went on he found corners of the road darkened by groups of human forms with faces of spirits from the cave of darkness where the fire burns. They watched with starting eyes the ivory balls they rolled, or painted characters they handled, as if they were the chances of Heaven; and when their gold was lost would start up furious, and commit some dreadful deed upon themselves or their companions. Disgusting pictures of indulgence and debauchery in every shape, now met the almost frenzied eye of the regretful wanderer. Carelessly besotted feet trod the uncertain borders of the frightful precipice, or with uneven step stalked on toward the gulf of hopelessness. The light, which had been so dazzling at the commencement of the way, had been put out, and darkness would have been over all that crowd, if the mercy of the Throne had not let its light fall upon the guilty ones, that, if they would, they might see their passage back to the holy way.

Oh! had that wanderer tasted all the joy he fancied could be drunk of in that broad path? Had the glittering scenes been real? Had the promises of the syren been fulfilled? Had his heart been satisfied with the friendship, his feet with the flowers of that

fair-seeming place? Oh, no! His brain was reeling with the discordant sounds, his senses were confused, his heart was agonized by the cries of rage, and complaints breathed bitterly against the Throne. Oh! could he dare brave the sneers of his companions and turn back: Could he, distressed and weakened, run the gauntlet of that deriding crowd! Oh no he had no courage left for such a trial. He knew the purity of his brow was gone, the freshness of his heart; and how, if he ever should escape from that dreadful way, would his sister's eye rest on him?

As he thought of this, he turned toward the path of her calm pilgrimage, and saw a greater light as a halo round her pale brow, and her pleading eye still turned upward toward the Throne! His angel gently whispered "fly!" And as he stopped upon his course to listen, he felt the pressure of the hand which had been laid upon his head as he went out from the garden-gates, and his strong heart came back! His feet forgot their weariness, his eye grew large with hope, his spirit threw off its cowardice, and with a loud, clear voice, which his sister caught as a joyful answer to her prayers, he declared himself a prodigal, and entreated all that graceless company to follow him to peace and happiness.

Oh! how many accents there were in the answer-

ing shouts that filled the echoing way. Despair sent up its dreadful note—shame and defiance added their discordant tones. From the deep caves of guilty sorrow came a wail, and from lone places where the body diseased with crime lay suffering, a cry arose which chilled even the polluted blood of those who wandered in guilt so near.

None answered the returning one with like repentance, although from the heavy eyes of some a faint desire for a moment gleaned, to flee with him from misery. But the laugh which rung so loud, and with such a mocking echo of contempt, put out the spark which might have kindled to such a glorious blaze, and he turned alone upon his backward way. And now fingers were pointed at him, laughter followed him—his garments were laid hold of to arrest his steps. Many who sighed for his courage, and envied him the way his face was turned, laid stumbling-blocks before his feet, to turn them back—to gain a triumph over him would make their own depravity seem less dark. But they could not conquer him. His angel strengthened him, and he kept the name of the Great Lord upon his lips and in his heart, and so he made his way free from the striving hands and tempting wiles of his companions, and joyfully reached once more the side of his sister in the upward path.

THE RAIN.

BY T. A. SWAN.

The birds sing gayly in their bowers,
And we can gather what they sing;
But what, falling 'mong leaves and flowers,
What is the soft rain whispering.

I cannot understand their word—
Some tale those bright drops tell, I know,
For the corn leaves move as if they heard,
And barley fields nod to and fro.

The lily turns its chalice up
To catch the legends as they fall,
And on the blue-bell's tiny cup
Rings many a fairy festival.

The brooklet o'er the meadow spreads,
And then, like elves, they dance and sing;
And clovers hang their blushing heads,
Like little creatures listening.

It is some good thing they relate;
For when the cloud has passed the sun,
The green fields smile with joy elate,
As the world had put new glory on.

And so, to me, they chant a strain
Uncomprehended by the sense,
But when they dash the window-pane,
I feel their soothing influence.

They lead me back to some bright scene,
Some fair spot in the shadowy past,
Which glows like the broad moon's silver sheen
Far off upon the waters east.

They ope the pleasant gate of dreams,
And from the phantom-world beyond,
How visions bright, in golden streams,
Like gifts from an enchanter's wand.

Kind dreams of sweet imagining—
Of the maiden fair shall love me well;
But mystic are the strains they sing,
Who she may be they will not tell.

And through the Future's golden aisles,
They bear me up on angel wing;
And many a truth I've learned the while
From the bright rain softly whispering

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST



THE CAROLINA PARROT.

This bird is the only species of Parrot found native in the United States. It not only abounds in the rich and flowery groves of our Southern States, but is found in great numbers among the prairies of the West, on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and even along the shores of Lake Michigan. Most Parrots droop or die in cold weather; but the Carolina Parrots are frequently seen during a snow-storm, flying about in flocks, and by their loud cries seeming to enjoy the consciousness of their own hardiness. But though a resident in our Western States it is rarely seen east of the Alleghenies. Its favorite food—the seeds of the cockle-bur—abounds in the wilds and forests of the West. Amid the rich alluvial soils, shaded by dense forests of sycamore and bottomwood, or covered with impenetrable swamps, the Carolina finds a secure and delightful retreat. Here also are found the seeds of the cypress and hackberry, and the beach-nut; while the soil abounds with those formations known as licks, the salt of which is much relished by the Parrot. The Carolina possesses a full share of that love for destructive mischief which appears indigenous to his genus. In the natural state it cares little for apples, if other food be at hand, but it delights to mount an apple-tree, and twisting the fruit off one by one to strew it over the ground.

The Carolina Parrot is about thirteen inches long, and twenty-one across the spread wings. The head is red, the neck a rich yellow; and in other parts of

the body these colors are sprinkled with considerable profusion. The remaining plumage is mostly a bright green, changing to yellow, with light blue reflections. The feet and bill are either a cream or flesh color, and the claws and shafts of the large feathers black. The plumage of the female differs very little from that of the male; but the young birds undergo several changes of color before assuming the dress of their parents.

In captivity this bird appears to lose little of its sprightly habits, although it never becomes entirely reconciled to the cage. Unless closely watched it will gnaw and break through the wood of its cage, and twist the wires, for the purpose of escaping. On the whole, it is a pleasing companion, being in a great measure destitute of the love for clamorous screaming which distinguishes most of the other Parrots. Its usual food in the cage should be corn and beach-nuts, but if hungry it will eat apples, various kinds of seeds and berries.

Wilson in his American Ornithology gives the following interesting account of the Carolina Parrot, as seen by him in its native haunts in the West:

“At Big Bone Lick, thirty miles above the mouth of Kentucky River, I saw them in great numbers. They came screaming through the woods in the morning, about an hour after sunrise, to drink the salt water, of which they, as well as the pigeons, are remarkably fond. When they alighted on the ground, it appeared at a distance as if covered with a carpet of the richest

green, orange and yellow; they afterward settled in one body on a neighboring tree, which stood detached from any other, covering almost every twig of it, and the sun shining strongly on their gay and glossy plumage, produced a very beautiful and splendid appearance. Here I had an opportunity of observing some very particular traits of their character: Having shot down a number, some of which were only wounded, the whole flock swept repeatedly around their prostrate companions, and again settled on a low tree within twenty yards of the spot where I stood. At each successive discharge, though showers of them fell, still the affection of the survivors seemed rather to increase; for, after a few circuits around the place, they again alighted near me, looking down on their slaughtered companions with such manifest symptoms of sympathy and concern, as completely disarmed me. I could not but take notice of the remarkable contrast between their elegant manner of flight and their lame and crawling gait among the branches. They fly very much like the Wild Pigeon, in close compact bodies, and with great rapidity, making a loud and outrageous screaming, not unlike that of the Red-headed Wood-

pecker. Their flight is sometimes in a direct line, but most usually circuitous, making a great variety of elegant and easy serpentine meanders, as if for pleasure. They are particularly attached to the large sycamores, in the hollow of the trunks and branches of which they generally roost, thirty or forty, or more, entering at the same hole. Here they cling closely to the sides of the trees, holding fast by the claws, and also by the bills. They appear fond of sleep, and often retire to their holes during the day, probably to take their regular *siesta*. They are extremely sociable, and fond of each other, often scratching each other's heads and necks, and always at night nestling as close as possible to each other, preferring at that time a perpendicular position, supported by their bill and claws. In the fall, when their favorite cockle-burs are ripe, they swarm along the coast or high ground of the Mississippi, above New Orleans, for a great extent. At such times they are killed and eaten by many of the inhabitants; though, I confess, I think their flesh is very indifferent. I have several times dined on it from necessity, in the woods, but found it merely passable, with all the sauce of a keen appetite to recommend it.



THE WASHINGTON EAGLE. (*Haliaeetus Washingtonii*.)

For a long time this bird was almost unknown; and though specimens of it appear to have been examined even by scientific men, its identity as a distinct species remained hidden until the year 1814. In February of that year Mr. Audubon, while voyaging up the Mis-

issippi, noticed here and there a solitary bird, soaring above the rocky cliffs, entirely different, as it appeared to him, from any species with which he was acquainted. After much search he discovered an eyry on the high cliffs of Green River, in Kentucky, and was con-

bled to make such observations as convinced him that this was a new, and hitherto unknown, species of Eagle. From its noble bearing and majestic size, he named it the Bird of Washington, a title by which it is now generally recognized. Some, however, confound it with the White-tailed Eagle, and others affirm that it is but a full grown Sea Eagle. With better reason it is supposed to be either identical with the great European Sea Eagle of Brisson, or but a variety of that bird. Audubon considers the species as rare. His principal residence is among the rocky shores of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the great northern lakes—in those gloomy solitudes rarely disturbed by the step of man. Winter drives it from these favorite haunts nearer to the abode of civilization; and in a severe season the Washington Eagle has been seen in the vicinity of Concord and Boston. His principal food is fish; but instead of obtaining it in the same practical manner as is common with the Bald Eagle, he descends, like the Osprey, into the same element with his prey. The circles which he describes in flying are wider than those of the White-headed Eagle, and when about to dive for prey, he sweeps downward in spiral rings, as though endeavoring to prevent the fish's escape. When within the distance of a few yards, he darts forcibly down, and rarely fails to secure his object. He is also remarkable for flying near the surface of the water, especially when retiring with his prize; and when near the

shore he may often be recognized by the same peculiarity.

The Washington Eagle is capable of being domesticated, and is then gentle and docile. The quantity of food necessary to sustain him, either in captivity or among his native wilds, is very great; and it would appear that they are capable, more than most birds of prey, of generating fat. Audubon's specimen was three feet six inches in length, and weighed fourteen and a half pounds. Others have been weighed, much heavier. It should be mentioned as a curious fact, that repeated attempts by Dr. Huywood, of Boston, to poison one of these birds with corrosive sublimate were entirely unsuccessful, although doses of two drams were given to it at a time.

The general color of the upper part of this bird is copper-brown, dark and shining. The throat and breast are a cinnamon color, the wings brown, with sprinklings of black, and the lesser wing-coverts rusty iron-gray. This description should, however, be received with some caution, in consequence of its being taken from but a few specimens, which varied considerably among themselves. The head is more convex than that of the Bald Eagle, the bill more hooked, and the iris of the eye is hazel, inclining to chestnut. Underneath the foot is notched like a rasp, to enable the bird to hold its prey. The majestic appearance of this Eagle, his great strength and superior size, justly entitle him to a rank among the noblest birds of our continent.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. vol. 1.

The object of Mr. Hildreth's ambition in this work is to present an impartial view of the persons and events of American history in their natural order and relations, and in his preface he plumes himself on having accomplished his purpose, at the same time not very modestly indicating his belief that no other American historian has approached it. As far as regards his claim to accuracy and impartiality we doubt not it will be readily admitted, at least in the sense in which he appears to understand the terms. The history is a useful compendium of facts undertaken by a man who does not seem to have sufficient sympathy with his subject to be capable even of partiality. Everything indicates that the work was manufactured in a spirit of dogged, straight-forward, joyless labor. The author has in his other productions given evidence of passions sufficiently quick and hot, and a talent for hating almost unmatched for brilliancy and intensity, and our surprise was correspondingly great to find him in the present work altogether destitute of enthusiasm, and writing sentence after sentence with no inspiration even from his blood.

To those who require in a history nothing but a series of facts presented in a clear style, without any animation in the narrative, the work of Mr. Hildreth will be very acceptable, and we have little doubt that his labors of research and composition will be rewarded. It seems to us, however, that there is a great difference between facts as

they are in themselves, and facts as they are treated by Mr. Hildreth. Whatever view may be taken of our fathers, there can be no doubt that they were alive, and we have a right to demand that the narrative of their actions, however close it may adhere to the literal truth, shall represent living men and living events. The representation of a fact, therefore, implies a sympathy with it either personal or imaginative, and a capacity to convey it to another mind not only in its form and dimensions, but in its coloring and spirit. The difficulty with Mr. Hildreth's facts consists in their lifelessness. He is "down among the dead men," not up and striving with the living, and his style being deliberately and elaborately destitute of glow and spirit, rejecting all ornament, and varying not with the variations of his subject, is as uninteresting as a newspaper account of a railroad accident. In his narrative of our history, as far as we have read it, there are strictly speaking no events. The landing of the Pilgrims he recounts in a style which would hardly suit an account of a New Yorker's visit to Hoboken, for the purpose of enjoying a cooler air than he found in the city. The most adventurous and heroic actions, the grandest displays of disinterested piety and affection, sink into dull commonplace as treated by Mr. Hildreth. If this be history, then history is hardly worth the attention of a live man. We should rather call it historical geology, having for its subject the fossil remains of men and institutions.

We know there is a large class of readers who consider this mode of writing history as the best, and who are ready to stigmatize all realization as romance. To such a class we can commend Mr. Hildreth's production. He certainly

deserves praise for his diligence, and the strength of understanding he has evinced in educing a connected narrative from his multitude of scattered authorities. But he has not succeeded even in this department of his labors to such a degree as to justify his sneering allusion to other histories of the country as "Continental Sermons and Fourth of July Orations in the guise of history." This hardly does justice to such a man as Bancroft, whose History of the United States, whatever may be its faults, has merits of investigation, narration and reflection, which Mr. Hildreth's more prosaic work does not approach.

Dante's Divine Comedy: The Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the Original Collated from the Best Editions, and Explanatory Notes. By John A. Carlyle, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a most valuable addition to the English translations of the Italian Classics, and is well calculated to convey a vivid impression of the intense beauty and sublimity of Dante's immortal poem to readers ignorant of the original. The translation is faithful even to literal exactness without being clumsy and inelegant, and the Italian text has been collated with commendable care and industry. Indeed the whole book appears to have been a labor of love, and must have occupied the leisure of many years. To those who are learning Italian the volume must be invaluable, as it enables them to read the original side by side with a translation at once correct and elegant.

Dr. Carlyle, the translator, is the brother of Thomas Carlyle. One would suppose that being so nearly related to the latter, he would sedulously avoid all imitation of his manner, yet the preface to the present volume is filled with the most amusing *Carlylisms*. The tone and rhetorical contortions of his brother, Dr. Carlyle mimics rather than imitates, and makes the whole matter more ludicrous by his evident straining after that which on all principles of propriety he should rather attempt strenuously to avoid.

Scraps, No. 1. Sketched, Etched, and Published by D. C. Johnston. Boston.

This thin quarto contains some fifty "hits," humorous and satirical, done on steel. The sketcher is D. C. Johnston, one of the first caricaturists in the country, and an original observer of life and manners. Several of the illustrations are pictorial essays on popular follies and vices, and contain matter enough to supply thought for a volume. We like the idea of publishing occasionally a work like the present, recording as it does, with almost historical accuracy, the various forms assumed by the Protean genius of humbug to diddle our free and enlightened citizens.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Translated with Notes and an Introduction, by Jesse Cato Daniel. New York: D. Bixby. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mr. Bixby, the publisher of this elegant little volume, has done a great deal in his selection of books for republication for the elevation of public taste. To him we owe the only editions we have of Goethe's *Faust*, and Correspondence of Southey's Translation of the *Chronicle of the Cid*, and of a number of other valuable works. Having removed from Lowell to New York, we trust that he will continue his speculations on public taste; and as an earnest

of what he intends to do, we hail with much pleasure this handsome edition of Cousin's celebrated dissertation on Beauty, a work written with all that accomplished philosopher's force and brilliancy of style, evincing his usual keenness of analysis and range of generalization, and as readable as it is valuable. We commend it especially to those English readers who are followers of Alison and Jeffrey. The subject discussed is one of the most important in the metaphysics of criticism, and though we cannot say that Cousin has exhausted it, he has presented his own views in a rhetoric so lucid that he cannot fail to charm even the readers whom he may not convince.

Southey's Commonplace Book. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Worter, B. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This volume is calculated to convey even a new idea of the variety of Southey's studies, and the exhaustlessness of his capacity of labor. The number of his works is sufficiently surprising, convicting as it does most literary men either of indolence or barrenness, but we find that in addition to writing his original productions, he was in the custom of transcribing largely from books as he read them, and the present volume, representing but a portion of these labors, would appear to most readers a work for a life. It consists of striking extracts from a large variety of authors, most of them antiquated to the reader of the present day, and illustrating the manners, customs, opinions, and sentiments of Englishmen for the last three centuries. The editor, who reports himself as Southey's son-in-law, is an excellent specimen of a snob, who cannot write a sentence without writing himself down an ass. The Harpers have issued the volume in clear type, on white paper, at about one-fifth the price of the English edition.

A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

The publishers of these volumes have rarely issued a book more intrinsically valuable than the present. It is a work of immense research and labor, undertaken by a German Professor of Theology, and indicating vast erudition. The translation by Dr. Davidson is a faithful reflection of the original, even to the extent of preserving Gieseler's rather inelegant though condensed style of writing. The advantage of the work to students consists in its stating results only in the text, and reserving the notes for authorities and processes. It is a text book, not an elaborate history like Neander's, and as such it has obtained great reputation for impartiality and ability. The American translator has availed himself of the latest German edition, and his version is accordingly the most valuable which has been made on either side of the Atlantic.

The Classic French Reader. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is another of Appleton & Co.'s admirable series of educational books. It consists of selections from the French classical writers for the last two centuries, with a vocabulary of all the words and idioms contained in the work. It is edited by Professor Jewett, the American editor of Ollendorf, and cannot fail to render important assistance to all engaged in the study of French.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

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THEIR BAGGAGE WAGON.

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No. 4.

A YEAR AND A DAY:

OR THE WILL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was once in the city of Philadelphia a poor author whom chilling dis-appointments and the biting stings of adversity had brought nigh the grave—whose high hopes, ardent ambition, and glowing aspirations for fame, were all quenched and broken beneath the pressure of penury and wo. The wife, too, of his bosom had passed on to the shadowy land before him, and now beckoned him to that bli-ssful home beyond the grave where sorrow and trouble are unknown. One fond tie still bound him to life. He was a father. No other guide—no other friend had that fair young girl, over whose innocent head scarce sixteen summers had flown, and for her sake he still clung to a world whose charms else had long ceased to attract.

And there was an old man whom the world called unfeeling and miserly, who day by day passed by the humble home of the author. And day by day as he passed along, saw at the window a pale young face bent over the endless seam, and a small white hand never tiring busily plying the needle. Or sometimes marked the child's own feeble strength tasked to support the tottering steps of suffering manhood to the open window, that the air of heaven might revive that languid frame, while the hollow, racking cough, and the fever spot on the cheek, like a rose rooted in the grave and blossoming in beauty above, told too plainly consumption had made its victim sure.

And then one day when the window was darkened, and he missed the pale young face, the heart of the old man smote him as he passed along, and turning he gently sought admittance, and from that time over the bed of the sufferer the thin, white locks of the old man mingled with the golden ringlets of Florence.

Heaven surely had first softened his heart, and then guided his footsteps thither, for, like a ministering angel he came to the house of sorrow to soothe the last moments of the dying man, and protect the fatherless child.

Cheered once more by the voice of kindness—his feeble frame invigorated by healthful nourishment—surrounded by comforts long unknown, or remembered but as a dream in the dark night of poverty he had passed through—what wonder the sick man rallied, and for a time gave way to the flattering hope that he might yet leave a bright legacy to his child—a name crowned with imperishable fame. His mind, long shattered by sickness, caught back something of the fire of youth, and once more his trembling hand seized the pen as the powerful instrument through which riches and honor were to flow in upon him. But, as the meteor which for an instant shoots over the wave in sparkling beauty, and then sinks in the darkness of the fathomless gulf below, was the momentary out-flashing of that once brilliant mind, ere the darkness of the grave encompassed it.

When he felt the power of death too surely pressing upon him, he took the hand of the old man and placed it on the head of his kneeling child with a look pleading for kindness and protection. The heart of old Abel May answered to this silent appeal, and stooping down he imprinted a kiss upon the brow of Florence, solemnly promising never to forsake her. The dying man raised his eyes in gratitude to heaven, and with a last effort clasping his beloved child to his breast, expired.

The sad duties left for the living to perform over the venerated dust of those we have loved, were ended with tears and lamentation—and now in the wide world had Florence no friend but old Abel May.

"Florence," said the old man, "I have long since buried the ties of kindred—they could not survive ingratitude and distrust. I had but one left to love—but one whom self-hness and sordid expectations did not bind to me—and now he too has gone. I am now as much alone, my child, as you—I in the winter of age, you in spring's freshest bloom. You shall be to me as the dearest of daughters, as pure and precious in my eyes as God's sacred word—although as my wife

the world only must know you. Then, Florence, will you give yourself to me; will you look upon me in the light of that beloved parent whose loss you now deplore—will you confide yourself to me in your loneliness and helplessness?"

And the innocent girl, lifting her meek blue eyes to the furrowed countenance of the old man, threw herself confidently upon his bosom, and wept her thanks.

They were married; and then, as some priceless jewel committed to his charge, which to guard and cherish was henceforth to be his pride and happiness did Abel May bear home the young orphan.

For many years he had occupied a large mansion near the outskirts of the city, whose dark granite front and heavy wooden shutters kept constantly closed, imparted an air of chilliness and gloom to the neighborhood of the shabby brick houses and light airy cottages by which it was environed. Abel May lived alone, keeping no domestics, and either preparing his own meals, or partaking of them at a restaurateur's. Occasionally the woman whom he employed to do his washing was admitted to sweep and arrange his sleeping room and the little parlor adjoining. The other apartments were always locked, baffling all the curiosity of which no doubt the good woman partook with others.

Various opinions and rumors were afloat concerning him in the neighborhood, through which however the old man steered steadily and regardlessly.

Not greater was the surprise of the captive princess in the fairy tale on awakening one morning and finding before her window a sumptuous palace rearing high its golden columns, where alone frowning rocks and dark, turbid waters had before stood, than was the amazement which pervaded the neighborhood, when early one morning they were aroused from slumber by the *clink-clink-clink* of the busy hammer, the crashing of tiles, and sonorous fall of boards upon the pavements. And behold, every window of that gloomy house was thrown wide to the glare of day—workmen were on the roof—workmen were scaling ladders—workmen were tearing off those clumsy shutters, while within, workmen in paper caps and white aprons were busily wielding the several instruments of their handicraft. Day after day their labors went on, and day after day added to the astonishment of the neighbors. Plate-glass and light Venetian blinds soon supplanted the small window panes and wooden shutters—a tasteful portico and marble slabs supplied the place of the clumsy iron railing and high stone steps so jagged and worn. Carpenters, masons, and painters speedily completed the interior renovation, and then followed heavily laden drays bearing rich furniture—and upholsters flew from room to room giving the last graceful touch of taste and fashion to the arrangement of the various articles.

Next came the overwhelming announcement that old Abel May was married, and that the sylph-like, graceful form, and sunny ringlets of the fair young girl sometimes seen bending from the window, or leaning on the arm of the old man, like a lily grafted on some withered branch, belonged to no other than the bride—and wonder ceased not, but rather grew with the "food it fed on."

Not much less was the surprise of Florence at finding herself suddenly the mistress of a home so charming. She had never connected the idea of wealth with the plainly dressed humble old man who had so benevolently administered to the comforts of her dying parent, and cheerfully did she prepare to follow him to a home, no matter how lowly, so that love and kindness were to be found there. When, then, old Abel May, lifting her tenderly from the carriage which bore them from the church wherein the solemn rite making them man and wife had just been pronounced, and led her into apartments so splendid, with all that a refined taste might approve, or a fastidious eye applaud, was it strange that for a moment the young orphan doubted whether all was not, indeed, a dream or a fairy creation, such as the pen of her father had often sketched for her amusement—for never did her waking eyes or her sober senses dwell on ought so rich and beautiful. Yet neither the elegance by which she was surrounded, nor the charms which novelty lent to her new existence, could for a long time withdraw her mind from dwelling on the irreparable loss she had sustained. Happily, youth is not prone to despondency; hope in the bright future buoyed them exultingly over the billows of disappointment which engulf so many sorrow-stricken hearts, and therefore as time went on it made the old man's soul rejoice to see smiles chasing away the tears from the countenance of this dear child.

The education of Florence had been conducted solely under the careful tuition of her father, and her active mind, regulated and nourished by judicious application. In the French and German languages she was a correct scholar, and had attained some little proficiency in drawing; yet of music or other elegant acquirements she knew nothing.

Hard are the lessons of adversity; and that his humble means precluded his bestowing on his child those accomplishments for which nature had so eminently qualified her, was often a source of deep regret to her fond parent; but now, under the fostering care of the old man, how splendidly did her talents develop themselves. Music and painting opened for her a new world of enjoyment, and no expense did her kind protector withhold to gratify to the fullest extent her eager desire for improvement. He engaged the most eminent masters to attend upon her, nor did the proficiency of the pupil shame their skill.

Very limited was the society which Abel May admitted within his walls, and those only such as he considered worthy of his friend-ship and confidence. This gave no disquiet to Florence; indeed, company rather pained than pleased her. Her most delightful hours were those in which she could add to the happiness of the old man, by the exercise of those agreeable sources of entertainment owing their origin to him, or when with pencil or book, alone in the beautiful little apartment which the same kind hand had fitted up expressly for her use, the moments flew unheeding in the all-absorbing interest they inspired.

Occasionally, at the Opera or Theatres, old Abel May appeared with his beautiful young wife; or perhaps, in the delightful coolness of a summer's morning,

ere yet the noisy din of the city pervaded the air, or the dust of its countless thoroughfares swept over the dewy freshness of night, they sauntered through the silent streets or shady avenues of Washington Square. But more frequently still within the sacred precincts of Laurel Hill were they seen to wander. In one of its most retired spots, where a cluster of drooping willows brushed the dew-drops from the tall, rank grass, and the murmur of the wave below came up sadly yet sweetly upon the ear, a plain monumental stone was planted. "My Father Sleeps," was the only sign it bore; and to this consecrated spot did their steps most often turn, for well did one fond heart know *who* slept so peaceful there, and over this hallowed grave the fair form of Florence bent in filial devotion.

Wherever she appeared the admiration she attracted was universal; and if some were prone to pity her lot, as being bound by such indissoluble ties to old Abel May, they were quite at fault by her bright, sunny countenance which certainly bore no traces of hidden sorrows for their sympathies to probe. This might have flattered the pride of the old man while it aroused his fears. His own life he knew, in the common course of nature, could not be prolonged many years, and then what was to become of that young girl thus thrown a second time upon the world, so beautiful and so unprotected.

There was but one person whom he ever mentioned in terms of affection to Florence, and this was his nephew, and the only son of a favorite brother, long since dead, who bore his name, and whom he had destined for his heir. But for many years young Abel May had not been heard from, and his friends had finally given up all expectations of ever seeing him again. It was said that being repeatedly reproached by envious relatives on account of the interest his rich uncle manifested for him, calling him a poor gentleman—a hanger-on—only waiting to step into dead men's shoes, with remarks of the like nature, originating in low, vulgar minds, and that being a lad of high spirit, he became disgusted and angered, and vowing he would either make his own fortune or never return, young May suddenly disappeared.

At length age and infirmities pressed more and more sorely upon the good old man. Soon he could no longer leave the house or even his chamber—and then it was he felt how rich a treasure he possessed in Florence. With how much tenderness and love did she watch over him, patiently enduring with all the querulousness and complainings of an old age racked with torturing pains; never weary, neither by day nor by night, ever devising, ever executing some plan which might soothe his troubles either of body or mind.

The old man died, leaving his fortune to Florence, upon one condition—the strangest, surely, that ever guided the pen of a dying man.

Never was so singular a will written—never was any thing more absurd! And for more than a month, which is certainly a long time for any wonder to stand its ground against the constant pressure of never tarrying, for more than a month after the coffin and the

tomb had alike received their due, the city rang with the whimsicality of the last will and testament of old Able May, who by this said will had compelled his young, blooming widow either to marry within a year of his demise, or otherwise forfeit to relatives innumerable that fine fortune which, with this proviso, he had bequeathed to her alone. The motives which actuated him were doubtless intended as a kindness to the young girl whom his death would leave unprotected. He overlooked the dangers to which he thus exposed her from the crafty wiles of the spendthrift and fortune-hunter, or he trusted, perhaps, that her innocence and loveliness might shield her against their artifices.

From marble-columned squares and by-lanes—from suburban cottages and distant villages, disappointed relatives came flocking in like a flight of hungry crows, one and all croaking forth the will a forgery; or that their beloved relative, for whom weepers a yard long streamed in the wind, and black veils fluttered hopefully, through weakness of body and consequent imbecility of mind, had been influenced by an artful young wife to draw up the unrighteous instrument to which his signature was attached. A likely story, truly, that passing by uncles and nephews, aunts and nieces, to say nothing of innumerable cousins of the first and third degree, he should have thrown his whole fortune into the hands of a young girl, one, too, whom they all were convinced he had married only that she might nurse his old body when gout or rheumatism should rack his bones, but that he also should have added to this unheard of folly his commands for her to marry, and by that means allow his hard-earned riches to pass into the hands of nobody knows who—any beggar she might choose to call up from squalid rags to fine linen and broadcloth, why that passed all bounds of belief. There had been intrigue and treachery somewhere; poor old Abel! it brought tears into their affectionate eyes even to think of it.

But, unfortunately alike to their jealous affection and hopeful schemes, the lawyers possessed a quietus in a certain document drawn up and attested by competent witnesses, which ran thus:

"Whereas jealous and evil-minded persons may seem inclined to dispute my last will and testament, I hereby declare in the presence of — and of — that, as my dear wife, Florence, has been to me the kindest and most tender of wives, denying herself for my sake those pleasures and amusements natural to her youth, and has cheerfully devoted herself to nursing a poor, feeble old man, I do in token of my love, approbation, and gratitude, give unto her without reserve all the property of which I may die possessed, both personal and real. And furthermore, I do most earnestly entreat of her to choose some deserving young man whom she may take as a husband, and that she may be happy in such choice, and be rewarded thereby for her goodness to me, I pray God! And that she may be influenced the more readily perhaps to comply with this, my last request, I do hereby declare that unless within one year from my demise she does make such choice, and marry in accordance, I do annul and make void my will in her

favor, my fortune in such case to be disposed of as stipulated in my will and testament."

Now when the smiling lawyers holding such a damper over the high hopes of the solemn conclave of mourners, made known to them the existence of this last document, uncles and aunts bounced out of the house like roasted chestnuts seething and smoking with the fire of anger.

Not so the young nephews and the gallant cousins. Down they went on their knees before the young widow, swearing she was divine—an angel—a goddess—and right glad were they that the sensible old gentleman had given her his fortune, for she deserved it, in faith she did—and they hoped she would marry immediately; heavens! any body might be proud to receive her hand—what was the paltry gold in comparison.

And each one of the seven secretly resolved to woo and win her, and—the fortune to boot! But Florence only cast down her eyes and wept unfeigned sorrow for the loss of a kind old man—her husband and benefactor.

CHAPTER II.

Florence May was, indeed, a bewitching little widow—only eighteen, and with nearly half a million of dollars in her rosy little palm. The evening star bursting through a cloud was not more bright than were her eyes twinkling through the veil of sable crape, or if perchance some saucy zephyr brushed aside the envious *veils*, what charming flowers were thereby disclosed—what tempting roses and lilies, and sweet, blue violets, all bathed in the golden sunshine of her glittering tresses. Ah, yes—and then the golden sunshine of those glittering guineas—truly was she not a most adorable widow!

And never was a poor little widow so tormented with lovers since the world began. *Dingle, dingle, dingle*, quoth the door-bell incessantly; *tap, tap, tap*, urged the maid at the entrance of her private sitting-room, until the poor child wearied of shaking her little head, and uttering a "No!" to their various demands for admittance. With cards, and tender *billet-doux*, her tables were overburthened, while planning themselves upon their relationship, the seven cousins and nephews intruded without ceremony into her presence, eyeing each other with jealous defiance, and snarling and snapping like a parcel of angry lap-dogs.

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"I do bite my thumb, sir."

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir—but I bite my thumb, sir."

The neighborhood were kept alive with surmises as to who would win the rich heiress, daily expecting to see a gay wedding party issuing forth, in contrast to the gloomy funereal spectacle so lately before them. Yet weeks and months rolled on uneventful. What could it mean? Was the widow crazy or bewitched? How could she remain so unconcerned when her fortune was at stake? Day after day was poverty stealthily drawing nearer, in as much as she still neglected to fulfill the terms on which her fortune rested, and yet

she moved about as careless and indifferent as though the comforts and elegancies which surrounded her were unconditionally hers—what a strange creature she must be!

It was thus reasoned the "lookers on in Venice."

Six months of widowhood were passed. Florence was still unmarried; and once more the relatives took heart against despair, and golden visions mingled in their day-dreams. Her obstinacy was to them inexplicable—for they knew upon the separate assurances of the several nephews and cousins that she had had *unexceptionable* offers, and if from those choice specimens of man—he could not select a husband, why, of course, they had reason to hope she never would be married.

Such was the state of affairs, when one day Florence received the following note, written in an unknown hand, accompanied with a bouquet of beautiful flowers:

"MADAM,—I have seen you, and who that has once looked upon you but must adore you! I dare not approach you, nor would I mingle with the throng of flatterers around you. Enough for me to worship at a distance, and to guard with my whole soul that treasure which may never be mine. My life I would willingly lay at your feet, but there are important reasons why you should not know me. Of one thing, madam, rest assured, you have a friend who will secretly watch over you, and guard you from every danger."

Upon a mind so artless as that of Florence, this singular note, which was without signature, produced a very pleasing influence, and excited a lively interest for the unknown writer. The idea of possessing such a friend inspired her with a degree of confidence such as she had not known since the death of her husband. Nor to that one note did the unknown limit his attentions—they were manifested in various ways. Ofttimes in the sweet language of flowers they were spoken—or to her little boudoir some rare and exquisite painting found its way. Books, too, with penciled margins, all evincing a pure and elegant perception; music, which, when awakened by her fingers, breathed the very spirit of melody; and when from the same unknown hand there came a beautiful cage, whence the tiny warbler trilled forth in sweetest notes her favorite airs, Florence was lost in amazement. Who, then, was this mysterious person who so well understood her tastes, and who was thus ever studying her happiness. The note had stated: "There are important reasons why you should not know me." And Florence was possessed of too much delicacy, and had too much respect for the writer of the note to seek to penetrate the mystery. Yet by the use which she made of his gifts, her silent thanks to the donor were expressed, and insensibly yielding to the delightful associations they called forth, she felt as if some kind guardian was ever near shielding her from evil.

Oft amid the rich braids of her hair those fragrant flowers were intertwined, or rested above a heart not less pure than themselves. The books acquired a new interest that other eyes had dwelt also upon their pages; and never did her fingers so skillfully or so tenderly touch the keys, as when before her was the

music which the unknown had conveyed to her; many times, too, the soft, sweet tones of a flute were heard echoing the strain. When first they reached her ear, Florence hushed her instrument and closed the window; but at midnight, again and again the same sweet strains floated around her, and then she felt it could be no other than the unknown, who, in music's gentle voice, addressed her, and this belief added greatly to the charmed life she was leading, thus mysteriously watched over and protected.

It was now that chance brought her acquainted with a person whom we must allow to introduce himself to the reader by the following letter:

"From Charles Crayford to his friend, Hastings.

"I am in luck, my dear fellow; give me joy, for Fortune, blessed goddess, hath at length wafled me to the favor of wealth and beauty. 'Pon my soul, I know not which I am the most in love with, the person or the fortune of the divinity. Her name is May—Florence May. She is a widow—a young, blooming, bewitching widow, with half a million at her own free disposal, and, happily, without a relative in the world, or jealous guardian to cavil about disparity of fortune, or pry into secrets.

"'But how—and when—and where—did you meet your divinity?' you ask. Listen, then, and admire my policy.

"Passing down Chestnut street in a somewhat moralizing vein—unheeding the light forms and bright eyes flitting past me, and coining some new device to elude the importunities of my landlady and tailor, when, just as I reached the Washington House, the whole moving multitude came to a sudden halt—the cause of which I never even thought to ascertain—for "more attractive metal" at that moment drew my attention. On the steps of the hotel, my eye eye caught the fairest vision ever mortal beheld. It was that of a young and beautiful girl, but whether descending from the house, or newly sighted from Paradise, may I forfeit her guineas if I can tell. She was accompanied by a respectable looking middle-aged woman, whom I judged to be a domestic. I noticed the heavenly eyes of this beautiful creature were bent with pity upon a pale, sickly little girl, who was trying to sell a few bunches of flowers among the crowd.

"'Will you buy my flowers?' said the child to a fashionably dressed lady—'Will you buy my flowers—only a *shp.*'

"'Really,' exclaimed the fine lady, taking no notice whatever of the gentle voice and beseeching looks of the little girl—these genteel beggars are an insufferable nuisance!

"'Will you buy my flowers?' again asked the child of a pompous old gentleman, who stood puffing and vaporing before me—'Buy my flowers, sir?'

"'Out of the way—quick—be off—or I will have you taken up for a vagrant!' cried the pompous gentleman, elevating his gold-headed cane and shaking it over her head. Hastings, you should have seen the bright glow of indignation which flushed the cheeks of my charmer as this rude speech met her ear! My good genius nudged my elbow, and prompted me to

pity the poor child. 'Come here, my dear, and I will buy your flowers,' I said. The frightened little girl sprung quickly to my side and looked imploringly up in my face. 'And where do you live?' I continued, confident that the eyes of the fair one were upon me, and taking out my tablets, I affected to note down her answer—then slipping some money into her hand. (What providence you will say,) I added—'Keep the flowers, my poor child, perhaps you can sell them again.' 'Pon my soul, the look of approbation which beamed from her eyes, as mine *casually* glanced toward the beautiful unknown, would have melted the heart of a miser to compassion. The crowd now began to move. In passing the little flower-girl my divinity endeavored to slip some money into her hand, but in the confusion and press of the moment it fell upon the pavement. I quickly picked it up and gave it to the child, and—lucky dog—received a bow of thanks and a sweet smile as my reward. Now mark the continued favors of the jade Fortune. That very evening, I don't know what tempted me to call upon those prosy, clever people the Livermores, and there who should I meet but the same bewitching fair one. Ah, Hastings, 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends;' have I not proved it to you? I saw at once she recognized me as the hero of the morning's adventure, and having then made my appearance in the character of *excellence*, I now topped the same part to perfection. I found her as far superior in mental as in personal charms to those around her, and when my hostess whispered me that she was also the uncontrolled mistress of a fortune, my heart melted at once—in the crucible of *Mammon*! The next day I took the liberty to call upon her, and was most graciously received, and have been a frequent visitor since. You should hear my conversation, Hastings—you would discredit the evidence of your senses. I affect morality and virtue—quote Cowper and Milton, and hint at charities committed *sub-rosa*. Think of becoming the husband of such a young, pretty dove-eyed creature—ay, and to husband the money, too, instead of marrying age and deformity for the sake of the gilding! By the way, I find my fair one wastes her fortune prodigiously upon paupers and charitable institutions. I shall look after this by and by; in the meantime, I am willing she should consider me a pattern of disinterested goodness. Yours,

C. CRAYFORD."

CHAPTER III.

It was no wonder that Florence should have been deceived by one so artful and designing as Crayford. Her first introduction to him was calculated to impress her strongly in his favor—a vantage ground which he knew well how to maintain. His conversation so artfully fraught with morality—the correct and refined taste he manifested for music, for painting, and all those acquirements which were so delightful to her—his well argued schemes of philanthropy, added to an elegant person and insinuating address, might have deceived one less ingenious and confiding than Florence. In him all those delightful influences with which the unknown had surrounded her seemed

concentrated; in fact, as one and the same she began gradually to blend them in her imagination.

Day after day, therefore, was the dangerous Crayford admitted to her presence, and each day more securely planting himself in her favor. In the meantime the seven nephews and cousins made common cause, and fought bravely against this new usurper, whom they saw plainly was first bearing off the prize from them, until alarmed by several very unequivocal threats from Crayford, they vanished, leaving the field to him.

But where, all this time, was the friend who had so ardently pledged himself her protector, surely now was the time when his voice should not be silent.

A small casket was one day placed in the hands of Florence, which, on opening, she found to contain a brooch, representing a stem of the lily of the valley, emblem of purity and innocence, composed of beautiful pearls, but around which a small, glittering snake was entwined. The head of the reptile, its forked tongue darting fire, was bent over the sweet floweret as if with its noxious venom it would destroy it forever. The snake was of emerald—the eyes and tongue of small sparkling rubys. On lifting the brooch, a folded paper dropped from it, on which was traced in the same well known characters:

"Beware, pure and innocent lily—the charmer is near, but his breath is poison!"

To Crayford alone she knew this singular warning could refer, and it caused her at first both dismay and sorrow. Could it be, then, that he was a villain! Could it be that under an exterior so pleasing vice and deformity could hide itself; no, it was impossible! Florence had no room in her heart for suspicions so cruel toward any one. Of friendship abused—of confidence violated, or of the heart's warm affection betrayed, that most bitter lesson of life she had yet to learn. Ah, happy those, who, on their journey through life, may never meet with its truths!

And was it not unjust, she argued, to receive implicitly the words of one unknown to the prejudice of one whom she did know, and who appeared every way so estimable. Might she not also attribute to jealousy this singular interference of one who had already declared himself to be her lover. The more she dwelt upon this conclusion, the more reasonable it appeared; and finally closing the casket, she prepared to fulfill an engagement with Crayford to visit the Academy of Fine Arts.

In the drawing-room she found him already waiting for her, and apologizing for her delay, they immediately set forth upon the intended expedition.

Never had Crayford appeared more brilliant, more fascinating than this morning; and was it strange that the warning of the unknown should have passed from her thoughts as a dream. As they reached the corner of—Square, Florence suddenly observed a young woman, very pale, and meanly attired, who, leaning against the iron railing, was fixedly gazing upon her with a look of such utter despair and misery, as excited at once her pity and curiosity. A miserable cloak closely enveloped her person, the hood of which was held tightly around the lower part of her face by

her thin white hand, yet did not conceal the ghastly pallor of her countenance. Her eyes were uncommonly large, and of a soft, lustrous black; it even seemed to Florence they were filled with tears, and her brow looked as cold and pure as the brow of the dead.

"What beautiful eyes!" said she, in a low voice to her companion; "pray look!"

As Crayford sought the wretched object Florence pointed out, he started as though an adder had stung him, and would have hurried on, but the girl, with an impatient gesture, as if to address him, sprung a step or two forward:

"Poor creature! let us hear what she has to say," said Florence.

"Excuse me, my dear Mrs. May," replied Crayford, with an effort at calmness, "I cannot submit you to the importunities of that woman; is it possible you have never seen her—it is Neli, the crazy fortune-teller!" then throwing her a half dollar, accompanied by a look which Florence did not observe, he passed on with his lovely companion.

"Poor creature! she should be taken care of!" exclaimed Florence. Looking back, she saw the money still glittering upon the pavement, while the girl, with her form slightly bent forward, her arms extended before her, and her small, thin hands clasped together, seemed the very personification of despair.

They soon reached the Academy. At the entrance they encountered several persons, some entering, others leaving the building. As they were ascending the steps, a voice close to the ear of Florence, whispered,

"Beware of the serpent!"

She started and looked quickly around, but saw no one to whom she could attribute the remark. An old gentleman and lady were behind her, and with the exception of a spruce, dandified individual, she could discover no one else. It was sometime, however, ere she could recover from the agitation into which this had thrown her; and Crayford, attributing her abstraction entirely to her pity for the poor fortune-teller, exerted all his skill as a connoisseur to draw her attention to the beautiful creations of the painter and sculptor. He was successful, and the mind of Florence soon engrossed alone by the pleasing objects around her.

Several times, in passing through the rooms, her eyes encountered those of a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be regarding her with a sad and mournful gaze. At first she thought nothing of it; but when again and again she met the same sad expressive eyes, she could not suppress a feeling of agitation.

They spent some hours here, and were about retiring, when, in one of the galleries, Florence observed the same gentleman standing at a little distance attentively regarding a fine group of statuary. His profile was turned toward them, and struck with the intellectual cast of his features, Florence pointed him out to Crayford.

"Heavens, he here!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon him, while a mortal paleness overspread his features; then aware his agitation must appear singular to his companion, he added, "I met that gentleman

abroad under circumstances of very strange interest; some other time I will explain—if you please we will now pass on."

As they reached the door Florence looked around, but the stranger had disappeared. Once, as they threaded their way homeward through the busy crowd, she thought she met the same mournful eyes, but ere she could take a second look they had vanished.

Poor Florence! what conflicting thoughts distressed her when left to her own reflections, for notwithstanding her resolution of the morning, her confidence in Crayford began to be shaken, and that it was so pained her. She longed for some kind, sympathizing friend to whom she could confide her doubts, and who would counsel her how to act. Among her few acquaintances she knew of none capable of advising her, and the good old woman who acted as her house-keeper, although she loved her dear young mistress, and would go to the ends of the earth to serve her, could be of little assistance in a case like the present. She did not love Crayford, yet she felt he was one who had interested her more than any person she had ever met with, one whom, perhaps, she might learn to love; and then, should he prove the villain, should she find that the warnings of the unknown were but too true—what would be her fate! At one moment she resolved to dismiss him forever from her presence, and the next her heart accused her of prejudice and injustice. Poor girl! never had she felt so unhappy as when that night she rested her aching head upon her pillow. Hark! what sweet music floats around her, and insensibly yielding to its soothing power, she sunk into a gentle, refreshing slumber.

When she awoke the sun was already glinting bravely through the muslin window-shades, and with a much lighter heart, she sprang from her couch. Remembering she had invited Crayford to breakfast with her, she hastily made her toilet. A small pleasure party, acquaintances of Florence, had been formed for Cape May. They were to start at an early hour, and Crayford had so earnestly pleaded to make one of the number, that finally she had consented. They were to breakfast together, and then proceed to the place of rendezvous.

Just as Florence was about descending to the breakfast-room, a note was handed her. She turned pale as she took it, for she saw it was from the unknown. With a trembling hand she broke the seal and read:

"Ere it may be too late, listen to the warning voice of your friend. Let me arouse you from that pleasing repose, which, like the calm preceding a tempest, lulls you in such fancied security, let me bid you shun Crayford—shun *him* whose breath would sully the purity of an angel—shun him as you would the viper in your path!"

As Florence finished reading, she sunk into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"Mr. Crayford is below, ma'am," said a servant, entering.

Alas! how should she act! There was a truth and earnestness about the note she dared not disregard, and a few moments reflection determined her to avoid him until she could learn either the truth or falsehood of these heavy accusations. She therefore bade the servant say that a violent headache would preclude her from joining the intended excursion—and she also sent a note of the same purport to the lady manager of the party.

In a few moments she saw Crayford leave the house. Could she have read the thoughts then passing through his mind, she would have found full confirmation of her worst fears.

She now determined upon a bold step, and with trembling hand addressed a note to her mysterious counsellor:

"If you are really my friend, why do you thus shun me; why, if honest, thus clothe yourself in so much mystery? What proof have you to give me of your sincerity? Alas! I fear, none; and yet I would not have it so, for the thought of your friend-ship has been very pleasant to me! What reliance can I place upon the assertions of one who thus shuns inquiry, against the character of a person bearing the semblance of so much worth as Crayford. I have a right to demand proofs of what you have stated; and I now do so, which, if you withhold, I shall deem all your accusations against that individual as base forgeries. God judge the right!"

This note she sealed, and ordering the servants to inform her when the usual messenger from the unknown should again appear, she sat down to reflect upon the singular position in which she found herself placed.

It was not until the following morning that Florence had an opportunity to forward her note. From her window she at length saw the lad coming down the street with a basket of beautiful roses. She immediately ran down, and as he rung the bell she opened the door quickly, and placing the note in his hand, bade him deliver it to his master. The next moment, how gladly she would have recalled him, so imprudent appeared to her the course she was pursuing. It was too late, however—and in a state of much agitation she now awaited the result. She had not to wait long. In the course of an hour she received an answer couched as follows:

"You demand proof, and you shall have it. Thank God that you are sufficiently alarmed to ask it. Go, then, to No. 7 — Lane, and inquire for a Mrs. Belmont. Be not dismayed at what is before you—shrink not from a step which may save you from wretchedness. Go, then, pure and lovely one, and fear not. One will be near you who will protect you with his life."

[Conclusion in our next

ALICE.

BY THOMAS DONN ENGLISH.

As in yonder woods I wandered,
By the river-side,
On the bitter past I pondered,
On the gladness I had squandered,
And upon my erring bride,
By her dying sanctified.

Pleasure from a crystal chalice
Once I gladly drained ;
Lived we in a fairy palace,
Wildest passion, I and Alice ;
Every object seemed attained,
Every joy my soul had gained.

While I trusted her, and thought her
Honest as she seemed ;
While I foudest worship brought her,
And my glowing glances taught her
Of the love which from them gleamed,
I awoke—I had but dreamed.

After she became a mother,
Leaving me her child,
Fled she from me with another—
With a man I thought my brother.
Fate its mountain on me piled,
And my mind grew rapt and wild.

So it was, he treated wily
One who trusted him ;
Thus did she with action wily
Lull me, ere she left me slyly—
Left me for her passion's whim,
With my life-lamp growing dim.

Sad I sat me by my lattice,
Where the faded flowers,
Withered poppies, seared clematis,
And the damp-mould which begat is
By the long-neglected hours,
Seemed in harmony with my powers.

Thus my life-lamp's fitful shimmer
Faint and fainter shone ;
Thus its fastly-fading glimmer,
Daily growing dim and dimmer,
As I brooded there alone,
Lit my happiness o'erthrown.

Day by day thus wrapt in sadness,
Sat I quiet there ;
Desperately rejecting gladness,
 wooing the approach of madness,
Nursing wrongs with savage care,
Whose nurture would create despair.

Time at length it soothed me slightly,
Covering o'er my care ;
Made me bear my woes more lightly,
Think my honor less unsightly ;
But her absence made her fair,
Though criminal beyond compare.

Years had past, and in this Babel
Of continual din,
I had striven, as I was able,
Till the silver streaked the sable
Of my hair, which growing thin
Showed decay which must begin.

Years had past, but naught could fetter
Love I should have spurned ;
Every day I loved her better—
Shame upon me ! Then I met her,
In the wo that she had learned,
Under the blow which she had earned.

By her death-hour's turbid river
Stood her trembling soul ;
And she asked me to forgive her,
By her shame, which would outlive her,
By her anguish past control,
By the hell which was her goal.

Could I at such time refuse her
Such a sad request ?
Could I then of crime accuse her—
At that moment harshly use her ?
So I bade her pass to rest,
With forgiveness on her breast.

Smiled the Magdalen, and prayed me
With a feeble pride,
Prayed me by the God who made me,
That when in the earth they laid me
It should be her form beside—
Here, my false and fallen bride.

As I stood in pity by her,
Looking in her face,
Could I this small boon deny her ?
Pride revolted, but a higher,
Holier feeling took its place,
And I smiled the sought-for grace.

This thing won, another favor
From me she did pray ;
That, forgetting her behavior,
Ere death's rising waves would lave her,
I would bend and on that day
Kiss her chill lips as she lay.

This I did, and as she started
At my warm lip's touch,
From her form the spirit parted,
Leaving me thus riven-hearted,
Held in Sorrow's iron clutch,
Smiling never, suffering much.

In the dark-brown shade I wander—
Sadness at my side ;
Growing of my sorrows fonder,
As upon the past I ponder.
And upon my erring bride,
Who, as I forgave her, died.

THE ENGRAVER'S DAUGHTER.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

LITTLE Dora Stilling was but six years old when her best friend went to Heaven. She was a beautiful child, and her father, Mark Stilling, an old engraver, loved her with a species of blind idolatry. Stilling was by birth a German, and his reading had not gone much beyond the childish romances peculiar to his country, which had left upon his mind an indelible impression. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to an engraver, and since that time had seen little of the world beyond the room in which his noiseless occupation happened to be. His mind, therefore, remained half asleep, and the dreams that passed through it had little in common with the real life around him. He was an old man when he married, and his wife, who passed with many, who did not know better, as his daughter, died a few years after their only child, Dora, was born.

Upon the death of his wife, the heart of Mark Stilling turned toward the sweet child she had left him, with an affection made jealous and intenser by his loss. For her he desired all good in the world's power to bestow; but as to what was the greatest good he had but vague notions. As he grew older, and his mind drooped toward second childhood, from the ideas and feelings of his earlier years the dust of time was blown away, and all was as distinct and fresh as if the spring-time of life were but yesterday. Images of beautiful maidens, wooed by princes in disguise, floated before his imagination; and then his thoughts would turn to Dora, who grew more and more lovely in his eyes every day. Nothing short of some such consummation for his child, he felt, would ever satisfy him.

It was little wonder that the old engraver loved Dora with an absorbing affection; for, opening like a rose, she displayed to his eyes some new feature of loveliness every day, as well in mind as in body. While he sat at his work, tracing out upon the hard, polished steel forms of beauty, Dora was ever present in his mind, more beautiful than any creation of the painter's pencil he had yet been commissioned to copy.

Swiftly the years glided on, and Dora became less and less a child. As soon as she was able to go to school, she was placed under the care of the best teachers in the city, and from that time every dollar earned by Stilling, beyond what the simple wants of nature demanded, was spent upon his daughter, that she might be thought accomplished in every thing, and thus made a fit companion for the best in the land. He wished her to be, in one word, a *lady*—and, in the engraver's mind, a lady was something more than the term conveys in its usual acceptation.

But as Dora grew up lovely and accomplished as her parent's heart could desire, she exhibited a simplicity of taste, and a love for useful employments, that

her father did not in the least approve. Fond old man! Half insane, under the delusion him-self had conjured up from among his early fancies, he felt, whenever Dora's hands were engaged in work, that she was degrading herself, and ever sought to keep her above the necessity of entering into any domestic occupation. Dora, as her mind grew clearer, saw the weakness and folly of all this. She saw that her father was old, and growing feebler and less able to work every day, and that his income was steadily decreasing; and she felt that, before a very long time, upon her would fall the burden of his as well as her own support. One day she came to him and said—

"Dear father, you are getting old, and your strength is failing. Let me go and learn a trade, and then I can work for you."

The old man caught for breath two or three times, like one suddenly deprived of air.

"A trade, did you say, child?" He spoke in a low whisper.

"Yes, father, a trade. Let me learn some trade, so that I can help you. I am young, and you are old. You have worked for me since I was child; now let me work for you."

"No, no, Dora! You shall not learn a trade," replied Stilling firmly. Then he added, in a chiding voice, "How could you think of such a thing! You must look higher, my child. You are as good as any lady in the land, and may take the place of the best." Here his voice grew animated. "Don't you remember the story of the light-haired maiden whom the king's son saw, and loved better than all the proud court ladies, because she was beautiful and good; and how he came in a splendid chariot, and carried her away and made her his bride? True, there are no kings here!"—the old man faintly sighed—"but there are many rich and great people. No—no—Dora, you shall not learn a trade."

Dora understood well what her father meant by these allusions, for he had often talked so before, and sometimes more plainly; and she knew that it would be of no use to argue against him. So she said no more about learning a trade. But she engaged more diligently in every useful thing that came to her hand, and sought, by every means in her power, to add to her father's comfort.

Almost alone as Mark Stilling was, and possessing none of those cultivated tastes and accomplishments necessary for one who would introduce a young girl like his daughter into society, the old man saw weeks and months go by, after Dora had become a woman, and yet his lovely flower remained hidden by the way-side. He looked upon her as she came in and went out, and wondered that all the world was not capti-

vated by her beauty. And as he grew older, and his intellect became feebler and feebler, this one idea took a still stronger hold upon his mind.

Dora, at the age of nineteen, began to feel great concern for her father. Both body and mind it was plain to her were failing rapidly; and orders for work were much less frequent than they had been. But even if work had been as abundant as before, he had less ability to perform it; and this was daily decreasing. Again she asked permission to learn a trade; but it was met with as firm an opposition as before, and on the same ground.

"I must have some means of supporting myself and father," she said thoughtfully to herself, "for it will not be long that he can keep at work. What shall I do? He will not let me learn a trade." She reflected for a long time, and then, as if all had become clear to her, she clapped her hands together and murmured—"Yes—yes. That shall be it. I will devote myself to my music until I become proficient enough to teach."

Already much money had been expended on Dora's musical education, and she played and sung well. But she was not skilled enough to be able to give instructions. So from that time she spent many hours each day at her piano; and also practiced on the guitar. As the old man listened to her warblings, how little dreamed he that all this was but the learning of a trade, against which his mind had so revolted.

As we have said, the old man became less and less competent to perform his work well and expeditiously, and it gradually left him and went into other hands. His income thus reduced, it became necessary to abridge the expenses of his household, or fall in debt, something for which Stilling had a natural horror. The first step downward, and one that it hurt the engraver much to take, was the giving up of the neat little house in which he had lived, and taking apartments in a second story, at half the rent formerly paid. Dora urged strongly, when this change was made, to have their domestic sent away.

"I can do all the work, father. Let Ellen go, and then we will save nearly half our living."

But the old man would not listen a moment to this, and silenced his daughter by an emphatic "No."

Yet for all this care in keeping Dora above the sphere of usefulness, her charms had not won for her a distinguished lover. Still Dora had a lover, and this was less wonderful than it would have been had her sweet face not pictured itself on some heart. But her lover was only a humble clerk in a store where she had often been to make purchases. He was as simple and earnest in all his tastes and feelings as Dora herself. Their meetings were not frequent, for young Edwards had been told of the old engraver's weakness, and did not, therefore, venture to call upon his sweetheart at her home.

At length so little work came that Stilling did not receive more than sufficient money to buy food, and actual privation began to creep in upon himself and daughter. Stern necessity required the dismissal of their domestic, and then the old man busied himself in household matters, in order to keep Dora as far as possible above such menial employments. As age crept

on, and his intellects grew still weaker, he clasped his fond delusion more closely to his heart, and observed all of Dora's movements with a more jealous eye.

For as long a time as a year had the faith of Dora and her lover been pledged. Their meetings were generally in the street, on a certain appointed afternoon of each week. Then they walked together and talked about the future, when there should be no barrier to their happiness. But the young man, as time wore on, grew impatient; and his pride occasionally awakened, telling him that he was as good as the old engraver, and worthy, in every respect, to claim the hand of his daughter. Sometimes this feeling showed itself to Dora, when the maiden would be so hurt that Edwards always repented of his hasty words, and resolved to be more guarded in future.

"Let me call and see you at your father's," said Edwards, one day as they were walking together; "perhaps I may not be so unwelcome a visitor as you think."

"Oh, no, no! you must not think of it," replied Dora quickly.

"But where is this to end?" inquired the young man. "If he will not accept me as your lover, and you cannot become mine except with his consent, the case seems hopeless."

Dora did not reply at the moment, and they walked along for some time in silence.

"There is a way. I have thought of it a great deal," at length said the young girl. She spoke with some hesitation in her manner.

"What is it?" inquired her lover.

Dora leaned toward him, and said something in a low voice.

"That's not to be thought of," was the quick reply of the young man.

Dora was silent, while her bosom, as it rose and fell quickly, showed that her feelings were much disturbed. The suggestion, whatever it was, appeared to hurt or offend the young man, and when they separated, it was with a coldness on his part that made tears dim the eyes of Dora the moment she turned from him.

On their next meeting both felt constrained; and their conversation was not so free and tender as before. It took some weeks for the effect of Dora's proposition, whatever it was, to wear off. But after that time the sunshine came back again, and was brighter and warmer than before.

One day, it was perhaps four or five months after the little misunderstanding just mentioned, the old engraver was visited by a stranger, whose whole appearance marked him as either a foreigner or one who had lived abroad. He wanted him, he said, to copy on steel, in his most finished style, the miniature of a lady. As he mentioned his errand to the engraver, he drew from his pocket the miniature of a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, set in a costly gold locket. Mark Stilling took the picture, but the moment he looked at it his countenance changed.

"Is it not a beautiful face?" said the stranger.

"I have seen it before," remarked the engraver, with a thoughtful air.

"Have you?" was the quick inquiry.

"Yes. But of whom is it a likeness?" asked the old man.

"Of one," said the stranger, "who has fitted before me, of late, the impersonation of all that is lovely in her sex. As she passes me in the street, I gaze after her as one would gaze at an angel. A skillful painter, at my request, has sketched her face, taking feature after feature, as he could fix them, until, at last, this image of beauty has grown under his pencil. And now I want it transferred to steel, lest some accident should deprive me of its possession."

While the stranger thus spoke, Stilling sat gazing upon the miniature with the air of one bound by a spell. And no wonder—for it was the image of his own child! and it seemed, as he looked into the pictured face intently, as if the lips would part and the voice of Dora fall upon his ears. Then he turned his eyes upon the dignified, princely looking stranger, and the thought came flashing through his mind that his dream of years was about being realized. Dora was the lovely unknown of whom he had spoken with so much enthusiasm; with whom he was so passionately enamored.

"Will you do the work for me?" said the stranger, breaking in upon the old man's reverie.

"Yes—yes," answered Stilling.

"How long do you want?"

"Two months."

"So long?"

"Yes, to do it well."

"Take, then, your own time, and charge your own price. Here are fifty dollars," and the stranger handed the engraver some money. "I will call every day while the work is progressing, that I may look at the sweet picture upon which you are engaged."

"How large shall it be?" inquired the engraver.

"Just the size of the miniature," replied the stranger. Then rising, he said, as he bowed to Stilling, "I will see you again to-morrow about this hour."

On the next day, when the stranger called, Dora was sitting by her father. An exclamation of delight was checked upon his lips, as his eyes fell upon the beautiful girl; but his noble face expressed surprise and undisguised admiration.

"The lovely original!" dropped at length from his tongue.

"My daughter," said the engraver.

Dora rose up and made a low courtesy.

"Your daughter! How strange! You did not tell me this yesterday."

"No. But she is my child—my only child—and I love her better than I love my life."

Light kindled in the old man's face, and a quiver of excitement was in every nerve. It was only by an effort that he refrained from giving way to the most extravagant praises of Dora, who sat, with her eyes meekly cast upon the floor.

On the next day, the stranger called again, and found Dora, as at the previous visit, with her father. This time he spoke to the maiden in a familiar, yet respectful way. Every look he directed toward her was one of admiration; yet not a glance of this character escaped the watchful eyes of her father.

From the first Mark Stilling regarded the stranger with especial favor. After the meeting with Dora it was settled in the old man's mind that fortune was at length to crown with joy his dearest wish in life. All suspicion was lulled to rest in his mind. The fact that the stranger withheld his name, but confirmed him in the belief that he was either a nobleman in disguise, or connected with some wealthy and distinguished family at home.

Week followed week, and the stranger came every day to mark the progress of the plate, the execution of which he did not countermand. He never staid over an hour at a time, and that was mostly spent with Dora, whose musical abilities he highly praised, and whom he always asked to play for him. The little parlor of the engraver was on a different floor from that on which he worked, and so, while playing for the stranger, Dora was always alone with him.

Stilling was in no way surprised when the stranger asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Dora was born to be a lady, and now had come the fulfillment of her destiny. The poor old man's mind was so infirm that it could not go beyond this simple idea. No doubt came to trouble him; no suspicion disturbed his happy dream. More than the stranger told him he believed; for as to who he was, or to what station Dora would be elevated, he was silent. But Stilling asked nothing on this head. He believed all he wished to believe. The offer for his child's hand he felt to be a noble offer, and he yielded his fullest consent.

And so Dora was married to the stranger. But not until five minutes before the ceremony was performed, did Stilling know that his name was *Edwards*. The marriage took place in Stilling's little parlor. After the rite was over, and the minister had retired, the bridegroom took the old man's hand, and said to him, as he pointed to the finished plate containing the head of Dora.

"That, father, is your last work. You can rest now after so many years of labor. Come, there is a carriage at the door; we will go to our new home."

Stilling was half bewildered, yet happy. Without a pause or objection, he suffered his children to take him to another home. That home was really a modest one; but in the eyes of the fond old man it was little less than a palace.

On the morning after the marriage, the moustache of young Edwards disappeared, and he went forth daily from that time and engaged in his regular business. But the engraver, who now began to sink rapidly both in mind and body, dreamed not that Dora's husband was only a clerk, whose yearly income fell below a thousand dollars.

In less than a year Mark Stilling slept with his fathers, deeply mourned by the child he had loved with so strong and blind a passion. He was ignorant to the last of the deceit that had been practiced upon him, and as firmly believed that the kind and affectionate young husband of Dora was of noble blood, and one of the great ones of the land, as that the sun arose and set daily. And he was far happier in this belief than he would have been with all as real as he imagined.

JASPER ST. AUBYN;
OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 150.)

Thus passed the afternoon, until the evening meal was announced, and Jasper was left alone, with nothing but his own wild and whirling thoughts to entertain him. He was ill at ease in his own mind, ill at ease with himself and with all around him. Vexed with Durzil Bras-de-fer, for offering in the first instance to take him as a partner in his adventure, and then for failing at the pinch to back his offer by his stout opinion; vexed with his father for thwarting his will, and yet more for rebuking him publicly, and in the presence of Theresa, too, before whom, boy-like, he would fain have figured as a hero; and lastly, vexed with Theresa herself, because, though kind and gentle, she had not sat by his bedside all day, as she did yesterday, or devoted all her attention to himself alone, he was in the very mood to torment himself, and every one else, to the extent of his powers.

Then, as his thoughts wandered from one to another of those whom he thought fit to look upon as having wronged him, they settled on the most innocent of all, Theresa; and, at the same moment, the wild words, which he had uttered without any ulterior meaning at the time, and with no other intent than that of annoying his father, recurred to his mind, concerning village maidens.

He started, as the idea recurred to him, and at first he wondered what train of thought could have brought back those words in connection with Theresa's image. But, as he grew accustomed to his own thought, it became, as it were, the father to the wish; and he began to consider how pretty and gentle she was, and how delicate her slight, rounded figure, and how soft and low her voice. Then he remembered that she had looked at him twice or thrice during the day, with an expression which he had never seen in a woman's eye before, and which, though he understood it not, did not bode ill to his success; and lastly, the worst, bitterest thought of all arose in his mind, and retained possession of it. "I will spite them all," he thought, "that proud, insolent young sailor, who, because he is a few years older than I, and has seen swords drawn once or twice—for all, I doubt if he can fence or shoot any better than I, or if he be a whit more active—affects to look down upon me as a stripling. His young friend, truly! let him look out, whether he have not cause to term me something else ere he die. By God! I believe he loves the girl, too! he looked black as a thunder-cloud over Dartmoor, when she smiled on me! And my father—by my soul! I think he's doting; and her dainty ladyship, too! I'll see if I cannot have her more eager to hear me, than she has

shown herself to-day. I will do it—I will, by all that's holy! Heaven! how it will spite them!"

Then he laid his head down on the pillow, and began to reflect how he should act, and what were his chances of success in the villainy which he meditated; and he even asked himself, with something of the boy's diffidence in his first encounter with woman, "but can I, can I win her affection?" and vanity and the peculiar audacity of his race, of his own character, made answer instantly, "Ay, can I. Am I not handsomer, and cleverer, and more courtly; am I not higher born and higher bred, and higher mannered, not only than that seafaring lout, but than any one she has ever met withal? Ay, can I, and ay, will I!"

And in obedience to this last and base resolve, the worst and basest that ever had crossed the boy's mind, no sooner had they returned from the adjoining room, after the conclusion of the evening meal, than he contrived entirely to monopolize Theresa.

First, he asked her to play at chess with him; and then, after spending a couple of hours, under the pretence of playing, but in reality gazing into her blue eyes, and talking all sorts of wild, enthusiastic, poetical romance, half earnest and half affected, he declared that his head ached, and asked her to read aloud to him; and when she did so, sitting without a thought of ill beside his pillow, while their fathers were conversing in a low tone over the hearth, and Durzil was absent making his preparations for the next day's journey, he let his hand fall, as if unconsciously, on hers, and after a little while, emboldened by her unsuspecting calmness, imprisoned it between his fingers.

It might have been that she was so much engrossed in reading, for it was Shakspeare's sweet Rosalind that the boy had chosen for her subject, that she was not aware that her hand was clasped in his. It might have been, that, accustomed to his pressure, from his involuntary retention of it during his lethargic sleep on the preceding day, she let it pass as a matter of no consequence. It might have been, that almost unsuspected by herself, a feeling of interest and affection, which might easily be ripened into love, was already awakened in her bosom, for the high-spirited, handsome, fearless boy, who in some measure owed his life to her assistance.

At all events, she made no effort to withdraw it, but let it lie in his, passive, indeed, and motionless, save for its quivering pulse, but warm and soft and sensitive. And the boy waxing bolder, and moved into earnestness by the charms of the position, ventured to press it once or twice, as she read some moving

line, and murmured praises of the author's beauties, and of the sweet, low voice that lent to those beauties a more thrilling loveliness, and still the fairy fingers were not withdrawn from his hold, though her eye met not his, nor any word of hers answered his whispered praises.

At length a quick, strong step came suddenly to the door of the room, and almost before there was time for thought, the door was thrown open, and Durzil Olifaunt entered.

Instantly Theresa started at the sound, and strove to withdraw her hand, while a deep blush of shame and agitation crimsoned her cheeks and brow, and even over-spread her snowy neck and bosom.

It was not, as that bold boy fancied at the time, in the vanity and insolence of his uncorrected heart, that she knew all the time, that she was allowing what it was wrong, and immodest, and unmaidenly to endure, and that now she was afraid and ashamed, not of the error, but of the detection.

No. In the perfect purity of her heart, in the half-pitiful, half-protecting spirit which she felt toward Jasper, first as an invalid, and then as a mere boy—for although he was, perhaps, a year her senior, who does not know that boys in their eighteenth year are a full lustre younger than girls of the same age—she had thought nothing, dreamed nothing of impropriety in yielding her hand to the boy's affectionate grasp, until the step of the man, whose profligate love she had that very day declined, led her to think intuitively what would be *his* feelings, and thence what must be Jasper's, concerning that permitted license.

But the wily boy, for, so young as he was, he lacked neither sagacity to perceive, nor audacity to profit by occasion, saw his advantage, and holding his prize with a gentle yet firm pressure, without so much as turning his eyes to Durzil, or letting it be known that he was aware of his presence, raised it to his lips, and kissed it, saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"I thank you, from my very soul, for your gentleness and kind attention, dearest lady; your sweet voice has soothed me more than words can express; there must be a magic in it, for it has charmed my headache quite away, and divested me, moreover, from the least desire to seek glory, or the the gallows, with your hold coin."

The eyes of Durzil Bras-de-fer flashed fire, as he saw, as he heard what was passing; and he made two or three strides forward, with a good deal of his old impetuosity, both of look and gesture. His brow was knitted, his hands clenched, and his lip compressed over his teeth, so closely that it was white and bloodless.

But happily—or perhaps, unhappily—before he had time to commit himself, he saw Theresa withdraw her hand so decidedly, and with so perfect a majesty of gentle yet indignant womanhood, gazing upon the audacious offender, as she did so, with eyes so full of wonder and rebuke, that he could not doubt the sincerity or genuineness of her anger.

Acquitting her, therefore, of all blame or coquetry, and looking upon Jasper as a mere boy, and worthy to be treated as such only, reflecting, moreover, that he was for the time being, shielded by his infirmity, he controlled himself, though not without an effort

with a lip now curling scornfully, and an eye rather contemptuous than angry, advanced to the fireside, and took his seat beside his uncle and Sir Miles, without taking the slightest notice of the others.

In the meantime, Theresa, after she had disengaged her hand from Jasper, and cast upon him that one look of serene indignation, turned her back on him quietly, in spite of some attempt at apology or explanation which he began to utter. Walking slowly and composedly to the table, she laid down on it the volume of Shakspeare which she had been reading to him, and selecting some implements of feminine industry, moved over to the group assembled round the hearth, and sat down on a low footstool, between Durzil and her father.

No one but the two young men and herself were aware what had passed; and she, though annoyed by Jasper's forwardness, having, as she thought, effectually repelled it, had already dismissed it from her mind as a thing worth no further consideration. Durzil, on the other hand, though attaching far more importance to his action, saw plainly that this was not the time or the place for making any comment on it, even if he had been capable of adding to Theresa's embarrassment; while Jasper, mortified and frustrated by the lady's scornful self-possession, and the free-trader's manifest contempt, had no better mode of concealing his disappointment, than by sinking back upon his pillow, as if fatigued or in pain, and feigning to fall gradually asleep—a feint which, as is oftentimes the case, terminated at last in reality.

Meanwhile, the two old men continued to talk quietly, in rather a subdued tone, of old times and the events of their youth, and thence of the varied incidents which had checkered their lives, during the long space of time since they had been friends and comrades, with many a light and shadow. And as they, garrulous, as is the wont of the aged and infirm, and "*laudatores temporis acti*," found pleasure even in the retrospection on things, which in their day were painful, the young man sat beside them silent, oppressed with the burthen of present pain, and yet more by the anticipation of worse suffering to be endured thereafter.

Nearly an hour passed thus, without a single word being exchanged between Durzil and Theresa; he nursing deeply, with his head buried in his hands, as he bent over the embers of the wood fire, which the vicinity of the cottage to the water's edge rendered agreeable even on summer evenings, and she plying her needle as assiduously as if she were dependent on its exercise for her support.

Several times, indeed, she looked up at him with her candid, innocent face, and her beautiful blue eye clear and unclouded, as if she wished to catch his attention. But he was all unconscious of her movement, and continued to ponder gloomily on many things that had, and yet more that had not, any existence beyond the limits of his own fitful fancy.

At length tired of waiting for his notice, the rather that the night was wearing onward, she arose from her seat, folding up her work as she did so, and laid her hand lightly on her cousin's shoulder—

"And are you really going to leave us to-morrow, Durzil?" she said, softly.

"For a few days only," he answered, raising his head, and meeting her earnest eye with a cold, sad smile. "I am going to ride down to-morrow afternoon as far as Hexwerthy, where I will sleep, and so get into Plymouth to-morrow evening."

"And when shall you come back to us?"

"I shall not stay an hour longer than I can avoid, Theresa; and I think that in three days I may be able to arrange all that I have to do; if so, you may look for me within the week—at furthest, I shall be here in ten days."

"And how long may we count on keeping you here, then? It will be long, I fear, before we shall meet again."

"The ship cannot be fit for sea within three weeks, Theresa, or it may be a month; and I shall stay here, be sure, until the last moment. But as all mortal matters are uncertain to a proverb, and as none of us can say when, or if ever, we shall meet again, and as I have much to say to you before I go to sea this time, will you not walk in the garden with me for an hour before breakfast to-morrow?"

"Surely I will. How can you doubt it, Durzil?"

"I do not doubt it. And then I can give you my opinion about the young nightingales, which we forgot, after all, this morning. I dare say they will turn out to be hedge sparrows."

"I will be there soon after the sun is up, Durzil, and that I may be so, good-night, all," and with the word, kissing her father's brow, and giving her hand affectionately to Durzil, she courtied to the old cavalier, and left the room without so much as looking toward Jasper, who was, however, already fast asleep, and unconscious of all subsidiary matters.

Her rising, though she had not joined in the conversation for the last hour or more, broke up the company, and in a few minutes they had all withdrawn, each to his own apartment; and Jasper was left alone, with the brandy dying out one by one on the hearth-stone, and an old tabby cat dozing near the andirons; this night he had no other watchers, and none were there to hear or see what befell him during the hours of darkness.

But had there been any one present in that old apartment, he would have seen that the sleep of the young man was strangely restless and perturbed, that the sweat-drops stood in large cold beads upon his brow, that his features were from time to time fearfully distorted, as if by pain and horror, and that he tossed his arms to and fro, as if he were wrestling with some powerful but intangible oppressor.

From time to time, moreover, he uttered groans and strangely murmured sounds, and a few articulate words; but these so unconnected, and at so long intervals asunder, that no human skill could have combined them into any thing like intelligible sentences. At length with a wild, shrill cry, he started up erect in his bed, his hair bristling with terror, and the cold sweat flowing off his face like rain-drops.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "avenge—defend! Horror! horror!" Then raising his hands slowly to his brow,

he felt himself, grasped his arm, and sought for the pulsations of his heart, as if he were laboring to satisfy himself that he was awake.

At length, he murmured, "It was a dream! The Lord be praised! it was but a dream! and yet, how terrible, how vivid. Even now, I can scarce believe that I was not awake and saw it."

But as his eye ran over the objects to which it had become accustomed during the last days, and which were now indistinctly visible in the glimmering darkness of a fine summer night, he became fully satisfied that he had been indeed asleep; and with a muttered prayer, he settled himself down again on the pillow, and composed himself to sleep once more.

He had not slept, however, above half an hour before the same painful symptoms recurred; and after even a longer and more agonizing struggle than the first, he again woke, panting, horror-stricken, pale and almost paralyzed with superstitious terror.

"It was!" he gasped, "it was—it must have been reality. I saw her, as I did last night, tangible, face to face; but, oh God! what a glare of horror in those beautiful blue eyes—what a gory spot on that smooth, white brow—what agony—what supplication in every lovely feature. And he, he who dealt the blow—I could not see the face, but the dress, the figure, nay, the seat on horseback—great God! they were all mine own!"

He paused for a long time, meditating deeply, and casting furtive glances around the large old-fashioned room, as though he expected to see some of the great heavy shadows which brooded in the dim angles and irregular recesses of the walls, detach themselves from their lurking places, in the guise of human forms embodied, and come forth to confront him.

After a while, however, his naturally strong intellect and characteristic audacity led him to discard the idea of supernatural influence in the appalling vision, which had now twice so cruelly disturbed him. Still, so great had been the suffering and torture of his mind during the conflict of the sleeping body and the sleepless intellect, that he actually dreaded the return of slumber, lest that dread phantom should return with it; and he therefore exerted himself to keep awake, and to arm his mind against the insidious stealing on of sleep, from very fear of what should follow.

But the very efforts which he made to banish the inclination, weakened the mind, and induced what he would most avoid; and within an hour he was again unconscious of all external sights and sounds, again terribly alive to those inward sensations which had already terrified him almost beyond endurance.

This time the trance was shorter, but from the symptoms which appeared on his features, fiercer and stronger than before; nor, as before, when he awoke, did the impression pass away which had been made on him before his eyes were opened. No; as he started up erect, and gazed wildly, scarce as yet half awake, around him, the first thing that met, or seemed to meet, his staring eyes, was a gray, misty shadow, standing relieved by a dark mass of gloom in the farthest angle of the chamber. Gradually, as he stared at it with a fascinated gaze, which, had it been to

save his life, he could not have withdrawn, the shape, if shape it were, drew nearer, nearer, with a slow, gliding, ghastly motion.

The moon had by this time arisen, and cast a feeble, intellectual light through the mass of tangled foliage which curtained the large diamond-paned casements of the cottage, streaming in a dim, misty ray across the centre of the chamber. Directly in the middle of this pallid halo, as if it had been a silver glory, paused, or appeared to pause, that thin transparent form—so bodiless, indeed, it seemed, that the outlines of the things which stood beyond it, were visible, as if seen through a gauzy curtain. A cloud passed over the moon's face, and all was gloom; yet still the boy's eyes felt the presence of that disembodied visitant, which they could now no longer distinguish in the darkness.

At this moment, as if to add a real terror to that which, even if unreal, needed no addition, the cut, which hitherto had been sleeping undisturbed by the warm ashes on the hearth, uttered an unusual plaintive cry, most unlike to the natural note of her species, whether of pleasure or of anger, and rushed at two or three long bounds, to the bed on which the boy was sitting up in voiceless horror. Her eyes glared in the darkness, like coals of livid fire, her bristles were set up like the quills of the porcupine, her tail was outspread, till it almost resembled a fox's brush.

The cloud drifted onward, and the moon shone out brighter than before; and there he still saw, that tall white shape, clearer, distincter, stronger than when he first beheld it. The cut cowered down upon the pillow by his side, with a low wailing cry of terror, her back, bristling in wrath but now, was humbly lowered, dread of something unnatural had quelled all her savage instincts.

Clearer and clearer waxed the vision, and now he might mark the delicate symmetrical proportions of the figure, and now the pale white outlines of the lovely face. It was Theresa Allan. Yet the fair features were set in a sort of rigid cataleptic horror, full of dread, full of agony and consternation; and the blue eyes glared, fixed and glassy, without speculation; and right in the centre of the brow there glowed, like a sanguine star, a great spot of gore.

The thing seemed to raise its arm, and point with a gesture of majestic menace, right toward the terrified beholder. Then the white lips were parted with a slow circular distortion, showing the pearly teeth within, and—if a voice came forth from those ghastly lips, Jasper St. Aubyn knew it not, for he had sunk back on his pillow—if, indeed, he had ever, as he believed to the day of his death, raised himself up from it—in a deep trance, from which he passed into a dead, heavy, dreamless stupor, which continued undisturbed until the sun was high in the heavens, and the whole household were afoot, and busied about their usual avocations.

In the meantime, she whose image, whether in truth it was an *eidolon*, or merely the idea of a diseased mind and preoccupied spirit, had been so busy during the hours of darkness, had awakened all refreshed by light and innocent slumbers, with the first peep of day,

and arising from her couch had descended into the garden, still half-enveloped in the dewy vapors of the summer night, half-glimmering in the slant radiance of the new-risen sun.

She was the first at her appointment, for Durzil had not yet made his appearance, and she walked to and fro awaiting him, among the flowery thickets and sweet-scented shrubberies all bathed in the copious night-dews, half-wondering, half-guessing, what it could be that he should so earnestly desire to communicate. And as she walked, she considered with herself all that had occurred during the last three days, and the more she considered, the less was she able to comprehend the workings of her own mind, or to explain to herself wherefore it was that she could not divest herself of the idea that the crisis of her life, the fate of her heart was at hand.

That she had rejected Durzil's proffered love, his honest, manly love, she knew that she ought not to regret, for she felt surely that she could not love him in return as he ought, as he deserved to be loved; and yet she did almost regret it. Then she began to ask herself why she did not, why she could not love him, endowed eminently as he was with many high and noble qualities; and she was soon answered, when she considered how far he fell short of her standard, in mental and intellectual culture, in all that pertained to the secret sympathies of the heart, to the kindred tastes and sentiments, to that community of hopes and wishes, which, under the head of *eadem velle atque nolle*, the Roman philosophical historian has declared to be the sole base of true friendship, might he not better have said of true love.

Thence by an easy and natural transition the girl's thoughts turned to the young stranger—to his magnificent person and striking intellectual beauty—to his singular and original character, so audacious, so full of fiery and rebellious self-will, so confident in his own powers, so daring, almost insolent toward man, and yet, at the same time, so fraught with gentle and romantic fancies, so rapt by romance or poetry, so liable to all swift impressions of the senses, so humble, yet with so proud and self-arrogating a humility toward woman.

She thought of the tones of his beautifully modulated voice, of the expression of his deep, clear, gray eye; she remembered how the one had melted, as it were, almost timorously in her ear, how the other had dwelt almost boldly on her face, yet with a boldness which seemed meant almost as homage.

She mused on these things; and then paused to reflect how helplessly and deathfully he had lain at her feet, when he was drawn forth from that deep red whirlpool; and how so sickly those fine eyes swam when she first beheld them. How small a thing would have extinguished, and forever, the faint spark of life which then feebly fluttered in his bosom; how child-like he had yielded himself to her ministrations, and with how piteous yet grateful an expression he had acknowledged, when he awoke from his first trance-like stupor, midway as it were between life and death, the reasonableness of her protection.

Most true it is, that pity is akin to love; where pity,

as is seldom the case from woman toward man, can exist apart from something approaching to contempt; where it is called forth by the consequences neither of physical nor mental weakness. Still more is it the province and the part of woman to love whom they have protected.

With both sexes, I believe that to have conferred, rather than to have received kindness—to be owed rather than to owe gratitude—is conducive to the growth of kindly feeling, of friendship, of affection, love! But with a true woman, to have been dependent on her for support, to have looked up into her eyes for aid on the sick-bed, for sympathy in mortal sorrow, to have revived by her nursing, to have been consoled by her comforting—these are the truest and most direct key to her affections.

Theresa thought of all these things, and as she did so, her bosom heaved almost unconsciously a sigh, and a tear rose unbidden to her eye. She almost loved Jasper St. Aubyn.

Again, the recollection of his boldness on the previous evening, of his half forcible seizure of her hand, of the kiss he had so daringly imprinted on her soft fingers, of the too meaning words which he had addressed to her, and of the tone, which conveyed even more of consciousness and confidence than the words themselves, all rushed at once upon her mind; and, though she was alone, she started, and her face crimsoned at the mere memory of what she half felt as an indignity.

"And could he think me," she murmured to herself, "so light, so vain, so easy to be won, that he dare treat me thus at almost a first interview? or was it but the rashness, the imprudence, the buoyancy of extreme youth, inspired by sudden love, and encouraged by his own headstrong character." She paused a moment, and then said almost aloud, "Oh, no, no, I will not believe it."

"And what will you not believe, Theresa?" said a clear, firm voice, close behind her, "what is it that you are so energetically determined not to believe, my pretty cousin?"

She started, not well pleased that even Durzil should have thus, as it were, stolen upon her privacy, and overheard what was intended for no mortal ear. Theresa was as guileless as any being of mortal mould may be; but even the most artless woman cannot be altogether free from some touch of instinctive artifice—that innocent and gentle guile is to woman what nature has bestowed on all, even the imbecilest of its creatures, her true weapon of defence, her shield against the brute tyranny of man. And Theresa was a woman. She replied, therefore, without an instant's hesitation, although her voice did falter somewhat, and her cheeks burn, as she spoke—

"That you are angry with me, cousin Durzil." But then, as she felt his cold, clear, dark eye how piercingly it dwelt upon her features, reading, or striving to read, her very soul, she continued, seeing at once the necessity of placing him on the defensive, so as to turn the tide of aggressive warfare, "but I am angry with you, I assure you; nor do I think it at all like you, Durzil, or at all like a true cavalier, as you pre-

tend to be, first to keep a lady waiting for you, I don't know how long, here alone, and then to creep upon her, like an Indian, or a spy, and surprise what little secrets she might be turning over in her own mind. You must have trodden lightly on purpose, or I should have heard your step. I did not look for this at your hand, cousin Durzil."

He still gazed at her with the same dark, fixed, piercing glance, without answering her a word; and, although conscious of no wrong, she met his gaze with her calm, candid, truthful eye, she could not endure his suspicious look, but was flattered, and blushed deeply, and was so much embarrassed, that had not pride and anger come to her aid, she would have burst into tears. But they did come to her aid, and she cried with a quivering voice and a flushing eye—

"For what do you look at me so, Durzil? I do not like it—I will not bear it! You have no right to treat me thus! it is not kind, nor courteous, nor even manly! If it be to brow-beat me, and tyrannize over me, that you asked me to meet you here, I could have thanked you to spare me the request. But I shall leave you to yourself, and return home; and so, good-morrow to you, and better breeding, and a better heart, too, cousin Durzil!"

But though she said she was going, she made no movement to do so, but hesitated, waiting for his answer.

"You must be greatly changed, Theresa," he said bitterly, "to take offence at so slight a cause, or to speak to me in such a tone. But you are greatly changed, and there 's an end of it."

"I am not changed at all," replied the girl, still chafing at the recollection of that scrutinizing eye, which she perhaps felt the more, because conscious that her own reply had not been perfectly sincere. "But I do not allow your right to pry meanly into my secret thoughts, or to catechise me concerning my words, or to accuse me of falsehood, when I answer you."

"Accuse you of falsehood, Theresa! who ever dreamed of doing so?"

"Your eye did so, sir," she replied. "When I told you that I was determined 'not to believe that you were angry with me,' you fixed your glance upon me with the expression of a pedagogue, who having caught a child lying would terrify it into truth. I am no child, I assure you, Durzil, nor are you yet my master. Think as you may about it."

It was now Durzil's turn to be confused, for he could not deny that she had construed the meaning of his look aright; and would not, so proud was he and so resolute, either deny or apologize for what was certainly an act of rudeness.

After a moment's pause, however, he looked up at her from under downcast eyelids, with a look of defiance mingled with distrust, and answered bluntly,

"I do not believe that was your meaning, or that you were thinking about me at all."

"And what if it were not? Am I loud, I pray you, to be thinking of nothing but you? I must have little enough to think of, if it were so."

"You might at least have told me so much frankly."

"I thank you, cousin Durzil," she made answer, more proudly, more firmly than ever he had heard her speak before. "I thank you, for teaching me a lesson, though neither very kindly, nor exactly as a generous gentleman should teach a lady. But you are perfectly correct in your surmises, sir. I was *not* thinking of you at all; no more, sir, than if you were not in existence, and if I answered you, as I did, sir, *falsely*—yes! *falsely* is the word!—it is because, in the first place, you had no right to ask me the question you did, and, in the second, because I did not choose to answer it! Now, cousin, allow me to teach you something—for you have something yet to learn, wise as you are, about us women. If you ask a lady unmannerly questions, hereafter, and she turn them off by a dippant joke, or an unmeaning *falseness*, understand that *you* have been very rude, and that she does not wish to be so likewise, by rebuking your impertinence. Now, do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly, madam, perfectly. You have made marvelous strides of late, upon my honor! Yesterday morning an unsophisticated country maiden—this morning a courtly, quick-witted, manœuvring, fine lady! God send you, much good of the change, though I doubt it. I can see all, read all, plainly enough now—poor Durzil Bras-de-fer is not high enough, I trow, for my dainty lady! Perchance, when he is farther off, he may be better liked, and more needed. At all events, I did not look for this at your hands, There-a, on the last morning, too, that we shall spend together for so long a time."

Angry as she was, and indignant at the dictatorial manner he had assumed toward her, these last words disarmed her in a moment. A tear rose to her eyes, and she held out her hand to him kindly.

"You are right, Durzil," she said, "and I was wrong to be so angry. But you vexed me, and wounded me by your manner. I am sorry; I ought to have remembered that you were going to leave us, and that you have some cause to be grieved and irritable. Pardon me, Durzil, and forget what I said hastily. We must not quarrel, for we have no friends save one another, and my dear old father."

But Durzil's was no placable mind, nor one that could divest itself readily of a preconceived idea. "Oh!" he replied, "for that, fair young ladies never lack friends. For every old one they cast off they win two new ones. See, if it be not so, There-a. Is it not so with you?"

She looked at him reproachfully, but softly, and then burst into tears. "You are ungenerous," she said, "ungenerous. But all men, I suppose, are alike in this—that they can feel no friendship for a woman. So long as they hope for her love, all is submission on their part, and humility, and gentleness, and lip-service—once they cannot win that, all is bitterness and persecution. I did not look for this at *your* hand! But I will not quarrel with you, Durzil. I dealt frankly with you yester morning; I have dealt affectionately with you ever; I will deal tenderly and forgivingly with you now. I only wish that you had not sought this interview with me, the only object of which appears to have been the embittering the last hours of

our intercourse, and the endeavoring to wring and wound my heart. But I—"

"If you had dealt frankly with me," he interrupted her, very angrily, "you would have told me honestly that you loved another."

"Loved another! What do you mean? What other?"

So evident was the truth, the sincerity of her astonishment, that jealousy itself was rebuked and put to silence in the young man's bosom; and he endeavored to avoid or change the subject. But the womanly indignation of the fair girl was now awakened; her pride had been touched; her delicacy wounded; her sensibilities assailed in the tenderest point.

"Leave me!" she said, after a little pause, during which she, in her turn gazing upon him, now bewildered and aghast, with eyes of serene wonder, not all unmingled with contempt—"Nay! not another word—leave me—begone! You are not worthy of a woman's love—you are not worthy to be treated or regarded as a man. Leave me, I say, and trouble me no more. Poor, weak, mean-spirited, vain, jealous, and ungenerous, begone! You know—no man knows better—the falsehood of the last words you have spoken. No man knows better their unfeelingness, their ungenerous cruelty. But if I had—if I had loved another—in what does that concern you? in what am I responsible to you for my likings or dislikings. Once and for all be it said, I love you not—should not love you, were you the only one of your sex on the face of God's earth—and I pray God to help and protect the woman who shall love you—if ever you be loved of woman, which I for one believe not—for she shall love the veriest tyrant that ever tortured a fond heart, under the plea of loving."

"I go," he replied. "I am answered, once and for all. I go, and may you never need my aid, my forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous glance. "Forgiveness! I know not what you have to forgive! But you should rather pray that I may have need of them; then may you have the pleasure of refusing me at my need."

"Ah! it is thus you think of me. It is time, then, that I should leave you. Fare you well, There-a."

"There is no need for farewells at present. The day is early yet; and I trust still to see your temper changed before you set forth on your journey. It would grieve my father sorely that you should leave us thus."

"He will not know how I leave you. He will see me no more for years—perhaps never!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall mount my horse within this half hour, and return no more until I shall have twice crossed the Atlantic. So fare you well, There-a."

"Fare you well, Durzil, if it must be so. And God bless you, and send you a better mind. You will be sorry for this one day. There is my hand, fare you well; and rest assured of this, return when you may, you will find me the same There-a."

He took her hand, and wrung it hard. "Farewell," he said. "Farewell; and God grant that when I do

return, I find you the wife, and not the mistress, of Jasper St. Aubyn?"

Ungenerous and bitter to the last, he winged the shaft at random, which he hoped would pierce the deepest, which he trusted would prevent the consummation he most dreaded—that she *should be* the wife of the boy whom he had saved, whom he now hated.

The other contingency, at which he had hinted basely, unmanly, brutally, he knew to be impossible—but he knew also, that the surmise would gulf her beyond endurance. That, that was the cruel, the unworthy object of the last words Duzil Bras-de-fer ever exchanged in this world with Theresa Allen.

He turned on his heel, and, without looking back once, strode through the garden, with all his better feelings lost and swallowed up in bitterness and hatred; entered his own apartment, and there wrote a few lines to his uncle, to the effect that in order to avoid the pain of a parting, and the sorrows of a last adieu, he had judged it for the wisest to depart suddenly and unawares; and that he should not return to Widecomb until his voyage should be ended.

Then, leaving the house, where he had passed so many a happy hour, in hot and passionate resentment, he mounted his horse and rode away at a hard gallop across the hills toward Hexwerthy and Plymouth.

The last words he uttered had gone to Theresa's heart like a death-blow. She did not speak, or even sigh, as she heard them, but pressed her hand hard on her breast, and fell speechless and motionless on the dewy greensward.

He, engrossed by his selfish rage, and deafened to the sound of her fall by the beatings of his own hard heart, stalked off unconscious what had befallen her; and she lay there, insensible, until the servant girl, missing her at the breakfast hour, found her there cold, and, as at first she believed, lifeless.

She soon revived, indeed, from the swoon; but the excitement and agitation of that scene brought on a slow, lingering fever; and weeks elapsed ere she again left her chamber. When she did quit it, the fresh green leaves of summer had put on their sere and yellow hue, the autumn flowers were fast losing their last brilliancy, the hoar-frosts lay white, in the early mornings, over the turf walks of her garden, ice had been seen already on the great pool above the fords of Widecomb, and every thing gave notice that the dreary days of winter were approaching, and even now at hand.

The northwest winds howled long and hollow over the open hills and heathery wolds around Widecomb Manor, and ever as their wild melancholy wail fell on the ears of Theresa, as she sat by her now lonely hearth, they awoke a thought of him, the playmate of her happy childhood, from whom she had parted, not as friends and playmates should part, and who was now ploughing the far Atlantic, perhaps never to return.

A shadow had fallen upon her brow; a gloom upon her young and happy life.

And where was he who unconsciously, though not perhaps unintentionally, had been the cause of the cloud which had arisen, and whence that shadow, that gloom? Where was Jasper St. Aubyn?

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The body of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. BYRON.

Two years had passed away since Duzil Bras-de-fer set sail on the Virginia voyage, and from that day no tidings had been heard of him in England.

In the meantime, changes, dark melancholy changes, had altered every thing at Widecomb. The two old men, whom we last saw conversing cheerfully of times long gone, and past joys unforgotten, had both fallen asleep, to wake no more but to immortality. Sir Miles St. Aubyn slept with his fathers in the bannered and escutcheoned chapel adjoining the Hall, wherein he had spent so many, and those the happiest, of his days; while William Allan—he had preceded his ancient friend, his old rival, but a few weeks on their last journey—lay in the quiet village church-yard, beneath the shade of the great lime-trees, among the leaves of which he had loved to hear the hum of the bees in his glad boyhood. The leaves waved as of old, and twinkled in the sunshine, and the music of the reveling bees was blithe as ever, but the eye that had rejoiced at the calm scenery, the ear that had delighted in the rural sound, was dim, and deaf forever.

Happy—happy they. Whom no more cares should reach, no more anxieties, forever—who now no more had hopes to be blighted, joys to be tortured into sorrows, and, worst of all, affections to breed the bitterest griefs, and make calamity of so long life. Happy, indeed, thrice happy!

There was a pleasant parlor, with large oriel windows looking out upon the terrace of Widecomb Hall, and over the beautiful green chace, studded with grand old oaks, down to the deep ravine through which the trout stream rushed, in which the present lord of that fair demesne had so nearly perished at the opening of my tale.

And in that pleasant parlor, within the embrace of one of the great oriels, gazing out anxiously over the lovely park, now darkening with the long shadows of a sweet summer evening, there stood as beautiful a being as ever gladdened the eye of friend, husband, or lover, on his return from brief absence home.

It was Theresa—Allan no longer, but St. Aubyn; and with the higher rank which she had so deservedly acquired, she had acquired, too, a higher and more striking style of beauty. Her slender, girlish stature had increased in height, and expanded in fullness, roundness, symmetry, until the delicate and somewhat fragile maiden had been matured into the perfect, full-blown woman.

Her face also was lovelier than of old; it had a deeper, a more spiritual meaning. Love had informed it, and experience. And the genius, dormant before, and unsuspected save by the old fond father, sat enthroned visibly on the pale, thoughtful brow, and looked out gloriously from those serene, large eyes, lined as they were to overflowing with a clear, lustrous, tranquil light, which revealed to the most casual and

thoughtless observers, the purity, the truth, the whiteness of the soul within.

But if you gazed on her more closely,

You saw her at a nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too.

You saw that how pure, how calm, how innocent soever, she was not yet exempt from the hopes, the fears, the passions, and the pains of womanhood.

The woman was more lovely than the girl, was wiser, greater, perhaps better—alas! was she happier?

She had been now nearly two years a wife, though but within the last twelve months acknowledged and installed as such in her husband's house. It had been a dark mystery, her love, the child of sorrow and concealment, although she might thank her own true heart, guided by principle, and lighted by a higher star than any earthly passion, even the love of God, it had not been the source of shame.

Artfully, yet enthusiastically, had that bold, brilliant, fascinating boy laid siege to her affections; and soon, by dint of kindred tastes, and feelings, and pursuits, he had succeeded in winning the whole perfect love of that pure, overruling soul.

She loved him with that fervor, that devotion, of which women alone are perhaps capable, and of women, only those who are gifted with that extreme sensibility, that exquisite organization, which, rendering them the most charming, the most fascinating, and the most susceptible of their sex, too often renders them the least happy.

And he, too, loved her—as well, perhaps, as one of his character and temperament could love any thing, except himself; he loved her *passionately*; he admired her beauty, her grace, her delicacy, beyond measure. He understood and appreciated her exquisite taste, her brilliancy, her feminine and gentle genius. He was not happy when he was absent from her side; he could not endure the idea that she should love, or even smile upon another, he coveted the possession of a creature so beautiful, a soul so powerful, and at the same time so loving. Above all, he was proud to be loved by such a being.

But beyond this he no more loved her, than the child loves its toy. He held her only in his selfishness of soul, even before his passion had

"Spent as yet its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

But he knew nothing, felt nothing, understood nothing of her higher, better self; he saw nothing of her inner light—guessed nothing of what a treasure he had won.

He would have sacrificed nothing of his pleasures, nothing of his prejudices, nothing of his pride, had such a sacrifice been needed to make her the happiest of women. While she would have laid down her life for the mere delight of gaining him one moment's joy—would have sacrificed all that she had, or hoped to have, save honor, faith and virtue. And to yield these he never asked her.

No! in the wildest dream of his reckless, unprincipled imagination, he never fancied to himself the possibility of tempting her to lawless love. In the very boldest of his audacious flights, he never would have

dared to whisper one loose thought, one questionable wish in the maiden's ear. It had, perhaps, been well he had done so—for on that instant, as the night-mists melt away and leave the firmament pure and transparent at the first glance of the great sun, the cloud of passion which obscured her mental vision would have been scattered and dispersed from her clear intellect by the first word that had flashed on her soul conviction of his baseness.

But whether the wish ever crossed his mind or not, he never gave it tongue, nor did she even once suspect it.

Still he had wooed her secretly—laying the blame on his father's pride, his father's haughty and high ambition, which he insisted would revolt at the bare idea of his wedding with any lady, who could not point to the quarterings of a long, noble line of ancestry; he had prevailed on her, first to conceal their love, and at length to consent to a secret marriage.

It was long, indeed, ere he could bring her to agree even to that clandestine step; nor, had her father lived but a few weeks longer, would he have done so ever.

The old man died, however, suddenly, and at the very moment when, though he knew it not, his life was most necessary to his daughter's welfare. He was found dead in his bed, after one of those strange, mysterious seizures, to which he had for many years been subject, and during which he had appeared to be endowed with something that approached nearly to a knowledge of the future. Although, if such were, indeed, the case, it was scarce less wonderful that on the passing away of the dark fit, he seemed to have forgotten all that he had seen and enunciated of what should be thereafter.

Be this, however, as it may, he was found by his unhappy child, dead, and already cold; but with his limbs composed so naturally, and his fine benevolent features wearing so calm and peaceful an expression, that it was evident he had passed away from this world of sin and sorrow, during his sleep, without a pang or a struggle. Never did face of mortal sleeper give surer token of a happy and glorious awakening.

But he was gone, and she was alone, friendless, helpless and unprotected.

How friendless, how utterly destitute and helpless, she knew not, nor had even suspected, until the last poor relics of her only kinsman, save he who was a thousand leagues aloof on the stormy ocean, had been consigned to the earth, whence they had their birth and being. Then, when his few papers were examined, and his affairs scrutinized by his surviving, though now fast declining friend, St. Aubyn, it appeared that he had been supported only by a life-annuity, which died with himself, and that he had left nothing but the cottage at the fords, with the few acres of garden-ground, and the slender personal property on the premises, to his orphan child.

It was rendered probable by some memoranda and brief notes, found among his papers, the greater part of which were occupied by abstruse mathematical problems, and yet wilder astrological calculations, that he had looked forward to the union of his daughter with the youth whom he had brought up as his own

son, and whose ample means, as well as his affection for the lovely girl, left no doubt of his power and willingness to become her protector.

What he had observed, during his sojourn at the cottage, led old Sir Miles, however, who had assumed as an act of duty, no less than of pleasure, the character of executor to his old friend, to suspect that the simple-minded sage had in some sort reckoned without his host; and that on one side, at least, there would be found insuperable objections to his views for Theresa's future life. And in this opinion he was confirmed immediately by a conversation which he had with the poor girl, so soon as the first poignant agony of grief had passed from her mind.

In this state of affairs, an asylum at the manor was offered by the old cavalier, and accepted by the orphan with equal frankness, but with a most unequal sense of obligation—Sir Miles regarding his part in the transaction as a thing of course, Theresa looking on it as an action of the most exalted and extraordinary generosity.

In truth, it had occurred already to the mind of the old knight, so soon as he was satisfied within himself that Theresa's affections were not given to her wild and dangerous cousin, that he would gladly see her the wife of his own almost idolized boy. For, though of no exalted or ennobled lineage, she was of gentle blood, of an honorable parentage, which had been long established in the county, and which, if fallen in fortunes, had never lost caste, or been degraded, as he would assuredly have deemed it, by participation in any mechanical or mercantile pursuit. He had seen enough of courts and courtiers to learn their hollowness, and all the empty falsehood of their gorgeous show—he had mingled enough in the great world to be convinced that real happiness was not to be sought in the hurly-burly of its perilous excitements, and incessant strife; and that which would have rendered him the happiest, would have been to see Jasper established, tranquilly, and at his ease, with domestic bond, to ensure the permanency of his happiness, before his own time should come, as the Lord of Widecomb.

And such were his views when he prevailed on Theresa to let the House in the Woods be her home, until at least such time as news could be received of her cousin; who, certainly, whatever might be the relative state of their affections, would never suffer her to want a home or a protector.

He had observed that Jasper was struck deeply by the charms of the sweet girl; he knew, although he had affected not to know it, that, under the pretence of fishing or shooting excursions, he had been in the almost daily habit of visiting her, since the accident which had led to their acquaintance; and he was, above all, well assured that the girl loved him with all the deep, unfathomable devotion of which such hearts as hers alone are capable.

Well pleased was he, therefore, to see the beautiful being established in the halls of which he hoped to see her, ere long, the mistress; and if he did not declare his wishes openly to either on the subject, it was that he was so well aware of his son's headstrong and willful temper, that he knew him fully capable of refusing peremptorily the very thing which he most

desired, if proffered to him as a boon, much more urged upon him as the desire of a third party—which he was certain to regard as an interference with his free will and self-regulation—while, at the same time he feared to alarm Theresa's delicacy, by anticipating the progress of events.

Thus, with a heart overflowing with affection for that wild, willful, passionate boy, released from the only tie of obedience or restraint that could have bound her, poor Theresa was delivered over, fettered as it were, hand and foot, to the perilous influence of Jasper's artifices, and the scarce less dangerous suggestions of her own affections.

It was strange that, quick as she was and clever, even beyond her sex's wonted penetration, where matters of the heart are concerned, Theresa never suspected that the old cavalier had long perceived and sanctioned their growing affection. But idolizing Jasper as she did, and believing him all that was high and generous and noble, seeing that all his external errors tended to the side of rash, hasty impulse, never to calculation or deceit, she saw every thing, as it were, through his eyes, and was easily induced by him to believe that all his father's kindness and father-like attention to her slightest wish, arose only from his love for her lost parent, and compassion for her sad abandonment; nay, further, he insisted that the least suspicion of their mutual passion would lead to their instant and eternal separation.

It was lamentable, that a being so bright, so excellent as she, believing that such was the case, and bound as she was by the closest obligations, the dearest gratitude to that good old man, should have consented, even for a moment, to deceive him, much more to frustrate his wishes in a point so vital.

But she was very young—she had been left without the training of a mother's watchful heart, without the supervision of a mother's earnest eye—she was endowed marvelously with those extreme sensibilities which are invariably a part of that high nervous organization, ever connected with poetical genius; she loved Jasper with a devotedness, a singleness, and at the same time a consuming heat of passion, which scarcely could be believed to exist in one so calm, so self-possessed, and so innocently-minded—and, above all, she had none else in the wide world on whom to fix her affections.

And the boy profited by this; and with the sharpness of an intellect, which, if far inferior to hers in depth and real greatness, was as far superior to it in worldly selfishness and instinctive shrewdness, played upon her nervous temperament, till he could make each chord of her secret soul thrill to his touch, as if they had been the keys of a stringed instrument.

The hearts of the young who love, must ever, must naturally resent all interference of the aged, who would moderate or oppose their love, as cold, intrusive tyranny; and thus, with plausible and artful sophistry, abetted by the softness of her treacherous heart, too willing to be deceived, he first led her to regard his father as opposed to the wishes of that true love, which, for all the great poet knew or had heard, "never did run smooth," and thence to resent that opposition as

unkind, unjust, tyrannical; and thence—alas! for Theresa!—to deceive the good old man, her best friend on earth—ay, to deceive herself.

It is not mine to palliate, much less to justify her conduct. I have but to relate a too true tale; and in relating it, to show, in so far as I can, the mental operations, the self-deceptions, and the workings of passion—from which not even the best and purest of mankind are exempt—by which an innocent and wonderfully constituted creature was betrayed into one fatal error.

She was persuaded—words can tell no more!

It was a grievous fault, and grievously Theresa answered it.

When all things are devised, and to be done, ill agents are soon found, especially by the young, the wealthy, and the powerful.

The declining health of Sir Miles St. Aubyn was no secret in the neighborhood—the near approach of his death was already a matter of speculation; and already men almost looked on Jasper as the Lord, *in esse*, of the estates of Widecomb Manor.

The old white-headed vicar had a son, poor like himself, and un-*piring*—like himself, in holy orders; and for him, when his own humble career should be ended, he hoped the reversion of the vicarage, which was in the gift of the proprietor of Widecomb. The old man had known Jasper from his boyhood, had loved Theresa, whom he had, indeed, baptized, from her cradle. He was very old and infirm, and some believed that his intellect was failing. Between his affection for the parties, and his interest in his son's welfare, it was easy to frame a plausible tale, which should work him to Jasper's will; and with even less difficulty than the boy looked for, he was prevailed upon to unite them secretly, and at the dead of night, in the parish church at the small village by the fords.

The sexton of the parish church was a low knave, with no thought beyond his own interest, no wish but for the accumulation of gain. A gamekeeper, devoted to the young master's worst desires, a fellow who had long ministered to his most evil habits, and had in no small degree assisted to render him what he was, only too willingly consented to aid in an affair which he saw clearly would put the young heir in his power forever.

He was selected as one of the witnesses—for without witnesses, the good but weak old vicar would not perform the ceremony; and he promised to bring a second, in the person of his aged and doting mother, the respectability of whose appearance should do away with any scruples of Theresa's, while her infirmity should render her a safe depository of the most dangerous secret.

And why all this mystery—this tortuous and base deviation from the path of right—this unnecessary concealment, and unmeaning deceit?

Wherefore, if the boy were, indeed, what he has been described, and no more, impulsive, willful, rash, headlong, irresistible in his impulses—if not a base traitor, full of dark plots, deep-laid beforehand—wherefore, if he did love the girl, with all the love of which his character was capable, if he had not predetermined to desert her—wherefore did he not wed her openly in the light of day, amid crowds of glad friends, and rejoicing dependents? Why did he not gladden the heart of his aged father, and lead her to the home of his ancestors a happy and honored bride, without that one blot on her conscience, without that one shadow of deceit, which marred the perfect truthfulness of her character, and in after days weighed on her mind heavily?

[To be continued.]

THE FOUNTAIN IN WINTER.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

The northern winds are raw and cold,
And crust with ice the frozen mould;
The gusty branches lash the wall
With icicles that snap and fall.

There is no light on earth to-day—
The very sky is black and gray;
Yet still the fountain's quivering shaft
Leaps upward, as when Spring-time laughed.

No diamonds glitter on its brink,
No red-tipped blossoms bend to drink,
And on the blast, its fluttering wing
Is spread above no kindred thing.

The drops that strike the frozen mould
Make all the garden doubly cold,
And with a chill and shivering pain
I hear the fall of sleepy rain.

The music that, in beamy May,
Told of an endless holiday,
With early Winter's wailings bleat,
Becomes his dreariest instrument.

The water's blithe and sparkling voice,
That all the Summer said, "rejoice!"
Now pours upon the bitter air
The hollow laughter of despair.

So, when the flowers of Life lie dead
Beneath a darker Winter's tread,
The songs that once gave Joy a soul
Bring to the heart its heaviest dole.

The fresh delight that leaped and sung
The sunny bowers of Bliss among,
But gives to Sorrow colder tears,
And laughs to mock our clouded years.

A PARTING SONG.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

Free—as the lonely eagle free—
A leaden sky is o'er me—
I'm out upon a leaden sea—
A wide, cold world before me.
Wait'st thou to woo a breeze, my bark?
The eager wave's upheaving
Chideth thy stay—the little bark
Her upward way is cleaving.

Hymn-bird, how oft thy glorious note
Hath trumpeted the day,
When bark and I were both afloat
Upon our wandering way.
For I have wandered many an hour,
My trusty bark, with thee,
And culled full many a breathing flower
Of wildest Poetry.

In those bright hours, when gliding down
Each flower-reflecting stream,
When health, hope, fancy—all had thrown
Their light o'er boyhood's dream—
Ah! little did I dream, my boat,
That thou and I should be
Alone upon the world, afloat
Upon the wide, wide sea.

Yet speed we forth—what care I now
That once those bright hours shone?
Is there a blight upon my brow?
No—'t is enough, they're gone.
Then speed we forth—we leave behind
A home still passing fair,
Some spot to call a home to find—
I know not—care not where.

Be it but distant, distant far,
Across the billowy deep,
Where thought and passion cease to war—
Where misery may sleep.
Sleep! no—'t is but a foolish thought,
That may not, cannot be—
O'er the wide world there is no spot
Of sleep for misery.

Wherever winds the ocean fan,
To-morrow's born and dies,
Wherever man deceiveth man,
And woman lias and lies—
In city, or in solitude,
In banquet-hall, or cell—
The past—the past will still intrude—
Memory—the wretch's hell.

Chance choose the clime—I only seek—
To what else tortures bound—
The spirit feel no vulture beak
Of pity in the wound.
Then speed we forth—ay, speed we forth—
I know not—care not where;
Thou 'lt build on any spot of earth
Thy lone, proud home, Despair.

So leap, so leap, brave heart, brave will—
Misery hath taught to know
Still the fierce strength invincible,
That springs to meet the blow.
False friends—fond hopes—mad joys of old
May not forgotten be—
But room, and hurrah! for joys untold
Of brave heart's victory.

This joy 's infectious—bounds my bark,
As prouder far to bear
Her master, now the heav'ns are dark,
Than when they smiled most fair.
The purpling waters, as they leap
Around her eager prow,
Laugh out in sympathy, and keep
Dark commuue with me now.

On, on, my bark, thy gallant keel
Is bounding merrily—
Tossing the white foam, thou dost feel
That now we both are free.
And we are free—oh! we are free—
A sky of storms is o'er us—
A glorious strife, to end with life
And victory, before us.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

BY MRS O. M. F. LORD.

Thou can'st not dream of darkness now,
My child! so full of radiant light
Thy morning breaks, with song of birds;
That beaming eye no gloomy night
Diagrams, when weary petals close,
And birds with folded wing repose.

Nor would I change this fair design;
As well the dew might fall at noon,
Or fierce December's coming blast
Assail the shrinking flowers of June,
As full o'er hearts in light arrayed,
From dim, prospective ill, a shade.

And yet, my darling child, the night,
With starless depths, may come, and day,
The sunniest e'en, hath gloomy hours;
What then will cheer the darkened way?
Lo here! where deepest shade appals,
The Saviour's constant footprint falls.

Seek thou, my child, the record oft,
When faint thy weary heart, and dim
With tears thine eye; our varied life
Revealed in his appears; from him
A light doth pierce the shadows through,
Which fall on heaven's long avenue.

THE RECREANT MISSIONARY,

JUDAS ISCARIOT:

"Who also betrayed Him."

BY CAROLINE C.

Thus always, the last mentioned among the holy Apostles, and with the brand of shame attached to his name, is Judas Iscariot, the traitor, brought before us. And inasmuch as from the lives of them, who in all circumstances continued faithful to their Lord, lessons of the highest benefit may be drawn by the teachable mind, I am constrained to think there comes to us a lesson and a warning we may not lightly heed, from him who "by transgression fell." He, too, when the Voice was heard crying in the wilderness gave willing heed; he, too, amid the eager crowd was seen listening anxiously to the inspired word of John the Baptist; he, too, when the meek Saviour came, attended on His preaching, and his heart was stirred by the words of entreaty and condemnation that he heard. He, too, would fain believe, and be forgiven, and be numbered among the disciples of the new king.

When, as one of the twelve Apostles, he was chosen, and in a peculiar manner recognized by the Saviour as one of his own household, Judas rejoiced—for he doubtless conceived that if Christ's kingdom was to be of an earthly nature, it was certainly a great advancement, and a high honor, to be chosen publicly as one of His chief ministers. How then must he have listened to the words of Jesus, when, after he had selected the Twelve, he charged them with their duty, and told them all that they must bear and suffer for His sake. "In the world ye shall have tribulation and sorrow—but, be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." One cannot but think that the latter part of this declaration must have fallen with little weight on the disappointed heart of Judas. The Saviour had consecrated them to their holy work—to the lives of persecution, and sorrow, and pain, which He knew awaited them—he was calling down the power of his spirit to rest and abide with each of them, the power which should enable them to release guilty humanity from its load of sin, wherever it should be felt in its oppressiveness—and while, in humility the eyes of some of those disciples were fixed upon the ground, unto his majestic countenance others were raised, catching from his fervid devotion the spark of heavenly fire that was to make them indeed beacon lights on the mountain of Truth! By the words he uttered, he bade them remember the difficulties which would beset them—fully pointing out to them the thorny path which they must tread. Not with the conviction that a life of ease was before them went they forth. They had enlisted as soldiers in His service, it was therefore meet that they should know the dangers of the hostile country through which they were to pass. "Behold I send you forth as sheep amidst wolves!"

Danger, privation, and perchance a horrible death were the foes they were to meet.

But, those dangers all revealed, He did not leave them struck down, as it were, by the heavy weight of the cross they had chosen to bear—kind words, encouraging promises, assurances of his fatherly protection and guidance fell from his lips, and comforted and cheered them.

There was one heart on which the words of the Saviour fell with chilling force—in his hearing, was now forever decided the question as to the nature of Christ's kingdom and service. When Judas heard that calm, deep voice telling of the power of the enemy into whose hands they were voluntarily placing themselves—when he became convinced of the danger and woe which would encircle them on every side—that the prison might prove their place of abode—that the scourge and instruments of torture would be the welcoming extended to them in the world—that contumely, shame and reproach, and despicable treatment would inevitably meet them in all their wanderings, he shrunk back—when he listened to the promises Jesus made to them of rest in heaven, of the continued care of God, which nevertheless might not preserve them from a death of torture and ignominy—when he reflected that the rewards promised were none of them of a temporal nature, and were to be made good only in the dim future, in another existence that was called eternal, he shrunk from the prospect of so much present misery, to be endured for a reward so vague—he forgot the weight of glory that was to be revealed, or, if he remembered it at all, the future of bliss was so far distant, and the promises so obscure, that they fell like dust in the balance of that scale where woe, vexation and privations innumerable were to be weighed. Better, ah! far better, he thought, that former life of labor and obscurity he had led, than a life of such publicity and danger as he was now to lead. None ever molested him *then*, quietly and peacefully he had lived till that hour when he lent too willing an ear to the compassionate words of Him who spoke, not as man, but as God and Saviour.

And yet despite this irresolution, when the young man thought of his companions who were setting forth so zealously on the path at whose very threshold he faltered, he was almost constrained to rush boldly onward with them. His pride shrunk from the thought of proving so soon recreant to the cause which he had espoused so gladly and earnestly.

That first moment when he wavered in his zeal—when his determination faltered—we may count as the moment of his downfall, of his fearful ruin—that

moment when the first bewildering thought rushed into his brain, what shall I gain by this life of self-denial?—that moment when the chilling conviction of the folly of his enthusiasm in the service of Christ crept over him—that moment of unguarded temptation when Satan obtained a hearing, that was his trial-time—then he was found wanting—*then he fell*—then was he lost to the cause he had vowed to support.

And yet in that moment of hesitation it is not to be supposed that Judas had the courage, or even the wish, forever to reject and disown his master, Jesus. We cannot believe that he had crept into the camp of Salvation under false colors, merely to spy out its secrets, its most vulnerable points, that so he might deliver the great chief of the army into the hands of his enemy. Not so. It was impossible for the man to harden in unbelief; for such convincing proof of the might and divinity of Jesus had been given him, as it was not possible for him to reject. And as he pondered on the gentle and touching loving kindness that Master had shown toward him and his apostolic brethren, it may be that the desire to aid and to serve him became for the time stronger even than his natural cowardice and selfishness. And this may be the reason why he resolved for a little time, at least, to be considered by the people as one of the followers of Jesus. And in making this decision there may possibly have revived in the man's heart a little of that fervor of spirit which he had once felt for the sacred cause.

So it was, that again his face turns toward the upward path, and for a season he will continue therein. Thus goes he forth on his mission, entertaining in his heart two guests, whose hopes and aspirations, whose every end and aim are totally at variance. Love of the world, of his former life of careless sin, and of money, that root of all evil, was there; and there also was a standard bearer from the camp of Heaven, who came upholding a banner which, at the will of the entertainer, he would have gladly unfurled upon the highest battlement of the castle of his soul—against which the powers of sin and darkness were knocking, and demanding entrance, with voices which reverberated through every secret corner of the tenement.

That banner once unfurled, the importunate foe would flee in haste—oh, why was the word not spoken—the word which would so speedily have scattered those convulsing legions? Because—ponder upon it, thou who art halting between two opinions—because the master of that castle faltered at his post through fear and indecision.

He has gone forth now on the path of discipleship, and his works of miraculous power proclaim him. At his call and command the gates of oblivion are opened, and the dead come back to life—the sick, laid on their couches of pain and agony, arise and walk at his word; and the gospel of mercy and salvation sounds with marvellous success when its blessings are proclaimed by his eloquent tongue to the weary, and the poor, and the heavy-laden. The evil spirits suffered to torment them who would fain tread in the right path are cast forth, and then the sorrowing repentant goeth on his way rejoicing! But, as he works all this good for others, his own mind is tormented by the conflicting

voices which are calling to him. He stills the tempests in the minds of the distressed, and those burdened with cruel doubts, but in his own breast there is a storm raging continually, which he *cannot* command to silence. He holds up to the parched and dying creatures surrounding him a cup, while he proclaims, "Ho ye that thirst! buy wine, buy milk, without money and without price!" "Drink, and ye shall not thirst again!" while he himself is dying of thirst—and ever as he raises to his own lips the cup which contains the healing for the nations, his spirit shrinks back from the draught—it will not drink—it is gall and wormwood to him!

He lifts his voice, and conviction and peace fall upon them who listen to him. Repentance is hurled to the sinful heart with the words, "His yoke is easy, and His burden light!" while himself is drooping and fainting under the weight of decent which is upon him. Wherever he goes he proclaims "Peace!" to the children of men—and peace visits all who will hearken to him. But in his own breast—ah, *there is warfare and strife, the accusing of conscience, the warnings of wrath to come!* In the chambers of sickness, where the dying were restored to health; by the wayside, where the foully diseased were cleansed—before the opened tomb, whence at his call the dead came clothed once again with the garment of life, amid the multitudes who listened with deepest interest to his most forcible words, alone, in the solitude of his own heart, or when in holy communion of thought with the faithful brethren, alike at all times, and in all places, heard he the still small voice of his accusing spirit.

The outward form of grace was his, but the purification had not penetrated into the recesses of his heart! The agonizing knowledge that at each onward step he was plunging deeper and deeper into the sin which could not be forgiven—the continual remembrance that he was dispensing to others the mercy of that God who would forget to be gracious to him, may be easily conjectured; but may Heaven spare us all from such agony of conflicting thoughts and hopes as must have been the daily and nightly companion of Judas Iscariot, long before he came out from the disciples' ranks to betray his lord into the hands of sinners!

In the magnificent chambers of the High Priest, adorned with so much costliness and luxury, Caiaphas sat in state. Ushered in by menials, a young man enters timidly to the presence of the haughty potentate.

The dignity of men which once distinguished the ambassador of the Lord, which did not bend to the splendor of court or king, is no longer to be seen in Judas. The meanness of servility speaks in every motion, every word of the man—his self-respect is gone, and with it all the confidence of manhood. But if the craftiness of the stranger's appearance struck most unfavorably on the High Priest, how much more must he have been startled and amazed, as Judas unfolded the reason of his appearance there; and it was not till his mission was fully revealed that Caiaphas recognized in the craven supplicant one of those famed Apostles, with whose names he was already familiar.

The proud man must have shrank back in horror from the revolting proposal of Judas—for, though it placed within his reach the accomplishment of one of the highest wishes of his life, (the deliverance of Christ into his hands,) yet the means by which he was offered the capture were opposed to all the principles of his creed of manly honor. Could he in all his high mightiness stoop to receive the prisoner at the hands of one who had been his friend—his companion and ministering servant? No—he must certainly at the first have turned away contemptuously from the detail of such consummate villainy; it must surely have been more than even he could countenance—for though not wont to cavil at the means employed, when any wished for end was to be gained, yet Caiaphas *must* have wondered, as the question burst from the covetous impatient heart of Judas, "What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" But as the High Priest pondered on that question, gradually his spirit ceased its noble revolting, he began to lose sight of the contemptible, horrible treachery of the man on his knees before his throne, and he felt something like rejoicing in the thought, that the object he had so longed to accomplish, was within his reach at last. Therefore it was not long ere he turned with a more readily listening ear, and began to *bargain* with the Apostle!

At length the agreement was made—the covenant formed—the price of the Saviour's life was set, and the thirty pieces of silver were paid into the hands of Judas! And then the traitor arose, and went from the presence-chamber of Caiaphas, but faintness was within his dastard heart, and the flush of shame upon his forehead, and with downcast eyes, and hasty step he went, for in his hands he bore the proofs of his condemning guilt and sordid meanness; knowing also that even the enemies of Christ, gladly as they would receive Him into their power, had shrunk from taking the prisoner from an apostle's hands. But, the contract was made, the wages of sin were in his hands; for Judas there was no going back; onward—onward—onward he was impelled by the unchained fiend within him, to work out his own eternal ruin.

He must know rest neither day nor night—constantly he must be on the alert, that Jesus should not altogether escape him—and when the favorable moment arrived, he was to deliver Him up to the rulers!

And with that price of the innocent blood in his hands he dared still to labor and associate with the holy Apostles, dared to express submission and reverence for the God who read his every inmost thought. It seems a thing almost incredible—for the paltry sum of money he had dared appoint himself the judge to deliver the prisoner into the executioner's hands! Already he had been guilty of taking money from the common purse of the disciples, which was entrusted to him, in order that he might gratify his selfish desires—and this guilt was known to Jesus, but the compassionate Saviour had refrained from making it known; it would have brought down dishonor on the holy cause which Judas at the best served so unfaithfully, and would have heaped on the sinful man's own head shame and condemnation, had the transaction been

made known publicly—thus he was still suffered to retain his post of trust and honor.

Were we not daily beholding crimes, only less heinous than those of Judas, it would be difficult indeed for us to conceive his guilt! We could not believe it possibly within the range of human capability to sin, that he would sacrifice even his God for money! The Saviour's blood—it was indeed a high price to pay for thirty pieces of silver! But, though his crime was such as has placed the name of Judas the very first on the long, long list of human guilt—though, from the very nature, and necessity of things, there never can be another soul stained with sin so deep and dreadful, though now, when as a completed whole we survey our blessed Saviour's life on earth, we stand aghast as we think on his betrayer, yet, my reader, who among us shall dare to say that had we lived in those days we surely would have been guiltless of the blood of that just man? There is nothing easier than to accuse our "first parents," Adam and Eve, of an unaccountable transgression—it is very easy to say that nothing could ever have tempted us to the commission of a crime so great—I would assuredly be the last to *dare* uphold Judas in his deadly sin, or to endeavor to cleanse from his name the terrible blackness of the crime attached to it—it was monstrous guilt of which he through all the ages has stood convicted, but I repeat, by no means was it unaccountable!

Think of our world, and of human nature as it is now, after so many centuries have passed, and the light of knowledge has spread far and wide. Consider what the covetousness, the folly, the ambition of the heart work among us now; behold even at this hour, what multitudes are there among us who are scoffers, and deniers, and mockers of the Lord who bought them! Ah, were it a veritable truth which the Jews believe and assert, that the Messiah has not yet come, even now would not be found wanting the vengeful unbelievers, the betrayer, the judge, the proud religion, the cross, and the thorny crown, and earth and heaven would be rent again with that cry which a false-hearted people wrung from Him who died upon the cross!

The feast of the Passover was at hand, and the little band of apostles which had been widely dispersed, fulfilling every where their onerous duties, met together once more to celebrate the feast.

And at eventide the holy men assembled in the "upper room" of a house to which Jesus had directed them, wherein they had made ready for the ceremonial celebration. But it was a new feast, to partake of which the Saviour had called them together. The forms of the ancient days were being first set aside; there was no more need that the lamb should be slain in commemoration of the mercy of God in a time when his people were in most dire necessity—soon was a Lamb to be sacrificed whose efficacious blood was to save, and cleanse from sin all who would have faith in God and his crucified Son. And it was meet that that night, when the feast of the Passover was wont to be celebrated, should be chosen for the superseding of a dead form by a more living faith. The consecrated bread and wine, the emblems of His sacred body and

blood, these were the symbols to be used—there was not any longer need for the shedding of the blood of beasts.

The twelve were all together. They had come rejoicing that they might meet again with their Master in safety and peace, that they might once more listen to His words and counsel whom they loved so well. In their short time of separation they had met all of them with wonderful success, and the scornful, harsh rebukes they had oftentimes been forced to listen to, they had patiently, ay, gladly endured, for it was all for Him, and they could not but rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. But reproach, and contumely, and condemnation of the world, was not all that they had met; they had looked on eyes their words had caused to brighten with joy—they had heard voices, sad and desponding, raised in hymns of thank-giving and rejoicing—they had seen many hopeful manifestations of repentance, had pointed out to many the straight path and the narrow way leading to eternal life. Well might they come as faithful stewards with gladness and haste at the call of their Lord!

Did I say *all* came with rejoicing to look upon their Master's face again? nay, verily, *not all!*

One in their midst whose words had flown far over the land, who had besought sinners most effectually to repent, who had given to many a most blessed hope, came among them to partake of the feast of the Pass-over, to offer to his brethren the hand of fellowship, wherein he had so recently clasped with greedy joy the infamous price of the Redeemer's blood!

He came with a troubled mind, feeling that he had no right to commune with the more faithful eleven, and dreading to meet the glance of the Searcher of Hearts. He knew full well, that though his brethren and fellow-laborers beheld his successful preaching with gladness, that they could see no further—they could do no more than judge him by his outward acts, which had, as far as their knowledge went, been always blameless—but he also knew that He who had hidden them to the supper gazed with more than human power of vision into his evil heart, that He saw and beheld the vile thing which he had done; full well the fearful sinner knew that the flimsy veil he had been able to fling over his guilt, was far from being efficient to screen him from the scrutinizing gaze of his Lord.

Oh, how like the knell of condemnation must those mournful words have fallen on the ear of Judas:

"Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray me!"

It was the sudden death of every hope of concealment.

Fear and wonder filled the minds of the faithful eleven. One of *them* betray their beloved Master? It was a thought inconceivable to them. With astonished looks they turned from one to another, and with full confidence in the integrity of their hearts they asked, "Lord, is it I?"

Solemnly upon the stillness broke that answer.

"He that dipperth his hand into the dish with me, the same shall betray me, and wo unto that man by whom

the Son of Man is betrayed, it had been good for that man had he never been born."

When these fearful words of warning were pronounced, and every voice was hushed, and every heart was awe-struck, again was heard the trembling voice of Judas the guilty, echoing faintly, and as though irresistibly *compelled* to utter the words, "Master, is it I?"

The sad eyes of the eleven were fixed upon their brother and their Lord, and oh what a thrill of horror must have run through every heart as the answer "*Thou hast said,*" was whispered in a tone of sorrowful reproach by the Saviour, who knew that he was already betrayed!

When Judas saw the reproachful expression that every face wore, and was thus assured that his treachery was known, he felt his peace was no longer amid the faithful followers and servants of Jesus—he knew well enough the just horror with which the holy men surrounding him would look upon his ingratitude and soul-destroying guilt. He had still sense enough left to feel that he should no longer remain among those who had such cause to deeply deplore the desecration he had done the service of Christ; and, too, his inclination for, and pleasure in that service, and his desire to remain in that holy company was gone. He had chosen another master, even the Evil One—he must fight under another banner, even that of the Blackness of Darkness!

Publicly he had parted with his heavenly portion for a mere handful of silver, and now what part of lot had he in the work, to do which a clean heart and a right spirit were so pre-eminently required? Self-forgetfulness, constancy, devotion, truth, he lacked all these! how then could he further the cause of the Redeemer? Judas must have gone from that chamber of mournful festing feeling himself to be a doomed man, bearing upon himself the full weight of the heavy curse of God!

An impassable barrier, an unfathomable gulf lay now between him and the works of holiness—a separating wall built even by his own willing hands up to the portal of heaven, shut him forever from the hope of mercy or the possibility of repentance!

It is night. Over the Garden of Gethsemane is spread the shadow of a dark cloud. The moon's light is obscured; or, where at intervals it appears between the broken clouds, its dim rays render the sadness and silence of the place only more mournful still. To the quietness and retirement of that garden, One has come whose soul is filled with sorrow unto death! He has spoken kindly words of love to his disciples, he has bidden them tarry in the garden to watch with Him; but though Jesus would fain have them nigh, his agony and suffering were too great for any but the Father to witness, therefore he went apart from them, and falling on his face, in the depth of anguish he prayed, "Oh! my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me—nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt!"

Bending submissively to the will of that Father in all things, he could drink even the bitterness of that cup wherein was garnered a whole world's sin. Three

times was the agonized prayer repeated, and still the aid from heaven was not sent, nor the bitter cup removed! Oh, reader, by that night of unexampled agony, by the blood-drops which burst from *our* Saviour, in the extremity of His anguish, bedewing the ground of Gethsemane—by the remembrance of the cross-planted Calvary—by the bitterness of that draught the dregs of which were not spared, how are we taught, and warned, and implored to consider well the value of that sacrifice which He has made *for us*! Can'st thou think on that night of unexampled agony and longer refrain from flinging thyself wholly, with no reserve, at the foot of the blood-stained cross? Oh never suffer the remembrance of that night of passion to fade from thy mind or from thy heart—let it cling to thee continually, inciting to patience, and courage, and faith, till thou hast learned by them to enter the path from which His death has taken the sorrow, to which His agony has lent the glory! Thus shall the cross-crowned Calvary prove to thee a sure reliable ray that shall guide thee to heaven; thus shall the blood-dew shed in Gethsemane, spread a reviving freshness over the dying tree of Faith, which perchance is drooping even at this moment in thy heart!

The Saviour's last prayer is breathed forth when the sound as of a multitude breaks on his ear—full well He knoweth who it is that is now hastening on and entering the Garden sanctified by His presence to take Him captive. Foremost among the ruthless intruders comes one whose treacherously smiling face tells of guilt, and ill-concealed shame, and remorse. He treads through the else silent garden, where the night blooming flowers are just opening, shedding their rich perfumes abroad; but Judas heeds not the beauty and tranquillity of that place—carelessly his feet trample upon the fair blossoms unfolding, which though crushed still rise again as the weight is removed, and their perfumes ascend to heaven on the evening air, a living witness against him.

The multitude come armed as if to the fray—swords and staves are in their hands, curses and execrations escape their lips, and thoughts of fiery vengeance and hatred fill their minds. He whom they seek stands awaiting them. He makes no effort to escape, though had He willed it, His Father had instantly sent legions of angels to deliver him. No—his hour was come! the hour for which He left the brightness of the heavenly kingdom—the hour for which he had put on mortality had arrived—he would not delay it.

The torches which the arch-traitor and his companions bore fell on the little group of men they sought—the defiant Apostles, and the calm and unmoved son of Mary. The multitude faltered in their purpose as they looked upon these men—the bold, brave-hearted Peter, the loving John, the humble, faithful, affectionate James, and the man Christ Jesus whom they came to make captive. Sorrow, such as never beamed from the eyes of a mortal being, and the consciousness of a power that was able to scatter at once, as chaff, those who had come out to make Him captive, spoke from His countenance distinctly and audibly to their sin-hardened minds.

But Judas—Judas hesitated not. When he saw the

Man he was to betray standing before him, making no effort to escape, he dropped the torch which had lighted him on his awful mission, and flinging his arms around the Divinity, *he kissed Him!* and as he embraced with the lips the God he had offered to betray. Judas cried aloud in a tone of affectionate and joyful recognition, "Master! Master!"

Aside from the horrible, daring guilt of Judas, there is something humiliating and revolting in the thought of the traitor's assuming friendliness, and love even, as the guise under which to make successful his nefarious scheme. A kiss, the most fond, familiar greeting; by that Christ was made known to those who came to take Him by violence, as though He were a thief, or a common offender, or breaker of the laws of the land!

Of the remainder of that night the Scriptures tell us naught of the betrayer. We do not hear of his appearing before Caiaphas as a witness against his Lord—all his part in that most awful transaction seems to have been fulfilled—the accusation and condemnation were for others to make. It is no pleasant task to picture to the fancy the manner in which the remaining hours of Judas' life must have passed. The torturing of conscience—the deadly fear—the sting and constant consciousness of guilt which *must* have tormented him, is what the mind shrinks from contemplating, but to which it returns, as if of necessity, again and again.

The deed was accomplished, there remained nothing further for him to do, and so he went out from the sacred garden by himself, that he might be alone, and count over in security and feast his eyes on the fruits of his guilt. Ah, that shining treasure! those thirty pieces of silver! At the moment when for the first time a full conviction of the iniquity of his deed swept over his thought, and could be kept back no longer by his will, then it was, if ever, that he *needed* to strengthen his covetous heart; and how better could he accomplish that than by keeping in constant sight the much loved riches he had gained?

But while he counted over the glittering heap, how very strange! he did not rejoice in it as he had thought to! Possession had robbed anticipation of all allurements and pleasure, and while alone, watched only by the eye of his God he counted over the riches, constantly haunted him those words Jesus spoke on the night of the feast of the Passover, "it were better for that man had he never been born!" Judas already was accursed—already was given over to the power of the tormentors; already his terrified mind was conjuring up the death and sufferings of the Saviour he had betrayed, and that coveted, cherished silver was as a stone hanging about his neck, dragging him down, down to the depths of the sea of perdition!

When the first rays of daylight streamed over Jerusalem, might have been seen, I fancy, the form of Judas Iscariot wandering through the city, seeking to escape from his condemning thoughts; oh, the accusations, so fraught with everlasting woe, his heart must have whispered to him, when the sunlight fell upon him and the fresh breeze of morning fanned his brow!

Before the palace where the judges still slept, the wretched man paced to and fro, bearing with him the thrice accursed silver which burned his bosom—burned

his soul. As yet there were few signs of life in the silent streets. Only the humblest laborers had come forth to begin with the earliest light their day of toil. Judas gazed on them as they went calmly and cheerfully about their accustomed tasks, oh, how wistfully! Could *he* only once more know that lightness of heart which innocence alone confers! Could *he* but look on the glad light of the sun, and see there no accusing form which now incessantly uprose before his imagination! Could he but listen to the voice of Nature, without feeling that for him she sung only a far-resounding chorus of condemnation! Could he only go forth to his peaceful labor, and forget that fearful looking for of judgment which now alone awaited him!

As by degrees the streets filled with men, and women, and little children, how suspiciously and consciously his eyes glanced at all who passed by him, the greetings of the companions of former days were unreturned, or misunderstood, for Judas wondered how that *any* should speak to *him*! And when the Pharisee went by, folding his robes closely about him, lest they might come in contact with the garments of the poor publican, when with a supercilious look which said so plainly, "Stand back, for I am holier than thou!" he felt the justice of the unspoken rebuke though it did come from sinful humanity. And when troops of gay and innocent children passed on, their voices of mirth and gladness filling the air which was ere long to echo with the dying Saviour's cry and the mocking shouts of unbelieving Jews, he crept more closely to the wall, fearing lest his sin penetrated garments might by a touch convey contamination!

At last the palace-gates were opened, and breath-

lessly Judas rushed within, and entered unbidden, unannounced and alone the presence chamber of Caiaphas, where he had stood so recently to bargain for the blood of Jesus Christ!

Already the chief priest, and the scribes and rulers had gathered together to confer respecting the fate of their prisoner. How astonished must they have looked upon the haggard, guilt-stricken man who came so suddenly before them! No wonder if they started in fear as they saw the despairing look of his blood-shot eyes, for the glare of a maniac was in them. With outspread hands he held the dear-bought money toward them, while the wailing of a spirit doomed forever to despair broke forth in the words, "I have sinned! I have betrayed the innocent blood!"

In fearful mockery and derision came back the answer, "What is that to us! See thou to that!"

Vainly did he look for sympathy there! Hardened, selfish, sinful, they could not even feel for him who had been all too late aroused by the tortures of remorse to a sense of his most awful guilt. It was a vain thing to appeal to them to receive again the silver and let the precious prisoner go free!

Oh, what marvel that the wretched man should have shrunk from an existence which he was well assured would never be blessed by one hour free from the maddening tortures of his conscience? What wonder that he hastened from the presence of the fiendish Caiaphas to die before the sentence of condemnation had been passed on the Master whom his treachery had given to the cross? What wonder, reader, that the wretched man perished by his own hands? and can the wildest hoper believe that his was not an eternal death?

THE BRIDE OF BROEK-IN-WATERLAND.

A DUTCH ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

ONE night, when skies were bright and calm,
I left my home in Amsterdam;
I cast my schuyt from moorings loose
And steered across to Wilhem Sluis;
Upon the North Canal I sailed;
The wind was fair and never failed.
Quoth I: "My prow shall kiss no sand
Till I reach Broek-in-Waterland."

Before an hour I saw the town,
And soon the tapering mast was down;
But ere I left my graceful schuyt
I heard the music of a flute;
And songs of love and shouts of joy
Upon the wind came floating by.
Quoth I: "They seem a happy band
That dwell in Broek-in-Waterland."

I walked upon a winding street
That seemed too clean for mortal feet,
Ere long a stranger met my gaze—
What joy!—one loved in boyish days!

Quoth he: "We revel here to-night,
That all may share in my delight,
For soon I'll claim the fairest hand
In happy Broek-in-Waterland!"

As thus he spoke, we walked along,
And soon were mingled in the throng;
He vowed, in all a lover's pride,
That I should see his chosen bride,
And soon he cried: "Behold her now,
You maiden of the peerless brow.
The richest, claims the fairest hand
In happy Broek-in-Waterland!"

I looked, and swift as lightning dart
A hopeless anguish seized my heart!
It once had been my lot to save
A maiden from the Zuyder's wave;
I bore her to her friends on shore,
And never thought to see her more;
Nur did I, till I saw her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland!

But why such grief? for what to me
This maiden saved from Zuyder Zee?
She knew me not before that day,
Scarce saw me ere I turned away.
I heard her voice, I saw her face,
Yet asked nor name nor dwelling place.
Then why this grief to see her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland?

Love's deeds are wild—his power divine!
The maiden's eye had glanced to mine!
I heard her speak of thanks to me,
My heart was moved and yet was free;
But parting told, and told too late,
That love had mingled with my fate;
And now another claimed her hand
And heart, in Broek-in-Waterland!

Grown sick at heart, I turned to go,
Lest men might see and mock my woe;
But one cried out: "Oh stir not forth,
A storm has risen in the north!"
I looked, the sky, of late so blue,
Was hung in clouds of darkest hue;
An ocean-storm had reached our strand,
And hurst on Broek-in-Waterland!

I turned, and heard the maidens shout:
"What reck we for the storm without,
For joy is mistress here within—
Again! again! the dance begin!"
The waltzers float around the floor—
But stay! what means that dreadful roar,
Those shouts of grief or stern command,
In peaceful Broek-in-Waterland?

Alas! the truth too soon was known,
The northern dykes were overthrown;
And far and wide the vengeful waves
Their victims swept to markless graves!
How changed this scene of wild delight!
Some shrieking fled, some swooned in fright;
The bravest hearts were now unmanned
In hapless Broek-in-Waterland!

The bride, who had betrayed no joy,
Yet seemed in truth more sad than coy,
Looked quickly round, with dauntless brow,
And cried: "Come death or freedom now!"
Strange words were these! but marked by none,
For even the lover now had flown,
And I, alone, for her had planned
Escape from Broek-in-Waterland.

Thus far, it seemed she knew me not;
I turned to draw her from the spot;
But long before I reached her side,
She saw—she knew me! and she cried:
"The guardian of my life restored!
My own, though seeming lost! adored!
With thee I dare all storms withstand,
Come! fly from Broek-in-Waterland!"

Around my neck her arms were prest,
She laid her cheek upon my breast,
Then, yielding, swooned, as if no harm
Could pass the shelter of my arm!
An age of thought swept through my brain,
And joy that rose to fearful pain:
"All mad!" I shrieked, "some demon's wand
Is held o'er Broek-in-Waterland!"

19*

'T was but a moment! then I knew
A chance with every moment flew;
For as I bear her through the street
The waves come dashing round my feet,
My schuyt floats on the deepening tide;
By struggling long I reach her side.
With oar and sail at my command,
We're saved from Broek-in-Waterland!

An hour has past—in Wester Dock
The maid recovers from the shock;
But, danger past, deep blushes rise,
Hot tears of shame start from her eyes;
She feels that fear hath made her bold,
That all her secret love is told
For one who, calmly, saw her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland!

But love hath power, and bears the will
To clear all doubts with matchless skill!
Before the weeping maid I kneel,
My own long cherished love reveal;
Believing all, she checks her sighs,
And, smiling, gently lifts her eyes,
To tell me why I saw her stand
Betrothed in Broek-in-Waterland.

"With strangers I have dwelt," she said,
"For I'm a lonely orphan maid.
They loved me not, and would have sold
My hand to one who offered gold.
I scorned him, for I knew his soul
Was lost to virtue's safe control.
He was a stranger—born in Gand—
No son of Broek-in-Waterland!"

"Yet hold! he was my friend," said I;
"I loved him well in days gone by."
She answered: "But your friend in youth,
In manhood left the paths of truth.
For wealth, how steeped his soul in sin!
How basely sought my hand to win!
And vainly hoped to see me stand
His bride in Broek-in-Waterland!"

"Why vainly hoped?" I quickly cried.
"I scorned their power," the maid replied—
"I loved!"—she paused—I knew the rest,
And clasped her closely to my breast.
I felt that she was truly mine,
By honor's law, by law divine,
That none with shame our flight could brand,
From hapless Broek-in-Waterland.

We never thought of storm or calm,
But held our course to Rotterdam.
The gale had fallen to a breeze,
And sails were spread to greet the seas.
We bade our native land adieu,
And o'er the waste of waters flew;
And soon we touched a foreign strand
Far, far from Broek-in-Waterland!

And there, in lawful marriage rite,
We claimed the triumph of our flight;
But many a year had passed before
We touched again our native shore.
No traces of the storm were seen,
The meadows waved in brightest green!
We wept with joy once more to stand
In happy Broek-in-Waterland!

MINNIE CLIFTON.

A HEART-HISTORY.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I wish that those whose vocation it is to tell stories would deal less in the details of human events, and give us a glimpse, sometimes, of the hidden springs which move the human machine, and influence its volition."

In these stirring times of revolution and anarchy, of experiment and discovery, of mighty changes and astounding vicissitudes, it would seem as if a story so simple and uneventful as that I am about to relate, ought to be prefaced by an apology for its very simplicity. But let the world wag as it may there will ever be a few dwellers by the woodland brook, a few sojourners at the cottage door, a few wayfarers along the by-paths and green lanes of quiet life who will like to listen to the "still small voice," that counts the throbbings of a single human heart amid all this sounding tramp of nations. The tale of wild adventure and startling incident charms us by its very wildness and improbability—the story of life's many-colored changes draws us from our own commonplace cares—the glowing record of passionate love comes to us like a realization of our own early ideal, and for all these narratives there are many readers. But who will ponder over the quiet domestic details of a life which wasted slowly away, unmarked even by the ordinary events which checker woman's tranquil existence, and colored with so sober a gray that even the rose-tint of love's romance—carec brightened its dull hue? Who will read such a record save those whose own life presents to their remembrance the same sober volume of tear-blurred pages? Earth holds too many such, but the world knows not of them. Life has been to them a monotonous round of anxiety and care—a November day of clouds unbroken by a single sunbeam, and thus youth passes away, and hope dies out, and in time they forget their own identity, living on to old age with their souls dead within them and their hearts dry as dust. "The heart may break yet brokenly live on," but even this is happiness compared to the slow, chronic heart-withering, which in its dull but certain progress, leaves no remembrance of any healthier or more vivid existence in the past.

The father of Minnie Clifton was one of those gifted and graceful (too often also GRACELESS) persons on whom society generally bestows the mysteriously comprehensive epithet of "fascinating." He was exceedingly handsome, possessed many of those superficial accomplishments which the indiscriminating and good-natured world regards as the blossomings of genius, and was master of the most perfect tact in the display of his various gifts. It is in no wise extraordinary therefore that the elegant Charles Clifton should have been one of the most consummate "lady-killers" of his time, and that the innumerable hearts he was said to have broken, or at least cracked, during his

fashionable career should have won for him, among graver people, the despicable title of a "male flirt." At the age of forty-five, when his credit with his tailor was utterly exhausted, and when his two faithful mirrors convinced him that—

"Years may fly with the wings of the hawk; but, alas! They are marked by the feet of the crow."

He condescended to bestow himself upon a young and pretty heiress, who eloped with him from boarding-school. Fortunately for him, his wife proved to be one of those tender, devoted, womanly creatures, who never call in the aid of the head to destroy the illusions of the heart. Her love for her husband long outlived the qualities, real or imaginary, which had first called it into being, and in the dull selfish egotist of the fire-side she could still see the brilliant and attractive man of fashion who had won her gratitude by deigning to accept her fortune and affection. When a woman is won unsought, in other words, when she loves first, she is always doubly enslaved by her affections, and this was decidedly the case with Mrs. Clifton. She fancied she could never do enough for her selfish husband, and he soon showed himself the despot when he found himself possessed of a slave. As he grew older he became a martyr to gout, and in the slovenly, plethoric, testy-looking, elderly man, who swore at his pale wife fifty times a day, and kept his only child in bodily fear by his fierce threats—none of his former friends would have recognized the "model man of fashion."

In the atmosphere of such a home, Minnie imbibed her first ideas of womanly duties and womanly rewards. She idolized her gentle mother, and that mother's idea of home duties and virtues was condensed into one single article of faith—perfect submission to the will of a husband and father. Mrs. Clifton's mind was too feeble, her experience too limited, and her affection to her husband too extravagant to allow her to entertain the slightest doubt of his wisdom or his virtue. She honestly believed woman to be the inferior creation, and her ideal of a wife was the patient Grizel of the old Fabliaux—a creature whose will, whose wishes, whose very sense of duty was to be placed at a husband's mercy. That men might be found whose noble, generous, self-forgetting affection would place woman like a queen upon the throne of their hearts, asking nothing in return but the enlightened and true devotion of a loving nature, was an idea that never had been presented to her imagination. She fancied that hers was but a common lot, and therefore she early

trained Minnie to the servitude which she supposed would accomplish her destiny.

Minnie inherited none of the rare beauty which had been her father's greatest charm. She had the soft dove-like eyes, the pale clear complexion, and the peculiar delicacy, almost fragility of frame which she derived from her mother. These personal traits, combined with her timid, gentle manner, her perfect good temper, and quiet undemonstrative tenderness of nature, made her seem merely one of those commonplace children whom old ladies are apt to praise as good quiet little girls. Yet Minnie had a fund of practical good sense, together with a certain playfulness of fancy, and a quick perception of the beautiful as well as the good in life, which if properly trained and cultivated might have made her a very superior woman. But in her early home patience, good temper, and industry were the only qualities called into exercise, and neither her father nor her mother knew or cared for any thing beyond the useful attributes in her character. As she emerged from infancy, she gradually became the little domestic drudge, for the rapid waste of her mother's fortune soon reduced them to the narrowest mode of life, and when her father came home from the club, where he could still keep up appearances, to the small, ill-furnished house where his extravagance had imprisoned his wife, it was Minnie who waited on his caprices and ran at his call like a servant. As he became diseased and still more reduced, matters grew worse, and poor Minnie's home became the scene of discord and discomfort, as well as the abode of positive want. Mr. Clifton grew into a sick savage, Mrs. Clifton sunk into querulous discontent, and Minnie was little more than the recipient of the ill-humor of both.

Yet Minnie loved her parents dearly, and not a murmur ever escaped her lips, however unreasonable might be the demands upon her childish patience or her limited time. But she was destined to a heavier thralldom than that which nature had imposed. One of those local epidemics which sometimes devastate a neighborhood broke out near them, and both her parents fell victims to it while she lay in a state between life and death. When she recovered her consciousness she learned that her father and mother had been buried a week before, and she was now a poor friendless orphan. The tidings, uncautiously communicated, caused a relapse which brought her a second time to the brink of the grave. But the principle of life is wonderfully strong in youth, and after many weeks of suffering Minnie was restored to health. During her convalescence she gradually learned all the circumstances of her bereavement from a kind and careful nurse, in whose neat and pleasant apartment she found herself domiciled.

"But how came I here?" asked the bewildered child, as she looked out upon the green fields that surrounded her present abode.

"Let me answer you, my little cousin," said a strange but pleasant voice, as a tall young stripling entered the room.

The explanation was soon given. There was a certain Mrs. Woodley, the maternal aunt of Mrs. Clif-

ton, who, offended at her imprudent marriage, had refused to hold any intercourse with her. This lady had a son pursuing his studies in the metropolis, who had accidentally heard Minnie's story told by a benevolent physician. To Hubert Woodley such a story would have been felt as a call upon his sympathies under any circumstances, but when he found upon inquiry that the child was his own blood relation, he acted promptly and decidedly. Minnie was removed to healthy country lodgings, and when all danger was over he wrote to his mother requesting her to give Minnie a home with her for the future. To his doting parents Hubert's will was law, and he was fully authorized to bring his little cousin home as soon as her health would bear the journey.

How many people there are in the world who perform all the duties of life, and apparently enjoy a fair proportion of its pleasures, yet are as utterly deficient in all that goes to constitute a warm, generous, sympathizing heart, as if they had been mere animals! They are like machines, moving with clock-like regularity in their own narrow circle, doing exactly what their "hands find to do," but never seeming to suspect that the head might suggest, or the heart might impel to higher duties or broader responsibilities. Such were the new friends who now came forward to claim the friendless orphan.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodley were dull, plodding, commonplace people, who had begun life in a very small way, and by close attention to the "day of small things," had grown moderately rich, exceedingly selfish, and tolerably fat. Mr. Woodley had made his fortune by such minute accumulations that he might perhaps be pardoned for literally believing that

"Trifles make the sum of human things."

And to those who hold the belief in "pre-destinate missions," Mrs. Woodley's taste for watching over the trivialities of existence proved that she was born "to look after candle-ends and cheese-parings." As soon as they had collected what they considered a competent fortune they had retired to a country town, where the attractions of a new brick-house, planted in the midst of a broad and treeless meadow, proved irresistible to the utilitarian tastes of both, especially as it could be purchased at a low price. In this new home the good couple had ample opportunity to gratify their peculiar tastes. Mr. Woodley raised his own vegetables, and occasionally was not above selling any surplus produce of his land to a neighbor, while his wife succeeded in making her house the very pattern of cold formal neatness, merely at the expense of hospitality, good-humor, cheerfulness, and every thing like rational or intellectual occupation. She scrubbed, and scoured, and scolded, until she drove her single servant to desperation, when a new one was found to go through the same ordeal for awhile. She saw no company, because it was expensive and troublesome—she went no where because she was too busy at home—she enjoyed nothing, not even her own neatness, because there was always some mote in the sunbeam, or some grain of dust in the air which either had, or would, or might fall somewhere in the midst of her cleanliness.

One only feeling seemed to have lived and thrived in the stiff hard soil of these people's hearts, and this was their love for their only son. It is true it had required the death of eight other children to concentrate and condense parental affection into any thing like a sentiment upon the remaining one, but all there was of love in their natures was unreservedly bestowed upon Hubert.

To such parents and in such a home Hubert might well seem like a human sunbeam. He was one of those light-hearted, merry-tempered, affectionate boys, who are always such lovable creatures in early youth, and whose characters are in after life entirely formed by the mould and pressure of circumstances. The only strong quality in his whole nature was ambition, but this ambition was without fixed aim or purpose. To go beyond his companions in whatever they chose to undertake was his usual object, but he never struck out a path for himself. His earliest friends had become students, and therefore Hubert was a student with them; his versatility and quickness of mind enabling him to keep pace with plodding industry, and sometimes even to emulate genius. He was tall, well-made, and handsome, but a physiognomist might have detected infirmity of purpose in his flexible, loosely-cut lips, and phrenology would have turned in despair from a head which exhibited such a deplorable want of balance. But at eighteen Hubert was handsome enough to satisfy a mother's pride, and warm-hearted enough to be agreeable to every one.

Hubert's kind feelings had been especially called forth by the desolate child whom he had rescued from distress, perhaps from death. He looked upon her as his especial charge, and the gratified self-love which is apt to mingle with all our better feelings, made him cherish her with unusual tenderness. But Minnie had been so unused to kindness that she shrunk almost in dismay from her cousin's boyish gayety and boisterous attentions. Disappointed by her cold quiet manner and unconquerable sadness, Hubert soon ceased all attempt to call her out from her shy reserve, and as he soon returned to the city to resume his studies, Minnie was left to learn the routine of daily duties by which she was expected to repay her debt of gratitude to Mrs. Woodley.

Minnie was twelve years old when she entered the dull and quiet home in which she was thereafter to dwell, apart from all companionship with youth, and chained by the strong fetter of gratitude to the most exacting of domestic despots. Timid, submissive in temper, and meek, both from natural temperament and from early experience of suffering, she was precisely the docile, uncomplaining, unresisting slave that realized Mrs. Woodley's ideal of a poor relation. Of course she was thoroughly and severely drilled into an intimate knowledge of all the important minor duties of life. Her early taste for books was diligently repressed, her delicate perceptions of every thing good and beautiful were sadly confounded by Mrs. Woodley's practical views of life, and from a child of great intellectual promise, she was gradually transformed into a faithful, unweary, and industrious upper servant, in a household where eating and drinking and house-cleaning

were such important objects of existence, that the whole soul must be devoted to them.

And thus passed on the sunny years of childhood and the beautiful days of early girlhood, while not one ray of the sunshine, nor one gleam of the beauty ever blessed the eyes and heart of poor Minnie. A dull calm stole over all her faculties, and in time she might have become the mere machine which her benefactress could best appreciate, had it not been for the occasional visits which Hubert Woodley paid to his quiet home. Hubert was one of those restless versatile beings who in early life often exhibit something so resembling genius that they are allowed to indulge a sort of dreamy indolence, which their friends mistake for the waywardness of superior powers. He was something of an artist, a little of a poet, an easy conversationalist, and, as he had really studied much, was certainly superior to most youths of his age. But whether he would concentrate himself upon any one pursuit, or whether he would remain an idle dreamer, or whether, as his father secretly hoped, he would finally centre his ambition upon the rewards of wealth and become a man of business, was yet doubtful. He deferred a decision as long as possible, and it was rather to put off the necessity of choosing a course of life than from any other motive, that he determined to make the tour of Europe.

For more than four years Hubert wandered about the world with a vague purpose and aimless projects, happy only in escaping from the dull monotony of home, until a long-continued illness, contracted by imprudent exposure in the Campagna de Roma, at length sent him to England in the hope of benefiting by the skill of a celebrated physician there. During his stay in that land of wealth and comfort, Hubert found himself surrounded by new and powerful influences. He had learned that he was not born to "build the lofty rhyme," and as he walked through the rich galleries of art in Italy, he had discovered that he was not a painter. What then was his destiny? He still had his old restlessness of ambition, and felt that he must be something in order to satisfy his own cravings. As he stood on the quay at Liverpool, and looked abroad upon the winged ships and crowded storehouses, the mystery of his being was suddenly solved. Commerce was the most liberal of deities to her true votaries, and riches would command rank and control talent. The same sudden impulse which had formerly made him fancy he would be an artist, now decided him to become a merchant and a man of fortune. He determined to return to his native land and devote himself to business. His next letter to his father made known his present views, and while his father gladly made all necessary arrangements for his new pursuit, Hubert hastened his preparations for revisiting his long deserted home.

It is an old proverb that "opportunity makes thieves," and I once heard an old man say that "opportunity makes wives;" one thing is most certain—that *propinquity often makes lovers*. When Hubert returned he found Minnie wonderfully developed in her personal appearance. She was now nineteen, with a graceful figure, a face combining delicacy of feature with great sweetness of expression, and manners of the most wu-

ning softness. Yet she was not one calculated to excite admiration, still less was she a person to be fallen in love with suddenly, but there never was a creature so eminently fitted to glide quietly into one's heart of hearts as gentle Minnie Clifton. Hubert had seen much of women while abroad, but a creature so like "the angel of one's home," had never before crossed his path. Had he met her in society she would have been like a lovely picture placed in a wrong light, but in the narrow circle of home every trait in her exquisitely feminine character was unconsciously displayed to the best advantage.

Mrs. Woodley, like all selfishly affectionate mothers, had long dreaded the time when her influence over Hubert would be superseded by that of a wife. Unwilling to have him leave her for another home, she was quite as unwilling to resign her authority, and sink into merely the dowager dignity of "old Mrs. Woodley;" yet her good sense told that she could scarcely hope to retain the sceptre of power for many years longer. Nothing could have happened so effectually to disappoint her fears and brighten her hopes, as this dawning affection of Hubert for his "little cousin," as he still called her. With a daughter-in-law so thoroughly trained to submission, so docile, so perfectly good-tempered, so exactly moulded after Mrs. Woodley's own model, she could have nothing to fear either for herself or for Hubert. As for Mr. Woodley he had become really attached to the quiet girl who aired his shirts, mended his stockings, brought him his slippers, and always made his second cup of tea quite as good as the first. He wanted Hubert to marry and settle down to business, but he hated change of all sorts, and if Minnie became Hubert's wife the whole affair could be settled without either expense or trouble; therefore, after talking the matter over with his good lady, it was decided that nothing could have turned out better for all parties.

Minnie was the only one who was ignorant of these new plans and projects. From the time when Hubert had entered her sick-room, and uttered his kindly greeting at the moment when she felt herself the most desolate of human beings, she had regarded him as something more than mere mortal. But when he returned from Europe, so much improved in person, so polished by society, and with a mind enlarged by travel, she looked upon him almost with awe as well as admiration. Unaccustomed as she was to kindness or appreciation, it is not strange that she should have been entirely unaware of Hubert's growing attachment to her. She felt that the atmosphere of her home had become a more congenial one—she was conscious that every thing had grown brighter even to her sad and serious eyes, since he had taken up his abode among them, but she did not dream of the individual influences which were about to waken her to a new perception of life and its enjoyments.

But the chief defect in Hubert's early character was indecision. He loved his cousin Minnie, but, somehow or other, he hated to put it out of his power to change if he pleased. He wanted to be unshackled by any bond except his own inclinations, and feeling very sure that no rivals could ever interfere with his plans, he

made no open avowal of his love for the present. He devoted himself to business with an ardor that showed he had at last found his true bent, and that money was actually the true aim of his ambition. He lived a lonely retired sort of life, being only one of the "singles" in a large private boarding-house, and as he never gave suppers, or went to parties, not even the servants were interested in him. Once a month the stage set him down within a quarter of a mile of his father's door, and then he found himself in the enjoyment of all the attentions that could be lavished upon him for the few days of his stay. To say that he beguiled the time during his visits by making love to his cousin, would be hardly fair, but he certainly said and did things which a woman of the world, without any great stretch of vanity might have understood as love-making.

Thus passed on month after month, and Minnie was unconsciously drinking deep from that fountain of freshness which had so lately sprung up in her lonely path, while Hubert lived in the full enjoyment of all that sweet unconsciousness, which lent such a charm to her manners, such new loveliness to her gentle face. It was not until more than two years had passed that, in an unguarded moment, he was led into such a warm expression of his feelings as to require some decided explanation. He then spoke out plainly and manfully, avowed his love and asked Minnie to become his wife. Terrified at the excess of her own emotions, shocked at her own apparent ingratitude toward her benefactors in being thus made happy by what she could not hope they would approve, Minnie could only weep. But when Hubert assured her that his parents would willingly receive her as a daughter, she gave her whole soul up to the enjoyment of such unlooked for bliss. Yet, even in that moment of full unrestrained affection, why did Hubert counsel silence for the present, and secrecy until he should fix the moment for frank disclosure?

Convinced that matters were going on as they wished, the old people asked no questions. Perhaps Mrs. Woodley was not sorry to defer the period which would elevate Minnie from the humble position of a poor relation into the condition of an equal, so Hubert was allowed to manage matters in his own way, and a stranger would have seen nothing in the manner of the quiet family which portended any change among them. Indeed to no one but Minnie herself had this new state of affairs made any difference. To her, the sad and lonely and unloved orphan, the consciousness of being at last beloved for her own sake, lent a charm to every thing in life. But her heart had been too early crushed to regain the elasticity and buoyancy which ought to have belonged to her youth. She was happy, deeply, entirely happy, but no one could have suspected the fervid thankfulness of her prayerful happiness, beneath the quiet demeanor which had now become so habitual to her. It was when alone, in the solitude of her own chamber, that she gave way to the emotions which almost overpowered her. It was on her knees that she poured out the fullness of her joy to Heaven—it was only for the eye of her Heavenly Father to see the swelling surges of that sea of happy emotion,

which she was too timid, too self-distrustful to exhibit to her lover.

Perhaps there are no people so completely enslaved by habit as those who are only moved by impulse. Persons who have fixed principles of action govern their lives by those principles, and habits are only the secondary forms which those motives assume. But when a man is thoroughly impulsive, and only to be stirred through some strong emotion, a large part of his life must be controlled through the unconscious agency of circumstance and habit, unless, indeed, he should be one of those human volcanoes, occasionally to be met with, who are never in repose except the moment after an explosion. Hubert Woodley was a perfect exemplification of the apparently anomalous fact that a man may have noble and generous impulses yet be involved in a net-work of selfish habits. The selfishness which he had inherited from both parents was overlaid by so much that seemed good and beautiful in his nature, that its existence was utterly unsuspected by every one, and certainly unknown to himself. Yet it was this very quality which had made him ambitious at first of the renown of the scholar, and afterward of the fame of the painter, and now actuated him to seek after great wealth. Self was the soil in which every thing grew, even the herbs of grace, which embellished and concealed the bare source from whence they sprang.

Hubert loved Minnie as well as he could love any one beside himself, but he knew nothing of that affection which makes self a forgotten idea, and concentrates the whole being upon another. His love, had been a fancy growing out of the novelty of finding so sweet a flower in such an ungenial spot. Then the desire of approbation, which had always been a latent propensity with him, stimulated him to make love to her. The vague stirrings of passion, the necessity of some habitual stimulus to make home endurable, and the cravings of an unoccupied heart made up the rest of those mixed motives which led him first to stir the quiet depths of Minnie's half-frozen soul. He enjoyed the excitement of her feelings, just as one might enjoy their first glass of champagne. His brain was not in the least bewildered, but the effervescence gave him a new and pleasurable sensation. He liked to hear the hurrying of her quiet footsteps as she came forward to meet him at the door; he loved to see the blitting blush come over her pale face when he took her hand in his; and it was with a sort of epicurean pleasure he felt the trembling of her shrinking frame as with an excess of maiden reserve she would glide from his encircling arm in some moment of endearment.

But never once did Hubert reflect on the rights which all these things were gradually giving her over him. Never did he consider that those quiet depths of affection which but for him would have been sealed forever, were now destined to become a fountain of sweetness, or a pool of bitter waters, according as he directed their flow.

Months had now become years, and yet the relations between the cousins remained unchanged. Living amid all the gentle ministry of affection, Hubert scarcely felt the want of any thing beyond what he

had already won. Minnie was tender, gentle and affectionate, ever meeting him with a smile of welcome, ever studying all his humors, never thwarting his moods, never exacting any return except such as his own whim might dictate; content if he was cold and absorbed, grateful and happy if he was affectionate in his manner; and Hubert certainly enjoyed some of the pleasantest privileges of married life, without any of its attendant evils, and therefore he was content to go on year after year, heaping up money, of which he had become exceedingly careful, and growing richer every day, while his marriage seemed just as much hidden in the mists of the distant future as it had been years before.

But changes will occur in human life, notwithstanding all our efforts to prevent them. The Woodleys had a sort of morbid dread of a wedding, but they did not seem to remember that there might be such a thing as a funeral to alter the aspect of affairs, until one fine morning, just as Mrs. Woodley had succeeded in turning the whole house out of the windows, preparatory to what she called her "spring cleaning," she was struck with apoplexy, and died in a few hours. The shock was a terrible one to the family, and in addition to the grief of such a loss, the fearful quiet of the house, now that the voice of the rest-less mistress was silenced forever, pressed with overpowering weight upon the spirits of the survivors. But there was little of the sentiment of affection to enliven the memory of the dead. Mrs. Woodley was buried, and under the direction of Minnie the house cleaning was completed, after which matters seemed to resume their old course. Mr. Woodley said something to Hubert about "settling himself," and giving the house a mistress, now that his poor mother was gone. But Hubert looked down at his deep mourning dress, and seemed shocked at his father's irreverent haste in suggesting such ideas, at such a moment. So nothing more was said on the subject.

In the meantime, what thought, and what felt, and what said Minnie? She said nothing—she thought she was most unreasonable and ungrateful not to be perfectly contented—she felt as if the best years of her life were gliding away, and bearing with them the youth, and freshness and cheerfulness which were her chief claims upon Hubert's affection.

Ten years had passed away since the quiet, half-acknowledged engagement which bound the cousins to each other, and opened for Minnie a vista of happiness which seemed ever receding as life advanced. Ten years had passed and Minnie was certainly changed. The unsatisfied yearnings of affection, the wearing anxiety of hope deferred, the dull stagnation of a life whose destiny seemed decided, yet never fulfilled, all aided the work of time, and the thin, pale, careful-looking woman of nine-and-twenty was only the shadow of the quiet, gentle, graceful creature of nineteen. Bused in accumulating wealth, Hubert had scarcely noticed these gradual changes, but when the shock of his mother's death awakened his faculties, and startled up his home feelings, then he beheld Minnie's faded face in the mirror of his own altered heart. At thirty-four he was as handsome as ever, notwith-

standing the lines of care which Mammon had stamped on his brow. He was rich, too—rich even beyond his hopes; he felt full of the energy of animal life, for his health was perfect, and he began to fancy that he had made a mistake in confining himself to so monotonous a kind of existence. There was an uncomfortable smiting of conscience whenever he caught himself thinking of Minnie's faded looks, so, with his usual palliating policy, he resolved to settle up his business, spend a winter in Washington, and marry Minnie the following spring.

His business was soon arranged, he retained a special partnership in the lucrative concern, leaving all responsibility in the hands of trusty persons, and, without informing Minnie of his *final* intentions, set off on his winter's pleasuring. It was just as well that he was silent on the subject, for it would only have increased the turpitude of his conduct. His good looks, pleasant manners, and great wealth, made him a favorite in that emporium of speculation. His vanity, which had been kept so long in abeyance by his love of money, was called forth by the flatteries and attentions of society. He was surrounded by beautiful and gifted women; he lived in a constant whirl of excitement, and the remembrance of his home, haunted by the sad-eyed spectre of the woman he had once loved, became utterly disgusting to him.

The end of all this may easily be guessed. One night Hubert sat until dawn, pondering over a letter which he wanted to write, which he felt he must write, yet which he knew not how to shape into words without branding himself as a villain. At last the letter was written and dispatched; he had not quite satisfied himself, but it read thus:

"I write to you, my dear cousin, because I want you to inform my father of an event which may not be altogether pleasing to him, but which you can soften away so as to quiet any irritation he may feel. You perhaps know, Minnie, that he has always wished *you* to become my wife, indeed I partly made him a promise to that effect, ages ago, at the time when you and I had some boy-and-girl love-passages—do you remember them, my little cousin? or have you forgotten our moonlight rambles, and all our juvenile love-making when I first returned from Europe. It seems to me like a far-off dream, and yet it was only ten or twelve years ago. Well—I was a romantic boy then, and you as romantic a little girl—my father always liked you, and fearing I might be led into bondage by some strange Dallah, he wanted to make a match between us. My mother, poor soul, liked your housewifery, and so she joined in the plot. Had we been married *then*, Minnie, we might have been a quiet, comfortable couple, treading in the footsteps of my honored parents; I, daily growing purser and plethoric, you a matron, in all the dignity of lace-caps, growing more learned every year in the management of children and the making up of baby-linen. When I look back at the past, Minnie, I can almost find it in my heart to wish it had been so. But perhaps it is best as it is. If under the excitement of my boyish passion I ever said any thing to you, Minnie, which could involve any bond between us, I pray you to forgive me, and

to attribute it entirely to my ignorance of my own nature. We have lived on terms of the closest intimacy ever since I found you, a little sick and suffering child, without a friend or protector in the wide world. It has been a bond closer than that of brother and sister, because it had much of the peculiar piquancy which belongs only to that sweetest of all relationships, which early entitled me to call you my little cousin. But I am dallying with old recollections, when I should be telling you of coming events. I am going to be married, Minnie; you will wonder when I tell you that my bride has not yet counted her eighteenth summer. She is the prettiest little fairy in the world, and as artless as a child, indeed she has not been *out* in society, so I have plucked the flower with the morning dew yet fresh upon it. My father will object to her youth, and will conjure up the image of my mother, armed with her bunch of keys, the insignia of her old-fashioned housekeeping. But you must make my peace with him, Minnie. My intention at present is to take furnished lodgings in New York, where I can be near my business, which I mean to resume as soon as this affair is settled. You will of course remain with my father and watch over his declining years, unless you should marry, when I shall take care that a suitable provision be made for you. And now, my dear cousin, having wearied you, doubtless, as well as myself, with this long epistle, I bid you adieu; trusting that my father may not be inexorable under your kind ministry, I shall wait with some impatience for your reply."

Such was the heartless, yet craftily worded letter which was put into Minnie's hands, as she sat watching beside the sick-bed of poor Mr. Woodley, who had been stricken with paralysis, and now lay between life and death. It would require a colder heart and more graphic pen than mine to describe her feelings. Fortunately for her Mr. Woodley was utterly insensible, and there was no one to witness her emotion. When the doctor came to visit the patient at evening, he looked amazed at the change which he saw, not in the sick man, but in the gentle nurse.

"You are ill, Miss Clifton, suffer me to send a nurse for Mr. Woodley, and let me persuade you to go to bed."

"If I am not better to-morrow, doctor, I will accept your kind offer, but I would rather watch him to-night!"

The next morning the good doctor found Minnie looking as pallid as a corpse, though she had now obtained more control over her nerves. She refused to give up her charge, but she requested the doctor to write to Mr. Hubert Woodley and inform him of the event which had befallen his father. In the course of the following day came a Washington paper. With trembling hands Minnie unfolded it and looked at the list of marriages. She had conjectured truly; Hubert had been married the day after he wrote the letter which had crushed that gentle and loving heart.

The doctor's letter did not reach Hubert until his return from his bridal tour. Leaving his wife among her relatives to lament over the interruption which this untoward event would necessarily make in her wed-

dying festivities, he hastened to his father's bedside. But Mr. Woodley had lost the use of every faculty. He did not know his son—he could not lift his hand to welcome him—all that remained to him of life was the mere animal existence; he could take food and sleep, but all hope of restoration to reason and the use of his limbs was out of the question.

"He may linger thus for years," said the doctor, in reply to Hubert's questioning.

Hubert could ill bear to see his father's distorted visage, but it was worse, far worse, for him to look upon the ghastly pallor which had settled on the face of Minnie. She scarcely roused her eyes to his face, and the hand she extended toward his proffered grasp was cold and nerveless. He could not stand it. In three days he was again in Washington, and as his father was so accommodating as to live on, the round of projected gayeties was not interrupted. Hubert daily received tidings from the doctor respecting his father, until it was decided that death was yet far distant, and this living death might be dragged out through many months, when all present anxiety ceased.

His first care was to secure a provision for Minnie, hoping in this way to relieve his conscience of the terrible load which weighed upon it. The house where she had so long resided with his parents was secured to her for life, together with a small annuity, to commence at his father's death, *on condition that she remained with his father during the remainder of his existence.* It was a cruel precaution, for Minnie would never have dreamed of deserting her benefactor. To look upon the ghastliness of death for the rest of her life—to humor the caprices and minister to the diseased appetite of a gibbering and restless corpse (for such seemed the stricken man) was the fulfillment of her destiny.

For five years Minnie lived on in this dreary and solitary manner, the helpless invalid and a single servant forming the whole household. But it mattered little to her now. A dull torpor had gradually crept over her feelings. She was like an automaton, moved by some other mechanism than that of her own volition. Long ere Mr. Woodley dropped into the grave, she had grown gray, and wrinkled, and bent, like one in extreme old age. At length the end came. The last spark of life went out, and Mr. Woodley was con-

signed to darkness and the worm. Again like came to look upon the wreck he had made. She made a feeble attempt to tell him her future plans. She wished to enter a recently established charity for "poor gentlewomen," but the pride of the man's wealth revolted at such a scheme. He refused to permit her to depend on any other than himself for support, and Minnie felt that the time was past when she could have earned her own maintenance. The last remnant of her womanly pride was crushed by the strong hand of him who had ruled her whole life with a rod of iron. She lived a dependent on the bounty of Hubert Woodley, dwelling in the house where he had wooed her in her days of girlish loveliness, and fed by the dole with which he had silenced his remorse, until she had counted her half century of sorrow; then, weary and worn out in mind and body, she sunk into the grave, with none to mourn over her, none to treasure any memorial of her existence. Hubert, of course, took possession of her few effects. He found among her papers a lock of sunny brown hair, which he well remembered to have given her, and the cruel letter which had announced his marriage. There were no love-gifts—he had been too cautious to commit himself by such trifles. As he sat alone in that dreary old parlor, with its sombre paper, its dark carpet, its high-backed perpendicular chairs, and that dreadfully monotonous clock ticking as loudly as if it would fain awaken the conscience of the solitary occupant of that melancholy apartment, he felt a superstitious awe steal over him which he could not overcome. He threw the letter and the lock of hair into the smouldering embers of the wood fire upon the hearth, and as the flame leaped up to consume those remnants of the past, the drooping figure of Minnie Clifton stood between him and the sudden blaze. A wild cry broke from his lips, he started from his seat, and at that moment a servant unclosed the door. To the day of his death Hubert Woodley believed that by the mysterious agency of fire, burning as it did into the very soul of that mystery which involved the happiness of a human being, he had called up the specter of the wronged and joyless object of his early love—the victim of his selfishness—whose whole life had been like a dull and dreary dream.

SONG.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD, EDITOR CITY ITEM.

Art! do not speak so coldly,
Cold words my heart will chill;
If I have loved too boldly,
Oh, let me worship still.

The pure heart loves forever,
To its own likeness true,
And though fate bids us sever,
I'll love, I'll love but you!

The heart will throb in sorrow
If from its idol torn,
Nor elsewhere joy will borrow
If love's return be scorn.

Then do not speak so coldly,
Cold words my heart will chill;
Even if I've loved too boldly,
Oh, let me worship still.

IBAD'S VISION.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

IBAD the Dervise, instead of feeling proud in the sight of the Source of All Good, shrunk from his sight as if unworthy of the hand that had fashioned him. He did not worship as the birds and children worship, with songs and joy, but he built himself a cell, and there, in solitude, worshiped his God, amidst groans and torture screaming—"Yahu, ya allah! I am not a Naeshbendee, and live not among sinful men." The birds and the children in their simplicity thank the Prophet, and even while dying sing their gratitude. Ibad worshiped in suffering, believing that temporal torment, self-inflicted, would be acceptable in the sight of him who gave all to render man happy. The children and the birds understand God's dispensations better than did Ibad the dervise.

Ibad slept and had a vision. He beheld a broad and extended path over a verdant meadow, where balmy breezes sported in the sunbeams. A stalwart figure suddenly appeared, with head erect, front of pride, and with eyes that quailed not while staring at the eye of day. Onward he strode, and seemed to spurn even the path he trod, and as he gazed at the sun, his shadow that dogged his heels was tenfold his colossal stature; yet the shadow was willing to follow, without an attempt to lead the way. The figure was Ambition; the shadow Dependence, hunting in his trail.

Onward they strode. The pathway was strewn with flowers and tempting fruit, when suddenly a fascinating figure stepped beside Ambition—it was Friendship, and Friendship cast his shadow also—a shadow as substantial as the substance.

The four marched proudly on, Ambition, Friendship and their shadows, and as they traversed the level pathway they mutually laughed, self-satisfied—Friendship smiled and simpered, while Ambition chuckled in his sleeve.

A change came over Ibad's vision. The sun was overshadowed, murky clouds hung over their path, and Ambition entered a wilderness where no light glimmered to guide him; he knew that Death had spread a snare before every footstep; but he knew not where the pitfall had been spread.

Ambition, as he entered this dark passage, looked up to the heavens for light, but the sun was sleeping; he turned to his gay companion Friendship who had prattled over the flowery meadows in the sunshine, but Friendship was not there; he looked behind him—all was darkness, and even the sycophantic shadow that had crawled at his knees had deserted him. Ambition exclaimed in bitter irony—"Can I not, in the dark day of my progress leave even a shadow behind me! Have both Friendship and my shadow vanished together because a cloud is upon me! Forward; emerge from the present gloom, and the sun will laugh in your eye to-morrow, and then you will find Friendship with his cheerful face, simpering beside you, and your shadow will assume ten fold its former dimensions; will

mimick more accurately every motion of your body, and stick more closely to your heel while you walk in the sunshine.

The morning sun arose, and as Ambition emerged from his dark and thorny pathway, his road became light, broad and fragrant. The fresh breeze was as wine to his wearied spirit, and he winked and smiled at the sun in the pride of his manhood. Friendship came up smiling beside him, and as they again walked together, their tall dark shadows followed closely upon their heels, fantastically mimicking their motions, as if even their shadows were endeavoring to deceive each other.

They now approached a precipice. Their path became narrow, and still more narrow as they ascended, until finally Friendship jostled Ambition in endeavoring to maintain his foothold, at the same time striving to take the lead. Even their unsubstantial shadows jostled each other in like manner. "The path hath become too narrow for us two," cried Ambition, as he coolly hurled Friendship headlong down the precipice, without even casting a glance upon his destruction.

He was now alone, without even the shadow of Friendship to sustain him; still onward he strode upon the dizzy height, while his own shadow, at every step, diminished in its immense proportions. At length his course was intercepted by a perpendicular barrier, upon which there was no safe foothold. He looked behind him and discovered that his shadow had departed; he looked down upon his feet to ascertain upon what safe pedestal he stood, and lo! there was nothing more substantial than the heels of his shadow to sustain him; its gigantic outline had dwindled to a pigmy. He raised his proud head and exclaimed exultingly—"but one daring leap is required to surmount this obstruction, and then all will be sunshine!" He made the leap; he touched the rocking pinnacle where all his hopes were perched; his shadow, true to him in sunshine followed, but he found no foothold there, for in an instant he overtoppled and fell on the other side, and he and his shadow disappeared forever.

"And is it so?" cried Ibad as he awoke. "Is the path of life too narrow to admit of Friendship without being jostled, and too dangerous for Ambition to tread in safety; and must that proud being disappear as a meteor, without leaving behind even a shadow of his existence! Yahu, ya allah! Praise to thee! I am no Naeshbendee, and live not among sinful men!"

Ibad retired to his solitary cell, where he feared not the selfish duplicity of Friendship, and as his sole ambition was to worship the Prophet, he apprehended no barrier in his pathway; and though he might disappear from the eye of man as a shadow, he felt that the shadow he had cast in this world would be gathered up, and become substance in the sight of God through eternity in the next.

A HARMLESS GLASS OF WINE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Rose, dear," said Mrs. Carleton to her daughter, whom she met at the door of the dining-room, with a decanter of wine and glasses on a waiter, "who is in the parlor?"

"Mr. Newton," replied the young girl.

"The young man from New York?"

"Yes."

"You are going to take him wine?"

"Yes. It is only hospitable to offer him some refreshment."

Mrs. Carleton stood with her eyes resting on the floor for some moments, in a thoughtful attitude.

"I rather think, Rose," said she, as she lifted her eyes to her daughter's face, "that it would be as well not to hand him wine."

"Why, mother?" inquired Rose, looking curious.

"We know nothing of the young man's previous life and habits."

"Why do you say that, mother?" asked Rose, who did not comprehend the meaning of what had been uttered.

"He may have been intemperate."

"Mother! How can you imagine such a thing?"

"I know nothing of him whatever, my child," replied Mrs. Carleton, "and do not wish to wrong him by an unkind suspicion. My suggestion is nothing more than the dictate of a humane prudence. I have recently had my thoughts turned to the subject of intemperance, and, by many forcible illustrations, have been led to see that the use of even wine, unrestrictedly, is fraught with much danger. We never can know whose perverted taste we may inflame, when we set even wine before guests of whose history we know nothing. It is, therefore, wiser to refrain. But you have left Mr. Newton alone, and must not linger here. Do not, however, present him with wine. After he is gone we will talk on this subject again; when I think you will be satisfied that my present advice is good."

Rose left the wine on the sideboard, and went back to the parlor, wondering at what she had heard. After the young man had gone away, she joined her mother, when the latter said—

"You seemed surprised at my remarks a little while ago; and I was, perhaps, as much surprised when like suggestions were made to me. But when, from indisputable evidence, we become aware that our actions may wrong others, we are bound by every consideration to guard against such injurious results. You know how painfully afflicted the family of Mr. Delaney has been, in consequence of the intemperate habits of Morton?"

"Yes. Poor Flora! the last time I was with her, she passed us in the street so much intoxicated that he almost staggered. Her heart was so full that she could

not speak, and when I left her, a little while afterward, her eyes were ready to gush over with tears."

"Unhappy young man! So young, and yet so abandoned."

"Until I met him, as just said, I thought he had reformed his bad habit of drinking," said Rose.

"It was in order to refer to this fact that I mentioned his name just now," returned her mother. "He did attempt to do better, and for some months kept fast hold of his good resolutions. But, in an evil hour, he fell, and his temptress was a young girl of your own age, Rose. A few weeks ago he went to New York on business. While there, he visited the house of a relative, where wine was presented to him by a beautiful cousin, and he had not the resolution to refuse the sparkling draught. He tasted, and—you have seen the result."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Rose, "I would not have that cousin's feelings for the world!"

"She acted as innocently as you would have done just now, my daughter."

"Was she not aware of his weakness?"

"No. Nor had she ever been told that, for one whose taste is vitiated, it is dangerous, in the highest degree, to take even a glass of wine."

"I am so glad that I did not offer wine to Mr. Newton!" said Rose, drawing a long breath.

"Mr. Newton," returned the mother, "may never have used intoxicating drinks to excess. He may not be in danger from a glass of wine."

"But I know nothing of his previous life."

"And, therefore, it is wiser to take counsel of prudence. This is just what I want you to see for yourself. To such an extent has intemperance prevailed in this country, that the whole community, to a certain extent, have perverted appetites, which are excited so inordinately by any kind of stimulating drink as to destroy, in too many instances, all self-control. Another case, even more painful to contemplate than that of Morton Delaney, occurred in this city last week. I heard of it a day or two since. A beautiful young girl was addressed by a gentleman who had recently removed here from the South; and her friends seeing nothing about him to warrant disapprobation, made no objection to his suit. An engagement soon followed, and the wedding was celebrated a few days ago. The father of the bride gave a brilliant entertainment to a large and elegant company. The choicest wines were used more freely than water, and the young husband drank with the rest. Alas! before the evening closed he was so much intoxicated that he had to be separated from the company; and, what is worse, he has not been sober for an hour since."

"Oh, what a sad, sad thing!" exclaimed Rose.

"It is sad, sad indeed! What an awakening from

a dream of exquisite happiness was that of the beautiful bride! It now appears that the young man had fallen into habits of dissipation, and afterward reformed. On his wedding night he could not refuse a glass of wine. A single draught sufficed to rekindle the old fire, that was smouldering, not extinguished. He fell, and, so far, has not risen from his fall, and may never rise."

"You frighten me!" said Rose, while a shudder went through her frame. "I never dreamed of such danger in a glass of wine. Pure wine I have always looked upon as a good thing. I did not think that it would lead any one into danger."

"Even the best of things, my child, may be turned to an evil purpose. The heat and light of the sun is received by one plant and changed into a poison, while another converts it into healthy and nourishing food. Pure wine will not excite a healthy appetite, although it may madden one that has become morbid through intemperance. Here is the distinction that ought to be made."

"Is it not dangerous, then, to serve wine in promiscuous companies?"

"Undoubtedly. I did not think so a little while ago, because the subject was not presented to my mind in the light that it now is. To this custom I can well believe that hundreds who had begun the work of restricting their craving appetites owe their downfall. Where all are partaking, the temptation to join in is almost irresistible; especially, as a refusal might create a suspicion against the individual that he was afraid to trust himself."

"I will be very careful how I offer wine to any one again," said Rose. "I would not have the guilt of tempting a man to ruin upon my conscience for all the world."

"The more I ponder the subject," remarked Mrs. Carleton, "the more surprised am I at myself and others. I invite some friends to an entertainment, or to spend a social evening, and I serve wine to my guests. Among them is a man who has fallen into intemperate habits at one time of life, and whose present sobriety is dependent upon his rigid observance of the rule of total abstinence. He is, it may be, the husband of my most cherished friend. I place wine before him with the rest. He is tempted to break his rule, and falls. Ah, me! How many hundreds of such cases occur in our large cities?"

Mrs. Carleton was a widow in easy circumstances, and moved in fashionable society. She entertained a good deal of company, and did it in the fashionable way. When gentlemen called at her house, wine was invariably set before them; and when she gave parties, wine was always served to her guests. But, suddenly started into reflection, she saw that the practice was a dangerous one, and determined to abandon it. On this resolution she acted, much to the surprise

of many of her acquaintances. Some said she was "queer,"—others decided that it was a foolish notion; while others pronounced her conduct positively absurd. But she did not in the least swerve from her purpose. Wine was no more placed before her guests.

The visits of Mr. Newton to Rose, which at first were only occasional, became more and more frequent. A mutual attachment ensued, which ended in marriage. No wine was provided at the wedding party—to many a strange omission—and Rose observed that at the parties given them by friends her husband invariably let the wine pass him un tasted. Curious to know the reason for such abstemiousness, she one day, some months after marriage, said to him—

"Do you never drink wine?"

The question caused Newton to look serious; and he replied in a simple monosyllable.

"Do n't you like it?" inquired Rose.

"Yes; too well perhaps."

The way in which this was said half started the young wife. Newton saw the effect of his words, and forcing a smile said—

"When quite a young man, I was thrown much into gay company, and there acquired a bad habit of using all kinds of intoxicating drinks with a dangerous freedom. Before I was conscious of my error, I was verging on rapidly to the point of losing all self-control. Startled at finding myself in such a position, I made a resolution to abandon the use of every thing but wine. This, however, did not reach the evil. The taste of wine excited my appetite to such a degree that I invariably resorted to brandy for its gratification. I then abandoned the use of wine, as the only safe course for me, and, with occasional exceptions, have strictly adhered to my resolution. In a few instances young ladies, at whose houses I visited, have presented me with wine, and not wishing to push back the proffered refreshment, I have tasted it. The consequence was invariable. A burning desire for stronger stimulants was awakened, that carried me away as by an irresistible power. You, Rose, never tempted me in this way. Had you done so, we might not have been as happy as we are to-day."

A shudder passed through the frame of the young wife, as she remembered the glass of wine she had been so near presenting to his lips. Never afterward could she think of it without an inward tremor. And fears for the future mingled with her thoughts of the past; but these have proved groundless fears, for Mr. Newton has no temptation at home, and he has resolution enough to refuse a glass of wine in any company, and on all occasions. Herein lies his safety.

"What! refuse a harmless glass of wine?" will sometimes be said to him. To this he has but one answer.

"Pure wine may be harmless in itself; so is light—yet light will destroy an inflamed eye."

NORTHAMPTON.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ERE from thy calm seclusion parted,
O fairest village of the plain!
The thoughts that here to life have started
Draw me to Nature's heart again.

The tasseled maize, full grain, or clover,
Far o'er the level meadow grows,
And through it, like a wayward rover,
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken
By all the storms an age can bring,
Frail sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.

By sportive airs the foliage lifted,
Each green leaf shows its white below,
As foam on emerald waves is drifted,
Their tints alternate come and go.

And then the skies! when vapors cluster
From zenith to horizon's verge,
As wild gusts ominously bluster,
And in deep shade the landscape merge;—

Under the massive cloud's low border,
Where hill-tops with the sky unite,
Like an old minister's blazoned warder,
There scintillates an amber light.

Sometimes a humid fleece reposes
Midway upon the swelling ridge,
Like an aerial couch of roses,
Or fairy's amethystine bridge:

And pale green inlets lucid shimmer,
With huge cliffs jutting out beside,
Like those in mountain lakes that glimmer,
Tinged like the ocean's crystal tide:

Or saffron-tinted islands planted
In firmaments of azure dye,
With pearly mounds that loom undaunted,
And float like icebergs of the sky.

Like autumn leaves that eddying falter,
Yet settle to their crimson rest,
As pilgrims round their burning altar,
They slowly gather in the west.

And when the distant mountain ranges
In moonlight or blue mist are clad,
Oft memory all the landscape changes,
And pensive thoughts are blent with glad.

For then, as in a dream Elysian,
Val d'Arno's fair and loved domain
Seems to my rapt yet waking vision,
To yield familiar charms again.

Save that for dome and turret hoary,
Amid the central valley lies
A white church-spire unknown to story,
And smoke-wreaths from a cottage rise.

On Holyoke's summit woods are frowning,
No line of cypresses we see,
Nor convent old with beauty crowning
The heights of sweet Fiesole.

Yet here may willing eyes discover
The art and life of every shore,
For Nature bids her patient lover
All true similitudes explore.

These firs, when cease their boughs to quiver,
Stand like pagodas brahmins seek,
You isle, that parts the winding river,
Seems modeled from a light canoe.

And fane that in these groves are hidden,
Are sculptured like a dainty frieze,
While choral music steals unbidden,
As undulates the forest breeze.

A gothic arch and springing column,
A floral-dyed, mosaic ground,
A twilight shade and vista solemn
In all these sylvan haunts are found.

And now this fragile garland vesting
While ebbs the musing tide away,
As one a sacred temple leaving,
Some tribute on its shrine would lay;

I bless the scenes whose tranquil beauty
Have cheered me like the sense of youth,
And freshened lovely tasks of duty,
The dream of love and zest of truth.

A THOUGHT.

BY ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD.

THE flower springs by the fountain-side,
And blooms its little day;
Speechless it lives the life it has,
And silent fades away.
O, I would not be like the flower,
To perish in the mould,
And leave no record of my heart,
No fond affection told.

Let beauty be to others given,
And beautiful array—
To those who, like the flower, are but
Ambitious to be gay;
I only ask the pen, the tongue,
That can the heart unfold,
That the deep beauty of the soul
Be not unsung, untold.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY C. M. FARMER.

GENTLE reader! allow me to introduce to your consideration the characters of Mr. Briggs, (*soi disant* Allen Briggs, Esquire,) and his distinguished lady Mrs. Polly Briggs. Imagine a stout built, corpulent "five footer," with a very big head, on which there never was hair enough to make a decent pair of whiskers, and on which, consequently, rode a red wig, curled as many different ways as the sunbeams point; with the largest of all large noses, into which he incessantly—or at least fifty times in each day—thrust the raw rappee with no small degree of relish; little pop-eyes, just large enough to see every body in church at one and the same time; a blue silk vest, striped cassimere pantaloon, a leviathan shad-belly coat, and a milk-white cravat tied in a double bow before, and surrounding a collar made partly of very coarse linen, and mostly of very stiff starch, which came up on either side to his ears, sustaining the equilibrium of his head. Of course, his head could only move in two directions—backward and forward—without manifest danger to the implements of hearing thereto attached, all set off by a pair of cork-sole boots six and a quarter inches across the instep when on, the toes of which looked right into the master's face; and here you have Allen Briggs—alias, Mr. A. Briggs, Esquire.

Mr. Briggs had undoubtedly seen the eclipses of a great many years. According to his own avowment, he had "waded through as many snows as there were hairs on his wig;" and as he had repeated this avowment so many times, and nobody had ever evinced any inclination to contest the point with him, he had persuaded himself that he was *ipso facto*, a "very old man." Be this as it may, Mr. Allen Briggs was not the man to be eschewed for his aged stupidity. He was amusing and buoyant as a boy. He never took the unnecessary trouble to correct himself for errors in language, no matter how gross, but would leave that to be done by any body who chose to "take it up." If he was asked if it was Jonah who swallowed the whale, he would reply in the affirmative, and when corrected, would invariably answer—"Zooks! it's all the same in Dutch—just *vice versa*, as the lawyers say—that 's all!"

In short, Mr. Allen Briggs was a man not to be scoured by any "livin' warmin't," two-legged, or four-legged, male or female—a perfect man of the world in business—"a real out and outer"—crushing all opposition to his own schemes, and believing in his heart that every body was a fool who did not coincide in all things with him, Mr. Allen Briggs.

Mrs. Briggs was some ten years the junior of her partner in life, and was a lady in every sense of the word. It was evident that she had *once* been beautiful, but that *once* had been past a long time; and now, where then dangled the glossy curls, (not *false* curls—

girls never wore false curls in those days,) she displayed two huge bows of yellow ribbon. These were necessary ornaments, however, for they were appendages to a very neat frilled cap. Mrs. Briggs had never been known to wear a stay-body frock, or a bustle—indeed, such things were not then in fashion—she never wore sleeves of the mutton-leg cut; nor were they ever so tight as to render the arms useless members, but always large enough and small enough to be comfortable. Mrs. Briggs never could endure small shoes—consequently, she never was compelled to endure the pains incident to corns. She was an inflexible knitter and darning, and though Mr. Briggs never had but one pair of socks, they never had a hole in them, because whenever the legs wore out she would leg them, and when the feet wore out she would foot them. Mrs. Briggs was so good herself—so artless and unsuspecting, that she thought every body else was good, and artless, and unsuspecting too. Mrs. Briggs was literally the very woman for Mr. Briggs, and that gentleman was the very man for Mrs. Briggs. Hence, it can only be inferred that they lived happily together—so happily, indeed, and contentedly, that they were known but to be loved. A peaceful country village was their home. A ten acre farm of fertile land, through which murmured a clear, bright stream

"That wound in many a flow'ry nook,"

was the *fee simple* property of Allen Briggs. A pretty little white-washed house, almost hidden by the clustering fruit-trees, was their humble tenement. A handsome little garden, tastefully laid out, occupied the space between the house and rivulet, and here Mrs. Briggs sought recreation when burthened with the *ennuis* of knitting and darning. A cow and calf—a sow and pig—a horse, and a yard full of poultry of every species, composed the family stock. And with all these, and nothing more, they were rich—rich in the honesty of their own hearts which knew no covetousness—contentment was theirs, and that was riches. They were surrounded by kind neighbors—some affluent, but not aristocratic. An athletic son of sixteen, and a beautiful daughter of twelve, were their only offspring. Solomon Briggs was his father's sole help, but they managed every thing to admiration. Nanny was a sweet tempered child—affectionate and dutiful. Every body loved her, and she loved every body. Notwithstanding she was a country girl, there was a native, witching, fascinating grace in her every movement. She was so active, and gay, and cheerful—so full of life and joy—and so mild and modest! She had never known sickness: health flowed through every vein, and glowed in her soft dark eyes and blooming cheeks—and her smiling face was a sure index to her pure heart. Her finely shaped head, and intel-

lignant forehead, bore testimony to her keen susceptibilities.

Solomon was a smart boy—so said his knowing father; and though he had made no higher attainments than reading, writing, and cyphering to the single rule of three, he knew how to plough the corn, and hill the potatoes, and weed his sister's flower-beds. He could not solve a problem in mathematics, but he could jump higher and hallo louder than any boy in the village, large or small.

Nanny was a proficient in the art of housekeeping, but not in French, painting, &c. &c. She, too, could read, write, and cypher, and Mr. Briggs considered that enough book learning for *his* children. It was all *he* knew, and there was danger in too much. But we come now to give our characters a more conspicuous place in the public mind.

It was one cold morning in December, when the snow was thick on the ground, and a luxuriant fire was blazing on every hearth in the village, and when nobody living would have thought of visiting, except Miss Lachevers, the housekeeper of John Doe, next door neighbor to the Briggses, No. 19 Lachevers' lane. As I said, it was cold—extremely cold; but Miss Lachevers, No. 10 Lachevers' lane, did not regard cold weather. Now, whether a *young* lady, living to the age of forty odd, becomes invulnerable to the piercing air of a December morning, or whether the young lady in question was differently constituted from other people, I shall not attempt to decide—probably the latter. Nevertheless, on this same morning, almost as soon as the sun showed his face, Miss Lachevers peeped in at the door of Allen Briggs. Mr. Briggs was drying the morning's paper by the fire, while Mrs. Briggs busied herself "clearing away" the breakfast table. Solomon and Nanny were both reading from the same book, the story of "Aladdin's Lamp."

"Good mornin' to you," said Miss Lachevers, introducing her body as well as her head—"cool mornin' this."

"Rather," replied Mr. Briggs senior, laying down the paper and rubbing the palms of his hands hard enough together to erase the skin. "Come to the fire, Betty—be seated—have off your bonnet."

The finishing clause of this address proceeded from the voluble tongue of Mrs. Briggs; and Nanny arose from her seat to hand Miss Lachevers a chair.

"Do n't trouble yourself, child—I never have time to sit. I must go back in one second. It's trot, trot, from mornin' till night, with me. I just stepped in," she continued, turning her eyes on Mrs. Briggs, "to ask you all if you've heard the news?"

"What news?" inquired Mr. Briggs senior, glancing first at the paper on the chair and then at the early visitor—"any body dead or dying—or any steamship busted—or any thing of that species?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Lachevers, "nolhin' of that are character. But somethin' more important and *novel* than either."

All eyes were now turned toward the significant countenance of Miss Betty Lachevers, who still remained standing. Mr. Briggs senior, not exactly understanding the application of the word "novel" to the

sudden intelligence of any thing new—having never heard it applied to any thing but a book—requested Miss Lachevers to explain herself. Mrs. Briggs insisted that Betty should take a chair and tell all about it; and Solomon and Nanny continued their reading, as if nothing *novel* was going on.

"Why, raly," said Miss Lachevers, drawing a seat, and depositing her person thereon, "I haint hardly got time to tell you. But it's wonderful to think of. The fact is, a young schoolmaster arrived in town last night, and I hear it's his intention to set up a school here for the eddication of youth; and the worst of all is, nobody knows who he is, or where he come from. His name I heered, but I almost forgot it—it's Dubble—or Grubbs—or Dobbs—or somethin' like that. They say he's a wonderful genius, smart as can be, and full of learning. He stopped at old Jenkins's, cross the way—whether he means to board there I can't say—but there he is. I s'pose we'll get a peep at him to-day. For my part, I should like to know why he put up at old Jenkins's."

"A schoolmaster!" repeated Mr. Briggs, the elder, with emphatic surprise.

"Yes—a reg'lar built, yankee schoolmaster," replied Miss Betty.

"Come to teach the children how that the earth revolves round the sun, instead of the sun revolving round the earth, and things of that extravagant natur', I s'pose?"

"To be sure he will," said the young lady, "and he'll be after coaxin' your children into his notions—see if he do n't."

"Not he!" consequentially returned the old man—"Sol has too much sense for any Yankee that ever lived yet; and I guess Nanny will have enough to do to larn of her mother. Not he!" and Mr. Briggs inflicted two slaps on the left side pocket of his blue vest.

Mrs. Briggs sighed, and Miss Lachevers coughed—whether for want of something to say, or to render what she had said complete, it matters not—but she coughed, and bidding a hasty adieu, left the room.

Mr. Briggs settled himself down to read the paper, and his lady settled herself down to her favorite exercise—knitting; while Solomon and Nanny repeated to each other surmises as to the probable appearance of the new comer—his age—dress, &c.

The day passed away, and night came on. Tea was over, and this happy little family had gathered around the cheerful fire. A gentle tap was heard at the door, and a voice pronouncing the simple word—"house-keepers."

"Come in," responded Mrs. Briggs, and in came Mr. Jenkins, followed by a young man apparently about twenty-two, with black hair and eyes, straight, tall, and erect, handsome, and of a genteel and prepossessing appearance, who was introduced by his conductor as Mr. Timothy Dobbe.

"My friend," said Mr. Jenkins, after being seated, and taking an accurate survey of the premises, "has come among us for the purpose, he says, of opening a school. He is an orphan, of very superior endowments—brings with him ample credentials of hu-

capacity, and expects to find patronage for his support from the inhabitants of our village."

Mr. Dobbs bowed a concurrence in the remarks of Mr. Jenkins, and hoped that Mr. Briggs could furnish him with board and a convenient room in his house.

"Ah, that's it!" said Mr. Jenkins, recollecting the object of his visit—"that's what we're a coming to. This gentleman, Mr. Briggs, wishes to reside in your family, and to eat at your table, sir. I hope—I s'pose you can accommodate him, Mr. Briggs?"

Mr. Briggs said that he could, and that he should be happy to serve him, Mr. Dobbs, in any other manner possible. Matters being thus considered, and terms agreed on, Mr. Jenkins arose to depart; having first satisfied Mr. Dobbs that he, Dobbs, would be sure to sleep soundly that night, and assured him of the total absence of all danger from external assaults under the roof of so great and good a man as his friend and neighbor Allen Briggs.

Before retiring to rest, Mr. Dobbs acquainted himself with the characters before him, by conversing with them, and each of them, on various topics; and found to his satisfaction that they were kind and noble-hearted people. The characteristic traits of Mr. Briggs were rough and unique, yet there was a generous frankness about him—such a flow of spirits and good humor—that he considered him a pleasant man. Nor was Mrs. Briggs unlike her husband in these particulars. To tell the truth, Mr. Dobbs was pleased. More than once did he get a full view of the sweet face of Nanny; and more than once did Nanny blush to catch his eye. Timothy admired her modest looks, and fancied that he *might* one day love her. He wondered how old she was, and blest his luck that he had fallen into that particular family, where such a beautiful face as hers might shed its sunny smiles about him—perhaps to cheer many of his tedious moments. He fancied she *must* be young, yet she seemed already expanding into womanhood. Such perfect symmetry of form, and grace of carriage, he had never seen in a country girl; and then the rich intelligence that beamed through her soft dark eyes, convinced him that she was born to follow some more noble pursuit than housewifery.

The hour grew late, and Timothy bade good-night, and crept softly to his room, where fatigue soon lulled him to sleep. But he dreamed! Yes, he dreamed of one sweet angelic being, whom he had only seen once—only once—and that sweet being was Nanny!

"Zooks!" said Mr. Briggs, after Timothy had left the parlor—"but he seems to be a clever youth. Nanny, what do you think of him—eh?"

"I don't know, father," replied Nanny—"but—I think—he's quite handsome."

"Hand-ome! Yes, and I reckon he considered Miss Nanny Briggs a leetle specimen of the hand-omest girl he ever saw. I saw him a squintin' on that side of the house."

"Oh, father?" cried Nanny, faintly blushing. "I'm sure he *looked* at us all—he looked at Solomon, too."

"What's his name, father?" inquired Solomon—"Stobbs?"

"Dobbs—Timothy Dobbs, I think, and that's all I

know about him yet; but we'll find what kind of a chap he is soon, I guess. I expect he's a squint, any how."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Briggs.

"And I hope not, too," rejoined Mr. Briggs; "but we'll see!"

Time sped on. The village school was in a flourishing condition. Pupil after pupil had been added to the charge of Mr. Timothy Dobbs, the "great unknown," until (to use a cant phrase) he had his hands full. It is very natural to suppose that our village schoolmaster had become very popular among all the villagers, and particularly so in the discerning eyes of Miss Betty Lachevers, No. 10 Lachevers' lane. Notwithstanding the violent protestations of Mr. Briggs against the idea of suffering his children to become scholars of Mr. Dobbs, the old gentleman had confessed his wrong in that respect, and now protested with the same vehemence, that Mr. Timothy Dobbs was the finest fellow that ever lived; and that it would be high treason in any parent or guardian to refuse children and wards generally, the benefits of Mr. Dobbs's seminary of learning; and he (Mr. Briggs) was firmly of the opinion that Solomon and Nanny would one day become the successors of their tutor in the office of "educating youth;" and on this hypothesis, he built the future prospect of the erection of the "Brigs' College," to be called after his own name, and of which, as a matter of course, Solomon was to be principal professor. Mr. Briggs saw all this as clear as a whistle, and he had no doubt that his prophecy would be fulfilled. Mr. Dobbs continued to board and lodge at Mr. Briggs' house. Nanny grew more lovely and interesting every day, and made rapid advancement in her studies. Solomon declared that Mr. Dobbs paid more attention to his sister than to any other young lady in the school—to her instructions he meant; and that he believed seriously, that Mr. Dobbs had a notion of making her his assistant—in the school he meant. Miss Lachevers always happened to hoist the window of Mr. Doe's parlor at the particular moment when the schoolmaster, Nanny, and Solomon passed the gate, on their return from school; and as it was as invariably the case that Mr. Dobbs walked closer to Nanny's side than Solomon's, the former young lady never failed to give her features an expression of scorn—at least, whenever her eye met Nanny's. It might have been necessary for Miss Betty to hoist the window on all these occasions, for some domestic purpose, such as dusting, &c., and therefore she could not help seeing the passers by; she, however, at such times looked unusually prim, but Mr. Dobbs seemed, in every case, unconscious that the eyes of any third person were upon him, for he never turned his on either side, but looked straight forward. One day Nanny actually had her arm in that of the schoolmaster, when the walking was very bad on account of snow, and then Miss Lachevers looked daggers, and from thenceforth her deportment toward our innocent heroine grew cold and formal. Perhaps Miss Betty had different views of village etiquette from other young ladies, and thought it extremely rude for a young

lady to lock arms with a gentleman, under an acquaintance of four years and a half; or perhaps she considered the law of primogeniture applicable to her individual case, and thought that if *any* body was to lock arms with the schoolmaster, it should be herself, as she was *rather* older than Miss Nanny Briggs. Nevertheless, she did not make her visits to Mr. Briggs's less frequent. She would sometimes—though altogether accidentally—chance to “fall in” when Mr. Dobbs was there; and whenever that event occurred, she made herself extremely agreeable—so she thought. But Mr. Dobbs was a sober-minded man, of keen perception and sound views of propriety, and could read her writing as well as she could herself. Nor was it long ere his disgust was manifested at her sociable behavior, which caused her to bestow upon him the classic epithet of “itinerant pedagogue.” And now matters took another turn.

A year had passed away since the “itinerant pedagogue” first opened his school. The population of the village had considerably increased. Uncle Sam had established a post-office there. Lachevers' lane was become the principal thoroughfare of the “town.” Stores—groceries—and tailor's shops had been erected; sign-boards hung out and nailed to the window shutters. A hand-ome church “with tapering spire,” and surrounded by young trees, was now the Sabbath rendezvous of the villagers. The school-house had been enlarged—the play-ground enclosed—and every thing wore a new aspect. Miss Betty Lachevers, after exhausting all her efforts to captivate Timothy Dobbs, had abandoned him to the more attractive charms of Miss Briggs; and the former young lady was now scarcely ever seen, save at church on Sundays. A Sabbath-school had been opened in the basement-room of the village church, of which Timothy was superintendent, and Solomon and Nanny teachers; and the signs of the times bade fair to verify the predictions of Mr. Briggs with regard to colleges, &c. in general. But, still *all was not right!* Timothy had declared his love to Nanny, and had received an answer of satisfaction. He had solicited the consent of her parents, and had received a REFUSAL!! Not that Mr. Briggs thought him unworthy of the hand of his daughter, but because his history was still enveloped in mystery and obscurity. Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Briggs, and Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Briggs, and half a dozen more misters and mistresses, had used all means to find out his origin, but to no effect. He would always, when spoken to on that point, fall into a state of dejected gloom, and evade all questions bearing on his nativity; and this was a barrier which intervened between him and the object of his affections.

A large oil painting ornamented the wall over the fire-place, representing a young mother, with an infant on her breast, reclining on the left arm of a man, who was defending her with his right, from the assaults of a ruffian. A beautiful girl lay weltering in blood near the surviving group; and the husband seemed to have received several dangerous wounds, from which large drops of blood were falling. It was a scene of deep and thrilling interest, and expressive of some awful tragedy. It was also well executed, and the languishing despair which beamed from the face of the young

mother would almost seem, at times, to convert the painted canvas into a mass of animation. At this picture Mr. Dobbs was often seen to gaze with sad countenance and quivering lip; while the throbbings of his temples told that the mind was at work with melancholy thoughts. He became sad and cheerless; avoided all company (but Nanny's) as much as possible, and was sometimes found weeping. Yet none knew the cause of his silent grief. Nanny observed the effect which had been wrought on him by the picture, and communicated the fact to her mother.

“He seems,” said she, “to take a sad pleasure in looking at the painting. He showed me a miniature yesterday, which is the express image of the lady with the infant child in her arms; and when I had examined it, and returned it to him, he pressed it to his lips, and the tears fell from his eyes. There must be something strange connected with his history!”

“And did he say nothing about the miniature or the painting?” inquired Mr. Briggs.

“Nothing!” replied Nanny, “I saw the subject gave him pain, and I feared to ask him any thing about it.”

“Where is the miniature?” asked Mrs. Briggs.

“He keeps it in his vest pocket,” answered Nanny. “I will beg him to show it to you, mother—I know he will.”

“No, child—do n't. I will inquire into the secret myself. But Nanny, did you never hear the story of the painting over the fire?”

“No,” said Nanny; “what is it?”

“Ah! it's an awful thing—all true as Gospel—dreadful!”

Here Mrs. Briggs requested her daughter to ask her no questions, and she would tell her some other time. The young girl's fears were excited, but she concealed them within her own bosom.

“Mr. Dobbs,” said Mrs. Briggs one evening, “what on earth ails you? You look like you have lost the best friend you had in the world. Do pray tell us what has made you so gloomy for so many days.”

Timothy sighed deeply, and a crimson tush suffused the cheek of Nanny. Mr. Briggs turned up his collar, and ran his fingers through his gray locks, and looked very hard at Mr. Dobbs. Solomon looked very hard at his father; and Mrs. Briggs looked at every one in the room alternately.

“Come,” said Mr. Briggs—“Come, Mr. Dobbs, let's hear what's the matter. Remember, young man, you are among friends; and if I can do any thing for you—why, I'll do it. Come, now, let out. Don't kill yourself for no trifle, young man.”

“I feel much obliged to you,” replied Timothy, “and will ask but one favor. I cannot now tell you what ails me; but there is something in this house which gives me great anxiety. I have long wished to make the inquiry, but had not the courage. Tell me, then, what is the meaning of that picture which hangs before me?”

“Zooks!!” cried Mr. Briggs, “and is it the picture that has caused all your bad feelings, Mr. Dobbs?”

“It is,” returned the schoolmaster; “and I wish to know what it means!”

The surprise of Mr. Briggs and Solomon may be better imagined than described. The old gentleman drew out his red silk handkerchief and rubbed his eyes, stuffed it into his pocket again, and stared with all his might right into the schoolmaster's face. Solomon stared also; and laying down the book he was reading, prepared himself to hear something strange. Mrs. Briggs and her daughter were before partially acquainted with the cause of Timothy's disease—at least, they knew that it sprang from the oil painting in question. All was now deep interest, awaiting the development of some wonderful discovery.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Briggs, "it's a solemn thing that! It used to make me sick to look at it; but it's a long time since it was hung up there, and I've got used to it. Still it sticks deep into my heart—it does! It tells a sad story—but you shall hear it, Mr. Dobbs!" And Mrs. Briggs began.

I will not give the reader the story in the very words in which Mrs. Briggs gave it to Timothy; because that is impossible: for she paused more than once to wipe away the big tears, and to sob; and was obliged to commence afresh as many as three times before she satisfied herself that she was in the right path, and had begun at the beginning. But, as I said, she began, and the following is the substance of the narrative:

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE.

John Bloomfield, a merchant of London, was the father of two children, to wit: Arthur Bloomfield and Polly Bloomfield, now Polly Briggs, wife of Allen Briggs. He came to this country about two years anterior to the commencement of the Revolution, and settled on a handsome country-seat, near the place where now stands our village. Mrs. Bloomfield died during the passage across the Atlantic; so John Bloomfield was a widower.

At the time of his migration Arthur was twenty and Polly sixteen years of age. The latter was shortly afterward married to Mr. Briggs; and the widowed father dying, Arthur determined to sail for the West Indies, for the purpose of trading on the capital inherited from his father, which amounted to some five hundred pounds sterling.

Within one year after he left America, he heard that the long expected conflict between the two nations had begun, and being fired with a love of liberty, he returned home to join the army of Washington, to aid in repelling the invaders from the American soil. He brought with him a young and lovely wife, who, shortly subsequent to his return, gave joy to his heart by the birth of a son.

The sister of young Mrs. Bloomfield, a still more lovely girl, accompanied her brother-in-law hither; and so beautiful was she, that many gallant knights paid homage at her shrine. Alice was modest—pleasing—fascinating—and none saw her but to love.

Arthur fitted up the late domain of his deceased father; and leaving his family, soon after the birth of his son, under the supervision of his wife's sister, prepared himself for a season of warfare.

Mr. Briggs was settled where he now resides, but his was then the only tenement in existence there: so

Mr. Briggs may be considered as the founder of the village. With the property obtained by marriage he purchased the soil on which he built, together with such implements of husbandry as present wants required. The distance of two miles intervened between the two families—consequently, they enjoyed the intercourse of neighbors, though it was not very frequent that they interchanged visits. They were, however, neighbors, and Mrs. Briggs ministered, as much as in her lay, to the wants of Mrs. Bloomfield during her confinement.

The struggle of death was drawing to a close. Arthur Bloomfield had returned to his family, and was happy—happy because his life had been shielded amid the strifes of war—happy because health was again the property of Mrs. Bloomfield—happy because *he was a father!*

One calm evening in spring, when a thousand blushing flowers

"Distilled sweet fragrance through the air,"

and when all nature reflected the smiles of God's benevolence, Arthur Bloomfield was seated with his family in the shady alcove, recounting the dangers to which he had been exposed, and from which Providence had rescued him.

"Come," said he, "let us bow ourselves before God, where we are, and return him thanks that we are all again together." And they fell upon their knees on the green grass, while the father breathed forth his gratitude to his Maker, in a slow, touching, solemn prayer. Tears stood in the eyes of Alice, but she wiped them away with her soft hand, and the mother presented her infant boy before the throne of Heaven, for a blessing before she arose.

A sudden report of fire-arms threw a shock on the frames of the two females, and caused a deadly paleness to overspread the countenance of Arthur.

"Mercy!" shrieked Mrs. Bloomfield, clinging to her husband. "What can it be?"

"Be composed, dear," returned the man; "this arm shall defend you!" And taking the child in his arms, he led the way quickly to the house, where, securing themselves within doors, they awaited the final issue. Mr. Bloomfield armed himself with a sword, and planted his stand at the open window, where he could overlook the foreground, and detect approaching danger.

The moon shone brightly, lighting up the landscape with her mellow beams, and shedding rays of grandeur on the world. There he stood, the only earthly protector of his wife and son and sister-in-law, hardly daring to hope success, in the event of an attack from a nightly assassin; while the fear-stricken females breathed heavily and tremulously near his back.

That night of blood and death passed away, and the first beams of the morning sun penetrated the dismal room where lay the bleeding bodies of three mortal beings—a husband—a wife—and youthful maiden!—The infant son was not there: the murderers had borne him away, and no traces of them could ever be found!

When the spring flowers again sent forth their fragrance, and the twittering birds began to build their nests, and when the ice and snow of winter had melted, and bud and blossom made the forest green; and the winds blew softly and pleasantly; and when every thing told that the cold season was gone, and sweet spring had come, busy preparations were going on throughout all the village for a wedding. Every little house, and tree, and fence had been newly white-washed. The church steeple looked whiter than when first built, and every face beamed with a brighter smile, and every cheek glowed with purer health than ever. And whose wedding was it? Rumor abroad said it was one Mr. Dobbs, a schoolmaster, who was about to espouse the pretty Miss Briggs. But all the villagers *knew* that the parties to be joined in wedlock were Mr. Timothy Bloomfield (formerly Dobbs) and his sweet cousin, Miss Nanny Briggs, daughter of Allen Briggs, Esq. Miss Betty Lachevers, on hearing the degree of relationship between the "itinerant pedagogue" and Miss Nanny, had become perfectly reconciled to everybody, and to Miss Nanny in particular, and the day previous to the wedding it was generally understood that Miss Betty Lachevers was to be "chief cook and bottle-washer."

The morning of the 15th of May, seventeen hundred

and—no matter what—was clear and beautiful. The church-bell began to ring, and the villagers began to pour forth by two-and-two, dressed in their best, and each bearing a bouquet of richest flowers. They all proceeded to the house of God, where before earth and heaven, the pious minister united two pious hearts, between which there existed an attachment "sweeter than life and stronger than death."

"Zooks!" said old Briggs, on this happy occasion, "I always thought well of the boy, but I'll eat my hat if ever I thought he *was* my nephew, and *was* to be my son. Well! well! well!" And Mr. Briggs looked as pleasing as he knew how. Mrs. Briggs looked pleasing too. Solomon looked saucy at his sister, and she blu-hed and looked saucy at Solomon. Timothy felt as happy as ever man felt: and all was joy and life and gaiety.

A few weeks more, and a petition was presented to the Legislature of one of the New England States, signed by one hundred and fifty inhabitants of the village, praying for an act incorporating the "Classical Seminary of S." and within a few more weeks the "Classical Seminary of S." was filled with pupils; and Mr. Briggs *lived* to see his prophecy fulfilled; and *died* to be mourned by all who had ever known him.

SPEAK OUT.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Men who battle for the right,
'Mid the darkness of the night,
Looking ever for the light—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Rulers at the helm of state,
Seek ye for the narrow gate,
Through which pass the truly great?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Ye who preach, and ye who pray,
Smother not in mist and spray
Thoughts that struggle for the day—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Dreamer, up! strike, for the hour
Brings the man, as does the shower
From the budding bring the flower—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Young men, hunger not behind,
With the dead in will and mind,
Let the blind be ever blind—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Teachers, ye who plant the seed,
Nurse it in its hour of need,
With the sunlight of thy dead—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Old men, fathers, would ye see
Footprints of the Deity
Round the homes of infancy?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Searchers after truth and right,
From the vessel's topmost height
See ye glimpses pure and bright—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Poet, if thy mission be
To uplift humanity,
Let the world thy spirit see—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Brother, bend ye at a shrine,
Differing far from me and mine,
If ye think that light divine—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Stranger, with thy little band,
From a distant father-land,
Yeats't thou for a kindly hand?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

Men, of every creed and clime,
Hear ye not the tones sublime
Swelling on the march of Time?—
Speak out!

Fear ye nothing but the wrong.

AN ADVENTURE OF JASPER C—:

OR HOW TO SELL A CLOCK.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

"MADAM, can I sell you a clock to-day?" inquired a pedler, as he was met at the door by the woman of the house at which he had stopped.

"No," replied the woman, civilly, yet decidedly, "we want no such article."

"I have several fine clocks, madam," said the pedler.

"Very likely," said the woman, "but we want none"—at the same time retreating a few paces from the door.

"May I ask," inquired the pedler, advancing within the door a little, but cautiously and civilly, as the woman retreated—"may I ask, madam, whether you have a clock?"

The woman cast I will not say an indignant look at the clock-man—but a look certainly not kind; at the same time saying with some spirit—"we want none of your clocks, sir."

The pedler took a seat.

The scene which we have thus briefly described occurred, some years since, in the "Old Dominion;" but in what particular section we are not at liberty to say. The house at which it occurred was a well-looking habitation; and indeed, but kept in clever repair. It was owned and occupied by a farmer of some consideration in those parts, but singular and very set in his way. Like some others, in other quarters, he had imbibed strong antipathies against Yankeeedom and all its inhabitants. He fairly hated the sight of a pedler; and, although disposed to treat his species with civility, he had not at all times been so fortunate as to do so. In several instances, indeed, he had dismissed with some severity these itinerant merchants, who had offered their commodities for sale within his precincts. Even his dog seemed to know when one drove up, and snarled and growled with more than ordinary spirit, to the evident satisfaction of the master. As to purchasing an article of any of the detestable fraternity—that he would never do—no not he, whatever were his necessities. And he was true to his word. For more than once, it had happened that articles had been offered just at a time when he needed them, and which could not be obtained in the retired situation in which he lived—but he would not even look at them. The corn might remain unhoed, and the house never be swept, before he would purchase a hoe or a broom of a pedler.

The sentiments of Mr. M—, moreover, had obtained no small notoriety among the pedling fraternity. They all understood the matter—those we mean who conducted this sort of trade in those parts; and although several, prompted by a more than ordinary share of confidence in their selling powers, had made a visit to the place, determined not to leave the game

Till they had run it down, they had all to a man been foiled. The Virginia farmer

was proof against their strategy. In general, he was civil—but he could be stormy and tempestuous, especially if urged by a traveling merchant to purchase, when he had peremptorily refused. And so set had he become, that on more occasions than one, he had urged his wife never, in his absence, to purchase any article, especially not a clock. I am not certain that in terms he had forbidden her. But she knew his wishes; and being a good woman, she intended to act accordingly.

The day we are speaking of Mr. M— had gone to a neighboring town, a few miles distant, to transact some business; expecting, however, to return the same evening.

Shortly after his departure, which was early, the pedler of whom we have already made mention drove up, with the hope of disposing of a clock. Whether he was apprised of the absence of the lord of the manor has not transpired; but he was not ignorant of the task before him. He had received ample information from several of the profession of the unlucky star that presided, when they made the experiment; and, moreover, they had predicted his similar ill success.

"Never mind," said he—"I'll try my hand, and if Jasper C. fails it will be the very first time."

And Jasper C. was in truth no ordinary specimen of a Yankee. Whether from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, or Vermont, he scarcely knew himself, as in all those States his parents had lived—but in the limits of which one they happened to be, at the precise time he first opened his eyes on this mundane sphere, he never could quite ascertain. He had all the tact and shrewdness of the Codfish State, and all the hardness and impenetrability of the Granite State—and I may add, all the determination of a Green Mountain boy. If there was only a nook or angle where these States could unite, that would be the precise spot—the very sharpest point I mean—where Jasper C. had his beginning. But however these matters may be, he was a Yankee—and one of the "straightest sect"—a keen, sharp-sighted, ready-witted man, of some two or three and twenty. He was a great tactician at selling—no matter what was the article or commodity, he could always sell; and he delighted in nothing more than to follow hard upon a brother pedler, and to compare notes with him at the end of their common tour. Generally, Jasper could show more dollars taken in a given time than any brother pedler who traveled in the "Old Dominion." He had some confidence, therefore, and he had a right to it. And, besides, his personal appearance was in his favor; but what was of more consequence, he was well-mannered. He was seldom put off his guard, and seldom betrayed into language which he had occasion to recall.

Such was Jasper C—, the pedler, who made his

appearance at the house of Mr. M—, at the time and under the circumstances already named.

He had made known his errand, and had received a denial. Most pedlers would have retired. *He* took a seat. There was a seeming rudeness in so doing, especially as the woman had given no such invitation; but the manner of his doing it divested it of all impropriety. It was taken hesitatingly and with an appearance of weariness; and still more in his favor, he did that which is not always done by pedlers, he civilly removed his hat.

Minutes passed—or they seemed minutes to the pedler—during which he sat in silence pondering upon the course most likely to ensure success—the woman, meanwhile, employing herself in brushing the hearth, adjusting the chairs, with other operations indicated by that very expressive household term—“putting things to rights.” At length Jasper C— ventured to say, “Madam, with your leave, I’ll show you one of my clocks.”

“You may show as many as you please,” said the woman, “but we want none—hav’n’t I already told you?”

She had, indeed, so told him; but, nevertheless, the pedler did better than he feared. He had gained one point, and what his experience had taught him was an important point—he had permission to show his clocks. In a short time, therefore, he was again entering the door, bearing in his hands a handsome-looking clock—brass wheels, mahogany case, gilded at various points, and withal a pretty landscape, painted on a glass in front, below the face. In short, it was a fair specimen of Jerome’s best Bristol made. Fortunately—so the pedler thought—the mantle happened to be unoccupied, and there, in the centre, the clock was duly installed. It was wound up, and soon began its duty—click, click, click.

The pedler resumed his seat.

I said he had gained something. So he thought; but despite of all that he had done, the woman seemed as unmoved as a marble statue—she took not the slightest notice of him, or his clock. This was strange. The pedler thought so. He had encountered adverse circumstances before—had doubled many a point of difficulty and perplexity, and forewarned and forearmed had expected to meet on this occasion, perhaps refusal; but he didn’t well know how to manage such sheer indifference. He would have tasked his wits—and he did task them; but somehow they seemed to forsake him at the precise moment, when he singularly needed their assistance. Moreover, in the very midst of his perplexity, the woman, who had taken a seat with her back turned toward him and his clock—a position which, under ordinary circumstances she would have avoided as a breach of civility—rose of a sudden, and taking some needle-work which she had in her hand, wended her way through an adjoining door into some other part of the house. It seemed as if she intended to carry her plan and purpose of marked indifference to the *ne plus ultra*; and the pedler would have given up all hope of success but for one circumstance—quite a trivial one—and yet it left a hook to hang a hope on. As the door closed, the pedler noticed

that the woman more than half turned round, and did—he was quite sure of it—she did cast a momentary glance at the clock. And that look was voluntary. It cost her effort—it betrayed curiosity—the pedler did n’t quite despair.

But his hopes were ere long again on the ebb. The woman seemed to have no disposition to return; at least she didn’t make her appearance; and with a good deal of reason the pedler thought that she did not intend to return. Whether this was her resolution I cannot say—quite probably she supposed that he had departed. Be this, however, as it may, the pedler was giving up, and had actually risen, and was in progress toward the clock, with a view to deport it once more to his wagon, when the door creaked, and the woman again entered.

She seemed inclined to pause—and, perhaps, did pause—but, what was more to the pedler’s purpose, he fancied that she was about to hazard some remark—he hoped a commendation of the clock—at least a word as to its good appearance. But he mistook. She did, indeed, speak—a word or two only, however; but for the life of him, the pedler couldn’t decide whether the drift was for or against him. “I wish Mr. M. was at home,” said the woman, “he—” she paused.

“What was she going to add? The pedler would have given almost the price of a clock to have had his doubts resolved. “*He*”—did she mean that her husband could decide for himself? So the pedler wished to believe, while his better opinion, judging from her manner, was, that she meant to intimate that her husband would be even more summary—more indifferent he could not appear—more set and determined was impossible. But putting the construction upon her words most favorable to his present interests, he ventured to supply what she had failed to say, “Yes, indeed,” said he, “if Mr. M. were at home, I dare say he wouldn’t lose such a bargain as I would give him.”

“*Bargain!*” the pedler had unconsciously used a word of full-maniac power the world over. “*Bargain!*” that word seemed to arrest the woman’s attention—and for the first time she raised her eyes and fairly looked at the clock. And so it happened, that, at this critical moment in the history of that clock, and in the proceedings of the pedler in relation to a sale of it, it struck one, two, three, up to eleven. Its tones were soft, musical, attractive. It ceased—and for a moment there was silence, but it was soon interrupted by the woman’s exclaim, “It certainly strikes pretty!”

The ecstasy of the pedler was near being betrayed; but it was for his interest to conceal his pleasure, and so rising, he moved toward the clock, saying, “Its striking is good—better, I think myself, than is common;” at the same time opening the door and puffing the striking wire, upon which its musical tones filled the room.

“It does sound well,” said the woman.

“Good!” whispered the pedler to himself.

“Hav’n’t there recently been some improvements in clock-making?” asked the woman.

“Better and better,” thought the pedler—“Madam,”

said he, rousing from his transient reverie, and responding to her question, "you asked me about improvements? O yes, divers improvements—clocks are made now-a-days in great perfection, and very cheap—but—I was about making a proposition in reference to that clock—" but he was cut short in the very sentence—

"I can save you all trouble of that sort," said the woman, "I may take none of your clocks."

"There again," thought the pedler, "all aback!" and now, how to retrieve lost ground, he was quite at a loss. But a second thought came to his aid. The language of the woman was peculiar—"I may take none."

"Madam!" the pedler resumed, and with some little more assurance, "I was going to put this clock to you on such terms as that you may, or any other woman in the wide world might take it."

The woman listened. She raised her hand to her forehead—she hesitated—she seemed inclined to ask a question, and at length she did inquire—

"How do you sell your clocks?"

Had the pedler ventured to raise his eyes, they would have resembled stars of the first magnitude; but he was too politic to betray his sense of the vantage he was gaining, and therefore rather coolly remarked, "You seem so reluctant, madam, to purchase a clock, that I'm at a loss how to reply. But if you will take one, I'll put it pretty much at your own price."

"You will?" said she, her countenance relaxing into a sort of smile, mingled with a spice of incredulity. "That's not a common way with you pedlers."

"O no," said he, "we live by our trade, and must make a trifle at least now and then; but we must sell, if we don't make much."

While the pedler was thus remarking, the woman had approached near the clock, and for the purpose, it would seem, of examining it—the pedler hoped with reference to a purchase. And by way of helping on this decision, he opened the clock—displayed its machinery—and cautiously recommended it, by saying, "it's a handsome piece of furniture, you see—useful—and, with your leave, it occupies just the place for it."

"It looks well," rejoined the woman, "but—" she paused, "I—" she began, and again stopped. At length, however, she added, "I may not purchase it."

She had laid a more than ordinary emphasis, perhaps unconsciously, on the word *purchase*. "What!" thought the pedler, "does she expect me to give her a clock. No, he could not give the clock. That would deprive him of an anticipated and now much desired triumph. But matters now stood in such a position as to demand prompt and decisive action. The pedler, therefore, met the emergency like a tactician. "Madam," said he, "I ask no money for the clock. I am willing to take such articles in payment as you have to spare, and at your own price."

The woman fairly stared. The matter wore a new phase.

"I mean just as I say, madam," said the pedler, observing her apparent surprise. "Just what you have to spare, and at your own price."

"But what do you ask for the clock?"

"Fifteen dollars—the small sum of fifteen dollars."

The woman took a seat. For a few minutes she seemed to be abstracted and lost. But at length returning to the subject, she said, "On the terms you propose, I will take the clock."

That was the decision which the pedler had been looking for with all imaginable desire, and now no time was to be lost—and none, indeed, was lost.

"Follow me," said the woman, rising and leading the way to an outer room, where was standing a cask with about a bushel of flaxseed, which she said had been there time out of mind. Her husband had often wished it away, and now the pedler might take it.

"All right," said the pedler, "and at what price?"

"Three dollars," replied the woman—it was double the price of clean fresh seed.

"Agreed," said the pedler, his mind running over the loss he must sustain on this basis; but loss or no loss, he was glad to sell a clock.

"What next, madam?" inquired the pedler.

"Well," said the woman, beginning fairly to exult at the good bargain she was making, and even luxuriating in the thought, as how her husband would himself be pleased at her skill in bargain-making, "we've got a calf you may take."

"A what?" asked the pedler, a cold shudder following hard on the annunciation.

"A calf, sir," repeated the woman, "you said you would take any thing we had to spare."

"Right, right," said the pedler, recovering himself as well as he could, "a calf—O yes, all the same, that is, nothing amiss by way of trade in this world; turn it to account, I dare say."

By this time the woman had conducted our hero to a small pen, with a southern exposure, adjoining the barn, and there lay a—skeleton!

"This is the calf," said the woman.

The pedler started back involuntarily; he bit his lips, and for a moment was on the point of demurring. What on earth was such a sickly-looking creature worth? What could he do with it? How could he carry it? These, and half a score of kindred questions flitted across his mind. The pedler was perplexed; he was out-generated; but re-installing his waning confidence with the thought, that as a dernier resort he could deposit the sorry-looking brute under some hedge by the wayside, like a veteran soldier in the "battles of life," he marched up to the emergency, and with commendable good humor, said,

"Yes, yes—a calf, truly—but is it alive?" at the same time half spurning it with his foot. "Yes, and alive 'tis, surely. I thought it was dead; here, you young ox, rouse up."

The calf yawned.

"Well, it does breathe, upon my soul," said the pedler; "yonder old cart can't yawn."

"Indred," said the woman, her countenance relaxing into a veritable smile, "indeed, I thought myself, at the instant, that the creature was dead. It has been ailing for more than a week, and my husband said only yesterday, that he believed it would die; and he did n't much care how soon it did die. It looks a little better, I think."

Better! the pedler could have cracked a marble. But there was no escaping from his dilemma. So with as good a grace as was possible, he inquired, "What price do you put upon the calf?"

"Only ten dollars," replied the woman.

The pedler started. "Ten dollars!" he fairly exclaimed with surprise. "Ten dollars! who ever heard of such a price for a calf just gasping."

"You are committed," dryly observed the woman.

"I see I am—committed—out-generated, madam."

"Is n't it fair?" asked the woman.

"Fair!" repeated the pedler, "fair as the day itself; right—all right; ten dollars—never mind, turn it to account, I dare say."

This half-way controversy about the calf was thus summarily settled, and a few other matters added, the clock was paid for. But the pedler did not feel to boast, as they say. He was vanquished, and yet the victor. He had made a *bona fide* sale of a clock where all hitherto had failed; and though for the present he couldn't show the shiners for his bargain, he hoped in some way to bring up arrearages, and return to tell a fair story to his competitors.

The blood freshened his cheeks a good deal more than usual, it must be confessed, as he helped the helpless "young ox" to mount. It was quite a lug, as they say; and, to tell the truth, he was right glad when his wagon, with its added contents of dying stock, and dead stock, was fairly outside of the yard in the public highway.

On emerging from the premises of farmer M. he turned south toward V—n Court House, situated some few miles distant. He had now time to lay his plans. In the interval there were few dwellings, and even if there had been, he was in no mood for any new adventure just in that region. As we have already intimated, however, the pedler was a man of large experience; and more than this, he had profited by it—he had acquired tact—he was well fitted to extricate himself from difficulty, and that of the most perplexing kind.

From an occasional inquiry of a passing traveler, he ascertained that the court was in session at V—n Court House; and his plan of operations was predicated upon this welcome intelligence. He thought that if it proved so, he might make a demonstration to some profit.

On reaching the ample green, on which the Court House stood, he was satisfied that the court was in session. Accordingly, he drew up at some little distance from the front door, unhitched his horses, and made ready. Shortly after, the court adjourned. The throng, in goodly numbers, issued from the building; and it so happened that they were in great good humor—a cause having just been decided the right way to please the populace; and of this sort of people there was an abundance, with a commendable sprinkling of a somewhat higher grade. At this critical moment the pedler stepped upon his cart, and in quite a civil way, begged to announce to the gentlemen, that he had some few articles on sale, which he would be happy to show them.

The crowd gathered round, and the inquiry rose thicker and faster, "What you got?" "What you got?"

Responding to the already clamorous demand, the pedler, with a calm and composed front, said, "that, if the gentlemen pleased, he would take the liberty to exhibit a specimen of *flaxseed*. He had paid a large price for it, and not having a great quantity, he would sell only a spoonful of it to an individual. In this way he could give them all a chance; but mark it, gentlemen, if you please, said he, "I sell only one spoonful to an individual; one spoonful—not a thoughtful more."

"Price?" inquired a farmer, who thought much of choice seeds

"One dollar, gentlemen, per spoonful," said the pedler. "I know it's high—but *such* flaxseed, gentlemen, you do n't see every day."

"A dollar for a spoonful of flaxseed!" exclaimed a man—one of the old settlers, with a long pendent queue to his back—"I have been a long time in these parts, but I never heard such a price for a spoonful of flaxseed."

"A fair price, I dare say," said a man standing by. "a fair price, if it's the genuine—the genuine—there, now, I can't think of the kind—it's the new sort. I'd give five dollars, if I could n't get a spoonful without. Only for seed, sir—for seed."

"Pray, Mr. Pedler," said another, "is this seed imported?"

"Why I rather think it was. I imported it."

"From what country did it come?" asked another.

"Well, that's more than I can say, whether from Flanders, or Ireland, or New Holland."

But these names were enough; and as the last seemed to linger longest on some one's mind, he immediately exclaimed, "New Holland! yes, I dare say—a grand country for flax;" and presently the multitude had improved upon these hints—in part facts, and in part surmises—and round it went, that there was flaxseed of a choice kind, just in from New Holland; and one man, who seemed to know something of geography, and whose logic was about equal to what he knew of the face of the earth, declared that as it had come some thousands of miles, it was, *therefore*, probably a very long or tall kind.

"Gentlemen!" said the pedler, who had watched the increasing enthusiasm with the most solid satisfaction, and who thought it quite time to make a stroke, "gentlemen, one dollar per spoonful for this flaxseed—your only chance, do n't expect ever to offer flaxseed here again; last chance, gentlemen—who'll—"

He was cut short by the advance of a clever, and even staid looking man, who said, "I'll take a spoonful."

"And I"—"and I"—"and I," said half a dozen voices all together.

"One at a time, gentlemen," said the pedler, "serve you all, and just as fast as I can—the sooner I get through the better."

And so he went on, parceling out the flaxseed, and pocketing the dollars, till at last he had the pleasure—and a profound pleasure it was—to stow away in his money-wallet the 7th dollar for the 7th spoonful of flaxseed taken from an old cask in the out-room of Mr. M., in the "Old Dominion," in part pay for a clock,

but which some of the purchasers would have it had come direct from New Holland.

"Seventy-five dollars for the flax-seed," said the pedler, "seventy-five dollars—seventy-five—that will do."

And now the pedler's voice was again heard, and on a somewhat higher key. "Gentlemen," said he, "I've a still more remarkable article to dispose of—only one, and only one can have it; and the question is, who will be the fortunate purchaser. Gentle-men, this calf is for sale."

The welkin rung. "A calf for sale!" said half a dozen. "Come, walk up—who'll buy? Who wants a calf?"

"You'd better sell yourself," said a roughish-looking stripling, addressing the pedler.

"Quite likely, my man," responded the pedler. "I lately felt a good deal more like a calf than I do just now. But I'll sell the calf first, and then think about selling myself. This calf for sale. Who bids?"

"Price?" said one.

"Twenty-five dollars," replied the pedler.

"What breed?" asked another.

"Well, you all see, as for that matter, that he's *short horns*."

"Very plain matter of fact, that," said a good-natured, jolly sort of a fellow. "Is he Durham, or what is he?"

"That's more than I know—he's *short horns*, but whether Durham or Dedham—how can I tell?"

"Durham!" exclaimed a prompt, rosy-cheeked fellow, stepping up; why, you simpleton, don't you know the value of the creature you are selling—even a bigger simpleton might see with half an eye that he's Durham; look at his white spots—he's handsome as a picture."

"Hand-some!" retorted another, "I wonder where you see beauty."

"Well," said another, "never mind for beauty—what's his name, Mr. Pedler?"

"Well," said the pedler, "I don't know exactly what to call him. I guess we'll call him *Romeo*."

"Romeo, you fool," said a voice in the crowd.

"Oh, yes, what a mis-take—funny enough," said the pedler. "Romeo, gentlemen, *Romeo*—who'll bid?"

And now, as in case of the flax-seed, the praises of *Romeo* went the rounds, till there was even a controversy who should have him.

Suffice it to say, a square-built man was the purchaser. The money was paid, even before *Romeo* was let down on to terra firma. But that operation was now gone through with, and the first result was that the calf fell like a flounder.

"O, aint you a-hamed of yourself, *Romeo*," said the pedler; "come, stand up in the presence of these gentlemen."

Romeo, however, could n't find his legs, as they say; and the pedler had to explain and apologize for his want of manners. "He had been a little ailing," he believed, "but the person of whom he purchased him, said he looked better."

"No wonder if he does ail a little," said a man who

was helping him to stand up, "it's a long voyage he's come, and cattles are quite likely to get sick on a voyage."

"That, indeed," said another, "he looks like as if he'd been very sea-sick—I dare say he was."

"He needs something to eat," said the pedler, "it's a good while that he's been fasting."

"Well," said the purchaser, with some assurance, and well satisfied with his bargain, "plenty of milk hard by—come, boys, give him a lift into the wagon, and I'll import him a little further."

Accordingly, some half a dozen hands were soon occupied in raising *Romeo* into the farmer's wagon.

Meanwhile, the pedler rolled up the bills, and safely deposited them in his pocket-book, which, on returning to its usual place, he said, "One hundred dollars! one hundred dollars for a clock!—a clock sold to Mr. M., of—! One hundred dollars—that will do!"

No time was now lost by the pedler in re-hitching his horses, which done, he left for head-quarters, there to tell and exult over the success of his experiment in selling a clock. The multitude, which had been some time thinning, now left the Court House and its precincts to their solitude.

Our story summons us once more, but briefly, to the farm-house of Mr. M.

At about half past seven that same evening, the farmer having returned, was quietly seated with his wife at the supper-table. He seemed, though wearied, in excellent spirits. Several circumstances had occurred during the day to put him in good humor. And for some reason his wife looked, he thought, more than ordinarily interesting; she was dressed with more taste. The room was neat and tidy; the light shone more brilliantly, and the table had a better bill of fare; in short, Mrs. M. had exerted herself to give her husband as kind and welcome a reception as she well could. And she had evidently succeeded. He seemed pleased, while she herself was unusually cheerful and sociable.

She had just turned out a third or fourth cup of tea for Mr. M., and was in the very act of handing it to him across the table, when from an adjoining room was heard the clock striking one, two, three, four.

Mr. M. had taken the cup, but it fell as suddenly as if at that instant a paralysis had seized his arm—the cup broke, and the tea flooded the table; at the same time the glance of a kindled eye shot across at his wife.

"Caroline!" said he, in a sharp and inquisitive tone.

"Husband!" at the same time exclaimed Mrs. M.

"My dear husband, will you hear me?"

"No," said the exasperated man, "hear what? What is the meaning of all this? No, I do n't want to hear any explanation. You have violated—"

"My dear husband," interrupted Mrs. M., "only hear me—one instant—one brief explanation."

"None," said he, rising from his chair. At the same time his wife rose, and approaching him, gently laid her hand upon his shoulder, and supplicated his calm and kind attention to her explanation.

"Have you purchased that clock?" he inquired.

"Husband! may be I've done wrong," she replied, "but how can you judge till you hear?"

Mr. M. was a man of impulse, as the reader will readily perceive—and yet he was kind in his nature; and when reason was permitted to speak, he was disposed to listen and judge with candor.

At his wife's request he resumed his seat. She drew her chair to his side. She explained. First she spoke of the calf, and of the ten dollars allowed her for it.

"You recollect, husband," said she, "that only yesterday you wished it dead."

"Ah! that, indeed," said Mr. M., his choler beginning again to wax hot, "but I had rather lost twenty calves than patronize one of those detestable pedlers. You knew my wishes."

"I did, my husband; and but for the opportunity of getting rid of articles absolutely valueless to us, I should never have presumed to have made such a purchase."

"Well, let that pass," said the husband, his own good sense confessing that she got a large price for what he had wished off his premises—only he didn't wish to be thought patronizing a pedler.

"You got a large price," he added.

"Well," replied Mrs. M., "the clock-man," she avoided the mention of the word pedler, "allowed me to name my own price, and I aimed in the whole to please you."

"To please me!" said Mr. M., petulently.

"Not to excite your displeasure rather, I should have said."

"Well, and what next?"

"You place me in trying circumstances."

"You placed yourself there," interrupted her husband.

"Yes, according to your view of the case," said Mrs. M., "and you make me regret that I could suffer myself to be tempted to take a clock; but I see no way but to proceed and tell you the whole."

"Certainly," said Mr. M.

"Well, then, husband, you recollect that cask of old flaxseed out in—"

"Flaxseed!" he exclaimed, his voice absolutely sounding over the whole house, at the same time the blood rushing to his face, "flaxseed!—did you sell that flaxseed? Is it, then, possible?"

"Pray," said Mrs. M., "what is the meaning of

your unwonted excitement? What have I done to raise this awful storm?"

"Done?" said he, "done? That flaxseed!—was it, then, that?" he paused. "And pray what did you get for it?"

"There was nearly a bushel of it," replied Mrs. M., "and I was allowed three dollars for it."

"Three dollars a bushel!" he exclaimed. "Yes, it must be that—it must be."

The whole truth was now before him. He understood the length and breadth of the matter. His wife was the dupe of a keen and practiced pedler; but she was less a dupe than himself. Slowly putting his hand into his pocket, he took thence a paper, which he handed to his wife, and bid her open it. She did so; and in it was a spoonful of what was once *flaxseed*.

Judge her surprise!

"Husband!" said she, "what does this mean?"

"Mean?" said he, "why it means that I am more of a fool than yourself. You sold a bushel of flaxseed for three dollars, and I paid one dollar for a spoonful of it. That is what it means."

"How so?" asked Mrs. M.

The story was soon told. He was one of the seventy-five who had that day purchased the flaxseed. He had left the ground before the selling was through, and hence was ignorant as to the fate of the calf. But now the whole was unraveled. And while husband and wife both experienced some mortification of feeling, the joke was too good to allow any protracted disturbance of their composure.

Mrs. M. procured another cup, as her husband declared that the matter of the clock shouldn't deprive him of his usual allowance of tea, especially after a day of such sanguine.

The meal was at length finished; but before that, both had recovered their equanimity, and even smiled at the strange events of the day. The pedler didn't escape some little reprobation for the part he had acted; but Mr. M. declared that a man deserved some credit who could carry his purposes despite of such obstacles; but after all, he thought his wife the better saleswoman, who could dispose of a bushel of old flaxseed for three dollars, and a calf as good as dead for ten dollars.

EFFIE DEANS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Among the delightful creations of the fancy of the great "Wizard of the North," his story entitled "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" stands conspicuous, and perhaps maintains a higher degree of popularity than any other of the numerous productions of his pen. Of course, every reader is familiar with the narrative, and we think all will be gratified by an examination of the beautiful picture of the unfortunate EFFIE DEANS, which graces the present number of our Magazine. It is from the burin of Mr. T. B. WELCH, and is executed in the most finished style of that very superior engraver. The point of time chosen by the artist for

the delineation of his subject, is that at which the procurator Sharpilaw causes himself to be conveyed to the cell of the miserable girl, for the purpose of eliciting information respecting the haunts of Robertson. The great novelist tells us that "the poor girl was seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners, but it was untouched. The person under whose care she was more particularly placed said, 'that sometimes she tasted nothing from the tea and of the four and twenty hours of the other, except a drink of water.'"

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE WHOOPING CRANE. (*Ardea Americana*.)

Flocks of this bird are found during the autumn season in the Middle and Western States, and along the shores of the great lakes. In summer they resort in countless numbers to their breeding places, in the high northern latitudes, from which they are again driven at the return of the arctic winters. These migrations are regular, and extend from the vast plains of South America to the snows of the Arctic Circle. While performing these immense journeys, the Cranes pass at such a height in the air as to be invisible, stopping occasionally at some favorite resting place in the line of their route. They are frequently seen at those periods in the marshes and rice plantations of the South, and in much smaller numbers near Cape May, where they are known by the name of Storks. At those times they attract much attention, principally of course from sportsmen; and a small number remain at the Cape all winter. Here they wander in the mud, searching for worms; or if on the wing they keep near the shore, sailing from place to place with a low, heavy flight, and uttering a loud piercing cry, which may be heard two miles. From this scream, and its occasional modulations, the bird has received its name. If wounded, the Whooping Crane boldly faces his pursuers, attacks dog or man, and has been known by one stroke to drive his bill through the gunner's hand. It is, however, a difficult bird to shoot, on account of its shyness and vigilance. When a flock rises from the ground it ascends spirally to a great height, each

member sending forth the piercing scream, which, uniting with the others, and ringing through the air, fills the beholder with a feeling approaching to terror.

The favorite localities of the Whooping Crane are impenetrable swamps, salt marshes, and small ponds or lakes near the sea. Here it hunts its prey, passes its social life, feeds and nourishes its young. Their nests are made of long grass, raised more than a foot above the ground, and usually hidden among unfrequented swamps. The eggs are two in number, of a pale blue color, spotted with brown. Thousands are reared every summer at these favorite haunts, the young setting out in the following season with the others, for the more genial climate of the South. This bird is frequently eaten, and is said to be palatable. Its common food is worms, insects, mice, moles, etc. It is the tallest bird indigenous to the United States, measuring four feet six inches in length, and when erect five feet in height. The bill is truly formidable, being six inches long, an inch and a half thick, straight and extremely sharp. The general color, excepting that of the head and the primaries, is pure white, many of the feathers on each side lengthening into graceful plumes, like those of the ostrich. The legs and thighs are black, thick and strong. The tail, in common with that of the species, is covered by a broad flag of plumage, which sets off the gracefulness of this truly graceful bird to full advantage.

It is supposed on good authority that the species

known by naturalists as the Brown Crane is but the young of this bird. It appears to extend also across Behring's Straits and throughout the great part of northern Asia. It has likewise been confounded with the Canadian Crane, whose habits are thus described by Major Long: "They fly at a great height, and wheeling in circles, appear to rest, without effort, on the surface of an aerial current, by whose eddies they are borne about in an endless series of revolutions. Each individual describes a large circle in the air, in-

dependently of his associates, and uttering loud, distinct, and repeated cries. They continue thus to wing their flight upward, gradually receding from the earth until they become mere specks upon the sight, and finally altogether disappear, leaving only the discordant music of their concert to fall faintly on the ear, exploring

"Heavens not its own, and worlds unknown before." "The distinction, however, between these two species is now clearly ascertained.



THE CEDAR BIRD. (*Ampelis Americana.*)

This bird is also known by the names of the Crown Bird, and the Cherry Bird. It abounds in the United States, and is found as far south as Mexico, and northward to Canada. During the Summer months flocks of Cedar birds are found in the mountainous tracts of our country, where they find abundant food in the whortleberries with which, at that season, the Blue Mountains, the Alleghanies, and the Cumberland abound. At the approach of autumn they leave these haunts, and descend to more cultivated, to feed upon the berries of the sour gum and red cedar. The latter is their favorite food; a small flock is not unfrequently seen on one small cedar tree; and here they gorge themselves to such an extent that they may easily be taken by the hand. This voracity does not leave the bird even in captivity; for instances have been known of a tame or wounded one gormandizing upon apples or berries, until it choked to death. They

are also fond of grapes, ripe persimmons, and almost every kind of berry; but the pursuit of insects, which they sometimes indulge in, appears to originate rather from a love of sport, or of mischief, than from any preference to that kind of food. During the season of fruit they are fat, tender, and much esteemed for the table; but they become almost worthless when obliged to live upon insects.

The Cedar Bird is noted for its graceful figure, the beauty of its plumage, and for the tuft or crown which adorns the head, and which it can elevate or depress at pleasure. The feathers are of the texture of fine silk or down, glossy and beautiful. It has long been confounded by foreigners with the European Chatterer, but is much smaller than that bird, possesses marked differences of plumage, and specific differences of nature. Its usual note is but a feeble lip, generally uttered while rising or alighting. When flying they

move in parties of fifty or sixty, crowded closely together, and on reaching a tree alight in the same compact manner. Of course the sportsman is enabled to do terrible execution, sometimes destroying half a flock at a single discharge. Their great enemy is the farmer; and when we take into consideration how perseveringly they endeavor to harvest his cherry orchards, even to the last gleaning, in spite, too, of guns and scare-crows, it must be acknowledged that he has better cause for war against them than in many instances of supposed feathered aggressions. The Cedar Bird, however, increases rapidly; and a singular circumstance connected with its habits is the unusually late time at which it begins to build. This is supposed to be owing to a scarcity of food in the spring.

The nest is not begun before the second week in June. It is located on a cedar tree, or in some orchard, usually in a forked branch ten or twelve feet from the ground. The bottom is composed of coarse dry stalks of grass, and the whole is lined with very fine threads or blades of the same material. The eggs are three or four in number, white, with a bluish cast, very sharp at the point, and blunt at the other end, the whole surface marked with small round black spots. After being hatched the young are fed for a while on insects, and afterward on berries. If the nest be attacked the parent birds utter no cry, but will sometimes make a show of defence by snapping the bill, elevating the crest, and attack with mimic fury the object which disturbs them.

THE WILLOW BY THE SPRING.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

NEAR to my old grandfather's cot,
A small stream murmurs by;
And from its bank a spring pours out,
Whose waters never dry;
Beside that spring a willow stands—
A tall and stately tree—
Oh, would you learn what charms it hath?
I'll tell its charms to me;
The willow by the spring;
The willow by the spring;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While Time the moments wing.

My mother, on her bridal morn,
Two twigs inserted there;
And twining them together close,
United thus the pair;
She left them to the charge of Fate,
To flourish or to fade;
But taking root, they freely grew,
And gave the spring a shade;
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While Time the moments wing.

How oft have I, when but a child,
And e'en in later years,
Sat 'neath that willow's drooping boughs,
And bathed its roots in tears;
Not for a sadness which I felt,
From pains that pressed my heart;
But Mem'ry, with her troop of thoughts,
Bade Feeling's fountain start;
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While Time the moments wing.

When on the cultured plains of life,
A wedded pair I see,
Who, true to each, together cling,
I think upon that tree;
There, green in age, it broadly spreads
Its branches to the sun—
Distinct, two trunks appear in view,
And yet, they "twin are one."
That willow of my home,
That willow of my home;
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
One hundred years to come.

WE ARE CHANGED.

BY EDITH BLYTHE.

We are changed—we are changed—The time was once
That our hearts were light and free,
And the song and the laugh rang out in tones
Of merry, blithesome glee:
We are changed—we are changed—for grief and care
Have wrought the work of years,
And our smiles have fled, and our eyes grown dim
With burning bitter tears.

We are changed—for our hearts no longer now
Can echo the songs of mirth,
And the sunbeams are few, and the shadows dark.
That seem to encircle the earth.
The step has grown slow that was buoyant and light.
When erst the green forest we ranged;
Our fair dreams have fled, and hope's bright star is gone—
And we feel we are changed—we are changed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MEANS OF A MAN'S LASTING FAME.

BY JOSEPH E. CHANDLER.

As a general rule, we must look to the earliest years of a man to ascertain the facts and circumstances which have influenced the conduct and produced the result of his latest years; just as we ascend to the sources of a stream, to find what has caused the color and quality of its water; or looking a little down we find those assisting or disturbing accidents that divert or direct its current.

But while the quality of a man's mind may be dependent upon the gifts of God or the culture of his infancy—while we may trace up from the last effort of matured greatness to the earliest movement of the nascent powers, the influence of the first directing causes, and see how qualities were improved and greatness achieved; while all the colors of the mind seem to be derived from infancy, and the fame of the youth is made obviously referable to the culture of the nursery and the fireside circle, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that even in later years, when the tone or the color of the mind becomes fixed, when the qualities have insured fame and eminence, some unseen, and by the world unsuspected, cause operates to disturb the onward course, impede the progress, lessen the influence, and thus diminish the greatness of the gifted one that has been "the observed of all observers," as a projecting rock divides the current at the mouth of a stream, or an accumulated bar prevents a depth and destroys the usefulness of a river which has flowed steadily, beautifully and profitably from its source in the mountain to its entrance into the sea.

And, not to drop the simile, we see some men moving on in constantly augmenting consequence, swaying public opinion and enlightening public sentiment, and seeming to bid fair to swallow up in their fame the credit of all, by making all tributary to them, when suddenly they sink from observation; drop from the course they have pursued, and are lost to sight, just as the rivers of Florida flow along with augmented volume toward the Gulf, as if to gather themselves into a glorious estuary, when suddenly they sink into the earth, and are lost amid the subterranean caverns that abound in a country of such peculiar geological formation, and like

The Niger escape the keen traveler's eye,
By plunging or changing the clime.

We see around us numerous instances of this kind of autumnal failure. History is full of them. Our country presents cases of remarkable strength. And as it acquires years and augmented numbers, more will present themselves, and as the means of observation increase, and publicity becomes greater, of course attention will be more drawn to the fact; and perhaps the causes, too, will be better understood, I do not know that they will be avoided; if we are right in our conjectures as to their causes, then we fear that they will continue—and while they continue they will produce like effects.

I am about to speak of the disturbing cause of manhood—the hidden influences to harm to which he is exposed—something that comes in manhood to defeat the hopes and expectation of childhood and youth, something that paralyzes the arm lifted in the harvest field, for which seed-time had been appropriately used, and vernal showers and

summer suns had done their work of good. I must not, however, be supposed to intimate that all attention is due to infancy and childhood, to insure the man of worth, or that all of goodness and most of greatness in age are not the consequence of early devotion. We know it is—but we are not hence released from the necessity of inquiry, what it is that defeats the labors given to age—what is it that strikes down the man in his upward march—what is it that suddenly, to the appearance of the world, but perhaps slowly to the sufferer, withdraws the vital stamina of his mind, and leaves him powerless, hopeless, *ambitious*! The tree that sheds its deciduous leaves in autumn, may have in itself no powers to renew its foliage in the spring, and if sentient would feel that the sap which was receding from its branches would never again flow, to promote its growth and restore its beauty—but the world would know nothing of the blight until spring had brought out other trees, and exposed its nakedness and death, then it might concern the arborator to inquire what had affected that "which promised ere long to be the pride of the wood and prince among the neighboring trees." Is man less worthy of consideration than insensible wood? But man does not regard his kind; he acknowledges a law for all of nature beside, but for himself and his, he submits all to chance, and fate becomes the providence of submission. If with the season a single class of birds omit their advent—or come in less considerable numbers than was their wont—forthwith the philosopher peers into nature, compares her laws, and with infinite research comes to guess at the motive which influenced the motion of the feathered tribe. "But man dieth and wasteth away." The immortality upon which he is seizing fades in his grasp, or his head becomes palsied—few or none reach the point at which they aim, and there is no one to ask the reason of the failure, or to explain the causes which have disappointed the aspirant of his fame and the world of its advantage.

"Of how much more value are ye than many sparrows!"

I have often in moments of reflection upon the fame and conduct of particular, distinguished men, felt a great anxiety to know something of their private life, that I might be able to judge of the cause of the disappointment which their life's close had worked for their friends and admirers. I have put the question to some one who might have more knowledge than I of the individual to whom I referred.

"Oh, he drinks too much."

"That is true—anybody can see that. But how does it happen that such a person should drink too much?"

"The constant demand upon his intellect gave him a habit of stimulating, and that is a good way toward intoxication."

"But I do not see in his pursuits that kind of demand for stimuli which poets are supposed to have? I think that drinking is rather an effect than a cause."

Such questions and such answers, with such conclusions, were frequent. Accident at length led me to a closer knowledge of the circumstances of one person, whose fame seemed to pale before the effectual fires of some hidden conflagration.

Blackstone had taken his place at the bar of his native country, and extended his practice to the various courts of the State, so that he seemed, in a few years, to have got possession of a position for which many had given a life time of labor. The amount of his business at the bar did not hinder him from distinguishing himself in the halls of the legislature, and his commanding eloquence commended him to the people of both parties as a representative in Congress, where his career fulfilled all the expectations of his warmest political friends, and justified the vote in his favor of his political opponents.

Years passed away, and the habits of this popular and eminent citizen were less exemplary than the fame of his talents would require, and while his many friends had to confess a bitter disappointment, he seemed dissatisfied with himself, and constantly in need of something which no one seemed able to impart. He lost the high position which he had reached, and the world wondered at the change; all, of course, censured the *reversal*, and blamed him justly, because there was that in his habits which shocked the temperate. "No man in these days," it was said with emphasis, "no man can expect to sustain himself in any public position who neglects the proprieties of life by indulging in intemperate use of spirituous liquor."

Here was a cause for the lapse in the upward course. To drink too much is to be unable to ascend—we do not mean a play upon a vulgar designation for inebriety, when we say that he who drinks too much has in him a too heavy load to take with him to the temple of desirable fame.

But admitting intemperance as the proximate cause of the change in the man's conduct—may we not be allowed to suspect that there was a remote cause—some less potent influence working the evil, but producing through the agency of liquor? In other words we did inquire into the circumstances of Blackstone and found that there was a remote cause, and we found also what that cause was:

Blackstone's fine person and commanding talents, gave him the welcome *entrée* of the first families of West Virginia: whether these are equal to the real F. F. V. of the eastern portion of the State, we do not know, but they were glad to find Blackstone among them. He married a young woman of good education—we mean of considerable school learning—and she was beside handsome and agreeable. She admired the position which Blackstone had achieved—was pleased with the fame of her husband, and not a little elated at the distinction which his character and popularity conferred on her. The world all saw that Mrs. B. was proud of her husband—the world as usual made a mistake. She was proud of being Blackstone's wife. The reflected honor was most grateful, and she enjoyed it. She appreciated the distinction which she possessed, almost as highly as she did the abundant supply of money which her husband's position at the bar enabled him to supply.

But Mrs. Blackstone never thought much about the manner in which the money was acquired, and never for a moment thought of the ingredients of her husband's fame. She knew that Mr. B. was a distinguished lawyer, but it never occurred to her that the maintenance of his position demanded as much exertion as did the attainment thereof. She knew by common fame, by the newspapers, and by other tokens, that her husband was one of the most distinguished speakers of that speaking portion of the country, and she knew, because all said, that his speeches in the halls of legislation or at the courts of justice were not merely verbal outpourings, they contained deep thought and persuasive arguments, and constant instruction. But it never occurred to Mrs. B. that these gigantic works of her husband were the result of efforts; that without due preparation he would have failed in the midst of his argu-

ment, and that each glorious exposition of the law to the court, each elucidation of the constitution to the Legislature demanded that its successor should be as well sustained, should add to his fame for learning and acumen, and that consequently new study, new labor, new intensity of application, could alone secure to the gifted speaker the fame which his antecedent argument had acquired. To her, we say, such an idea never occurred. She seemed to think, or at least her conduct would warrant the conclusion that she thought, the eloquence and the learning of her husband were as little the result of exertions as was his physical proportion, and that one of his great speeches was as easily made as was a pedestrian movement from his house to the office. The truth is, she thought nothing about it.

A friend whose business calls him frequently to the West, tells us that he was at one time an inmate of Mr. Blackstone's family for some weeks—that on one occasion the whole town had been wrapt in admiration at one of his magnificent addresses in the court-house—it was a speech which if it had been the only one of any man's life would have insured enviable fame. Our informant, roused from the deep absorption which the speech produced, hastened at its close to the dwelling of Mr. B., that he might sit and enjoy the rich effect which the language and tone had produced upon his mind. Mrs. B. was in the parlor, and he informed her of the unexampled efforts and success of her husband. She merely remarked that she had heard him speak often before their marriage but never since.

Of course, a lady was not going to laud her husband, she was modest.

Later in the evening, the visitor was sitting in the library, when Mr. B. entered that portion of the house. He was exhausted, mentally and physically. He knew that he had done great things, and he desired, as all men do, to have his wife share in the pleasure—nay, to double the pleasure to him by her kind, affectionate, partial commendation of his labors, and hearty rejoicings at his success.

"It was, Cornelia," said he, "one of my most fortunate hits, and when I summed up the testimony and presented the cause of the injured widow, there was not a dry eye in the court-room; and the gallery was crowded with ladies. Mrs. Campbell sat in front, listening with the most marked attention."

"Did she—what dress did Mrs. Campbell wear?"

"Dress—but—"

It was ever thus. Whatever effort Blackstone made—whatever applause abroad followed his exertions, there was an entire want of sympathy at home. Not that Mrs. B. was without high mental powers, not that those powers lacked cultivation; but she had no knowledge of what a public man expects of his home, no comprehension of the great fact, that no out-of-door applause, no buzz of the multitude, no approval of even a judicious public is complete in its effect upon the recipient, unless sanctioned and sealed by the council at home—a council the head and chief of which is the wife, but which includes every member of the domestic circle. Distinguished men are not candidates alone for applause. They receive the censure, the vituperation, and persecution sometimes of those whose views they may oppose. Whose good they can no longer promote—for whom they have done the ninety-nine good acts but failed in their attempt at the hundredth—and that failure cancels all obligations for former success; how prospective is public gratitude!

Blackstone of course had his opponents, and when he entered his house, stung with insults from impeached motives, and felt how faithless had been those upon whom he had leaned, a word or two of kindness, one intimation that

he could and would survive all such attacks. One gentle, soothing strain from a wife who knows or ought to know the most sensitive spot on which the public thong had fallen, and who can apply the soothing ointment of affection—one cheering word would have lifted him over the difficulty and made him feel that in himself he had the material of resistance, and the weapons of final victory. A glass or two of brandy stiffens the nerves and rallies the mind to its wonted tone—that application must, of course, be increased in amount whenever renewed, or the effect will cease—and we need not tell what must be the consequence of such a resort.

The remedy of wife-like sympathy, domestic soothing, may indeed, like the latter, need augmentation by frequency of application—but it comes from a source that is never dried up by use, that increases by drafts upon it—and produces no injurious effects upon the mind or body made recipient of its soothing power.

I know now, because I know more than I have above related, that the errors of Blackstone, his short-coming, the comparative dimness of his once glowing fame which seemed marred to "shine more and more unto the perfect day;" his want of perseverance—his new habits of reticence—his loss of fame—all, all are due to a want of *home*—of that which makes his house his home—makes home—home.

I speak not here of the thousand instances in which incompatibility of temper forever precludes family enjoyment—where vice, or what is next to vice, want of domestic propitiation, disturb the peace of home; I cite no instance of the defeat of a man's high purpose, and the baffling of the noble aims which elevated talents and finished education may form—I quote not shipwrecks like those which may be due to the vulgar mind or the vicious course of the wife—such causes are usually as obvious as their effects. The man of more spirit than judgment breaks away from the destructive cause, and tries to acquire an independence of home. Man is not independent of home, if he has a place which he calls home, and all his life, and all his conduct, and all his experience must and will derive their coloring in no mean degree from that home, however man may treat its condition or seek to place himself beyond its influence.

The distinguished Mr. Coke of South Carolina, seemed to me in some considerable intercourse, to have rather a brilliant fancy, but to lack that severe discipline which goes to make a man truly and permanently great and popular—yet he seldom failed in producing a considerable effect on an audience which he addressed, whatever might be the subject, and nervous as was his system—he rarely evinced on the morning after a defeat any tokens of irritation or discouragement. His wife made it her business, and it became her pleasure to be an auditor of his narrations—to hear his complaints against individuals at the moment of anger and seem to forget his charges when returning equanimity led him to speak in a different tone and temper of his vigorous and sometimes successful antagonist.

He never came from a public exercise of his talents without being willingly compelled to give an account of the whole matter to his family, unless it was unpleasant; in that case his wife was the attentive soothing listener.

The triumph of the forum or the 'stump' (pardon the Americanism,) was doubled in the joy which the narration gave to the family, and the unpleasant occurrences of such arenas were never referred to in the family, so that Coke was sure of pleasure at home, whatever may have been the pleasure abroad—he was sure of delicate sympathy at home whatever may have been the vexation abroad. His

fireside was the seat of pleasure—his house was his home—his home was a home.

What is the result of all this? The course of Mr. Coke as all know has been onward and upward—not with the swiftness or the sunlike aim of Blackstone—but steadily, constantly, and successfully. Charge Mrs. Blackstone with having impeded the course of her gifted husband, and she would start with anger at, and abhorrence of the charge. She had never disgraced him by misconduct, nor hindered him by interference.

Credit Mrs. Coke with having been the cause of her husband's success, and she would be not less astonished: she knew nothing of the subjects of which her husband had acquired fame by speaking; she had consequently never assisted in his preparation for public display, nor added an idea to his brief.

The cold negative of Mrs. Blackstone had chilled her husband into indifference or disgust.

The cheering warmth of Mrs. Coke's affectionate attention and timely attendance had inspired her husband with that proper degree of self-respect which is necessary to self-dependence, and her soothing sympathies had banished unfriendly feelings toward others, so that he lost nothing of acquired popularity by injudicious utterance of irritated feelings.

It would not be difficult to adduce numerous instances, in divers walks of life, of the good effect of matrimonial sympathy upon the success of the husband and the position of the family. Very little can be expected of a man abroad who lives in a state of constant indifference at home—who has there no encouragement to efforts, and no gentle soothing in failure, no inspiring by the utterance of confidence in his powers, who gathers no gentle pride by those hearty, warm, open plaudits at the fireside, which would have shocked his feelings if offered abroad.

The merchant needs it, when his adventure is in imminent danger, or his losses exceed his expectations. The mechanic requires it when planning some work from which a kind of fame and a hoped for credit are to flow.

The laborer has as much advantage from the encouraging tone of his wife's voice as has any other man, and disappointment has its sting poisoned or extracted, just as the woman sees proper to meet the evil.

"If a man would be rich he must ask his wife." This is an old and a true proverb, and applies as much to the riches of fame and station as to those of pecuniary estimate. And if a man hopes to rise in life, let him as a means of ascent carefully weigh the character of her who is to be his companion—let him investigate closely her habits of sympathizing with others, and her ability to conform to his situation. Wealth, beauty, talents, education, are all desirable in woman, all appropriate to her position, all contribute to her means of true usefulness. But coldness, selfishness, indifference to the tastes and feelings of others, and consequent uselessness as a wife, are all quite inconsistent with those other attractions, and render them worthless—a means of annoyance rather than a source of pleasure.

Constant affection, household knowledge, unflinching sympathy with the wishes, views and efforts of the husband, good common sense, are those jewels of a wife's inheritance which are infinitely above all others, though eminently consistent with those usually so highly valued.

Let no female reader think the dignity or the rights of her sex invaded, nor the wrongs neglected, and start up to declare what a miserable state a bad husband imposes upon a wife; we are speaking of an independent evil. We know how much misery is brought into families, and how all good is banished by the follies and wickedness of the husband. But our business now is to speak of the errors

of the wife—faults of character which it seems almost impossible to correct in the individual, but which must be looked to and avoided by those who look to marriage as a means of happiness and advancement. The person must be avoided: faults of conduct are more or less easily corrected, as they more or less depend upon the character, condition, or temper of the individual. But, alas! when, after repeated monitions, and as repeated failures, people come to say "it is her way," then it seems almost impossible to hope for success.

It appears to us, however, worth while for men, and women too, to look at the circumstances to which we profess only to have referred. Let them weigh the value

of domestic peace—let them estimate the worth of home attractions and home pleasures, and let some one sit down and look calmly and philosophically at the influence of family peace, family pleasure, family support, upon the character and condition of a man—of the husband—and then see whether what we have noticed is not worth the notice of others.

We do not say that the man of learning wants a learned wife, nor that the statesman needs a political partner. But both need a wife who will sympathize in their feelings, will try to improve advantages and mitigate evils, and thus to bring to the house and the friends the great sources of man's happiness and man's triumphs.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Second Visit to the United States of North America. By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Sir Charles Lyell is the exact opposite of those English tourists who emphasize the little peculiarities of American character, and pass off their caricatures as national traits. He is a rigid man of science, without sufficient humor or imagination to seize upon individual peculiarities, and confines himself altogether to facts and sensible remarks. He is essentially a moderate man in mind as well as in disposition, and thoroughly conscientious, good-natured and unimposed. His eye for scenery is that of a man of science, not of a poet; he observes geology and botany, not mountains and sunny slopes of green hills; and through the whole book there is not one example of his mind rising above the dead level of calm observation and classification, even in the presence of the most beautiful and sublime scenes of nature. In regard equally to men, institutions, and scenery, he seems incapable either of admiration or dislike, and from his utter lack of sensitiveness to any impressions, the reader is made to wonder how he can be any thing but a bore to himself. His moderation is perfect. He discusses the copyright question and the question of slavery in a manner so cool and just as to distinguish him from all other English tourists, and also from all American chattering on these word-flooded themes. If he is thus destitute of glow and enthusiasm, it must be admitted that these defects have their compensations. His statements are always reliable. The geological information the volumes contain is of course beyond civil, but his observations are almost equally just on the subjects of religion, education, and the practical working of our political institutions. He may not convey much information to an American, but it is but proper to admit that his tolerant and conscientious representations will be sure to dispel many errors and prejudices in the minds of his own countrymen. An Englishman is apt to consider it a duty to believe every thing bad against the United States, and it is pleasant to think that a man with the social and scientific position of Sir Charles Lyell has the disposition as well as the power to present the good side of our society for foreign contemplation.

In the eighth chapter of his first volume, Lyell discusses the Sea Serpent, and comes to the conclusion that it is a Basking Shark. Since his book was published the creature has been seen again off Nahant Beach, and the shark hypothesis completely overturned. We perceive that Agassiz believes in the Serpent, and his opinion is almost as authoritative as Lyell's reasoning.

An interesting chapter in these volumes is devoted to

the reprints of English books, in the course of which the author gives an account of the mammoth establishment of the Harpers. In the course of the year 1845 the publishers sold two millions of volumes. Their success with particular books seems to have filled Lyell with as much wonder as he is capable of feeling. They sold 50,000 copies of the *Wandering Jew*, and 40,000 copies of *Bulwer's Lost of the Barons*. Up to April, 1840, they had disposed of 40,000 copies of *Miscouly's History*, at prices varying from four dollars to fifty cents, and they calculated that the publishers of other editions had sold 20,000, making in all 60,000 copies of one book in about three months. The circulation of the same work in Great Britain had been almost unprecedented, considering that the price was thirty-two shillings, and yet during the same period only 13,000 copies were disposed of. Since that period the English circulation has risen to 20,000, and we doubt not the American has nearly reached 80,000. Lyell seems to think, in alluding to these facts, that what the English author loses in money by an absence of copyright in America, he makes up in popularity and fame.

The Liberty of Rome: A History with an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. By Samuel Eliot. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work, though composed of two solid octavos, each numbering five hundred pages, is still but the beginning of a series. The adventurous author intends to follow them up with a line of successors, devoting a brace of volumes to the Liberty of the Early Christian Ages, another to the Liberty of the Middle Ages, and still another to the Liberty of Europe since the Reformation. In addition to these, separate works are to be produced on the Liberty of England and that of America. Few, even among the giants of one idea, could contemplate such a vision of labor without despair, but Mr. Eliot has fully made up his mind to undertake the task; and there seems to be in him a power, possessed by few scholars, of unflinchingly looking in the face a prospect of dogged work, which will probably carry him through the business. The present volumes are able, full of learning, inspired by a genuine love of liberty and a genuine sense of religion, and are not deficient in historical sagacity. They reflect great credit on the author's industry and ability, and, in many respects, are an addition to historical and to American literature. It would be foreign to our purpose to attempt an abstract of his labors, stretching as they do over a vast field of facts and principles, but it can be confidently asserted of his book, that it can hardly be read

without increasing our knowledge, and inspiring an admiration of the author's spirit, and a respect for his learning. If Mr. Eliot fails in securing the attention of a large class of readers, it will not be because he has nothing of importance to communicate, but because he does not exactly understand the best mode of communicating it. His style is generally languid, oppressed with words brought in to limit propositions, and the sentences are unconnected by that fusing spirit which gives directness and movement to narration and disquisition. These defects are perhaps the more observable, as the style is ambitious to the extent of suggesting an effort after correctness, and, with little freshness and energy, is replete with images seen through an unimaginative haze of words, and implying the absence rather than the possession of poetical power. The fault of the work, in short, is the fault of a person unpracticed in composition, and substituting a heavy rhetoric for a natural style; the merits are of a kind which the purest and richest writers might be proud to claim.

The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Prime Foes at Durst, and Other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst, Author of Endymion, etc. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 18mo.

This volume, though it contains nothing equal in classic beauty and grace to the exquisite poem of Endymion, has striking merits of another kind, indicating that the author's genius is versatile, and can roam at will into many regions of song. The Penance of Roland is a long and spirited ballad story, giving free play to a variety of strong passions, and hurrying the reader swiftly along on a rushing stream of musical verse to the conclusion. The author has united narration and description in such an artistical manner, as to make his representations of scenery and moods of mind aid instead of obstructing the story; and he produces a strict unity of effect, by making every thing serve the dominant idea of the poem. In this power of grasping a leading idea, of conceiving a poem, Mr. Hirst is ever pre-eminently successful. This was the great charm of Endymion, and it is just as observable in the smaller pieces contained in the present volume as in that longer work. Of the whole nineteen there is not one which is merely a collection of melodious lines, embodying certain fancies and imaginations, but each is a short poem, imaginatively conceived and artistically executed. We have no space to refer to them individually, but it can be said of them generally, that they display a profound insight into the mysteries of melody both in metre and rhythm, and evince great strength and subtlety of imagination in the embodiment of varying moods of mind. The volume is a rich addition to the poetical literature of the country.

History of the National Constituent Assembly. By J. F. Carkran, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this interesting volume was in daily attendance at the National Assembly for some months, and his book is a record of his personal observation of men and debates, including a view of the measures introduced into the Assembly, and the mode in which they were discussed. The author is an Englishman, and his eye is not always perfectly accurate in his perception of French character; but he is far beyond most of his countrymen even in this particular. He gives tolerably correct views of the different factions which divided the nation after the Revolution of February—the Red and the Moderate Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Bonapartists and Monarchists; and some capital portraits are drawn of Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Cremieux, Garnier Pages, Arago, Marie, Muraux, Thiers, Biotot, Berryer, Dupin, Rollin,

Cavaignac, Mole, and Marshal Bugeaud. One of the most interesting portions of the volume we have found to be the account of Pierre Leroux. Mr. Carkran is evidently ignorant of the fact that Leroux is one of the profoundest metaphysicians of France, that he not only demolished the Eclectic system of Comte, but is himself a man with positive philosophical ideas, and accordingly he considers him simply as a political socialist, who fails as a public speaker. Leroux is thus described: "Beneath a prodigious mass, or mop, of black hair, as wild and entangled as the brushwood of a virgin forest, slumber a pair of misty, dreamy eyes, while the spectator's ears are regaled with the sounds of a sing-song voice, going through an interminable history of human society, from the earliest days to the present time, for the purpose of showing that the world has hitherto been on a wrong social track, and struggling in the coils of a great mistake." It seems that Leroux was in the habit of reading his speeches, and though he at first obtained the ear of the Assembly, he was ruined by having it proved upon him that he was in the custom of reading one of his own uncalculable printed pamphlets instead of a speech written for the occasion. Mr. Carkran says, "when he attempted to read afterward, a resolution was gravely proposed that no books should be read at the tribune. Well do I recollect the scowl with which the philosopher slowly ascended the tribune."

The Magic of Kindness; or the Wondrous Story of the Good Huan. By the Brethren Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

The authors of this little volume are the same who wrote the popular and charming book entitled, "The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold;" and their present contribution to a cause equally good, has the peculiar interest of a fairy tale in the treatment of facts historically accurate. The subject of benevolence, and the miracles it works, have rarely been presented in a manner more likely to win converts among readers of all dispositions and capacities. The illustrations by Henry Meadows and George Cruikshank, are excellent; and the same may be said of the typography of the volume.

The Elements of Reading and Oratory. By Henry Mandeville, D. D., Professor of Moral Science and Belles-Lettres in Hamilton College. A New Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Here is a work on Elocution deserving the title of scientific, excelling, as it does, in the generalization and statement of laws any book of the kind published on either side of the Atlantic. It would be impossible in our limited space to give an account of the author's method, but it certainly is most thorough in pronunciation, punctuation, modulation, the classification of sentences, and emphasis. It is not only an admirable book for schools, but it contains much to interest every person who would write and speak the English language accurately, and there are few English scholars so accomplished as not to be able to obtain new and valuable information from its perusal.

History of Julius Cæsar. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The series of Mr. Abbott's histories appear in such rapid succession that we presume they have attained great popularity. Certainly few books are better calculated to improve and instruct young minds. The present volume is devoted to Cæsar, one of the world's three military wonders, and his eventful life is portrayed with much vigor and clearness of narration.







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JASPER ST. AUBYN; OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 213.)

READER, the heart of man is a strange compound, a deceitful thing.

Jasper St. Aubyn *did* love Theresa Allan, as I have said before, with all the love which he could bestow on any thing divine or human. His passion for the possession of her charms, both personal and mental, was, as his passions ever were, inordinate. His belief in her excellence, her purity, in the stability of her principles, the impregnable strength of her virtue, could not be proved more surely than by the fact, that he had never dared an attempt to shake them. His faith in her adoration for himself was as firm-fixed as the sun in heaven. And, lastly, his conviction of the constancy of his own love toward her, of the impossibility of that love's altering or perishing, was strong as his conviction of his own being.

But he was one of those singularly constituted beings, who will never take an easy path when he has the option of one more difficult; never follow the straight road when he can see a tortuous byway leading to the same end.

Had his father, as he pretended, desired to thwart his will, or prevent his marriage with Theresa, for that very cause he would have toiled indefatigably, till he had made her his own in the face of day. Partly swayed by a romantic and half chivalrous feeling, which loved to build up difficulties for the mere pleasure of surmounting them, partly urged on by pure willfulness and recklessness of temper, he chose evil for his good, he rushed into deceit where truth would in fact have served his purpose better. A boyish love of mystery and mischief might probably have had its share likewise in his strange conduct, and a sort of self-pride in the skill with which he managed his plot, and worked the minds of older men into submission to his own will. Lastly, to compel Theresa to this sacrifice of her sense of duty and propriety, to this abandon-

ment of principle to passion, appeared to his perverted intellect a mighty victory, an overwhelming proof of her devotedness to his selfish will.

If there were any darker and deeper motive in his mind, it was unconfessed to himself; and, in truth, I believe, that none such then existed. If such did in after times grow up within him, it arose probably from a perception of the fatal facility which that first fraud, with its elaborate deceptions had given him for working further evil.

Verily, it is wise to pray that we be not tempted. The perilous gift of present opportunity has made many an one, who had else lived innocent, die, steeped to the very lips in guilt.

Such were the actuating motives of his conduct; of hers pure love, and the woman's dread of losing what she loved, by over-vehement resistance.

At the dead of a dark, gusty night in autumn, when the young moon was seen but at rare intervals between the masses of dense driving wrack which swept continuously across the leaden-colored firmament before the wailing west winds, when the sere leaves came drifting down from the great trees, like the ghosts of departed hopes, when the long mournful howl of some distant bandog baying the half-teen moon, and the dismal hootings of the answered owls, were the only sounds abroad, the poor girl stole, like a guilty creature, from her virgin chamber, and, faltering at every ray of misty light, every dusky shadow that wavered across her way, as she threaded the long corridors, crept stealthily down the great oaken staircase, and joined her young lover in the stone hall below.

Her palfrey and his hunter stood saddled at the foot of the terrace steps, and, almost without a word exchanged between them, she found herself mounted and riding, with her right hand clasped in his burning fingers, through the green chase toward the village.

The clock was striking midnight—ill-omened hour for such a rite as that—in the tower of the parish church, as Jasper St. Aubyn sprang to the ground before the old Saxon porch, and lifting his sweet bride from the saddle, fastened the bridles of their horses to the hooks in the churchyard-wall, and entered the low-browed door which gave access to the nave.

A single dim light burned on the altar, by which the old vicar, robed in his full canonicals, awaited them, with his knavish assistant, and the two witnesses beside him.

Dully and unimpressively, at that unhallowed hour, and by that dim light, the sacred rite was performed, and the dread adjuration answered, and the awful bond undertaken, which, through all changes, and despite all chances of this mortal life makes two into one flesh, until death shall them sever.

The gloom, the melancholy, the nocturnal horror of the scene sunk deeply on Theresa's spirit; and it was in the midst of tears and shuddering that she gave her hand and her heart to one, who, alas! was too little capable of appreciating the invaluable treasure he had that night been blessed withal. And even when the ceremony was performed, and she was his immutably and forever, as they rode home as they had come, alone, through the dim avenues and noble chase, which were now in some sort her own, there was none of that buoyancy, that high, exulting hope, that rapture of permitted love which is wont to thrill the bosoms of young and happy brides.

Nor, on the following day, was the melancholy gloom, which, despite all her young husband's earnest and fond endeavors to cheer and compose her, still overhung her mind, in any wise removed by the tidings which reached the manor late in the afternoon.

The aged vicar, so the tale went, had been called by some unusual official duty to the parish church, long after it was dark, and in returning home had fallen among the rocks, having strayed from the path, and injured himself so severely that his life was despaired of.

So eagerly did Jasper proffer his services, and with an alacrity so contrary to his usual sluggishness, when his own interests were not at stake, did he order his horse and gallop down to the village to visit his old friend, that his father smiled, well pleased and half laughingly thanked Theresa, when the boy had gone; saying that he really believed her gentle influence was charming some of Jasper's willfulness away, and that he trusted ere long to see him, through her precept and example, converted into a milder and more humanized mood and temper.

Something swelled in the girl's bosom, and rose to her throat, half choking her—the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear—as the good old man spoke, and the big tears gushed from her eyes.

It was by the mightiest effort only that she kept down the almost overmastering impulse which prompted her to cast herself down at the old man's feet, and confess to him what she had done, and so implore his pardon and his blessing.

Had she done so, most happy it had been for her unhappy self; more happy yet for one more miserable yet, that should be!

Had she done so, she had crowned the old man's last days with a halo of happiness that had lighted him down the steps to the dusky grave rejoicing—he had secured to herself, and to him whom she had taken for better or for worse, innocence and security and self-respect and virtue, which *are* happiness!

She did it not; and she repented not *then*—for when she told Jasper how nearly she had confessed all, his brow grew as dark as night, and he put her from him, exclaiming with an oath, that had she done so, he had never loved her more; but did she not repent thereafter?

It was late when Jasper returned, and he was, to all outward observers, sad and thoughtful; but Theresa could read something in his countenance, which told her that he had derived some secret satisfaction from his visit.

In a word, the danger, apprehension of which had so prompted Jasper's charity, and quickened his zeal in well-doing—the danger, that the old clergyman should divulge in *extremis* the duty which had led him to the church at an hour so untimely, was at an end forever. He was dead, and had never spoken since the accident, which had proved fatal to his decrepit frame and broken constitution.

Moreover, to make all secure, he had seen the rascal sexton, and secured him forever, by promising him an annuity so long as the secret should be kept; while craftier and older in iniquity than he, and suspecting—might it not be foreseeing—deeper iniquity to follow, the villain, who now alone, with the suborned witnesses, knew what had passed, stole into the chancel, and cut out from the parish register the leaf which contained the record of that unhappy marriage.

It is marvellous how at times all things appear to work prosperously for the success of guilt, the destruction of innocence; but, of a truth, the end of these things is not here.

It so fell out that the record of Theresa Allan's union with Jasper St. Aubyn was the first entry on a fresh leaf of the register. One skillful cut of a sharp knife removed that leaf, so as to defy the closest scrutiny; had one other name been inscribed thereon, before hers, she had been saved.

Alas! for Theresa!

But to do Jasper justice, he knew not of this villainy; nor, had he known, would he *then* have sanctioned it. He only wished to secure himself against momentary discovery.

The ill consequences of this folly, this mysterious and unmeaning craft, had now in some degree recoiled upon himself. And delighting, as he really did, in the closest intercourse with his sweet young bride, he chafed and fumed at finding that the necessity of keeping up the concealment, which he had so needlessly insisted on, precluded him from the possibility of enjoying his new possession, as he would, entirely and at all hours.

He would have given almost his right hand now to be able to declare openly that she was his own. But, for once in his life, he dared not! He could not bring himself to confess to his kind father the cruel breach of confidence, the foul and causeless deceit of which

he had been guilty; and he began almost to look forward to the death of that excellent and idolizing parent, as the only event that could allow him to call his wife his own.

It was not long before his wish—if that can be called a wish, which he dared not confess to his own guilty heart, was accomplished.

The first snows had not fallen yet, when the old cavalier fell ill, and declined so rapidly that before the old year was dead he was gathered to his fathers. As he had lived, so he died, a just, upright, kindly, honorable man. At peace with all men, and in faith with his God.

His last words were entreaty to his son to take Theresa Allen to his wife, and to live with her unambitiously, unostentatiously, as he had lived himself, and was about to die, at Widecomb. And even then, though he promised to obey his father's bidding, the boy's heart was not softened, nor was his conscience touched by any sense of the wrong he had done. He promised, and as the good man's dying eye kindled with pleasure, he smiled on him with an honest seeming smile, received his parting kiss, and closed his eyes, and stood beside the dead, unrelenting, unrepentant.

He was the Lord of Widecomb; and so soon as the corpse by which he stood should be composed in the quiet grave, the world should know him, too, as the Lord of Theresa Allan.

And so he swore to her, when he stole that night, as he had done nightly since their marriage, to her chamber, after every light was extinguished, and, as he believed, every eye closed in sleep; and she, fond soul! believed him, and clasped him to her heart, and sunk into sleep, with her head pillowed on his breast, happier than she had been since she had once—for the first, last time—deviated from the paths of truth.

But he who has once taken up deceit as his guide, knows not when he can quit it. He may, indeed, say to himself "thus far will I go, and no further," but when he shall have once attained the proposed limit, and shall set himself to work to recover that straight path from which he has once deviated, fortunate will he be, indeed, if he find not a thousand obstacles, which it shall tax his utmost energy, his utmost ingenuity to surmount, if he have not to cry out in despair—

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

Jasper St. Aubyn did honestly intend to do, the next day, what he that night promised; nor did he doubt that he *could* do it, and so do it, as to save her ecstasies, of whom he had not yet grown weary.

But, alas! of so delicate a texture is a woman's reputation, that the slightest doubt, the smallest shade once cast upon it, though false as hell itself, it shall require more than an angel's tears to wash away the stain. All cautiously as Jasper had contrived his visits to the chamber of his wife, all guarded as had been his intercourse with her, although he had never dreamed that a suspicion had been awakened in a single mind of the existence of such an intercourse, he had not stolen thither once, nor returned once to his own solitary couch, but keen, curious, prying eyes had followed him.

There was not a maid-servant in the house but knew Miss Theresa's shame, as all believed it to be; but tittered and triumphed over it in her sleeves, as an excuse, or at least a palliation of her own peccadilloes; but told it, in confidence, to her own lover, Tom, the groom, or Dick, the falconer, until it was the common gossip of the kitchen and the butlery, how the fair and innocent Theresa was Master Jasper's *mistress*.

But they nothing dreamed of this; and both fell asleep that night, full of innocent hopes on the one hand, and good determinations—alas! never to be realized, on the other.

The morrow came, and Sir Miles St. Aubyn was consigned to the vault where slept his fathers of so many generations. Among the loud and sincere lamentations of his grateful tenantry and dependents, the silent, heartfelt tears of Theresa, and the pale but constrained sorrow of his son, he was committed earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, to his long last home, by the son of the aged vicar, who had already been inducted to the living, which his father had held so many years before him.

The mournful ceremonial ended, Jasper was musing alone in the old library, considering with himself how he might best arrange the revelation, which he proposed to make that very evening to his household of his hitherto concealed marriage with Theresa, when suddenly a servant entered, and informed him that Peter Verity, the sexton, would be glad to speak six words with his honor, if it would not be too much trouble.

"By no means," replied Jasper, eagerly, for he foresaw, as he thought, through this man a ready mode of extricating himself from the embarrassment of the disclosure, "admit him instantly."

The fellow entered; a low, miserable, sneaking scoundrel, even from his appearance; and Jasper felt as if he almost loathed himself that he had ever had to do with so degraded a specimen of mortality. He had need of him, however, and was compelled, therefore, much against his will, to greet him, and speak him fairly.

"Ha, Verity," he said, "I am glad you have come, I should have sent for you in the morning, if you had not come up to-night. You have managed that affair for me right well; and I shall not forget it, I assure you. Here are ten guineas for you, as an earnest now, and I shall continue your annuity, though there will be no need for concealment any longer. Still I shall want your assistance, and will pay you for it liberally."

"I thank your honor, kindly," answered the fellow, pocketing the gold. "But with regard to the annuity, seeing as how what I've done for your honor is a pretty dangerous job, and one as I fancy might touch my life."

"Touch your life! why what the devil does the fellow mean?" Jasper interrupted him, starting to his feet, "I never asked you—never asked any man—to do ought that should affect his life."

"You never did ask me, right out in words, that is a fact, your honor. You was too deep for that, I'm a thinking! But, lord bless ye, I understood ye, for all, as well as if you *had* asked me. And so, be sure,

I went and did it straight. I'd ha' done any thing to serve your honor—that I would—and I will again, that's more."

"In God's name, what have you done, then?" exclaimed Jasper, utterly bewildered.

"Why, seeing as your honor did n't wish to have your marriage with Miss Theresa known, and as there was n't no way else of hiding it, when the old parson was dead and gone, and a new one coming, I went and cut the record of it out of the church-register, and I've got it here, safe enough. So if your honor fancies any time to get tired like of Miss, why you can e'en take another wife, and no one the wiser. There's not a soul knows aught about it but me, and black Jem Alderly; and we'll never say a word about it, not we. Nor it wouldn't matter if we did, for that, when once you've got this here paper. And so I was thinking, if your honor would just give me five hundred guineas down, I'd hand it over, and you could just put it in the fire, if you choosed, and no one the wiser."

Jasper cast his eyes up to heaven in despair, and wrung his hands bitterly.

"Great God!" he said, "I would give five thousand if you could undo this that you have done. I *will* give you five thousand if you will replace the leaf where it was, undiscovered."

"It ain't possible," replied the man. "The new vicar he has looked over all the register, and made a copy of it; and he keeps it locked up, too, under his own key, so that, for my life, I could not get it, if I would. And I'd be found out, sure as God—and it's hanging by the law! nothing less. But what does it signify, if I may be so bold, your honor?"

"When my poor father died, all cause of concealment was at an end; and I wished this very day to acknowledge my marriage with Mrs. St. Aubyn."

The man uttered a low expressive whistle, as who should say, "Here is a change, with a vengeance!" But he dared not express what he thought, and answered humbly,

"Well, your honor, I don't see how this alters it. You have nothing to do but to acknowledge madam as your wife, and there's no one will think of asking when you were married, nor has n't no right to do so neither. And if they should, you can say the Doctor married you in his own parlor, and I can swear to that, your honor; if you want me, any time; and so'll Jem Alderly; and this writing, that I'll give you, will prove it any time, for it's in the Doctor's own hand-writing, and signed by the witnesses. So just you give me the five hundred, and I'll give you the register; and you can do as you will with it, your honor. But if I was your honor, and you was Peter Verity, I'd just tell the servants, as Madam was my wife, and interduce her as Mistress St. Aubyn like; but I'd not say when nor where, nor nothing about it; and I'd just keep this here paper snug; as I could perduce it, if I wanted, or make away with it, if I wanted; it's good to have two strings to your bow always."

Jasper had listened to him in silence, with his eyes buried in his hands, while he was speaking, and as he ceased he made no reply; but remained motionless for several minutes.

Then he raised his head, and answered in an altered and broken voice.

"It cannot be helped now, but I would give very much it had been otherwise." He opened a drawer, as he spoke, in the *escrioir* which stood before him, and took out of it a small box bound with brass and secured by a massive lock, the key of which was attached to a chain about his neck. It was filled with rouleaux of gold, from which he counted out the sum specified, and pushed the gold across the table to the man, saying, "Count it, and see that it is right, and give me the paper."

Then satisfying himself that it was the very register in question, he folded it carefully, and put it away in the box whence he had withdrawn the gold; while the villain, who had tempted him stowed away the price of his rascality in a leathern bag which he had brought with him for the purpose, well assured that his claim would not be denied.

That done, he stood erect and unblushing, and awaited the further orders of the young Lord of Widecomb.

"Now, Peter," said he, collecting himself, "mark me. *You* are now in *my* power! and, if I ever hear that you have spoken a word without my permission, or if you fail to speak when I command you—I will hang you."

And he spoke with a devilish energy, that showed how seriously he was in earnest. "Do you understand that, Master Peter Verity?"

"I do, your honor," answered the man, with a doubtful and somewhat gloomy smile; "but there is no need of such threats with me; it is alike my interest and my wish to serve you, as I have done already."

"And it is my interest and my wish that you should serve me, as differently as possible from the way in which you have served me; or served yourself, rather, I should say, sirrah."

"I beg your honor's pardon, if I have done wrong. I meant to do good service."

"Tush, sirrah, tush! If I be young, I am neither quite a child, nor absolutely a fool. You meant to get me into your power, and you have got yourself into mine. Now listen to me, I know you for a very shrewd rascal, Peter Verity, and for one who knows right well what to say, and what not to say. Now, as I told you, I am about this very evening to make known my marriage with the lady whom you saw me wed. You will be asked, doubtless, a thousand questions on the subject by all sorts of persons. Now, mark me, you will answer so as to let all who ask understand that I *am* married, and that *you* have known all about it from the first; but you will do this in such a manner that no one shall be able to assert that *you* have asserted any thing; and further, that, if need should be hereafter, you may be able to deny point blank your having said aught, or known aught on the subject. I hope you will remember what I am desiring you to do correctly, Peter Verity; for, of a truth, if you make the slightest blunder, I shall carry this document, which you have stolen from the church-register, to the nearest justice of the peace, and make my deposition against you."

"I understand perfectly, your honor, and will do

your bidding correctly," said the fellow, not a little embarrassed at finding how much his position had altered, since he entered the library, as he thought, well nigh the young heir's master.

"So you shall do well," replied Jasper. "Now get you gone. Let them give you some ale in the buttery, but when I send word to have the people collected in the great hall, make yourself scarce. It is not desirable that you should be there when I address them;" and lighting a hand-lamp as he ceased speaking, for it had grown dark already during the conversation, he turned his back on the discomfited sexton, and went up by a private staircase to what was called the ladies' withdrawing room, an apartment which, having been shut up since the death of his own mother, had been reopened on Theresa's joining the family.

"The sexton of the church has been with you, Jasper," she said, eagerly, as her husband entered the room; "what should have brought him hither?"

"He was here, you know, dearest, at the sad ceremony; and I had desired him to bring up a copy of the record of our marriage. He wished to deliver it to me in person."

"How good of you, dear Jasper, and how thoughtful," she replied, casting her fair white arms about his neck, and kissing his forehead tenderly, "that you may show it to the people, and prove to them that I am indeed your wife."

"Show it to the people! Prove that you are my wife!" he answered impetuously, and with indignation in his every tone. "I should like to see the person ask me to show it, or doubt that you are my wife. No, indeed, dear Theresa, your very thought shows how young you are, and ignorant of the world. To do what you suggest, would but create the doubt, not destroy it. No, when they have done supper, I shall cause the whole household to be collected in the great stone hall; and when they are there, I shall merely lead you in upon my arm, tell them we have been married in private these three months past, and desire them to respect you as my dear wife, and their honored mistress. That, and your being introduced to all friends and visitors as Mistress St. Aubyn, is all that can be needed; and, in cases such as ours, believe me, the less eclat given to the circumstances, the better it will be for all parties. And do not you, I pray you, dearest, suffer the servant girls to ask you any questions on the subject, or answer them if they do. But inform me of it forthwith."

"They would not dream of doing so, Jasper," she replied, gently. "And you are quite right, I am certain, and I will do all that you wish. Oh! I am so happy! so immeasurably happy, Jasper, even when I should be mournful at your good father's death, who was so kind to me; but I cannot—I cannot—this joy completely overwhelms me. I am too, too happy."

"Wherefore, so wondrous happy all on a sudden, sweet one," asked the boy, with a playful smile, laying his hand, as he spoke, affectionately on her soft, rounded shoulder.

"That I need fear no longer to let the whole world know how dearly, how devotedly I love my husband."

And she raised her beautiful blue eyes to his, run-

ning over with tears of tenderness and joy; and her sweet lips half apart, so perfumed and so rosy, and radiant with so bright a smile, as might have tempted the sternest anchorite to bend over her as Jasper did, and press them with a long kiss of pure affection.

"Now I will leave you, dearest," he said, kindly, "for a little space, while I see that things are arranged for this great ceremonial. I will warn old Geoffrey first of what I am about to say to them, that they may not overwhelm us by their wonder at the telling; and do you, when you hear the great bell ring to assemble them, put on your prettiest smile, and your most courageous look, for then I shall be on my way to fetch you."

It was with a beating heart, and an almost sickening sense of anxiety, that poor Theresa awaited the moment which was to install her in the house of her husband as its lawful lady. She felt the awkwardness, the difficulty of her situation, although she was far indeed from suspecting all the causes which in reality existed to justify her embarrassment and timidity.

She had not long, however, to indulge in such fancies, and perhaps it was well that she had not; for her timidity seemed to grow on her space, and she began to think that courage would fail her to undergo the ordeal of eyes to which she should be exposed.

But at this moment, when she was giving way to her bashfulness, when her terrors were gaining complete empire over her, the great bell began to ring. Slow and measured the first six or seven clanging strokes fell upon her, resembling more the minute-tolling of a death-bell, than the gay peal that gives note of festive tidings and rejoicing. But almost as soon as this thought occurred to her, it seemed that the ringer, whoever he was, had conceived the same idea, for the cadence of the bell-ringing was changed suddenly, and a quick, merry chime succeeded to the first solemn clangor.

At the same instant the door of the withdrawing-room was thrown open, and her young husband entered hastily, and catching her in his arms, kissed her lips affectionately. "Come, dearest girl," he said, as he drew her arm through his own, "come, it will be all over in five minutes, and then every thing will go on as usual."

And without waiting a reply, he led her down the great staircase into the stone hall, wherein all the servants of the household, and many of the tenantry and neighboring yeomen, who had not yet dispersed after the funeral, were assembled in a surprised and admiring although silent crowd.

The old steward, to whom Jasper had communicated his purpose, had already informed them of the object of their convocation, and great was their wonder, though as yet they had little time to comment on it, or communicate their thoughts and suspicions of the news.

And now they were all collected, quiet, indeed, and respectful—for such was the habit of the times—but all eagerness to hear what the young master had to say, and, to speak truly, little impressed by the informality of the affair, and little pleased that one whom they regarded as little higher than themselves, should be elevated to a rank and position so commanding.

Gathering even more than his wonted share of dignity from the solemnity of the moment, and bearing himself even more haughtily than his wont, from a sort of an inward consciousness that he was in some sort descending from his proper sphere, and lowering his wife by doing that which was yet necessary to establish her fair fame, the young man came down the broad oaken steps, with a slow, proud, firm step, his athletic though slender frame seeming to expand with the elevation of his excited feelings. He carried his fine head, with the brows a little bent, and his eyes, glancing like stars of fire, as they ran over every countenance that met his gaze, seeking, as it seemed, to find an expression which should challenge his will or underrate his choice.

She clung to his arm, not timidly, although it was evident that she felt the need of his protection, and, although there was an air of bashfulness and a slight tremor visible in her bearing, they were mixed with a sort of gentle pride, the pride of conscious rectitude and purity, and she did not cast down her beautiful blue eyes, nor avoid the glances which were cast on her from all sides, by some desiring to read her secret, by some wishing to prejudice her character, but looked around her tranquilly with a sweet lady-like self-possession, that won many hearts to her cause, which, before her coming, had been prepared to think of her unkindly.

Finding no eye in the circle that met his own with an inquisitive, much less an insolent glance, Jasper St. Aubyn paused, and addressed his people with a subdued and almost melancholy smile, although his voice was clear and sonorous.

"This is a sad occasion," he said, "on which it first falls to my lot, my people, to address you here, as the master of a few, the landlord of many, and, as I hope to prove myself, the friend of all. To fill the place of him, who has gone from us, and whom you all knew so well, and had so much cause to love, I never can aspire; but it is my earnest hope and desire to live and die among you as he did; and if I fail to gain and hold fast your affections, as he did, it shall not be for want of endeavoring to deserve them. But my object in calling you together, my friends, this evening, was not merely to say this to you, or to promise you my friendship and protection, but rather to do a duty, which must not be deferred any longer, for my own sake, and for that of one far dearer than myself." Here he paused, and pressing the little white hand which reposed on his arm so gently, smiled in the face of his young wife, as he moved her a little forward into the centre of the circle. "I mean, to present to you all, Mistress St. Aubyn, my beloved wife, and your honored mistress! Some of you have been aware of this for some time already; but to most of you it is doubtless a surprise. Be it so. Family reasons required that our marriage should be kept secret for a while, those reasons are now at an end, and I am as proud to acknowledge this dear lady as my wife, and to claim all your homage and affection for her, both on my account, and on account of her own virtues, as I doubt not you will be proud and happy to have so excellent and beautiful a lady to whom to look up as your mistress."

He ceased, and three full rounds of cheering responded to his manly speech. The circle broke up, and crowded around the young pair, and many of the elder tenants, white-headed men and women, came up and craved permission to shake hands with the beautiful young lady, and blessed her with tears in their eyes, and wished her long life and happiness here and hereafter.

But among the servants of the household, there was not by any means the same feeling manifested. The old steward, indeed, who had grown up a contemporary of Jasper's father, and the scarcely less aged house-keeper, did, indeed, show some feeling, and were probably sincere as they offered their greetings, and promised their humble services. But among the maid servants there passed many a meaning wink, and half light, half sneering titter; and two or three of the younger men nudged one another with their elbows, and interchanged thoughts with what they considered a vastly knowing grin. No remarks were made, however, nor did any intimation of doubt or distrust reach the eyes or ears of the young couple—all appeared to be truthful mirth and honest congratulation.

Then having ordered supper to be prepared for all present, and liquor to be served out, both ale and wine, of a better quality than usual, that the company might drink the health of their young mistress, well pleased that the embarrassing scene was at an end, Jasper led Theresa up to her own room, palpitating with the excitement of the scene, and agitated even by the excess of her own happiness.

But as the crowd was passing out of the hall into the dark passages which led to the battery and kitchen, one of the girls of the house, a finely-shaped, buxom, red-lipped, hazel-eyed lass, with a very roguish if not sensual expression, bung back behind the other maids, till she was joined by the under falconer, a strapping fellow in a green jerkin with buckskin belt and leggings.

"Ha! Bess, is that you?" he said, passing his arm round her waist, "thou'rt a good lass, to tarry for me."

And drawing her, nothing reluctant, aside from the crowd into a dark corner, he kissed her a dozen times in succession, a proceeding which she did not appear by any means to resent, the "ha' done aows!" to the contrary notwithstanding, which she seemed to consider it necessary to deliver, and which her lover, probably correctly, understood as meaning, "pray go on, if you please."

This pleasant interlude completed, "Well, Bess," said the swain, "and what thinkst thou of the new mistress—of the young master's wife?" She's a rare bit now, hast she?"

"Lor, Jem!" returned the girl, laughing, "she hast no more his wife than I be yours, I tell you."

"Why, what be she then, Bess?" said the fellow, gazing in stupid wonderment, "thou didst hear what Master Jasper said?"

"Why she be his sweetheart. Just what we be, Jem," said the unblushing girl—"what the quality folks calls his 'miss.' Why, Jem, he's slept in her room every night since she came here. He's only said this here, about her being his wife, to save her character."

"No blame to him for that, Bess, if it be so. But if you're wise, lass, you'll keep this to yourself. She's a beauty, anyways; and I don't fault him, if she be his wife, or his 'miss,' either, for that matter."

"Lor!" replied the girl. "I shan't go to say nothing, I'm sure. I've got a good place, and I mean to keep it too. It's naught to me how they amuse themselves, so they don't meddle with my sweet-hearting. But do you think her so pretty, Jem? She's a poor slight little slip of a thing, seems to me."

"She beant such an arnful as thou, Bess, that's a fact," answered the fellow, making a dash at her, which she avoided, and took to her heels, looking back, however, over her shoulders, and beckoning him to follow.

Such were not the only comments of the kind which passed that evening; and although, fortunately for Jasper's and Theresa's peace of mind, they never dreamed of what was going on below, it was in fact generally understood among the younger men and women, both of those within and without the house, that Jasper's declaration was a mere stratagem, resorted to in order to procure more respect and consideration for his concubine; and, although she was every where treated and addressed as St. Aubyn's wife, every succeeding day and hour she was more generally regarded as his victim, and his mistress.

Such is the consequence of a single lapse from rectitude and truth.

Alas for Theresa! her doom, though she knew it not, was but too surely sealed forever.

Had it not been for the exceeding gentleness and humility of the unhappy girl, it is probable that she would have been very shortly made acquainted, one way or other, with the opinion which was entertained concerning her, in her own house, and in the neighborhood. But the winning affability of her manners, the total absence of all arrogance or self-elevation in her demeanor toward her inferiors in station, her respect every where manifested to old age and virtue, her kindness to the poor and the sick, her considerate good-nature to her servants, and above all her liberal and unostentatious charities, rendered it impossible that any could be so cruel as to offer her rudeness or indignity, on what was at most mere suspicion. Added to this, the fierce impetuosity of Jasper, when crossed by any thing, or opposed in his will, and the certainty that he would stop at nothing to avenge any affront aimed at Theresa, so long as he chose to style her his wife, deterred not only the household and village gossips, but even that more odious class, the hypocritical, puritanic, self-constituted judges of society, and punishers of what they choose to deem immorality, from following out the bent of their mischievous or malicious tempers.

In the meantime, month after month had passed away. Winter had melted into the promises of spring; and the gay flowers of summer had ripened into the fruits of luxuriant autumn. A full year had run its magic round since Theresa gave herself up to Jasper, for better or worse, till death should them part.

The slender, joyous maiden had expanded into the full-blown, thoughtful, lovely woman, who was now

watching at the oriel window, alone, at sunset for the return of her young husband.

Alone, ay, alone! For no child had been born to bless their union, and to draw yet closer the indissoluble bonds which man may not put asunder. Alone, ay, alone! as all her days were now spent, and some, alas! of her nights also. For the first months of her wedded life, when the pain of concealment had been once removed, Theresa was the happiest of the happy. The love, the passion, the affection of her boy bridegroom seemed to increase daily. To sit by her side, during the snowy days of winter, to listen to her lute struck by the master hand of the untaught improvisatrice, to sing with her the grand old ballads which she loved, to muse with her over the tomes of romance, the natural vein of which was not then extinguished in the English heart, to cull the gems of the rare dramatists and mighty bards of the era, which was then but expiring; and, when the early days of spring-time gave token of their coming, in the swelling flower-bud and bursting leaf, to wander with her through the park, through the chase, to ride with her over the heathery moorland hills, and explore the wild recesses of the forest, to have her near him in his field-sports, to show her how he struck the silvery salmon, or roused the otter from his sedge lair—thee seemed to be the only joys the boy coveted—her company his chiefest pleasure, the undisturbed possession of her charms his crowning bliss.

But passion is proverbially short-lived; and the most so with those who, like Jasper, have no solidity of character, no stability of feeling, no fixed principles, whereon to fall back for support. One of the great defects of Jasper's nature was a total lack of reverence for any thing divine or human—he had loved many things, he never had respected one. Accustomed from his earliest boyhood to see every thing yield to his will, to measure the value of every thing by the present pleasure it afforded him; he expected to receive all things, yet to give nothing. He was in fact a very pattern of pure selfishness, though no one would have been so much amazed as he had he heard himself so named.

Time passed, and he grew weary, even of the very excess of his happiness—even of the amiability, the sweetness, the ever-yielding gentleness of his Theresa. That she should so long have charmed one so rash and reckless was the real wonder, not that she should now have lost the power of charming him.

Nevertheless so it was; the mind of Jasper was not so constituted as to rest very long content with any thing, least of all with tranquillity—

For quiet to hot bosoms is a hell!

and his, surely, was of the hottest. He began as of old to long for excitement; and even the pleasures of the chase, to which he was still devoted, began to prove insufficient to gratify his wild and eager spirit. Day after day, Theresa saw less of him, and ere long knew not how or where many of his days were spent. Confidence, in the true sense of the word, there never had been between them; respect or esteem, founded upon her real virtues and rare excellences, he had

never felt—therefore, when the heat and fierceness of passion died out, as it were, by the consumption of its own fuel, when her personal charms palled on him by possession, when her intellectual endowments wearied him, because they were in truth far beyond the range of his comprehension, and therefore out of the pale of his sympathies, he had nothing left whereon to build affection—thus passion once dead in his heart, all was gone at once which had bound him to Theresa.

He neglected her, he left her alone—alone, without a companion, a friend, in the wide world. Still she complained not, wept not, above all, upbraided not. She sought to occupy herself, to unuse her solitude with her books, her music, her wild flights into the world of fancy. And when he did come home from his fierce, frantic gallops across the country with the worst and wildest of the young yeomanry, from his disgraceful orgies with the half gentry of the nearest market-town, she received him ever with kindness, gentleness and love.

She never let him know that she wept in silence; never allowed him to see that she noticed his altered manner; but smiled on him, and sung to him, and fondled him, as if he had been to her—and was he not so?—all that she had on earth. And he, such is the spirit of the selfish and the reckless of our sex, almost began to hate her, for the very meekness and affection with which she submitted to his unkindness.

He felt that her unchanged, unrequiring love was the keenest reproach to his altered manner, to his neglectful coldness. He felt that he could better have endured the bitterest blame, the most agonized remonstrance, the tears of the veriest Niobe, than meet the ever welcoming smile of those rosy lips, the ever loving glance of those soft blue eyes.

Perhaps had she possessed more of what such men as he call spirit, had the vein of her genius led to outbursts of vehement, unfeminine, Italian passion, the flashing eye, the curling lip, the face pallid with rage, the tongue fluent with the torrent eloquence of indignation, he might have found in them something to rouse his dormant passions from the lethargy which had overcome them, something to stimulate and excite him into renewed desire.

But as well might you expect from the lily of the valley the blushes and the thorns of the rose, from the turtle-dove the fury and the flight of the jer-falcon, as anguish from Theresa St. Aubyn, but the patience, the purity, the quiet, and the love of a white-minded, virtuous woman.

But she was wretched—most wretched—because hopeless. She had prayed for a child, with all the yearning eagerness of disappointed craving womanhood—a child that should smile in her face, and love her for herself, being of herself, and her own—a child that should perhaps win back to her the lost affections of her lord. But in vain.

And still she loved him, nay, adored him, as of old. Never did she see his stately form, sitting his horse with habitual grace, approaching listlessly and slowly the home which no longer had a single attraction to his jaded and exhausted heart, but her whole frame was shaken by a sharp nervous tremor, but a mist

overspread her swimming eyes, but dull ringing filled her ears, her heart throbbled and palpitated, until she thought it would burst forth from her bosom.

She ever hoped that the cold spell might pass from him, ever believed, ever trusted, that the time would come when he would again love her as of old, and seek her society, and take pleasure in her conversation; again let her nestle in his bosom, and look up into his answering eyes, by the quiet fireside in winter evenings. Alas! she still dreamed of these things—even though her reason told her that they were hopeless—even after he had again changed his mood from suitor's coldness to harsh, irritable anger, to vehement, impetuous, fiery wrath, causeless as the wolf's against the lamb, and therefore the more deadly and unrelenting.

Politics had run high in the land of late, and every where parties were forming. Since the battle of Sedgewoor, and the merciless cruelty with which the royal judges had crushed out the life of that obstinate insurrection, and drowned its ashes in floods of innocent gore, the rage of factions had waxed wilder in the country than they had done since the reign of the first Charles, the second English king of that unhappy race, the last of whom now filled the painful seat of royalty.

Yet all was hushed as yet and quiet, as the calm which precedes the bursting of a thunder-cloud. Secluded as Widecomb Manor was, and far divided from the seats of the other gentry of Devonshire by tracts of moor and forest, and little intercourse as Jasper had held hitherto with his equals in rank and birth—limited as that intercourse had been to a few visits of form, and a few annual banquets—the stir of the political world reached even the remote House in the Woods.

The mad whirl of politics was precisely the thing to captivate a mind such as Jasper's; and the instant the subject was broached to him, by some of the more leading youths of the county, he plunged headlong into its deepest vortexes, and was soon steeped to the lips in conspiracy.

Events rendered it necessary that he should visit the metropolis, and twice during the autumn he had already visited it—alone. And twice he had returned to his beautiful young wife, who hailed his coming as a heathen priestess would have greeted the advent of her god, more alienated, colder, and more causeless than before.

Since he had last returned, the coldness was converted into cruelty, active, malicious, feudish cruelty. Hard words, incessant taunts, curses—nay, blows! Yet still, faithful to the end and fond, she still loved him. Still would have laid down the dress of the life which had been so happy till she knew him, and which he had made so wretched, to win one of his old fond smiles, one of his once caressing tones, one of his heartfelt kisses.

Alas! alas! Theresa! Too late, it was all too late! He had learned, for the first time, in London, the value of his rank, his wealth, his position. He had been flattered by men of lordly birth, fawned and fawned by the fairest and noblest ladies of the land. He had

learned to be ambitious—he had begun to thirst for social eminence, for political ascendancy, for place, power, dominion. His talents had created a favorable impression in high quarters—his enthusiasm and daring rashness had made an effect—he was already a marked man among the conspirators, who were aiming to pull down the sovereignty of the Stuarts. Hints had been even thrown out to him, of the possibility of allying himself to interests the most important, through the beautiful and gorgeous daughter of one of the oldest of the peers of England. The hint had been thrown out, moreover, by a young gentleman of his own county—by one who had seen Theresa. And when he started and expressed his wonder, and alluded tremulously to his *wife*, he had been answered by a smile of intelligence, coupled with an assurance that every one understood all about Theresa Allan; and that surely he would not be such a fool as to sacrifice such prospects for a little village par amour. "The story of the concealed wedding took in nobody, my lad," the speaker added, "except those, like myself, who chose to believe any thing you chose to assert. Think of it, *mon cher*; and, believe me, that *liaison* will be no hindrance."

And Jasper had thought of it. The thought had never been, for one moment, absent from his mind, sleeping or waking, since it first found admission to the busy chambers of his brain. From that unfortunate day, his life had been but one series of plots and schemes, all base, atrocious, horrible—some even murderous.

Since that day his cruelty had not been casual; it had a meaning, and a method, both worthy of the arch fiend's devising.

He sought first deliberately to break her heart, to kill her without violence, by the action of her own outraged affections—and then, when that failed, or rather when he saw that the process must needs be too slow to meet his accursed views, he aimed at driving her to commit suicide—thus slaying, should he succeed in his hellish scheme, body and soul together of the woman whom he had sworn before God's holy altar, with the most solemn adjuration, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health—the woman whose whole heart and soul were his absolute possession; who had never formed a wish, or entertained a thought, but to love him and to make him happy. And this—this was her reward. Could she, indeed, have fully conceived the extent of the feelings which he now entertained toward her, could she have believed that he really was desirous of her death, was actually plotting how he might bring it about, without dipping his hand in her blood, or calling down the guilt of downright murder on his soul, I believe he would have been spared all further wickedness.

To have known that he felt toward her not merely casual irritation, that his conduct was not the effect of a bad disposition, or of an evil temper only, but that determined hatred had supplanted the last spark of love in his soul, and that he was possessed by a resolution to rid himself of the restraint which his marriage had brought upon him, by one means or another—to have known this, I say, would have so frozen her

young blood, would have so stricken her to the heart, that, if it had not slain her outright, it would have left her surely—perhaps happier even to be such—a maniac for the poor remnant of her life.

That morning, at an early hour, he had ridden forth, with two or three dogs at his heel, and the game-keeper, James Alderly, better known in that neighborhood as Black Jem, who had of late been his constant companion, following him.

Dinner-time had passed—supper-time—yet he came not; and the deserted creature was yet watching wistfully, hopefully for his return.

Suddenly, far off among the stems of the distant trees, she caught a glimpse of a moving object; it approached; it grew more distinct—it was he, returning at a gallop, as he seldom now returned to his distasteful home, with his dogs careering merrily along by his side, and the grim-visaged keeper spurring in vain to keep up with the furious speed at which he rode, far in the rear of his master.

She pressed her hand upon her heart, and drew a long, deep breath. "Once more," she murmured to herself, "he hath come back to me once more!"

And then the hope flashed upon her mind that the changed pace at which he rode, and something which even at that distance she could descry in his air and mien, might indicate an alteration in his feelings. "Yes, yes! Great God! can it be? He sees me, he waves his hand to me. He loves—he loves me once again!"

And with a mighty effort she choked down the paroxysm of joy, which had almost burst out in a flood of tears, and hurried from the room, and out upon the terrace, to meet him, to receive once more a smile of greeting. His dogs came bounding up to her, as she stood at the top of the stone steps, and fawned upon her, for they loved her—every thing loved her, save he only who had most cause to do so.

Yet now, it was true, he did smile upon her, as he dismounted from his horse, and called her once more "Dear Theresa." And he passed his arm about her slender waist, and led her back into the house, chiding her good-humoredly for exposing herself to the chilly night-wind.

"I feel it not," she said, joyously, with her own sunny smile lighting up her face, "I feel it not—nor should feel it, were it charged with all the snow storms of the north; my heart is so warm, so full. Oh! Jasper, that dear name, in your own voice, has made me but too happy."

"Silly child!" he replied, "silly child," patting her affectionately on the shoulder, as he had used to do in times long past—at least it seemed long, very long to her, though they were in truth but a few months distant. "And do you love me, Theresa?"

"Love you?" she said, gazing up into his eyes with more of wonder that he should ask such a question, than of any other feeling. "Love you, oh, God! can you doubt it, Jasper?"

"No," he said, hesitating slightly, "no, dearest. And yet I have given you but little cause of late to love me."

"Do you know *that*—do you feel *that*, Jasper?" she

cried, eagerly, joyously, "then I am, indeed, happy; then you really do love me?"

"And can you forgive me, Theresa?"

"Forgive you—for what?"

"For the pain I have caused you of late."

"It is all gone—it is all forgotten! You have been vexed, grieved about something that has wrong you in secret. But you should have told me of it, dearest Jasper, and I would have consoled you. But it is all, all over now; nay, but I am now glad of it, since this great joy is all the sweeter for the past sorrow."

"And do you love me well enough, Theresa, to make a sacrifice, a great sacrifice for me?"

"To sacrifice my heart's blood—ay, my life, if to do so would make you happy."

"Your life, silly wench!" how should your little life profit me? But that is the way ever with you women. If one ask you the smallest trifle, you ever proffer your lives, as if they could be of any use, or as if one would not be hanged for taking them. I have known girls refuse one kiss, and then make a tender of their lives."

He spoke with something of his late habitual bitterness, it is true; but there was a smile on his face, as he uttered the words, and she laughed merrily, as she answered,

"Oh! I will not refuse you fifty of those; I will be only too glad if you think them worth the taking. But I did speak foolishly, dearest; and you must not blame me for it, for my heart is so overflowing with joy, that, of a truth, I scarcely know what I say. I only wished to express that there is nothing in the wide world which you can ask of me, that I will not do, willingly, gladly. Will that satisfy you, Jasper?"

"Why, ay! if you hold to it, Theresa," he answered, eagerly; "but, mind you, it is really a sacrifice which I ask—a great sacrifice."

"No sacrifice is great," she replied, pressing his arm, on which she was hanging with both her white

hands linked together over it, "no sacrifice which I can make, so long as *you* love me."

"I do love you, dearly, girl," he answered; "and if you do this that I would have you do, I will live you ten times better than I do, ten times better than I ever did."

"That were a bribe indeed," she replied, laughing with her own silvery, girlish laugh. "But I don't believe you could love me ten times better than you ever did, Jasper. But if you will promise me to love me ever as you did then, you may ask me any thing under heaven."

"Well, I will promise—I will promise, wench. See that you be as ready to perform."

And, as he spoke, he stooped down, for the keeper had now retired with the horses, and they were entirely alone, and embraced her closely, and kissed her as he had not done for many a month before.

"I will—I will, indeed, dear, dearest Jasper. Tell me, what is it I must do?"

"Go to your room, dearest, and I will join you there and tell you. I must get me a crust of bread and a goblet of wine, and give some directions to the men, and then I will join you."

"Do not be very long, dearest. I am dying to know what I can do to please you. And she stood upon tip-toes, and kissed his brow playfully, and then ran up stairs with a lighter step than had borne her for many a day.

Her husband gazed after her with a grim smile, and nodded his head in self-approbation. "This is the better way, after all. But will she, will she stand to it? I should not be surprised. 'S death! one can never learn these women! What a—d fools they are, when all is told! Flattery, flattery and falsehood, lay it on thick enough, will win the best of them from heaven to—Hades!"

Oh, man, man! and all that was but acting.

[Conclusion in our next.]

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CARRY.

VAINLY, vainly, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be:
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden-haired and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby, first that died;
O't was hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low!

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thrilled,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called:
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell:
Haply thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonesome bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pry;
Two are on the stormy sea,
Farther still than they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim,
Ofteast, most, I pray for him.

Whate'er they do or dare,
Where'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED STORY.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

"A FRIEND!" Are you a friend? No, by my soul!
Since you dare breathe the shadow of a doubt
That I am true as Truth: since you give not
Unto my briefest look—my gayest word—
My faintest change of cheek—my softest touch—
Most sportive, careless smile, or low-breathed sigh—
Nay, to my voice's lightest modulation,
Though imperceptible to all but you,—
If you give not to these, unquestioning,
A limitless faith—the faith you give to Heaven—
I will not call you "friend." I would disdain
A seraph's heart, as yours I now renounce,
If such the terms on which 't were proffered me.
Deny me Faith—that poor, yet priceless boon—
And you deny the very soul of love.
As well withhold the lamp, whose light reveals
The sculptured beauty latent in its urn,
As proffer Friendship's diamond in the dark.

What though a thousand seeming proofs condemn me?
If my calm image smile not clear through all,
Serene, and without shadow on your heart—
Nay, if the very vapors that would veil it,
Part not, illumined by its presence pure,
As round Night's tranquil queen the clouds divide,
Then read it from that heart! I ask no place,
Though 't were a throne, without the state becomes me—
Without the homage due to royal Truth.

And should a world beside pronounce me false,
You are to choose between the world and me.
If I be not more than all worlds to you,
I will not stoop to *less*! I will have *all*—
Your proudest, purest, noblest, loftiest love—
Your perfect trust—your soul of soul—or nothing!
Shall I not have them? Speak! on poorer spirits—
Who are content with less, because, forsooth,
The whole would blind or blight them, or because
They have but less to give—will you divide
The glory of your own? or concentrate
On mine its radiant life?—on mine! that holds
As yet, in calm reserve, the boundless wealth
Of tenderness its Maker taught to it.

Speak! shall we part, and go our separate ways,
Each with a half life in a burning soul,
Like two wild clouds, whose meeting would evoke
The electric flame pent up within their bosoms,
That, parted, weep their fiery hearts away,
Or waste afar—and darken into death?
Speak! do we part? or are we *one* forever?

Since I must love thee—since a weird wild fate
Impels me to thy heart against my will—
Do thou this justice to the heart I yield:
Be its ideal. Let it not blush to love.
Bid it not trill its light and glorious wings
Through the dull dust of earth, with downcast eyes
And drooping brow, where Shame and Grief usurp
Calm Honor's throne—be noble, truthful, brave;
Love Honor more than Love, and more than me;
Be all thou wert ere the world came between
Thee and thy God.

Hear 'st thou my spirit pleading
With suppliant, clasped hands to thine, dear love?

Degrade her not, but let thy stronger soul
Soar with her to the seraph's realm of light.
She yields to thee; do with her as thou wilt.
She shuts her wings in utter weariness,
For she has wandered all night long astray,
And found no rest—no fountain of sweet love,
Save such as mocked her with a maddening thirst.
She asks of thine repose, protection, peace;
Implores thee with wild tears and passionate prayers
To give her shelter through the night of Time,
And lead her home at morn; for long ago
She lost her way.

Ah! thou may'at give, instead
Of that sweet boon she asks, if so thou wilt,
Wild suffering, madness, shame, self-scorn, despair!
But thou wilt not! thine eyes—thy glorious eyes—
Are eloquent with generous love and faith,
And through thy voice a mighty heart intones
Its rich vibrations, while thou murmurest low
All lovely promises, and precious dreams
For the sweet Future. So, I trust thee, love,
And place my hand in thine, for good or ill.

Do not my soul that wrong! translate not thus
The spirit-words my eyes are saying to thee:
I would not fetter that rich heart of thine,
Save by the perfect liberty I give it,
For all God's worlds of glory. Go thou forth—
Be free as air! Love all the good and pure;
Cherish all love that can ennoble thee;
Unfold thy soul to all sweet ministries,
That it may grow toward heaven, as a flower
Drinks dew and light, and pays them back in beauty.
And if—ah heaven! these tears are love's, not grief's—
And if some higher ministry than mine,
Or some more genial nature, bless thee more,
Wrong not thyself, or me, or love, or truth,
By shrinking weakly from thy destiny.
I would not owe to pitying tenderness
The joy with which thy presence lights my life.
Thou shalt still love all that is thine, dear friend,
In my true soul—all that is right and great;
And that I still love thee, so proudly, purely—
That shall be joy enough! Go calmly forth.

Would I were any thing that thou dost love—
A flower, a shell, a wavelet, or a cloud—
Aught that might win a moment's soul-look from thee.
To be "a joy forever" in thy heart,
That were in truth divinest joy to mine:
A low, sweet, haunting Tune, that will not let
Thy memory go, but fondly twines around it,
Pleading and beautiful—for unto thee
Music is life—such life as I would be;
A Statue, wrought in marble, without stain,
Where one immortal truth embodied lives
Instinct with grace and loveliness; a Fane,
A fair Ionic temple, growing up,
Light as a lily into the blue air,
To the glad melody of a tuneful thought
In its creator's spirit, where thy gaze
Might never weary—dedicate to thee,

Thy image shrined within it, lone and loved;
 Make me the Flower thou lovest; let me drink
 Thy rays, and give them back in bloom and beauty;
 Mould me to grace, to glory, like the Statue;
 Wake for my mind the Music of thine own,
 And it shall grow, to that majestic tune,
 A temple meet to shrine mine idol in;
 Hold the frail shell, tinted by love's pure blush,
 Unto thy soul, and thou shalt hear within
 Tones from its spirit-home; smile on the wave,
 And it shall flow, free, limpid, glad, forever;
 Shed on the cloud the splendor of thy being,
 And it shall flow—a radiant wonder—by thee!

To love—thy love—so docile I would be,
 So pliant, yet inspired, that it should make
 A marvel of me, for thy sake, and show
 Its proud *chef d'œuvre* in my harmonious life.

I would be judged by that great heart of thine,
 Whereto a voice more genuine, more divine
 Than world-taught Reason, fondly speaks for me,
 And bids thee love and trust, through cloud and shine,
 The frail and fragile creature who would be
 Naught here—hereafter—if not all to thee!
 Thou call'st me changeful as the summer cloud,
 And wayward as a wave, and light as air.
 And I am all thou sayest—all, and worse;
 But the wild cloud can weep, as well as lighten,
 And the wave mirrors heaven, as my soul thee;
 And the light air, that frolics without thought
 O'er yonder harp, makes music as it goes.
 Let me play on the soul-harp I love best,
 And teach it all its dreaming melody;
 That is my mission; I have nothing else,
 In all the world, to do. And I shall go
 Musicless, aimless, idle, through all life,
 Unless I play my part there—only there.

In the full anthem which the universes
 Intones to heaven, my heart will have no share,
 Unless I have that soul-harp to myself,
 And wake it to what melody I please.

So wrote the Lady Imogen—the child
 Of Poetry and Passion—all her frame
 So lightly, exquisitely shaped, we dreamed
 'T was fashioned to the echo of some song—
 The fairest, siriest creature ever made—
 Flower-like in her fragility and grace,
 Childlike in sweet impetuous tenderness,
 Yet with a nature proud, profound, and pure,
 As a rapt sylph's. O'er her soul had passed
 The wild simoon of wo, but to awake
 From that Eolian lyre the loveliest tones
 Of mournful music, passionately sad.

Not thus her love the haughty Idu breathed:
 In her ideal beauty calm and high,
 O'er the patrician paleness of her cheek,
 Came, seldom, and how softly! the faint blush
 Of irrepressible tenderness.

Your course has been a conqueror's through life;
 You have been followed, flattered and caressed;
 Soul after soul has laid upon your shrine
 Its first, fresh, dewy bloom of love for incense:
 The minstrel-girl has tuned for you her lute,
 And set her life to music for your sake;
 The opera-belle, with blush unwonted, starts
 At your name's casual mention, and forgets,
 For one strange moment, fashion's cold repose;
 The village maiden's conscious heart beats time

To your entrancing melody of verse,
 And, from that hour, of your beloved image
 Makes a life-idol. And you know it all,
 And smile, half-pleased, and half in scorn, to know.

But you have never known, nor shall you now,
 Who, 'mid the throng you sometimes meet, receives
 Your careless recognition with a thrill,
 At her adoring heart, worth all that homage!

You see not, 'neath her half-dreadful smile,
 The passionate tears it is put on to hide;
 You dream not what a wild sigh dies away
 In her laugh's joyous trill; you cannot guess—
 You, who see only with your outer sense,—
 A warped, chilled sense, that wrongs you every hour—
 You cannot guess, when her cold hand you take,
 That a soul trembles in that light, calm clasp!

You speak to her, with your world tone; ah, not
 With the home cadence of confiding love!

And she replies: a few, low, formal words
 Are all she dares, nay deigns, return; and so
 You part, for months, again. Yet in that brief,
 Oasis hour of her dearest life,
 She has quaffed eagerly the enchanted spring,
 The sunlit wave of thought in your rich mind;
 And passed on her weary pilgrimage
 Refreshed, and with a renovated strength.

And this has been for years. She was a child—
 A school-girl—when the echo of your lyre
 First came to her, with music on its wings,
 And her soul drank from it the life of life.

Then, in a festive scene, you claimed her hand
 For the gay dance, and, in its intervals,
 Spoke soothingly and gently, for you saw
 Her timid blush, but did not dream its cause.
 Even then her young heart worshiped you, and about
 With a vague sense of rent and shame, away.

She who, with others, was, and is, even now,
 Light, fearless, joyous, buoyant as a bird,
 That lets the air-sprung spray beneath it bend,
 Nor cares, so it may carol, what shall chance,
 With you, forgets her song, forgives her worth,
 And hushes all her music in her heart.
 It is because your soul, that should know hers
 With an intuitive tenderness, is blind!

But once again you met; then, years went by,
 And in a thronged, luxurious saloon,
 You drew her fluttering hand within your arm;
 A few brief moments next your heart it lay;
 And still the lady mutely veiled, from yours,
 Eyes where her glorious secret wildly shone;
 And you, a-weary of her seeming dullness,
 Grew colder day by day. But once you paused
 Beside her seat, and murmured words of praise.
 Praise from your lips! My God! the ecstasy
 Of that dear moment! Each bright word, embalmed
 In Memory's tears of amber, gleams there yet—
 The costliest beads in her rich rosary.

But you were blind! And after that a cloud,
 Colder and darker, hung between her heart
 And yours. There were malicious, lovely lips,
 That knew too well the poison of a hint,
 And it worked deep and sure. And years, again,
 Stole by, and now once more we meet. *We meet!* ah, no;
 We never have met! Hand may touch hand, perchance,
 And eye glance back to eye its idle smile;
 But our souls meet not: for, from boyhood, you
 Have been a man idolater of beauty.
 And I! ah, Heaven! had you returned my love,
 I had been beautiful in your dear eyes;
 For love and joy and hope within the spirit

Make luminous the face. But let that pass:
I murmur not. In my soul Pride is crowned
And throned—a queen; and at her feet lies Love,
Her slave—in chains—that you shall never unclasp.

Yet, oh! if aspirations, ever rising,
With an intense idolatry of love,
Toward all of grace and purity and truth
That we may dream, can shape the soul to beauty,
(As I believe,) then, in that better world,
You will not ask if I were fair on earth.

You have loved often—passionately, perchance—
Never with that wild, rapturous, poet-love
Which I might win—and will. Not here on earth:
I would not have the ignoble, trivial cares
Of common life come o'er our glorious union,
To mar its spirit-beauty. In His home
We shall meet calmly, gracefully, without
Alloy of petty ills.

Meantime, I read you, as no other reads;
I read your soul—its burning, baffled hopes;
Its proud, pure aims, whose wings are melted off
In the warm sunshine of the world's applause;
Its yearning for an angel's tenderness:
I read it all, and grieve, and sometimes blush,
That you can deenerate so grand a shrine
By the false gods you place there! you, who know
The lore of love so perfectly, who trace
The delicate labyrinth of a woman's heart,
With a sure clew, so true, so fine, so rare,
Some angel Ariadne gave it you!

If I knew how to stoop, I'd tell you more:
I'd win your love, even now, by a slight word;
But that I'll say in heaven. Till we meet there,
Unto God's love I leave you.
You will glance round among the crowd hereafter,
And dream my woman's heart must sure betray me.
Not so: I have not schooled, for weary years,
Eye, lip, and cheek, and voice, to be shamed now
By your bold gaze. Ah! were I not secure
In my pride's sanctuary, this revelation
Were an act, Heaven, nor you, could ever pardon;
And still less I. Nor would I now forego,
Even for your love, the deep, divine delight
Of this most pure and unsuspected passion,
That none have guessed, or will, while I have life.
You smile, perchance. Beware! I shall shame you,

If with suspicion's plummet you dare sound
The unfathomed deeps of feeling in this heart.
It shall bring up, 'stead of that love it seeks,
A scorn you look not for. Ay, I would die
A martyr's death, sir, rather than betray
To you by faintest flutter of a pulse—
By lightest change of cheek or eyelid's fall—
That I am she who loves, adores, and flies you!

Ask why the holy starlight, or the blush
Of summer blossoms, or the balm that floats
From yonder lily like an angel's breath,
Is lavished on such men! God gives them all
For some high end; and thus, the seeming waste
Of her rich soul—its starlight purity,
Its every feeling delicate as a flower,
Its tender trust, its generous confidence,
Its wondering disdain of littleness—
These, by the coarser sense of those around her
Uncomprehended, may not all be vain,
But win them—they unwitting of the spell—
By ties unfelt, to nobler, loftier life.

And they dare blame her! they whose every thought,
Look, utterance, act, has more of evil in't,
Than e'er she dreamed of, or could understand!
And she must blush before them, with a heart
Whose lightest throb is worth their all of life!—
They boast their charity: oh, idle boast!
They give the poor, forsooth, food, fuel, shelter!
Faint, chilled and worn, her soul implored a pittance—
Her soul asked aims of theirs—and was denied!

It was not much it came a-begging for:
A simple boon, only a gentle thought,
A kindly judgment of such deeds of hers
As passed their understanding, but to her
Seemed natural as the blooming of a flower:
For God taught her—but they had learned of men
The meagre doting of their measured love,
A selfish, sensual love, most unlike hers.
God taught the tendril where to cling, and she
Learned the same lovely lesson, with the same
Unquestioning and pliant trust in Him.

And yet that He should let a lyre of heaven
Be played on by such hands, with touch so rude,
Might wake a doubt in less than perfect faith,
Perfect as mine, in his beneficence.

PARTING.

BY MISS PHOENIX CARRY.

TILL the last mortal pang is o'er,
Aid me, my human friend,
Let thy sweet ministries of love
Support me to the end!

In such a fearful hour my soul
Unaided cannot stand,
Leave me not till my Saviour comes
To take my trembling hand.

My heart is weak, is earthly still,
And though such love be crime,
I cannot yield thee till my feet
Have passed the shores of time.

Gently, O, gently lead me on,
Soothe me with love's fond tone—
Thou hast been near through all the past,
How shall I go alone!

The last my lips shall ever drink
Is life's most bitter cup—
Nearer the wave of death hath rolled,
How can I give thee up?

Closer, O, closer! let me feel
Thy heart still fondly beat,
While the cold billows of the grave
Are closing round my feet!

MEN AT HOME:
OR THE PRETTY MAN-HATER.

BY MRS. C. E. MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT droll scenes hobgoblins and sprites catch a peep at, in their perambulations through this ludicrous world of ours!

Now we, poor mortals, rarely stumble upon any thing funny, because, forsooth, we must ring the bell, or knock at the door, and then people throw themselves into proper positions and put on their company faces, and the farce is at an end. No human being, for instance, could have walked, unannounced, into Miss Ariana Montington's boudoir, on that morning when Mr. Atherton Burney was kneeling at her feet, but the merry sprites gathered around, and it is a wonder that he did not hear them shout:

"Ha! ha! the wooing o't."

Mr. Burney's courtship was by no means a premeditated affair. Who ever thinks exactly *how* he shall tell pleasant news? Such, that gentleman thought, would be the intelligence of his most honorable preference. And now that Miss Ariana looked coldly on his suit, he was lost in wonder at the blindness to her own interest which she exhibited. Like most men, he never dreamed that a refusal could arise from personal dislike, and while wounded pride turned his attempt at a pathetic face into a wry one, he derived to know the motives which had induced so uncomplimentary a decision.

Miss Ariana's face wore the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Mucipula," excepting that it said, "I have caught a man!" instead of "a mouse;" but she remembered that a respectable offer must be respectfully treated, and covering the smile lurking around her mouth with one of her plump little hands, she looked as gravely as she could from out her mischievous hazel eyes. It might have been nervousness which kept her tiny foot in motion, but it seemed very like a desire to make a football of her kneeling suitor.

"I have two reasons, sir," she said, "for declining the honor you intended me. The first is, I have determined not to marry at all, and the second, that you are by no means the person likely to make me change this resolution."

Had Mr. Burney been practicing that exercise in gymnastics, by which one rises at a single jerk from a horizontal to an upright position, he could not more suddenly have changed his suppliant attitude to the most rigid of perpendiculars.

"Madam," he replied, in that husky voice which men in a passion assume when trying to appear cool. "Madam, the first reason is so singular for a person in your situation, that the second excites no surprise."

Ariana was an orphan and dependent upon her brothers-in-law. Her *piquante* face exhibited no irritation at this insulting remark; although the motion of

her pugnacious little foot was somewhat quickened, a merry laugh was the only rejoinder.

Mr. Atherton Burney was prepared for a burst of indignant scorn, but he found no words to express his surprise and indignation at this ill-timed mirth; he wheeled round as if on drill, "right about face," and made a "forward march," which did not terminate till he found himself, hat in hand, upon the pavement of Washington Square. His head and his temper being by this time a little cooled, his few scattering brains were again packed in their narrow-brimmed receptacle, and none who met Mr. Atherton Burney that day on the *paré*, suspected that behind his elegant moustache a refusal was sticking in his throat.

CHAPTER II.

No two persons are more dissimilar than a gentleman dining-out, and the same individual quietly taking a family dinner at home. The smiling guest has a keen relish for every article placed before him, and should the rules of etiquette not allow him to express his gratification in words, he manifests in every possible way his entire approbation of the cuisine of his host.

Mr. Andrew Dornier was a favorite guest at the tables of his wealthy fellow-citizens. His perfect suavity of manner, his keen appreciation of gastronomic art, and his skillful carving, won greater favor than would the possession of the richest treasures of learning or the highest intellectual endowments. "A clever fellow," was Andrew Dornier when dining out. But, whereas the rules of society require that a guest should be pleased with every thing, the modern social economy demands that the master of a family should, at home, be pleased with nothing. The forementioned sprites of the air who attended at the family dinners of the Dorniers, were beginning to look a little glum; the only bright things to be seen on these occasions were the polished knives and Miss Ariana's eyes.

The door had scarcely closed after the exit of Mr. Atherton Burney, when the shuffling and stamping were heard by which the lord of the mansion was wont to announce his arrival. Before the meek Mrs. Dornier obtained a view of that redoubtable personage, a scolding soliloquy fell upon her trembling ear.

"Nothing ever in order in this house! A mat I bought only a month ago, all torn to rags! Smell of diuner coming all the way to the front door! Overdone! Knew it by the first sniff! Bad servants! All this comes of a careless mistress. Harriet! Harriet, I say!"

"What is it, Andrew?" inquired the soft voice of Mrs. Dornier, as she put her head timidly out of the dining-room door.

"Nothing in this house but rack and ruin," exclaimed

Mr. Dormer, dashing more vinegar into his tone and manner than either the occasion or his own feelings required. "What's the use of buying any thing, I say, if this is the way it is to be treated?" And he pointed at the mat, which his own outrageous stamping had torn to tatters.

Ariana had the same instinctive knowledge of a family feud as the war-horse has of a battle, and rushed to the charge in her sister's defense.

"What!" she exclaimed, "all that hemp left of the mat you have tried so faithfully to annihilate! When I heard your last furious attack, I did not think there would be a single shred remaining in the shape of a mat."

Such a beseeching look as Mrs. Dormer gave Ariana as she herself stood trembling in her shoes!

What was the reason, that instead of becoming indignant at the impertinence of his sister-in-law, Mr. Dormer tried to look amiable? It might have been that he read that mischievous glance, which said, "Ignoble ambition to be a triton among 'minnows.'"

If Ariana had not been dependent she would have been less saucy, but so fearful was she of becoming cringing from interested motives, that she went to the other extreme, and dared

"To beard the lion in his den."

The brother-in-law could no more dispense with her racy society, than with pungent sauces for his pious favorites. Instead of becoming angry when Ariana declared that she had seen too much of men at home ever to marry, he was heartily glad of a determination which insured the continuance under his roof of his merry antagonist.

Never was married woman so wretched herself that she discouraged matrimony among her young relatives and friends. Scarcely were the Dormers seated at dinner, and the first outbreak of invectives against cook, waiter and market-woman at an end, than the meek Harriet remarked, with an attempt at the playfulness for which she was distinguished before broken to the hymenial yoke: "Ariana, you had better have the ham placed before you, that you may learn to carve, as I suspect from the visit which you received this morning that you will soon be at the head of your own table."

Mr. Dormer checked the grimace by which he was expressing disgust at the over-done mutton before him, and stared, but ventured not a question.

"Never more mistaken in your life, sister. Mr. Dormer cannot spare me," was Ariana's laughing reply; "he would burst a blood-vessel in one of his fury-fits, if I were not here to soothe him."

"Am I such a tyrant then?" asked Mr. Dormer, in nearly as humble a tone as his wife would have used.

"A very despot; but not worse at heart than most men. There is scarcely one who does not revenge himself for the rude world's buffetings, by inflicting all sorts of petty annoyances upon those at home," was the calm reply.

"You will certainly be an old maid, Ariana," remarked Mrs. Dormer, as she cast a furtive glance at the egotising object of all her thoughts.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," said

Ariana, smiling at the fearful tone in which the remark was made. "I had rather be caged in a menagerie, than obliged from morning to night to listen to the growling of a human tiger."

"Mr. Atherton Burney is very mild, and only needs a gentle shepherdess to make him perfectly lamb-like," said Mr. Dormer, with an attempt at sportiveness which reminded his sister of the fabled donkey emulating the lap-dog's playfulness.

"I never liked pastorals," she began, but the time for joking was at an end.

The servant, in handing Mr. Dormer a glass of water, spilled part of the contents upon his plate, and stood trembling at the angry rebuke which his carelessness had called forth.

"Misnamed lords of creation," thought Ariana for the hundredth time, as she saw what a trifle had disturbed her brother's equanimity.

There was a dead silence for a few moments, only broken by the clatter of knives and forks, and then Mr. Dormer, casting very much such a glance at his sister-in-law as a naughty boy would at his offended mamma, muttered—"the steamer is in to-day and the banks are breaking faster than ever."

Mrs. Dormer looked sympathetic at this intelligence, and Ariana remarked kindly—"Business troubles you then! It must be very tormenting," and a suspicion flashed across her mind that men, after all, might sometimes have an excuse for their ill-humor.

"Well, if we are to lose our money, let us keep our temper," she added, as she rose to leave the table. Then turning to her sister she said—"Do n't sit up for me, Harriet. If I am not at home before nine, I shall stay all night at sister Jane's—she sent for me to spend the evening with her, and—and you know it is always quite uncertain whether Mr. Daley will be in a humor to escort me home."

CHAPTER III.

If I were only sure that fishes did not feel, I should not mind hooking them, said a lad of tender heart.

Miss Ariana Huntingdon was convinced that men did not feel, and therefore had not the slightest scruple in taking captive as many as came within range of her fascinations.

Had the misanthropical little coquette been old, or ugly, the stronger sex would have risen in a body to expel her from the city, but being very young and very pretty, they seemed to love her all the better for her alleged heresy as to man's supremacy.

"That is one of the most beautiful apparitions that I ever met," said a young gentleman who caught a glimpse of our heroine upon a fashionable promenade, crowded with insipid faces, whose fair unmeaningness was made more conspicuous from being contrasted with the gayest of colors.

"Ashes of roses" would have been the only appropriate hue for some of these *passé* damsels, of whose bloom certainly but the cinders were remaining, on which the marks of their former beauty were faintly traced in sifting characters.

There was a peculiar freshness and individuality in Ariana's appearance, arising from her clear, original

intellect, which made her always noticed, even by those who did not admire the piquant style of her beauty. Then her dress, without tres-passing upon the mode of the season, bore some tasteful addition, so unique, that it was at once surmised that she must be very *distingué* to be allowed such independence.

"Madame Bonheurie has not a hat trimmed in that manner," said a characterless parvenu, who could not have afforded even a ribbon without a pedigree.

The article of dress, thus criticised, was a hat of delicate rose-color, but, alas! instead of wearing the stiff top-knots of ribbon which were then in vogue, Ariana had arranged the trimming so as to drop upon one side, without hiding the swan-like throat of its *petite* wearer. Her mantle, too, though unexceptionable in the richness and color of the velvet, was but slightly trimmed, and its graceful sleeves were quite unlike the stiff armlets through which some fair ladies' hands were peeping in unnatural constraint.

Ariana, while smiling sweetly on her acquaintances, moderated her tokens of favor upon this particular day, that no one stepped to her side to offer their escort, for she was deep in meditation.

"Am I really anxious to be an old maid?" was the question she was revolving in her own mind, and every antiquated maiden whom she met seemed to weigh against the affirmative that an hour since she would have been ready to pronounce.

"Yes," however, sprung to her lips as she entered the parlor of Professor Daley, or rather study, as it might more appropriately be named. All signs of feminine refinement were neutralized in this uncomfortable apartment by huge piles of books, placed where most convenient for that gentleman.

If Mrs. Daley flew into a passion on the subject, and declared that she had seldom a place where a guest could be seated, he took up another volume, and perhaps, laid the one he had been reading upon the only vacant chair.

"You are the rudest man in the world, Madison," was Ariana's involuntary exclamation, as her learned connection gave her a kind of *chin bow* when she entered the apartment, without appearing to favor her with a single glance.

"That is what I always tell him," rejoined Jane, who seemed, as is the case with some one in most families, to have absorbed all the spirit intended amply to endow the whole; "read, read, from morning till night. I might as well have no husband."

Like the boy under stoical tuition, if Mr. Daley had learned nothing else from philosophy, it had enabled him to meet reproach with perfect calmness. It is questionable, however, if that mode of meeting reproach is a virtue, which instead of turning away wrath, infuriates it beyond all bounds. Mr. Daley's perfect indifference to the happiness of every living thing, was the alkali to the acid of Mrs. Daley's character, and produced violent fermentation. How cold those blue eyes of his looked through the green spectacles worn to repair the effect of constant study by lamp-light! It would have been well if the carpet could have been defended from the effects of these nocturnal vigils, as many a spot was visible in spite of the constant wear

which had reduced the once elastic Brussels to a like-cloth consistency.

Home, to the men of science, was only a place where the torch of mind was to be re-lighted; his wife a being who fed it with oil, and her house the mere laboratory used for those supplies of a physical nature which made the ethereal flame burn purer and brighter.

What a pity it is that all who are destined to play the part of cyphers have not a taste for nomenclature! Mrs. Daley, as she often told her husband, who, however, had not once seemed to hear the remark, "never dreamed before her marriage that it would come to this." To be sure he had been a different man as a lover, but it is one of the standing wonders of the world how the wise and great ever condescended to the foolishness of courting; yet philosophers in love are always lamentably absent, and being quite out of their element, flounder away more boisterously than any other kind of fish, but marriage puts them again at ease, and then their cold blood creeps on uninterrupted in its sluggish course.

"Old maid or not old maid," again passed through Ariana's mind as her eyes rested on Mr. Daley's boots, which, in their turn, rested upon the marble mantel-piece.

"Literary men are I presume all just such bears, and men of business like Andrew." Single-blessedness would have carried the day had not the most finical of her maiden acquaintances arisen to efface the images of the brothers-in-law.

"Do these old books make you happy, Madison Daley?" she asked, when her sister was quite exhausted with the relation of her grievances. The Professor had been caught looking up at the cessation of the sound of his wife's tongue, which he seemed to have imagined was to be perpetual.

One cannot pretend to deafness as easily when they meet the eye of a questioner, and a cold "Yes," fell from the thin lips of the philosopher. He instantly resumed reading a "Treatise upon the promotion of individual happiness, as the only certain way of enhancing national prosperity."

It was a lucky thing for Ariana, that with her quick perception of character she had so strong a love for the ludicrous, for what otherwise might have aroused her indignation now only excited her mirth. The incongruity between Professor Daley's philanthropic studies and his habitual selfishness, struck her as so droll that she burst into a merry peal of laughter. The astonished glance of the Professor at this sudden merriment said quite plainly, "Is the girl demented?" and Jane's querulous voice, still more audibly,

"It is easy enough to laugh at other people's misfortunes! I only wish that I may live to see you married, and yet as much alone and as dependent on your own exertions, as if you had no natural protector."

Ariana knew by long experience that her sister considered Mr. Daley's faults as her exclusive property, and wished others to speak of him always as if he were a model of a man. When she spoke in society herself of her learned husband, no one would have dreamed that she had discovered the feet of her idol to be of

clay, but in *tit-a-tiles* she even insinuated to him that they were slightly cloven.

Ariana had a good share of mother wit, and knew very well the wisdom of exciting a counteracting passion when she had subjected herself to reproof by her open disrespect toward her learned brother-in-law.

"You told me, sister," she said soothingly, "that you expected company, and my aid would be needed in preparing for their reception."

All Mrs. Daley's motions were sudden, and at this remark she started up, exclaiming, "There! I have not given half my orders in the kitchen, and I dare say that the children have put the dining-room all out of order while I have been talking here. Do go and see to them, while I tell Betty what linen to put on the bed in the spare room."

One would have thought that the dining-room might have been sacred to eating and drinking, but the Professor had insisted on piling the surplus of his library in one corner of this cold, parlor-looking apartment. People have various ideas of comfort, but to Ariana's eyes the disorder which her pretty little niece and nephew had caused was rather an improvement.

Archie had built a very respectable house out of the Encyclopedias, and a large stone inkstand, which luckily was corked, served very well, when turned upside down, for a parlor centre-table. A smaller one and an accompanying sand-box, from his mother's escritoir, answered for ottomans, and upon them two table-napkins, with strings round their waists, to improve their figures, were sitting up, quite like ladies and gentlemen.

The bright faces of Archie and Etta wore a troubled expression, at the opening of the door, but it turned to one of unfeigned delight as they both scampered toward Ariana, exclaiming—"Oh, aunty, come and see our pretty baby-house. We have found out such a nice way of using pa's tiresome old books."

Like the cat transformed to a lady, who always showed her feline origin at the sight of a mouse, Ariana seemed always to return to childhood when in company with Archie and Etta. Mrs. Daley might as well have set a monkey to keep them out of mischief, for down dropped the moderator on the floor beside the baby-house, and commenced twisting the napkins into most ludicrous imitations of humanity. Etta finding that while her aunty was thus employed, she could get a nice chance at playing with her hair, nily drew out the comb and fell to "turling it" over her little fingers, while Archie clapped his hands and danced about in wild delight at the beauty of the napkin ladies and gentlemen—"Hark! there was a foot-step in the hall—no! two. The door opened and the Professor, with scarcely a glance at the occupants of the room, thrust into it a tall, fine-looking stranger, and merely saying, "My sister-in-law, Cousin Arthur," retreated.

Ariana was so much amused at this strange introduction of the visitor, that she scarcely thought of her own disordered appearance.

"So, brother Madison has ejected you, sir, from his study at once," she said smiling. "His way of making people completely at home is by turning them out of

his own door. Do take a seat with us children, and my sister will be here presently."

Arthur Grayson had a great respect for his cousin, the Professor, having never seen him in domestic life, and only knowing his high reputation among the scientific men of the day. He was ignorant of the reason why Ariana spoke in so disrespectful a tone of so near a connection, and it seemed a want of politeness.

"No beauty can atone for such rudeness," he thought to himself, but replied courteously, "My cousin probably knew what society I should find most entertaining, and I am glad that he did not allow me to trespass upon his time."

Before Ariana could answer this remark, Jane emerged from a stair-case leading to the kitchen, with a bowl in her hand, exclaiming, "Do, Ariana, stir up this cake."

In her surprise at the sight of the stranger, the bowl slipped from her hand and fell on the floor, scattering its yet fluid contents in every direction. Our pretty man-hater turned mischievously toward Arthur Grayson, to observe how he bore the bespattering of the very elegant suit of broadcloth in which his unexceptionable form was enveloped, but instead of betraying any marks of irritation, he said with perfect self-command and good-humor, "I presume that the dispenser of such good things can only be that Lady Bountiful, my Cousin Jane, of whose open-handed hospitality I have often heard."

It could never have been said of Mrs. Daley that she was

"Mistress of herself though china fall."

And to have lost china and cake both together was quite too severe a trial of her patience.

Ariana immediately came to her relief, by saying to the guest very politely, "Will you walk into the study with me, sir. I assure you that Madison does not care how many people are there, so he is saved from the task of entertaining them."

"It is all the fault of that selfish animal," she added mentally. "What is the use of all the learning in the world if unmix'd with a particle of common sense."

CHAPTER IV.

A week after Arthur Grayson's arrival in the city, the following letter was received at his father's delightful residence on the banks of the Susquehanna:

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Were it not for the domestic happiness I have witnessed at home, I should begin to believe that no literary man ought ever to marry. When I remember your anecdotes of the mischievous pranks of little Madison Daley, and then look at his immovable face, I can scarcely believe that he is the same individual. His soul, during the last seven years, must have as completely changed as the elements of that stiff-knit frau, which day and night is bent over some ponderous volume, for not an atom of playfulness or bonhomie now enters into his composition. Perhaps a "silent loving woman" might have retarded this metamorphosis, but Cousin Jane is of quite a different class. Out of respect to you, dear mother, I try always to think that women are free from blame, and sincerely commiserate the philoso-

pher's wife, who makes me thoroughly uncomfortable, by trying to make me comfortable, and her children wretched, in endeavoring to bring them up properly. Her promised visit to Castleton, will, I am sure, be a green spot in her existence, and the mummy husband makes no opposition to the excursion. Will you have the kindness to include in your invitation, Miss Ariana Huntingdon, a sister of Madison's wife, whom I should like you to know as a peculiar specimen of womanhood. She has wit and beauty enough to fascinate any man, were it not for her having conceived so thorough and unfeminine a contempt for mankind, that she is often guilty of such rudeness that my heart resists all her attractions. Andrew Dormer and Madison Daley are not, it is true, such men as would give any person of discernment a high respect for our sex, yet it is a mark of a little mind to condemn whole classes for the faults of individuals. Then Miss Ariana is an arrant little coquette, insisting that it is of service to a man to break his heart, as it will have a little softness ever afterward, whereas it otherwise would continue all stone. We have many pleasant tilts on these subjects, and when pushed for a reason, she always maintains her cause by such cunning sarcasms, that I am obliged to own myself defeated. 'Men at home!' is her frequent exclamation, in a tone of perfect contempt, at any new proof of the selfishness of her brothers-in-law. I wonder if she would dare to utter this sneer at the lords of creation, after seeing my honored father under his own hospitable roof. Please say to him that I have almost completed the business entrusted to my care, and shall return home in two weeks from tomorrow. Till then, I remain as ever,

"Your devoted son,

"ARTHUR GRAYSON."

"This old study is not such a disagreeable room after all," said Ariana, as she was encoined in the low window-seat, with Arthur Grayson beside her. They were hidden from the view of her brother-in-law by his long overcoat, which no remonstrances could induce him to have hung elsewhere. "Madison has probably discovered that the parlors of Hercules were thus ornamented," she continued, pointing to a pair of boots which were standing in the midst of the apartment.

"It is a very pleasant room to me," he replied, "and I shall long remember the hours spent here."

A glance of joy shot from Ariana's eyes, but it passed away as she thought, "I dare say both of my brothers-in-law used to say just such agreeable things before they were married." "If I ever meet with a man who tries to be disagreeable, I shall believe that he is sincere," she replied, somewhat pettishly.

"Why do you suspect me of hypocrisy?" said Arthur, coldly. "I remarked that our pleasant chats had cheated me of many weary hours; you cannot doubt that this is the case. I neither said nor intended more."

Ariana had always applauded sincerity, but this frank avowal did not meet her approbation. The *tête-à-tête* was becoming awkward, and was luckily interrupted at this juncture by the ring of the postman. A letter was handed to Mr. Grayson; it contained a note which

he gave to Miss Huntingdon. She blushed at seeing that it bore the signature of Isabella Grayson, and was penned in a feminine hand, of remarkable delicacy and beauty. The flush on her cheek grew absolutely crimson, as she read the polite invitation to accompany her sister on a visit to Castleton the ensuing month. At that moment Arthur Grayson was wishing that he had not induced his mother to extend her hospitality, as Ariana had of late openly announced her predilections for single blessedness, and had at the same time been so bewitchingly agreeable, that he began to feel that her society was dangerous to his peace.

"I fear I must decline this invitation," said she, after a pause of some minutes.

"For what reason?" he asked, while his dark eyes were fixed in close scrutiny upon her varying countenance.

Ariana blushed still deeper, and then attempted to smile, but a tear stole to her eye as she replied with great frankness, "We have spent so many delightful hours together that your memory will be very pleasant, but I am afraid that the charm would be broken if I were to see you at home."

This confession almost drew from Arthur one of still deeper import, but a remembrance flashed upon him of all he had heard of Ariana's coquetry, and he merely replied, "If that is all, I will remain away from Castleton, rather than deprive my mother and Mrs. Daley of the pleasure of your society."

This proposition, however, was by no means agreeable.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I have no idea of exiling you on my account, only promise to try and not be very disagreeable."

This pledge was easily given. Soon after a messenger arrived to say that Mr. Dormer was quite unwell, and begged that Mrs. Daley would spare Ariana.

If there be any where in the world a striking instance of the fallen pride of humanity, a sick man affords the example.

When Ariana returned, Mr. Dormer was lying on the sofa, in the parlor, in his gay dressing-gown, having absolutely refused to go to his chamber and be regularly treated as a patient. Harriet stood by him with a wine-glass of medicine in one hand, and a saucer of sweetmeats in the other, trying to coax the invalid to swallow the dose she had so carefully prepared for him. The naughtiest of boys never made up such rueful faces, or protested more willfully against the disagreeable injunction.

"There's no use," he said at last, angrily; "I'd rather die than swallow such stuff."

"But, dear Andrew, what could I do without you?" said the affectionate Mrs. Dormer, now almost in tears.

A sudden and violent pain made her husband inclined to change his resolution, and snatching the glass, he said, "There, give me the sweatmeats, quick." With much writhing and choking, he swallowed a dose which one of his children would have taken without a murmur.

"What is the matter, Andrew?" asked Ariana, kindly, as she stepped to his side.

"Matter enough," he replied, "my stomach is

entirely ruined by the horrid messes on which I have been fed for the last month. A horse could not have stood the cooking to which I have been forced to submit."

Mr. Dormer, after smoking his digestive organs out of order, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, now actually believed that he was an injured man, victimized by a bad cook and a careless wife.

Such a miserable week as followed this scene had rarely fallen to Ariana's lot, but she was really grateful to Mr. Dormer for his disinterested kindness to her, and relieved her sister of much trouble and care. Every day that detained the peevish patient from his business made him still more unreasonable and exacting. He would have been well much sooner if any one could have induced him to obey the orders of the physician. After a dose of calomel, he would insist on a hearty dinner of beef-steak, and when purposely kept in a low state to prevent the danger of fever, called loudly for wine or brandy, declaring that his wife would like nothing better than to see his strength so reduced that there could be no hope of his recovery.

The servants were so exhausted with his caprices that the chambermaid took French leave, and then Mrs. Dormer, who had double duty to perform, was taxed with inattention to his wants.

"I wonder if Arthur Grayson has a strong constitution?" was the question which passed through Ariana's mind, as she witnessed the daily martyrdom of her meek sister. Now the dressing was all torn from the blisters of the impatient invalid, then the covering thrown off, and a moment after a complaint made that some outer door had been left open on purpose to freeze him to death. Every dose of medicine was taken with a struggle, every word of advice regarded as an infringement on his rights.

Where was that clever fellow, Andrew Dormer? What would the merchants on 'change have said to the transformation? Nothing, we presume, for like himself, they were few of them clever fellows to their own wives and servants.

CHAPTER V.

It is quite an objection to rail-roads and steamboats that they present so few inconveniences as to give one but little opportunity of discovering the temper and good-breeding of their fellow passengers. Nobody is crowded within, nobody has to sit without, no one is sick on the back seat, or lacks support on the middle one, as used to be the case in those dear old stage-coaches, where persons were shaken out of all ceremony, and jostled into a pleasant acquaintance.

A private carriage, however, if well filled, has still its points of trial; and the Grayson equipage, when packed with the Daley family, promises to exercise the patience of its inmates.

Of course, the ladies were too modern to be troubled with handboxes; but Mrs. Daley's beautiful traveling-bag, which had been worked by her sister, needed as much tending as a baby; and the bouquet of flowers, which Ariana was carrying from a city green-house to Mrs. Grayson, in a tin case, wanted great care, being sprinkled every time that the horses were watered.

Arthur Grayson had been early schooled to consider annoyance at petty evils as totally unworthy of a man of sense, and there was no affectation in his indifference to his own ease while making the ladies as comfortable as lay within his power. He even succeeded in beguiling Etty from Ariana's arm to his own, and Jane's brow grew smoother at every mile, from finding the children so easily amused. Archie Daley had a quick inquiring mind, and drank in eagerly all the information which his friend gave with regard to the objects that they passed on the road. At length, wearied with pleasure, he fell asleep, leaning his whole weight on Arthur's, while Etta slumbered on his breast, as much at home as if in her nurse's arms.

Ariana had been unusually silent during the journey. The peculiar gentleness of her companion, his delicate attentions to Jane and herself, with his sweet consideration for the children, and carelessness of his own comfort, made her wish that the journey might be long, and suggested the thought how happy any one would be, who should enjoy such protection through life.

These reflections gave an unusual softness to her generally vivacious manners, which was peculiarly attractive; and Arthur, as he glanced at the little sleeper on his bosom, and then at the sweet smile on Ariana's face, had his own dreams also of domestic bliss.

These gentle thoughts had not faded from the hearts of our travelers, nor the light of the setting sun from the evening sky, when they entered the open gates of Castleton. An elderly gentleman, of noble appearance, stood on the porch of his fine mansion, to welcome the strangers. His dignified yet kindly manners impressed Ariana with instant respect, but she felt a still deeper emotion in receiving the cordial greetings of Mrs. Grayson. Arthur's mother was still a beautiful woman, though her hair was slightly silvered with age, for her dark eye was intellectually bright, while a smile of uncommon sweetness played around her pleasant mouth. The heart of the orphan was touched by the motherly kindness of tone with which she was welcomed; and as she heard the joyful greeting which Arthur received from both his parents, and the tender respect with which it was returned, she felt that there was a happiness in domestic life of which she had scarcely dreamed.

"We must not forget your health, Mary, in our pleasure at seeing our friends," said Judge Grayson, to his wife, as he gently placed her arm in his, and led the way to the cheerful parlor.

How much expression there is in the interior of any dwelling! That tastefully ornamented room, provided with every comfort for the elder members of the family, and filled with materials of amusements for all persons of cultivated minds, breathed nothing but peace and joy.

Arthur placed a footstool at his mother's feet, and then rang for a servant, to show the ladies to their apartment, while Judge Grayson was helping them to disencumber themselves from some of their numerous wrappings. Archie had loitered to take a ride on the porch, where he had spied a rocking-horse, which had been brought down from the garret with a view to his

amusement, while Etty had caught up a kitten which seemed used to nothing but kindness.

"What an excellent housekeeper Mrs. Grayson appears to be!" was Jane's exclamation, the moment that they reached their apartment. "They say that the judge is a learned man, but I do not see any thing that looks like it."

A disorderly dwelling, and a cold, disagreeable man at its head, were to Mrs. Daley, alas! the usual indications of the abode of literature. She had not noticed that one little cabinet of books in the parlor, contained some very profound works, and that the large room opposite, was a well furnished library.

The beautiful art of making others happy had been so completely studied by Mrs. Grayson, that before the evening passed away, Mrs. Daley and her sister scarcely remembered that they were guests. As Ariana began to feel perfectly at home, her natural vivacity arose, and the judge smiled pleasantly at her lively rejoinders to the playful remarks of his son.

Now and then Mrs. Grayson looked up a little seriously, from her conversation on family affairs with Jane, as if afraid that Arthur might be tempted to some slight rudeness, in replying to the gay sallies of his companion.

CHAPTER VI.

When Ariana awoke the next morning, she feared that her last night's enjoyment had been all a dream; but a glance around her chamber convinced her that at least she was not in the habitation of either of her sisters.

The sound of a loud, manly voice below, fully restored her to consciousness, and with it came the tormenting thought that it must be Judge Grayson. I am afraid that after all he is like other men at Home, was her mental ejaculation.

The voice came nearer, but its tones were not harsh, and Ariana now distinctly heard the words, 'Up, up, Arthur! Your mother wishes a letter sent to the village, and we ride there on horseback before breakfast. Hurry, my boy!'

"Here I am, sir, booted and spurred," was distinctly audible, in a gay, yet respectful tone. And then the cheerful voices of father and son, as they mounted their horses and rode away.

"Take another muffin, Miss Ariana," said the judge, as they sat at breakfast. "It may be vanity, but I think my wife always manages to have nicer muffins than are found any where else in the whole country. I know Arthur is of the same opinion, for he gives us the best possible proof of it."

The son gave a similar assent, and Ariana thought of Andrew Dormer and his habit of finding fault with every thing that was placed before him.

It is not much the fashion at the present day for young men to consult their parents with regard to their love affairs, but Arthur Grayson walked closely in the footsteps of his father, and he was a gentleman of the old school. Were this mode more prevalent, there would not be so many unhappy mothers-in-law and such miserable wives.

The visitors from the city had spent two days at Castleton before Arthur could ask his mother's advice about the subject which lay nearest his heart. The moment, however, that he found an opportunity of speaking to her alone, he said, eagerly, "What do you think of Ariana?"

"A question that I am not yet qualified to answer, my son," was her reply, while she looked earnestly into his troubled face, as if seeking to discover how deeply he was interested in the inquiry, which he had just made.

"You do not like her, I see plainly," he hastily remarked, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"You are much mistaken in that supposition, my dear Arthur. On the contrary, her frankness and talents interest me exceedingly, and even her faults make me anxious for a more intimate acquaintance, for I think that I might be of service in aiding her to overcome them. I am not sure, however, that she would be a suitable companion for life for my darling son, if that is what you wish to know."

"Then I must not stay here any longer," he exclaimed, impetuously. "I have too much confidence in your judgment to believe that I could ever be happy with any one, of whose character you disapproved. I feared that it would be so."

"You are too hasty, Arthur. Why does the opinion I have expressed make it necessary for you to leave home?"

"Because I have discovered that I love her too well to trust myself longer in her society," he answered, with agitation.

"Then you are right in your resolution. Why do you not make your long promised visit to Carysford Lee? If I find on further acquaintance that Ariana is worthy of your affection, you shall not long remain in ignorance of the conclusion."

"Thank you," Arthur replied, and then sorrow of heart prevented him from adding more, but kissing affectionately his mother's pale cheek, he hastily left the apartment.

Ariana's face was radiant with smiles when she descended to the dining-room. Her gaiety, however, quickly disappeared when Arthur, who sat next to her at the table, asked abruptly, "Have you any commands for my friend, Lee; I am going this afternoon to Allendale, to remain with him for a few weeks."

Luckily for Ariana, Jane immediately exclaimed, "What, going to run away from us so soon. How will the children get along without you?"

"Please don't go, sir?" said Archie, mournfully.

"I cannot finish my new bow without your help."

"I will show you about it," said the judge, kindly, "and take you to ride on horse-back behind me, just as Arthur has done."

By this time Ariana had recovered her composure, and said, with an attempt at gaiety, "What a delightful time we ladies shall have with none to molest or make us afraid. The only fear will be, that I shall quite forget my saucy ways if I have no one to practice them upon."

"Suppose you should make me a target for your wit," said the judge, playfully.

"My weapons would only rebound upon myself, with so invulnerable a mark," she replied, in a respectful tone.

A conversation, in which evident constraint was visible, followed, and every one glad when the meal was at last over. An hour afterward Arthur's horse was brought round to the door, and with an air of extreme embarrassment, he bade Mrs. Daley and Ariana a hasty farewell. The assumed indifference of the latter was so well counterfeited, that her lover rode away with the full conviction that his absence was considered as a relief.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, Judge Grayson was obliged to leave Castleton to attend a court at a neighboring village, and the ladies were left in sole possession of the mansion.

"How dull it is here to-day," said Ariana, to her sister, as they were *tête-à-tête*, while Mrs. Grayson was occupied with domestic affairs. "I just saw a pair of boots at the door of the opposite chamber, and it was actually a delightful sight. I really think that everlasting overcoat of Madison's would be a pleasant addition to our prospect in this dearth of mankind."

Jane was delighted at a chance to revenge herself for all Ariana's attacks upon the odd ways of the professor. "What ails you," she said, "to make such strange remarks; they come very unexpectedly from such a professed man-hater. Why I have heard you say, that Eden could not be a Paradise to you, if men were allowed to enter it."

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Jenny. We grow wiser every day," said Ariana, playfully. "Do you need me here this morning?"

"No, I shall be busy in copying these receipts for cake, but if you will have an eye to the children who are down stairs, I shall be obliged to you."

Ariana took up her basket containing a pair of slippers, which she was working for Andrew Dormer, and went into the parlor, where she hoped to find Mrs. Grayson.

That lady was, however, not there, but soon came in, and setting down her work, commenced one of those easy, confidential chats, which make two people better acquainted than years of intercourse in general society.

"I am going to ask a question, which you will think very strange," said Ariana, at length, "but it would make me so much happier if I was certain about it."

"What is it, dear?" asked the kind lady, with a benevolent smile, which encouraged curiosity.

"Will you then tell me," said Ariana, hesitatingly, "if Judge Grayson is always as kind and agreeable at home as he appears to us?"

The tears rose to Mrs. Grayson's eyes as she answered, "He has never been otherwise. I could not with propriety have replied to your question if I had not testimony to bear to his never failing love and kindness."

"Oh! how glad I am!" exclaimed Ariana, with a fervency that startled her companion. "All the men I know are so disagreeable in their own homes, and so

neglectful of the comfort of their wives, that I thought the rest of the world were like them."

"It is too true, my child," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly, "that there are those who sacrifice their private peace to their public duties, or exhibit at home the vexation consequent upon lives of constant toil and anxiety. Even where this is the case, however, it is a woman's duty to give her home all the cheerfulness in her power; and if her husband is not in private life what she could wish, the secret should be confined to her own bosom."

Mrs. Grayson was one of the few persons who can give advice so discreetly as not to wound the feelings of the person whom they are trying to benefit. Her last remark made Ariana feel the impropriety of having allowed the faults of her brothers-in-law, who were generous, indeed, though their manners were often so disagreeable. Her confession in this respect was so frankly made, that it won upon Mrs. Grayson's affection, and their conversation continued in a still more confidential tone.

Day after day Ariana would glide down into the parlor, to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with her new friend, while Jane was occupied with her receipts, and the children busy at play. Her laughing philosophy was only the armor of pride, and her warm, generous feelings gushed forth unrestrained, in conversing with Mrs. Grayson. The sportive bursts of humor, which were so perfectly natural to her lively disposition, awoke in the elder lady some of the vivacity of her early years, and Jane would be startled from her monotonous employment, by the sound of their merry laughter. Inensibly the bright, impulsive girl was winding around the heart of her friend, in trying to win whose approbation her own character was rapidly improving.

There was only one subject on which there was not perfect confidence between Mrs. Grayson and Ariana. Arthur's name was never mentioned by either of them. Ariana could not with delicacy, tell his mother how bitterly she was grieved at his departure, but her languid eyes, and frequently wandering thoughts, revealed the truth.

Sometimes, when at evening Judge Grayson returned from court, she saw the affectionate meeting with his dear wife, she would sigh deeply, as if looking on happiness that could never be her own.

The six weeks which Mrs. Daley intended to spend at Castleton, had passed rapidly away. On the morrow the family were to return to the city, and all regretted the necessity for their separation.

As Ariana sat listening to the regrets of Mrs. Grayson and her sister that their intercourse was so soon to be terminated, she was unable to command her spirits, and under pretence of breathing the fresh air, walked out upon the piazza. She stood looking toward the stars in melancholy abstraction, when a gentleman came suddenly around the corner of the house, and stood at her side. "Mr. Grayson!" she exclaimed, with such unaffected joy, that a smile of delight beamed on his face as he eagerly seized her proffered hand.

"Did you not then know that I was to return this evening?" he asked. "Could you think that I would allow you to depart without saying farewell?"

"You left us so abruptly, that I did not know what to expect," she replied, blushing deeply.

"Did you not object to coming here lest my presence should mar your enjoyment?" he inquired, mischievously.

"But you know," she replied, with warmth, "what was the reason for that silly remark."

"Why silly? If seeing me at home might destroy your respect, it was quite wise to send me into banishment," he remarked, playfully.

"But I could not have done so, I am sure, now," she replied, earnestly.

"Have you really sufficient faith in any man to believe him free from the faults which I have so often heard you impute to the whole sex?"

The question was put in a jesting tone, but Arthur listened eagerly for her reply.

"Your father's constant politeness has overcome all those foolish prejudices. I do believe that his son may resemble him."

"Would you dare to trust your happiness to the keeping of that son?" he asked, with tender earnestness.

"I should," she replied with characteristic promptness, while a tear glistened in her eye.

"Then why may not this place henceforth be your

home. My mother already loves you dearly, and my father's approbation sanctions my suit."

Ariana's consent was easily won to this proposition, and then Arthur went to announce his own arrival to the family circle, while she stole to her apartment to compose her agitated heart.

Mrs. Daley insisted that Ariana should remain with her a month previous to her marriage, and then Mr. Dormer pleaded for a visit of equal length. Andrew would have been quite out of humor at her loss, were it not for the pleasure of bearing that she had given up her rebellious thoughts as to man's supremacy. The professor was so much ameliorated by Jane's more prudent conduct, that he presented the bride elect with a set of very dry books, in token of regard for her choice. Mr. Dormer made her many valuable gifts, though his manner of bestowing favors almost neutralized the pleasure which he otherwise would have conferred.

Ariana Huntingdon has been for many years a happy wife. Arthur Grayson has found that well regulated wit and cheerful independence, heighten domestic life; and Ariana asserts that men deserve the title of Lords of Creation, and that her Arthur, to be fully appreciated, must be seen "at Home."

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

It is not that I shrink to yield
My soul to God, whose claim is just;
I know my spirit is his own,
And that this human frame is dust;
To Him my higher powers I owe,
The light of mind, the faith of love;
Too mean the service of a life
My senseless gratitude to prove;
But still I pause in mortal fear,
For life is sweet—and death is drear.

The ties that bound me close to earth
With deep affection's tender chain,
Were severed by his sovereign will,
And tears and agony were vain;
And blighted hope and withering care
Their shadows o'er my soul have cast;
And sunny dreams, that fancy wove
Of rainbow hues, to soon have past;
But still I pause in mortal fear,
And life is sweet—and death is drear.

For memory brings to me again
The dear ones that are laid to rest,
And scenes 'mid which they bore a part
In lovely visions haunt my breast;
Their looks, their words, their beaming smiles,

Soft tears from out my eyelids press;
They're with me through the waking day,
My nightly slumbers gently bless;
And still I pause in mortal fear,
For life is sweet—and death is drear.

My faithful friends whose gentle deeds
Of kindness words were poor to tell;
My daily walks, my favorite flowers,
The page where genius throws its spell,
And Nature with its varied hues,
Where spring and summer brightly glow,
By many a fine and subtle link
Of custom round my being grow;
And still I pause in mortal fear,
For life is sweet—and death is drear.

Kind Lord! subdue this trembling dread,
My spirit nerve with firmer zeal,
Death is the portal of our life,
Its promised good Thou wilt reveal;
And in thy word I read with joy
The blessings that believers share,
And peace within my bosom steals,
The heavenly peace that springs from prayer;
No more I pause in mortal fear,
The grave is sweet when Thou art near.

A YEAR AND A DAY:

OR THE WILL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. HUTLER.

(Concluded from page 199.)

CHAPTER IV.

WE will take a brief retrospect of the last two years in the life of Crayford.

Upon a pleasant summer evening, two gentlemen, mounted on fine, spirited steeds, came gayly cantering down the gentle slope of a hill, and across the rustic bridge which formed the entrance to a small village in the interior of Pennsylvania, just as a party of merry milk-maids were returning the same way from the green pastures beyond. The road, or rather lane, was here quite narrow, and observing the rapid approach of the equestrians, the girls hastily stepping aside into the deep grass, stood still for them to pass by. Instead of doing so, however, they slackened their pace, and one of them reigning in his steed, gazed impertinently into the blushing faces of the village girls.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, in a low voice to his companion, "what a pair of eyes that little witch has in the blue petticoat—and what a shape! look at her, Hastings."

The damsel thus pointed out could not have been more than sixteen. In face and form a perfect Hebe, with a most superb pair of laughing black eyes, shaded by long curling lashes. Her little sun-bonnet was thrown off, but rested loosely upon her shoulders; her hair, which was as black and brilliant as her eyes, was cut short to her beautiful neck, and clustered in tight ringlets over her finely formed head, upon the top of which sat her pail of foaming milk. With one hand she held it lightly poised, while the other rested upon her hip, in an attitude most graceful and picturesque. Her petticoat was of dark-blue bombazet, set off by a white muslin short-gown reaching half way to the knees, where it was finished with a narrow frilling—a dress still in vogue among the farmers' daughters both in Pennsylvania and New England—and a very pretty dress it is, too. Her little feet were bare, hiding themselves modestly in the tall grass.

"The girl is an angel—a perfect divinity!" replied Hastings, after a ruder stare at the young maid, "What a sensation she would make—eh, Crayford!"

"I say, Hastings," added the other, with a devilish leer, "it will be worth our while to stay here a day or two—what say you?"

To this Hastings returned a significant wink, which was responded to by the other in the same way.

During these remarks they had rode slowly on, but now suddenly wheeling his horse, Crayford once more approached the little group, and lifting his hat, bowed most gracefully as he said,

"Can you tell me, fair maidens, where my friend and myself may be so fortunate as to find a night's lodging?"

We are somewhat fatigued with a long day's ride, and would fain rest our weary limbs, as also our jaded steeds. Can you direct us, then, to some public house in your village?"

A sprightly blue-eyed girl, delighted to be of service to the polite stranger, stepped quickly forward, and said, while her cheeks grew redder and redder, and her eyes rounded with every word:

"O, yes, sir, there is a good tavern at the other end of the village, and here is Effie Day, she lives there, you know, for it is her grandfather who keeps the house; here, Effie, you will show the gentleman the way, wont you Effie?"

"By all the saints, how lucky!" whispered Crayford, to his friend—Effie proving to be no other than the identical maiden who had so charmed him.

Springing from his horse, and throwing the reins to Hastings with a meaning glance, Crayford lifted the pail from the head of the blushing girl, and begged the privilege of assisting her with her burden, while she acted as his guide to the inn. The girls all laughed merrily at this, but Effie, blushing still deeper, drew her sun-bonnet closely over her face, and tripped lightly on before him, so fleetly, too, whether from bashfulness or mischief, that her gallant could scarcely keep pace with her twinkling feet. On reaching the inn, his fair guide suddenly disappeared, leaving Crayford to dispose of the milk-pail as he could, to the no small delight of Hastings, who highly enjoyed the evident discomfiture of his friend.

The old landlord welcomed the strangers heartily, and gave them the best rooms his house could boast, and soon placed before them an excellent supper. But what gave it its true zest was the attendance of the pretty milk-maid—and a more lovely cup-bearer never served the gods.

Poor Effie Day was but an infant when both her parents were taken from her by death, and no other home had she ever known than the roof of her kind old grandfather. With a tenderness far exceeding that which they had felt for their own children did her grandparents regard her, and in pity for her orphan state, indulged her in every wish which it was in their power to grant. As she grew up her beauty and vivacity was their pride, and no theme could sooner reach their hearts than the praises of their darling Effie. She was brought up in all the simplicity of country life; a circuit of ten miles the boundary of her little world, and from books her knowledge was scarcely more. Yet the birds which sang at her window, or the lambs with whom she skipped in the meadows, were not more gay or happy than was the old inn-

keeper's bright darling child, when like the serpent in Paradise, Crayford came. He found the honest old couple and the artless Effie of the very sort whom his cunning could most easily dupe, and with skill which would not have disgraced a demon, set about his fiendish work—for most cogent reasons of his own disguising his name under that of Belmont, while his worthy co-adjutor assumed that of Jervis.

Feigning to be charmed with the locality of this little town, they made known their intention of passing several weeks in its vicinity. But why enter into the details of a plot such as should call down the avenging bolt of heaven. Suffice it, alas! to say, that sin and villainy triumphed, and as pure a child as ever the finger of God rested upon, was enticed from her home, from her poor old doting grandparents.

Under a solemn promise of marriage the unfortunate Effie eloped with her base betrayer.

Upon reaching Philadelphia, the form of marriage was gone through with by a convenient priest, and the sacrifice of innocence completed. For some months, but for the memory of the aged couple, in the silent shades of her native valley, she was as happy as a young confiding wife could be in the love, nay, adoration of her husband. The lodgings Crayford rented were in an obscure part of the city, and furnished most meagerly for the taste of one accustomed to fashionable display, yet Effie, who had never seen any thing more grand than the parson's parlor at home, thought even a queen could not be more sumptuously lodged, and she was very sure could not be more happy.

Poor, poor Effie!

This devotion on the part of Crayford continued while his humor lasted—no longer; nor did one gleam of pity for the unfortunate girl lead him to wear the mask only as long as suited his own pleasure. The heart sickens to dwell upon the anguish of poor Effie, thus abandoned by one for whom she had sacrificed all—one so friendless, so forlorn, so young and so beautiful.

The woman with whom she lodged allowed her to remain under her roof until she had stripped her of the little she possessed—of her clothing, and the few ornaments Crayford had given her; then, when no more was to be gained, she thrust her forth into the streets to die, or live by a fate worse than death!

Alas! that in a world so fair as this, such things really are, needing no aid from fancy to portray their atrociousness.

All day did the poor girl wander through the busy crowd, gazing piteously into the faces of the multitude, and if by chance one more kindly than others bent an eye upon her, she would ask them for Belmont. But no one could tell her aught. And then night came—dark, desolate night. On, from street to street passed the unfortunate, shrinking from the rude stare, and still ruder speech of brutes calling themselves men; no one offering a shelter to the homeless wanderer, and even her own sex meeting her appeals with coarse, unfeeling laughter.

Blame her not, that suddenly yielding to the despair of her young heart, she sought in death relief.

It was near the hour of midnight when she found

herself upon one of the wharves. Dark and cold stretched the river before her; dark and cold was to her the world she was leaving. For a moment she paused, and gazed despairingly around her; tears trickled down her pallid cheeks, for she felt she was young to die; and she wept still more when she thought upon her aged grandparents, who would never know her sad fate. Then arose before her, floating as it were upon the heaving mass of waters, on which her eyes were fixed, that peaceful valley, with the green hills sweeping around it, and the rustic dwellings of her playmates and friends looking out upon her beseechingly from their pleasant shades as she stood there in her loneliness; and as a far-off symphony of sweet sounds came floating by, the glad voices which Nature had sang to her in childhood. Poor Effie Day! what pleasant memories were crowded into those few brief moments.

"Belmont!" she shrieked, suddenly starting from that far-off dream. "Belmont, may God forgive you the deed I am about to do!"

Then falling on her knees, she clasped her trembling hands, murmuring a prayer for pardon and mercy. Now casting one long, shuddering look upon the cold, dark river, she was about to plunge therein, when a strong arm was thrown around her, and she was forcibly drawn back several feet from the verge on which she had stood poised.

"Wretched girl, what would you do?" said a voice in her ear.

She heard no more, for a faintness came over her, and but for the arm still around her, she would have fallen insensible to the ground. When she recovered, she found herself upon a bed in a small, neat apartment. A woman of mild countenance was leaning over her, chafing her hands and temples, and at the foot of the bed stood a gentleman dressed in deep mourning, with his full, dark eyes fixed upon her with pity and kindness.

"Poor child!" she heard the woman say, just as she opened her eyes; "I'll warrant some of those gay gallants have broken her heart! Bless her, she is coming to—there, there darling, how does thee feel now?"

But ere poor Effie could reply, the gentleman placed his finger on his lips, as if to caution her from speaking, then preparing some soothing anodyne, he bade the woman administer it as quickly as possible, and promising to be back at an early hour in the morning, took leave.

When the morning came, however, the unfortunate girl was raving in all the delirium of fever, which for weeks baffled medical skill. Youth at length triumphed over disease, and she was once more able to leave her bed. During this time she had made known at intervals, her sad history to the good woman of the house, and the benevolent stranger who had snatched her from a watery grave.

Every where the latter sought to discover the perfidious Belmont, and on pursuing his inquiries for the grandparents of the wretched girl, he learned that grief at the desertion of their child, had broken the old people's hearts; first the father, then the mother, had

been borne to their long homes. A distant relative had seized upon the little homestead, and already a flaunting sign usurped the head of good old Penn, which for more than half a century had smiled benignly down upon travelers.

Effie begged to remain with Mrs. Wing, who kept a small thread and needle store in — Lane, near the river; and the kind woman felt so much pity for her lonely, unprotected situation, that she readily granted her request. She was soon able to assist in the labors of the shop, and to make herself in many ways useful. Of the kind stranger she saw but little, but from Mrs. Wing she learned that he had generously defrayed all the expenses of her illness. He came but seldom, but when he did, he spoke to her so kindly, encouraged her with so much gentleness, soothing her sorrows, and leading her mind to that Higher source where alone she might look for comfort, that Effie regarded him in the light of a superior being.

Thus months rolled on, and no tidings of Belmont reached Effie. One morning, as she stood arranging a few fancy articles upon the broad window-seat in a manner which might display their beauty to the best advantage, she threw up the sash for a moment to inhale the fine breeze which came sweeping up from the river. The day was lovely. The gentle undulating surface of the Delaware, cleft by a hundred flashing oars, with the keels of many noble vessels buried in her sparkling tide, their white sails swelling to the breeze, stretched before her in beauty, while above, cloudless and serene was the blue vault of heaven.

A pleasure yacht had just neared the wharf, and from it a party of gentlemen sprang to land, and with rather boisterous mirth, crossed the street directly opposite where Effie still stood at the window. Suddenly her eyes rested upon one of that gay group, and for a moment it seemed as if breath and motion were suspended in the intensity of her gaze. She could not be mistaken—he knew she was not—it was Belmont, her husband; and scarcely knowing what she did, she rushed to the door, and with a wild scream of joy, threw herself upon the breast of Crayford.

"Ho, ho, Crayford, you are in luck, my boy!" shouted one of the party; "by Jove she's an angel!"

Overwhelmed with confusion, and taken by surprise at the sudden appearance of one whom he had hoped never to see more, Crayford for half a minute stood irresolute, then struggling to disengage himself from her embrace, he exclaimed angrily,

"Off, woman—none of your tricks with me; off, I say!"

Casting roughly aside those tender arms which clung to him so despairingly, poor Effie would have fallen to the ground but for another of the party, who, seizing her just as she was sinking, cried with mock pathos,

"Here, pretty one, the fellow is a monster; here, I will take care of you—come, kiss me!"

But Effie sprang from his arms, and clasping the knees of Crayford as she saw the heartless wretch moving on,

"Belmont, my husband!" she cried, in tones of piercing anguish, "do not, O, do not leave me again; no, you will not be so cruel—take me with you!"

"That's cool, by heavens!—ha! ha! ha!" shouted Crayford, with infernal daring, "you are crazy, child! I am not your Belmont; perhaps this is he—or this," pointing from one to the other of his companions.

The look of wo with which the poor girl received this cruel speech, did not escape their notice, and, hardened as they were, they were moved to pity, and the rude jests died on their lips.

Effie rose from her knees, and tottering a step forward, placed her trembling hand upon the outstretched arm of Crayford. With an oath he spurned her from him, when in his path their suddenly arose one whose cold, searching glance, struck terror to his guilty soul.

"Crayford, I know you!" exclaimed the stranger. "This, then, is your infernal work; ay, tremble, thou base destroyer of innocence. Away, I say, ere I am tempted to do a deed shall shame my manhood!"

Livid with rage, Crayford drew a dirk from his bosom, and rushed suddenly upon the stranger; but in an instant it was wrenched from his hand, then seizing the wretch by the collar, as he would a dog, he hurled him off the curb-stone, and with such force, as sent him half across the street, and then lifting tenderly the form of the fainting girl in his arms, bore her into the house.

The reader will, of course, infer that Crayford and the stranger had met before. They had; nor was this the first dark deed to which the latter knew Crayford might lay claim.

To draw our long digression to a close, suffice it to say, that it was the unfortunate Effie Day whom Florence had met while walking with Crayford, and that the gentleman whom she had pointed out to him in the picture gallery, was no other than the stranger of whom we have just spoken, and whose appearance had so perceptibly agitated her companion.

CHAPTER V.

We will now return to Florence, whom we left in a state of such cruel suspense, and it would be difficult to say, perhaps, which of the two at the moment she hoped to find the most sincere—Crayford or the unknown.

She felt she had gone too far to recede, and that it had now become her duty to probe this enigma thoroughly. Her confidence in Crayford was too much impaired for her to receive him again into her presence so long as such doubts hung around his character. "I will obey the instructions of this unknown Mentor," said she, "it cannot be that he is false; no, to this Mrs. Belmont, then, will I go, and go alone."

Ordering a carriage, therefore, and directing the driver to No. 7 — Lane, she set forth upon an errand which, for a young, unprotected female, was certainly rather hazardous. Of its locality she had no knowledge; and when she found herself gradually approaching the opposite side of the city from her own residence, passing through narrow streets, and at every turning drawing nearer to the river, she would have felt more apprehension but for the words of the unknown: "Fear not," urged the note, "one will be near you who will protect you with his life." These words reassured her, for she had so long accustomed herself to

regard him in the light of her protector and friend, that even now, when her doubts almost distracted her, she still gave herself up to the pleasing thought that he was near, and no danger could befall her.

"This is No. 7 — Lane," said the coachman, reigning in his horses before the thread and needle store of Mrs. Wing, "whom shall I ask for?"

"Never mind, I will go in myself," answered Florence.

Mrs. Wing was sitting in a little back room, but seeing a lady enter the shop, arose and came forward to the counter.

"Is there a Mrs. Belmont lodges here?" inquired Florence.

"There is a young woman of that name in my employ, friend—would thee like to see her? If thee does, thee can go to her room—she has been very ill."

Florence bowing assent, the good woman led the way up a narrow staircase, and opened the door of a neat little chamber, saying, as she motioned Florence to go in,

"Here is a young woman to see thee, Effie," immediately withdrew.

Near the bed, in a large easy-chair, propped up by pillows, sat poor Effie Day. Not a tinge of the rose, once blooming so freshly there, could be traced on that pale cheek, and of the same marble hue were her lips and brow. These, contrasted by her jet-black hair, and eyes so large and brilliant, imparted a strange ghastliness to her appearance. At the first glance Florence recognized her as the young woman whom Crayford had pointed out to her as a fortune-teller.

This at once opened a new channel for thought, and supposing, therefore, that she had been directed thither for the purpose of consulting her art, she said, half timidly approaching her,

"Can you tell my fortune for me?"

Poor Effie, too, had recognized the lovely girl whom she had seen walking with him she still believed to be her husband, and looking up with a sad earnestness of expression, made answer,

"Your fortune! O, my beautiful young lady, may it never be so wretched as mine!" Then noticing the evident perturbation of Florence's manner, she continued, "Can I serve you in any way?"

"I was sent to you for the purpose, as I suppose, of having my fortune told," answered Florence.

"There is some mistake," replied Effie, a half smile flitting over her pale face, "I am not a fortune-teller."

"But I thought—I understood—that is—Mr. Crayford told me you were. Did I not meet you one day in Chestnut street?" asked Florence.

A faint color tinged the cheek of Effie, and her beautiful eyes drooped low as she answered,

"You did—too well do I remember it—you looking so happy, and I so sad! Yes, I saw you point me out to Belmont."

"Belmont! I know no such person," said Florence, "it was Mr. Crayford who was with me—it was Mr. Crayford who told me you were a fortune-teller."

"Did he—did he tell you so?" said Effie, bursting into tears, "for, alas! young lady, it was Belmont—it was my husband you were walking with!"

"Your husband!" cried Florence, aghast.

"Yes, my husband. Dear young lady, think not I am mistaken—would that I were! I saw those eyes, so full of love, fixed on your blushing face—heard the soft tones of his voice as he bent low to address you. Yes, I saw all—heard all; and then, ah then!" cried Effie, with a shudder, and raising her tearful eyes to heaven, "what a look he cast upon me! But did he—did Belmont send you to me?" she eagerly demanded.

"No, he did not—it was another who directed me here. And now, my poor girl," said Florence, drawing her chair close to Effie, and kindly taking her hand—"I see that you have been cruelly treated—will you then tell me your history—will you tell me of Crayford, or Belmont, for I now see they are one and the same."

"Do you love him?" asked Effie, sadly.

"No, I do not love him, nor is it probable we shall ever meet again," replied Florence.

"But he has sought your love—and yet you love him not—how strange! I love him! O, would to God! did not!" and here the poor girl sobbed aloud, while Florence, overcome by emotion, threw her arms around the unfortunate, and resting her head on her bosom, mingled tears with hers.

When both were a little more calm, Florence again urged her to reveal her sorrows, which Effie did in language so simple and earnest as carried conviction to the mind of her listener, who shuddered as the fearful abyss in which she had been so nearly lost, thus opened before her.

"And do you know the name of the person who has been so kind to you?" asked Florence, referring to the preserver of Effie.

"I know not," answered Effie, "neither does Mrs. Wing, "but to me, dear young lady, he has been an angel of goodness!"

"Strange!" thought Florence, "this benevolent stranger can surely be no other than my unknown friend. He is, then, all I first imagined him—kind, noble, disinterested—and yet I have doubted him; how am I reprieved! but for him, my own fate might, perhaps, have resembled that of the unfortunate girl before me!"

While lost in these reflections, she was suddenly startled by a slight scream from Effie, who, grasping her arm tightly, said, while her pale face crimsoned, and her bosom heaved tumultuously,

"Hark! his voice—it is his voice!"

"Whose voice—what is the matter?" demanded Florence.

"Do you not know," continued Effie, as half rising she bent her little head, and raised her finger in an attitude of deep attention, "do you not know Belmont's voice? Ah, I see now very well you do not love him."

"Belmont! good heavens, what shall I do!" exclaimed Florence, starting up, "is there no way for me to escape—not for worlds would I have him find me here!"

"Go in there," said Effie, pointing to a small door, "but you will be obliged to remain there—there is no other way."

"Then I must, of course, hear all you say," said Florence, shrinking instinctively from thus intruding

upon the young girl's privacy. Effie looked up confidently and answered,

"It is well; if this meeting is to restore me my happiness, you will rejoice with me; if it plunge me in still greater woe, then, dear lady, it is better for you to know it!"

Florence had no time to reply, for now a man's step was heard quickly ascending the stairs. Springing into the little room adjoining, she closed the door, and panting with agitation, awaited the result. Again the words of the unknown recurred to her, "Fear not! one will be near you, who will protect you with his life."

Scarcely had Florence withdrawn, when the other door was opened, and a man wearing a cloak, with his hat drawn far down over his face, entered, then closing it, and carefully turning the key, he advanced toward Effie, who had risen, and stood clinging to the easy-chair to support her trembling limbs.

"You are surprised to see me, I suppose, child," said he, throwing off his cloak and hat, and revealing the form and features of Crayford.

"My dear husband, do we then meet again?" cried Effie, feebly extending her arms, as she sunk back into the chair.

Crayford folded his arms across his breast, and throwing himself carelessly upon a seat, said,

"I have come to settle matters with you, that's all. What the d—! are you doing here!"

"Don't speak so cruelly to me—don't, Belmont!" cried poor Effie, bursting into tears. "O, if you knew the anguish I have endured since you left me; if you knew, that, driven to despair, I even sought to take my own life, you would pity me! If you knew how I have watched for you—sought for you—how I have waited for you, you would at least have compassion on me!"

"You're a fool!" exclaimed Crayford, brutally. "Why I thought you would have learned better by this time; but since you have not, why you must not be in my way, that's all. Now listen to me; you must go out of the city—and look you, on condition that you will never come back again, I will give you a thousand dollars; come, that's generous, now—most men would let you go to the — before they would do as much for you. The fact is, child, I am going to be married, and to a beautiful, rich lady."

"Married!" shrieked Effie, starting to her feet, and catching his arm, "married—am I not your wife?"

"Ha! ha! ha!—come, that's a good one; not exactly, child, you are only my wife, *pour passer le temps*, as the French say. No, that was all a hoax—you are free, and with a thousand dollars to buy you a husband! Now is not that better?" said Crayford, chucking her under the chin.

Effie did not reply. It needed not—those eyes, more eloquent than words, fastened upon his guilty countenance, told plainly a villain's work of woe wrought in her young, trusting heart. Crayford, hardened as he was, quailed under their reproach.

At length she spoke, but there was an unnatural coldness in her voice,

"Who is the lady you will marry?" she said.

"Well, I will tell you—and, by the way, you came

near ruining my prospects there. She saw you in Chestnut street one day, as we were walking, and you looked so—queer at me, that, faith, I were put to my trumps, and mumbled over something about your being a crazy fortune-teller—was not that well done?"

"It was well done," answered Effie, in the same tone; "but her name—tell me her name."

"Her name is May—a young, pretty widow; though, on my soul, Effie—why I declare, now I look at you, you are almost as handsome as ever; if it was not for her money, she might look further for a husband. But come, I am in a hurry; I want you to sign this paper, pledging yourself to leave the city never to return, upon which condition I also pledge myself to give you a thousand dollars—will you sign it?"

"I will," answered Effie, "but I require a witness."

"A witness—nonsense! well, bring up the old woman, then."

"It is not necessary—here is one," said Effie, advancing with a firm step to the inner door, and throwing it wide.

"Severe in youthful beauty," Florence came forth. Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen from heaven, Crayford could not have been more paralyzed. Florence paused upon the threshold.

"Go!" said she, waving her hand, "go, Mr. Crayford, this innocent girl is under my protection. I have heard all—I know all—bogone, sir!"

And, incapable of uttering one word, the guilty wretch, awed by the majesty of virtue, stole away as a fiend from the presence of an angel.

The over-tasked firmness of poor Effie now gave way; and piteous it was to witness the agony of her grief and shame.

"Poor, unhappy child!" cried Florence, taking her to her bosom, and tenderly soothing her, "you have been basely, cruelly dealt with! Heavens! I shudder when I think what my fate might have been but for this discovery!"

"She remained some hours with the wretched girl, nor left her until she had become more tranquil, when, with the assurance that she would see her again in a very few days, she took an affectionate leave of poor Effie Day, and returned home.

I will state here that the mysterious friend of Florence May knew nothing of Crayford's visit to the victim of his wiles. He merely intended that from the lips of Effie, she might learn his baseness. Her meeting with Crayford, therefore, was one of those singular coincidences which often startle even the most skeptical.

Florence returned home with feelings difficult to analyze. The interest with which the unknown had from the first inspired her, now suddenly acquired new strength. She had proved him to be the friend he professed, while his kindness to the unfortunate Effie (for she doubted not his individuality) was another proof of his excellence, showing that his goodness of heart did not confine itself alone to her welfare, which might be attributable, perhaps, to his avowed attachment, but could find its way to succor where'er distress or wretchedness dwelt. She felt this love and kindness merited return—and her heart timidly awarded it.

Selecting a beautiful emerald ring from her jewels, she enclosed it with the following note:

"Generous, noble friend, I have proved your assertions true. O, pardon my doubts! You have said you love me; will you then deem it bold in me if I acknowledge the interest with which you have inspired me. Yet you say we may never meet; why is this? Accept the enclosed, and with it the gratitude of Florence."

"You then acknowledge an interest in me," wrote the unknown, in reply. "Thanks, a thousand thanks. The time approaches when the barrier now existing may be removed, and then I may hope to win your love! Where, now, are those despairing thoughts which crushed me with their weight of woe; one kind word from you, and as the soft moonbeams dispel the blackness of night, they have fled, and around me is the light of joy—hope—happiness."

CHAPTER VI.

Ten months a widow—was there ever such folly!

To be sure, much might be done in two more, if one earnestly set about it—for Florence had a pair of eyes, and a tongue might "call an angel down."

Yet to those about her, she seemed more reckless of her fate than ever—going out but seldom, and scarcely allowing any gentleman to approach her presence.

The old housekeeper, who was strongly attached to her young mistress, had fretted and scolded to herself for weeks and months. The only time when she managed to preserve her equanimity, was when Crayford visited the house, for then she saw plainly an offer of marriage, and a wedding-party in the bottom of her tea-cup, while love-letters and kisses sparkled in the candle! But when, like all others, he was also dismissed, the poor soul could contain herself no longer, but breaking in abruptly upon Florence one morning, she thus began:

"Does thee know what month it is?"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Hicks," answered Florence, raising her eyes from her painting.

"And does thee know that in two more thee has been a widow one year?"

"Alas, yes! but why—why, Mrs. Hicks, do you remind me of it?"

"Truly, child—has thee forgotten thee must marry!"

"Must marry! O no, my good friend, not unless I please—and it is not my will to marry, said Florence, smiling.

"Not thy will to marry!" exclaimed Mrs. Hicks, lifting up both hands; "and so thy will is to be poor!"

"Yes," answered Florence, "if you call it being poor to be possessed of health and strength, added to three hundred dollars a year. Poor! why my dear Mrs. Hicks, I shall be rich—really rich!"

"Rich! Ah, thee talks like a simple child! What will thee do with thy health and strength and three hundred dollars!"

"O, much," replied Florence. "With two hundred I can hire a neat little house—with the other I can furnish it comfortably, and with my health and strength I can teach music and painting; and, if you please, dear

Mrs. Hicks, you shall live with me, and so shall poor Effie Day."

"Child, thee knows nothing of life," cried the good woman, wiping her eyes. "Verily, it makes my heart sad to see thee blindly throwing from thee the fortune that good old Abel May did give thee! Child, thee does not act in accordance with the wishes of that good man; for, truly, he did beseech thee to marry, that thee might retain the good gifts of the world!"

Florence threw her arms around the neck of the old lady.

"I thank you, dear Mrs. Hicks, for I know you mean all you have said for my good; but not to possess intentions could I be tempted to barter my affections; and even if I loved, I would not marry within the prescribed year, when by remaining a widow, I can give to the relations of that excellent man, the fortune to which I have no claim, save in his kindness for one unfortunate. Could I have done so, I would long since have yielded up my rights."

"Thee is a noble, good girl; and so long as these hands can work, they shall work for thee; but I am sorry, nevertheless, to see thee giving up to the lovers of Mammon what they have so long coveted. Verily it grieves me, too, that young Abel May does not return! Ah, child, child, I hope thee may never be sorry!" and affectionately kissing her young lady, Mrs. Hicks went back to her work, half pleased, half angry with the determination of Florence.

In the meantime, slowly, slowly, to the kindred of old Abel May, circled the twelve months, dating from the day of his death; suspiciously, anxiously, uneasily watching every movement of the young widow.

But joy, joy! The long looked-for morning at length dawned. To their eager gaze the sun seemed like a huge golden guinea, as he smiled from the eastern sky upon their hopes, and soft and silky as bank-note paper appeared the thin, vapory clouds floating o'er his path.

Again from marble-columned squares and by-lanes, from suburban cottages and distant villages they came, flocking in like vultures, all ready to pounce down upon the innocent little lamb whom old Abel May had sheltered in his bosom.

Nor were their torments ended here; even then a new fear seized upon them. Who knows what desperation might effect; the widow that very day might take it into her head to marry—they had no doubt she would.

Alas! each hour marking the twelve of that day of doom, was but a type of the preceding twelve month, which had finally brought around the joyful anniversary.

Midnight sounded. Hurra! hurra! The widow unmarried; and bright, sparkling dollars, like shooting stars, falling around them.

At twelve, M. precisely, the lawyers bowed themselves into the spacious parlor of the deceased, for it could no longer be called the widow's, in order to read again the last will and testament.

Triumph sat again upon the countenances of those whom the occasion had called together, although some

made most woful faces in trying to squeeze out a few tears, thinking it would be judicious to consider the old man as just dead. But Florence was as provokingly cheerful and handsome as ever—why one would have thought she was about to receive a fortune instead of losing one; and it even seemed as if she could hardly suppress her laughter as she glanced around at the expectant heirs.

The man of law at length drew forth the will with an emphatic "*Hew,*" premonitory.

Then on all sides there was a general stir; the gentlemen pulled up their shirt-collars and elongated their faces; the ladies smoothed down their mourning robes and held their handkerchiefs ready to receive a tear when occasion should call it forth.

The reading commenced, and all eyes turned exultingly upon Florence as these words sounded audibly:

"To my beloved wife, Florence, I do bequeath all my property, both personal and real, consisting of," etc., etc., "provided that within one year from the day of my death she marries. But if, at the expiration of that time she still remain a widow, then I do annul my will in her favor, and do bequeath the same to my nephew, Abel May, provided he returns within the said year. If not, then unto those who can bring good proofs of their consanguinity to me, do I direct my property to be equally distributed. Always excepting an annuity of three hundred dollars, to be paid to my beloved wife, so long as she lives, etc."

"Nonsense!"

"Three hundred dollars!"

"An old fool!" echoed softly from lip to lip—the paltry sum already dashing their cup of joy.

"You have heard the will, ladies and gentlemen," said the lawyer, addressing the company, "I believe Mrs. May acknowledges herself still a widow—will you signify the same, madam?"

Florence bowed.

"You observe, ladies and gentlemen, the lady admits herself a widow; then, of course, it only remains for me to announce young Abel May as sole heir to all the property, both personal and real, of which the testator died possessed."

"But Abel May has not returned!" was the general exclamation.

"Abel May has returned—Abel May is here to claim his rights!" said the lawyer, screech owl that he was to their ears.

The folding doors were thrown open, and a gentleman slowly advanced within the circle.

Did Florence dream—was it no vision of her ima-

gination! for as she looked upon the stranger, the same eyes she had seen so mournfully gazing upon her in the picture gallery, but which now, beaming with happiness, met hers, while upon his finger—a star of hope—glittered the emerald ring she had sent the unknown.

Slightly bowing to the astonished assembly, Abel May eagerly approached her. The happy girl looked up with a sweet smile as he drew near; what need of words, her beautiful eyes were far more eloquent, and with thrilling joy the young heir caught her to his bosom.

At first the discomfited relatives disputed the identity of the tall, elegant stranger, with the lad who so many years before went roving; but his proofs were indisputable. So out of the room, and out of the house, and back again to their homes, with unreplenished purses, they quickly dispersed.

It appears that young May returned only a few weeks subsequent to the death of his uncle from the East Indies, where he had accumulated a handsome fortune. By accident he saw Florence, and was deeply interested by her appearance. Aware that a lapse of so many years must have materially altered his person, he resolved to remain incognito. Frequent opportunities of seeing the young widow ripened the interest she had first inspired into affection. Yet he would not present himself to her notice amid the throng of fortune-hunters and idle flatterers who surrounded her. Rumor had made known to him the nature of the will, and he resolved to abide the year, taking upon himself, meanwhile, the pleasing office of acting as the protector and guide of the young, inexperienced widow. If, at the end of the year, she had so far evinced a soul above all sordid views as to remain unmarried, then, and not till then, would he seek to gain her love. With the fortune, however, which, in the event of her remaining single, would fall to him, he nobly resolved to have no share, and had therefore drawn up an instrument by which he relinquished all claim in favor of Florence, whether successful in obtaining her affection or not. This only awaited its proper time to be duly attested.

A year and a day brought results with which the reader is already acquainted, and a few weeks witnessed the happy union of Florence and young Abel May.

Under the roof of her benefactor and his lovely wife, the unfortunate Elsie Day found a home and kind friends. Of Crayford nothing more was ever heard. It was supposed he had left the country for a field less obnoxious to the display of his peculiar attributes.

LINES.

BY FORLORN HOPE.

FAREST! Nature now is smiling, serene, lovely and be-
 Let us to the sea shore stray, [gulling,
 Where are billows ever filling—wiling there our hours
 Listening to the ocean's thunder, [away
 Gazing on the skies with wonder, wonder as each world
 Poised in space above. [we number

Lo! Diana in her glory rising o'er you promontory,
 Trace to earth the moon-beam's flight,
 Beauty to our planet lending, blending white they are de-
 With the sombre shades of night. [ascending
 Tune thy lute, love, touch it idly, that the tones may echo
 And sighs of softest passion move. [wildly

MAJOR ANSPACH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARC FOURNIER.



CHAPTER I.

MAJOR ANSPACH was an old gentleman who was as thin as he was long, nay, even thinner than he was long.

Forty years before the epoch when occurred, oh reader, the events we shall take the liberty to recount to you, the worthy major was the finest looking musqueteer in the regiment of Monsieur d'Artois. He possessed some fortune, belonged to one of the best families in Lorraine, could fence to admiration, and had a heart at the service of the fair sex. The ladies of the court and city, to whom a son of Mars is always irresistible, of course were not insensible to the attractions of a musqueteer of five feet eleven, and the major, on his part, was so gallant in his attentions to them, that his captain gave him the title of the Turenne of *boudoirs*.

But forty years leave some traces of their flight; Major Anspach in 1827 was the mere shadow of his former self, and retained of his vanished splendor only a scanty income of 800 livres, a pair of black plush pantaloons, a long snuff-colored overcoat, and a garter for which he paid forty crowns a year.

Notwithstanding this serious diminution of the means of happiness, the major, who was a widower, contrived to enjoy himself perfectly for at least six months in the year. How few persons do we see who can boast of being satisfied with their destiny one day out of two?

It is true that the moderate pleasures of Major Anspach did not materially encroach on his pocket, and for this we deem the cidevant musqueteer worthy of eulogium. He limited his enjoyments to a promenade in the Tuileries, each time that the sun deigned to shine on its precincts, happy alike when the Dog Star raged or under the frozen beams of a wintry sky. As this orb however rarely deigns to show us his face in unclouded brilliance, our old friend had made it his profound study to discover that part of the garden in which he could enjoy the rays of Phœbus without exposure to their intensity.

After much research and divers trials, the major at last made his choice. At the extremity of the terrace des Feuillants is a platform, embowered in trees and shrubs, which commands a view of the Place de la Concorde, and the architectural entrance to that part

of the garden. A balustrade terminates this platform, and by a graceful sweep conducts you to a pleasant enclosure between the avenues and the western gate of the Tuileries. This turn in the balustrade forms then, as you will perceive, an acute angle with the line of the platform, and it is of the summit of this angle, whose sides are composed of two walls about twelve feet high, which form a fortified corner, that we are going to speak. Exposed to the rising sun, this spot (as the reader may ascertain for himself if he likes) seems expressly constructed in order to concentrate the greatest possible heat in the smallest space, which heat would indeed be insupportable were it not surrounded with flowering shrubs and thickets to render it agreeable to the frequenters of the place.

Major Anspach, for reasons pertaining a little to his plush inexpressibles, avoided all contact with the peering crowd; and although gazing with pleasure on the sports of the children who visited the garden, nothing would have annoyed him more than too close a proximity to the young rogues, or to the fresh and frisky damsels with laughing eyes who had charge of the juveniles. It was essential to his comfort, therefore, to select a position where he could see without being seen, and also that his seat should be of such narrow limits that when he once occupied it, no one could expect to share it with him.

This bench M. Anspach had at last discovered at the intersection of the balustrade and platform, between two hedges of woodbine and honeysuckle, shaded by the foliage of a noble tree, and fragrant with roses and jasmine. He could there bask in the morning sun, enjoy a refreshing breeze at noon, and in the evening luxuriate in the perfume exhaled from the flowers and shrubs. The place, however, was so narrow, and so completely buried in the surrounding foliage that, although, as we have before insinuated, our friend was the longest and thinnest of majors, he could not, without some trouble, ensconce himself within its limits, but, once seated, his angular figure so completely coincided with the geometrical accident of the bench, that it was impossible for even a fly to find a resting-place beside him.

Established in his daily position, the view of the dazzling façade of the royal palace through the grove of venerable chestnut trees, would plunge the old man in retrospection of the gay scenes in which he had once been an actor, and it was these melancholy though pleasing reminiscences of the past, combined with the murmur of the lively crowd and the mingled perfume and beauty of the flowers and foliage, that rendered this spot a terrestrial paradise to the eidivant musqueteer.

And how does it happen, you ask, that this poor Major Anspach, who was really a gentleman and courtier at Versailles forty years ago, should now be reduced to seek a refuge from the sun, and from the inquisitive gaze that might have too closely peered into the mystery of his plush inexpressible?

It was by one of those simple, unforeseen accidents, on which sometimes hangs the destiny of a life-time, and which, in the major's case, occurred in this wise: One evening a celebrated belle, Mademoiselle Guimard,

was so awkward as to drop her handkerchief; the consequence of which was that her friend fell from one trouble into another, until Fate landed him in his long snuff-colored overcoat and plush pantaloons on the bench which is the true subject of this remarkable history.

CHAPTER II.

Mademoiselle Guimard having dropped her handkerchief, of the finest linen cambric, edged with Malines lace, and apparently embroidered by the hands of fairies, the Chevalier de Palissandre, an arrant fop, clothed in velvet, and an expert swordsman, conceived the impertinent idea of stooping to pick it up; but he did it so clumsily that he trod on the toe of Major Anspach, who was just then offering his arm to the lady—how inexcusable! Briefly they exchanged glances—bowed most politely—and the next morning went out to cut each other's throats.

At day-break M. Anspach had his hair dressed, and attiring himself in the most elegant manner, drove in his carriage to the Porte Maillot, which was the place of rendezvous. He put 300,000 francs in gold in his carriage, that he might immediately leave the country for foreign lands, until the family of the chevalier had ceased to mourn his death, for you must know that the major had a certain trick in fencing that he considered sure, so that according to his belief the chevalier was as good as dead.

The thing succeeded as he had foreseen; they made some passes, and as soon as the major perceived that the chevalier was getting excited, he made such a furious thrust en tierce that M. Palissandre saw the flash and fell struck by the thunder.

It was hardly daylight, and M. Anspach was in such a hurry to get in his carriage that he made a mistake, and entering that of the chevalier, was many leagues distant ere he discovered his error, and it was then too late to return.

Arrived at London, he remembered that his banker could tell him what had become of his carriage, his 300,000 francs and the Chevalier de Palissandre. He wrote to him then, and took advantage of the opportunity to ask him to send funds, for after turning his pockets inside out he had only found a few Louis. He had to wait some time for an answer, and in promenading the Park to beguile the weary moments he fell in love with a young Creole from the Spanish West Indies. The lady was on the point of embarking for Havana, and as our heedless hero could not become accustomed to the climate nor the plum-pudding, he raised a thousand crowns on some diamonds he had with him, and borrowed a thousand Louis from a friend attached to the French embassy, whom he had fortunately encountered in the street; the next morning he embarked on the same vessel as the young Creole, and was on his way to the West Indies.

After arriving at the Havana he wrote again to his banker, asking anew for his carriage and the chevalier, and demanding money. But the vessel that carried his dispatches was apparently lost, for six months afterward, the major had spent his last doubloon, and was still expecting an answer from his agent; he was

also terribly tired of his love affair. In this emergency he thought the best means to obtain information was to seek it in person, even at the risk of being arrested as a deserter from his regiment; he resolved, however, to be prudent, and to enter Paris incognito. He sold his warhorse to pay for his passage, and landed without any misfortune, assuming the first name that occurred to him.

His friends who recognized him gave him a warm welcome, and informed him that his banker had left for America, carrying with him 500,000 francs, the price of an estate the major had sold the year previous. This new accident entirely disturbed his equanimity, as the above sum, with that lost in the carriage, comprised nearly all his fortune.

He had no resource but in the chevalier, but the chevalier he was told, after being an invalid for two weeks, had as soon as he was able to leave his bed started for London. The major, who inferred that the chevalier was anxious to return him his sword cut and his money, was touched even to tears by this generosity, and the next morning embarked for London in pursuit of his magnanimous foe.

Arrived at the great English metropolis, he ran to the embassy, visited all the hotels, explored Covent Garden and the Opera, searched the gambling-houses, the fencing-rooms, the coffee-houses—no chevalier! Finally he discovered by application to the firm of Ashburton & Co., bankers in the city, that the chevalier had departed three months before to the Havana. "Oh, the devil!" cried the disappointed major, "how cruel is Fortune, I would not return within reach of the claws of my Creole for all the treasures of the East. I will go to America and horsewhip that rascally banker—that will amuse me."

This was certainly his most obvious course of proceeding, for as he had nothing left but a small income from a farm in the environs of Phalsbourg, it was better to run after 500,000 francs than 100,000 crowns. He therefore embarked for New Orleans, where his banker had sought refuge, and he succeeded in finding him, already penniless from speculating in public lands. The major felt the less remorse for cudgeling him soundly, and then not knowing what else to do, enrolled himself in the corps of M. Lafayette, to fight the English.

He evinced great bravery, and his career would doubtless have been brilliant had it not been for his unfortunate rencontre with M. de Palissandre, which, by rendering him a deserter, made him amenable at any time to the requisition of the Provost of Paris.

The American war terminated; the major found himself tolerably indebted to some generous friends who had divined his uncomfortable position. This circumstance recalled the missing carriage, money, and chevalier to his memory, and he accordingly wrote to the Havana for precise information. But the reply was that no one could be found answering the description of M. de Palissandre, and it was therefore probable he had died on the voyage out. The major almost resolved to hang himself.

On the other side, the payments from his farm had not reached him for some months, and the new aspect

of affairs in 1789 did not inspire him with the desire of going in person to receive his arrears and to learn the cause of their non arrival, he could indeed hardly guess it.

His situation could not be more embarrassing, as things conspired to overwhelm him. "Is there anything so incredible," said he, one evening while seated on the Battery at New York, and in his excitement unconsciously speaking aloud, "is there anything so incredible in my being the sport of such a destiny: that I should have been gallanting Mademoiselle Guimard, when the coquette dropped her handkerchief, and cost me a hundred thousand pounds, without mentioning my scrape with the government at Paris, and my debts that I cannot pay. Oh Fate! who can avert thy blows!"

At this moment some one tapped him on the shoulder.

CHAPTER III.

"Friend," said the new comer, "you appear overwhelmed with trouble. What can I do for you?"

"I will tell you, sir, what you can do," said the major, haughtily drawing himself up; "you can take off your hat when you address me."

"You are right," replied the unknown, with a calm smile, removing his hat, "an honest man respects misfortune."

"It is not my misfortunes, sir, but myself I insist on your respecting, when you do me the honor to speak to me."

"You are French, sir."

"A Frenchman and a nobleman."

"You are mistaken."

"What do you say, sir?"

"I say you cannot be a French nobleman, since there are no more noblemen in France."

"I know not if there be any in France, but there is one here who will make you food for fishes."

"You will not do it."

"Do you mean that for a challenge?"

"Merely as advice. You are the cidevant Baron Anspach, of Phalsbourg, and you descend by the female line from the last Dukes of Lorraine. I know that, and I know also that your farm near Phalsbourg has been confiscated, because you emigrated; that you have no funds in France, and that you are there condemned to death."

"I am obliged to you for the information, but I see nothing in it to prevent my pitching you into the water."

"You may be right, sir; but even should you drown me, I do not perceive how it will improve your affairs. You will only have one friend less, and very certainly one misfortune more."

"It appears, sir, that you have pretensions to wit."

"I do not know which of us two has the most, sir; I, who would enlighten you on your situation, or you who would throw me into the river for offering you my assistance."

"I am your debtor, sir, but a gentleman descended from the last Dukes of Lorraine cannot accept the offers of a stranger."

"And from whom can you expect them here, if not from a stranger?"

"Permit me to inform you, sir, that no gentleman is reduced to humiliation who retains his sword."

"Why, how would you use it?"

"To chastise the scoundrel who would insult me with his importunate pity, and then, rather than expose myself to repeated injury, thrust it through my own body."

"You speak proudly; but acknowledge that you can do better than thus to insult God by disposing of the life of your fellow being and yourself. Are you sure there is no resource left you but suicide?"

"Yes. I have six Louis left."

"Better than that, Major Anspach; there is a treasure in your reach."

"Perhaps you mean wisdom?"

"No, but something that leads to it."

"What then do you mean?"

"Labor."

"Ah, you are a moral reformer."

"I am but an humble creature of God, major, whose consciousness of his fallibility has led him to pursue the useful conjoined to the good. But I have only discovered one resource that is alike beneficial to mind and body, to the one in this world, to the other in eternity."

"And this thing," said M. Anspach thoughtfully, "is labor?"

"Yes, sir, labor—man's destiny since his creation."

"Man—well, you are right, for being no longer a baron I am but a man. But what is your motive in this conversation? You have catechised me for an hour, as if I recognized your right to annoy me. Remember, sir, I do not even know your name."

"That is not true."

"Oh, the devil! take care; you shall not give me the lie twice."

"Well," said the unknown, smiling, "I am going to commit the offence for the third time, in repeating that you cannot be ignorant of my name."

"Faith, sir, if you think your name of any importance, I do not prevent your telling it to me."

"It was my intention to have done so just now, when I offered you my hand and my services. My name is Franklin."

"Franklin! Ah, sir, what have I done! Can you ever pardon me? I throw myself at your feet."

Mr. Franklin raised the major, laughing till the tears came into his eyes, and telling him that it was not the great man he imagined, as that luminary had ceased to enlighten the world two years before, but for want of a better he, George Steward Zachariah Franklin, of the firm of Franklin & Son, of New York, was at his service, and ready to give proofs of his identity to his worthy friend M. Anspach. He further explained, that it was on the recommendation of Lafayette himself, that he had sought him out; the latter on leaving America having related the major's situation and adventures to him, and commended him to his attention. He added that if the major would do him the honor to dine with him, he would have the pleasure of submitting some propositions to him worthy of consideration.

Major Anspach, Baron of Phalsbourg, extended his

hand to Mr. Franklin, and pledged himself to profit for the future by the lesson of wisdom so opportunely received. The banker pursued his advantage so well that three days later the major left for Canada, and three months afterward was superintending the labors of five hundred colonists, who, under his orders, cleared a forest of some eight square leagues.

M. Anspach lived happily in these solitudes for twenty-five years, laboring to introduce civilization into their savage recesses. It was a rude apprenticeship for the cidevant courtier, but it is due to truth to declare that as his fortune increased, the major had the good sense to forget, for the moment at least, that he was descended on the female side from the last Dukes of Lorraine, and having married the daughter of a rich farmer, he thanked Providence, whose inscrutable ways had led him to true happiness at more than 1500 leagues from the Opera. Unfortunately the major's wife died after a brief illness, leaving no children, and the day after her death he received letters from France, apprising him of the return of the Bourbons. The devil then put it into his head to remember his barony of Phalsbourg and his regiment. He immediately sold his American property, realized his whole fortune, which was more than a million of dollars, and embarked on board the Neptune for Havre. The voyage was prosperous until within sight of the coast of Brittany, when a sudden tempest arose, drove the vessel on shore and completely wrecked her. Some passengers were saved, among whom was the major, who landed on the shores of France as poor as he had left them thirty years before.

The only hope left to him after this disaster was, that he should be favorably received at court; and although his views were, in many respects, much changed, he resolved nevertheless to prevent himself to the king, in whose guards he had formerly served. But, from his first appearance, he saw there was no room for delusive expectations. In fact the major was not what was then termed "a nobleman broken down by exile," he had dared to be happy while monarchy suffered, and to enrich himself among republicans, while other men of quality were forced to ask credit from the butchers of Coblenz. They did not even take into account his recent misery, since it was owing to a fortuitous accident, and he was therefore coldly dismissed.

The major was too proud of his maternal descent to abase himself by servility. He sturdily turned his back on the Tuileries, and concentrated all his efforts toward reestablishing himself in his farm at Phalsbourg. He partly succeeded in his object, but when he had paid the advocates, the solicitors, the bailiffs, and the court fees; when he had discharged the debts he owed to some old friends, he found himself the possessor of 800 francs a year and an extremely philosophical wardrobe. He did not complain, but resigned himself to the dictates of necessity; he reduced his desires to the compass of his means, his ambition vanished, his contentment increased, and the man of the American forests, the colonist, reappeared more worthy of esteem in the midst of poverty than when he was rich and powerful in those vast solitudes.

And this brings us back, dear reader, to the little bench so prettily hidden in the clustering jasmine and roses, last retreat, last enjoyment of the eidevent mus-

queteer, who ruined himself twice and became a sage because Mademoiselle Guimard dropped her handkerchief. [Conclusion in our next

HOMEWOOD.

BY P. C. SHANNON.

AMONG the many beautiful country-seats which have, of late years, sprung up around us, there is no one perhaps that in architectural design, in compactness and elegance of finish, surpasses "Homewood," the residence of the Hon. William Wilkins. Throughout all its parts, and in all its arrangements, it presents a chaste and highly tasteful appearance.

The name adopted is quite appropriate. The building stands in the centre of a nearly circular area, the circumference of which is bounded for acres back by the tall oaks of the primeval forest. In the summer, when the grass waves and the flowers unfold their fragrant treasures, this circular area presents to the eye the aspect of an island of verdure surrounded by the dim old trees. When evening approaches and the sun pours his slanting beams through the luxuriant foliage, bathing the boughs in liquid gold, no place can be more delightful than the "columned porch" at Homewood. The warbling of the birds, the fragrance of manifold flowers, the lowing of distant herds, the gentle rustling of the branches moved by the passing breeze, the shouts of the distant harvestmen preparing to leave, with the sun's decline, their daily toil—all combine to lull the heart and to enchant the senses.

The approach is through a spacious avenue, curving as it nears the building, and crossing a little dingle, through which murmurs a gentle streamlet. The scenery is lovely, the soil fertile, the location airy and healthful.

The whole country around abounds in historic associations of the "olden time," when the red man struggled against the advancing column of civilization. And what history has been unable rightfully to appropriate, legend and fiction have gathered up, and woven into dark and solemn drapery, wherewith they have clothed every prominent locality and invested every heroic character of those shadowy ages. Over these fields once roamed the Shawanese, who, driven from Florida, made their way to the head of the Ohio—a powerful, warlike, and restless tribe, who alone of all the Indians retained a tradition that their fathers had crossed the ocean. Not far off dwelt, for a time, a branch of the Leni Lenape, who, in former days, had welcomed the Shawanese to their hunting-grounds. Tradition has it, that afterward the last mentioned tribe, forgetful of former kindness and hospitality, left their homes on the Ohio, crossed the Allegheny Mountains and fell by night upon the camps of the unsuspecting Lenape on the river Juniata, where they massacred many of them, and marched off with prisoners and plunder. Over these grounds, and up as far as

the mouth of the Youghiogony, Queen Aliquippa, spoken of by Washington in his Journal, and visited by him in 1753, governed with rude and simple sway. Shingiss, King of the Delawares, the lover of Aliquippa, had the seat of his regal power near McKee's Rocks, a little below Pittsburgh. He was young, generous and brave, and alliances with him were eagerly sought by both the French and the English. At the rustic court of Aliquippa, and one of her chief advisers, was Tonnaleuka, "prophet and medicine-man"—a solemn, mysterious personage, who sought, in caverns, to hold communion with the invisible world, and who laid claim to great knowledge in occult arts and mysterious rites.

At a distance of two or three miles from Homewood lies Braddock's Field, on the bank of the Monongahela River—the theatre of one of the most prominent occurrences in our colonial history. The total defeat of General Braddock, on the 9th of July, 1755, caused an electric shock throughout the colonies, and occasioned profound grief and astonishment in the mother country. But on this field of death and defeat it was that Washington first gained a renown for wisdom and bravery which will be forever associated with his name. He was often heard to say that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld, "was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was dressed in full uniform; the soldiers were arrayed in columns and marched in exact order; the sun glared from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on one side, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on the other. Officers and men were equally inspired with cheering hopes and confident expectations."

And yet ere the gloom of twilight had encircled the forest, more than half that brilliant army had fallen!

Among the many beautiful traditions relative to Washington, which have been handed down to our times, is one which rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, who, it appears, was the intimate friend of Washington from his boyhood to his death, and who was with him at Braddock's defeat.

"Fifteen years after that event, they traveled together on an expedition to the western country, with a party of woodsmen, for the purpose of exploring wild lands. While near the junction of the Great Kenhawa and Ohio rivers, a company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them by the interpreter, that hearing Col. Washington was in that region, he had come a long

way to visit him, adding that during the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object; fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, (Manitou,) and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of heaven, and *who could never die in battle.*"

HOMEWOOD.

The sinking sun streams through the trees,
That form a circle there;
And fragrant is the gentle breeze
With sweets from flow'rets rare.

It nestles in the ancient wood
Where loved to conch the fawn,
Where oft the dark-browed hunter stood
At break of early dawn.

These time-worn oaks might tell a tale
Of struggles fierce and bold,
When on the hill and in the dale
The tide of battle rolled.

The Shawanese on foeman's trail
No more bound free and light,
Nor cower to hear the moaning wail
Of tempest-howling night.

From southern vales where Suwanee
Rolls turbid to the tide,
They tracked the wand'ring Lenape
Where northern waters glide.

And when night's misty mantle fell
On hill and dusky plain,
Dark Junia's shades could tell
The number of the slain.

That race of bronze hath passed away,
And all the forests broad,
That yielded to its warlike sway,
Are now by strangers trod.

The blue-eyed Saxon plants his maize
In peaceful furrows now,
And through the long, lone summer days
He speeds the glistering plough.

O'er pastures white with sleeping flocks
The night-winds gently sigh,
And fields arrayed in golden shocks
In length'ning shadows lie.

The moon is up—and silv'ry beams
Rest on the grassy mound,
Where Aliquippa's spirit gleams
Along the haunted ground.

They say that in her mystic walks,
When night-dews wet the flowers,
The bright-robed Shingis ever stalks
With her through vernal bowers.

And Tonnaleuka, child of storm,
Comes forth from cavern dark,
With magic zoue bound round his form,
And pouch with healing bark.

And where is she, the laughing maid,
With tress of ebon hue,
Who tripped so blithely through the glade,
Or sped the light canoe?

No sound is heard—no human voice
Breaks through the stillness deep;
The twinkling stars, like saints, rejoice
The ways of God to keep.

O'er Braddock's Field the mist hath spread,
The same as when of yore
It stretched its shroud above the dead
Along the winding shore.

On nodding plume and polished lance
The morn its glories threw,
But proudly waved the flag of France
When stars looked on the dew.

Then loudly hurst the conquering yell
Upon the ripping stream,
While faintly rose, from distant dell,
The wild bird's lonely scream.

And when the drum had ceased to roll,
And all the living fled,
The watching wolf from covert stole
To feast upon the dead.

To far off climes that wail was borne,
O'er waves by tempests tost,
And long did Albion's daughters mourn
The lovers they had lost.

Yet erring was the red man's aim,
Who oft, with leveled gun,
Had sought to rob the page of fame
Of Freedom's noblest son.

When years had fled, that chieftain frail
Went far to see the man,
Who through the battle's fiery hail,
Had fought when Britons ran.

Full long he gazed upon the brow,
And marked the placid eye,
Of him who, loved by Manitou,
Could ne'er in battle die!

The chieftain old has gone to rest
By Great Kenawa's side,
Where th' waving pine bends low its crest,
And the shadows dimly glide.

Close by Potomac's gentle wave,
On Vernon's slope of green,
The nation's father found a grave,
And there his tomb is seen.

'T was fit that here, in forest shade,
This tasteful home should rise,
Where honored age in peace might fade,
Like sun in western skies.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF THE "MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE."

[Illustrated with a View of the Head-Quarters of Gen. Knox, where the Council of War was held previous to the Battle.]

THE battle of Trenton was the turning point of the War of Independence. For months before, the prospects of the Colonies had been darkening, and but for this bold stroke, would soon have set in gloom forever. A brief review of the condition of affairs is necessary to a just comprehension of the battle.

When, in March, 1776, the British found themselves compelled to evacuate Boston, they resolved to carry their arms into the Middle States, and there strike at the very heart of the nation. Accordingly, Sir William Howe, after recruiting his forces at Halifax, sailed for New York. On the 28th of August, at the head of an army twenty-four thousand strong, he defeated the Americans on Long Island; and, a few days subsequently, compelled them to abandon the city of New York. Washington now retreated to White Plains, where an ineffectual engagement followed. Soon Fort Mifflin, at the upper end of the island of Manhattan, was stormed and carried by the royalist troops. Finding it impossible to maintain his hold upon the Hudson, the American general determined to retreat across New Jersey; and accordingly, abandoning all his positions, hurried over the North River, the British following in quick pursuit.

Thus, within two months after the battle of Long Island, the cause of the Colonies sunk into almost hopeless ruin. The enthusiasm which accompanied the first outbreak at Lexington, had given way before the privations of a protracted contest; and the soldiers, who in 1775 had flocked unsolicited to the flag of their country, in 1776 turned a deaf ear to the bounty offered by Congress. In the army, the spirits of both officers and men were broken by a long series of disasters. Before the end of November the force of Washington, by loss in battle, by the expiration of enlistment, by desertion, and by other casualties, had dwindled down to a little over three thousand men. With this remnant of an army he retreated across New Jersey, hotly pursued by Cornwallis, at the head of twenty thousand well appointed troops; nor could he save himself from utter ruin except by throwing the Delaware between himself and his foe. On the 8th of December, he crossed that river, and, having destroyed the bridges behind him, gained a momentary respite.

To the eyes of nearly every man but the commander-in-chief, this momentary relief seemed only an interval of additional agony between the sentence and execution, for ultimate escape appeared impossible. The most sanguine believed that Philadelphia would fall before the month was out. Congress, which had been in session there, hurried off to Baltimore. Meantime, the British, in secure possession of New Jersey, issued a proclamation, requiring every inhabitant to lay down his arms and take the oath of allegiance; and hundreds,

who had been among the most enthusiastic for resistance, but who now despaired of success, hastened to purchase mercy by a timely submission. Even gentlemen high in rank on the side of the Colonies wavered in their patriotism. The panic was universal. The hurricane seemed about to prostrate every thing before it.

In the gloom of this awful tempest, Washington, almost alone, stood unappalled. Not for one moment did his constancy forsake him. He saw the full peril of his situation; but he brought to it the resources of his mighty genius, and the unshaken resolution of his giant soul. Never, in any period of his life, was he greater than in this. No hint of submission crossed his mind. "If Philadelphia falls," he said in public, "we must retreat to the Susquehanna, and thence, if necessary, beyond the Alleghenies." From the moment he had crossed the Delaware, he had been revolving in his mind a plan to change, by one bold act, the whole aspect of the war. The British, instead of being concentrated in some central point, were scattered in detachments over New Jersey, a proceeding they had adopted for the convenience of forage, believing their enemy utterly powerless for aggressive measures. Washington resolved to take advantage of this error, and to strike at several of these detachments at once. He learned that fifteen hundred men, principally Hessians, were cantoned at Trenton, and that smaller bodies lay at Bordentown, Burlington, Mount Holly, and neighboring villages. To cut off one or all of these from the main army was his design.

It has been said, by more than one interested writer, that this masterly idea did not originate with Washington, but was suggested by others; and various officers have been named as the real authors of the plan. But the very number of the aspirants destroys the exclusive claims of each, and strengthens the notion that the manœuvre sprang from the commander-in-chief alone. The letters of Washington, for a fortnight before the battle, point to the great thought he was maturing in his mind. He was encouraged in his plan by the alacrity with which the Pennsylvania militia, under the command of General Cadwalader, began to turn out; and by the reflection that, unless some bold stroke was promptly hazarded, the spirits of the people would sink into hopeless despondency. Accordingly, he called a council of war, before which he laid his daring scheme. As absolute secrecy was necessary to the success of the enterprise, only the very highest officers were admitted to this assembly, which met at the head-quarters of Gen. Knox, in Upper Makefield, Bucks County, Pa. The house is, we believe, still standing, an antiquated dwelling of two stories, faithfully depicted in our engraving.

Little did those who met at that council of war, though aware that mighty results hung upon their decision, imagine a title of the truth. They knew that the success or defeat of the Colonies might possibly be involved, but they could not penetrate the future, and foresee that the existence of the greatest and most enlightened republic that ever lived, depended on their conclusion. To their eyes it was chiefly a question of preserving their little army, or at most of protracting the contest into another campaign, that they might have the benefit of whatever chances should turn up. But in reality they were determining whether the great problem of man's capacity for self-government should be tested or not—whether twenty millions of people, as we now are, or one hundred millions, as we will be by the close of the century, should rise into freemen, or sink into slaves. Under God, all the progress that liberty has made since that hour, here or abroad, may be traced to the resolution adopted in that council of war! That we are a free people; that our wide-spread territories are filled with prosperity and happiness; that the United States is looked to by the whole world as the Mecca of the oppressed; and that every breeze that blows from Europe brings sounds of falling thrones, and nations breaking the chains which have galled them for centuries—we owe to the determination of that little assembly to sustain their commander-in-chief. We can imagine when the council rose, that the angel who watched over the youth of our republic, and who had trembled for the result, clasped his hands for joy, and that the exultant sound, taken up by messenger after messenger, passed from hierarch to hierarch, until all heaven rang with the acclaim.

The plan, as finally determined on, was that Washington, with the continental troops, should cross the Delaware above Trenton, and move down to the attack of that town; while Ewing, crossing the river below, should make an assault simultaneously from the lower side. Meantime, Cadwalader, with a strong detachment of militia, crossing at Bristol, was, if possible, to carry the posts at Burlington and Mount Holly. The night of the 25th of December was chosen for the surprise, as it was supposed that the enemy, on that festive occasion, would be more or less off his guard. The weather had been unusually warm for the season, and there was no ice as yet in the river to impede the crossing. Every thing looked promising until within forty-eight hours of the appointed time. Suddenly, at this crisis, the weather set in cold, so that the Delaware became full of floating ice, which rendered navigation almost impossible. Nevertheless, Washington determined to persist in his enterprise. Boats had been collected for the transportation of his own detachment, at McConkey's Ferry, on the west side of the river, about eight miles above Trenton. An express was sent to Cadwalader to inform him the attempt would be made, and to command him to cross, if possible, at Bristol.

As soon as evening came, the continentals, twenty-four hundred in number, with a battery of twenty light field pieces, were put in motion, and marched to the ferry. It was a wild and threatening night. The wind howled ominously over the landscape; a few stars only

were seen in the dark and troubled sky; and the ice in the river, grinding and splitting as the tide moved its huge masses one against another, filled the air with foreboding sounds. In vain, for awhile, the boats struggled in the current. Now locked in the arms of apparently immovable fields of ice, and now in peril from floating blocks that threatened to crush them, they were borne hither and thither, and with difficulty reached the shore, where new dangers awaited them in cakes of the frozen material, which pushed endwise toward the bank, frequently overlapped and almost engulfed them. At one time it was feared that the artillery would have to be left behind. At last, however, after almost incredible exertions, the little army was ferried over, but the task, instead of being achieved at midnight, as had been intended, was not completed until three hours afterward. During the suspense of this awful night, Washington, who had crossed early, sat, it is said, on a bed-lie by the shore, wrapped in his cloak, and watching the struggling boats by the light of the few stars which broke here and there through the stormy rack of heaven.

Two principal roads led from the landing-place to Trenton. One, following the course of the river, entered the town at its lower extremity; the other, called the Pennington road, made a circuit into the interior, and struck Trenton at its upper end. Dividing his force, Washington took the latter route with one detachment, while Sullivan, with the other, pursued the river road. The instructions of the commander-in-chief to the latter general were to push on until he had reached Trenton, which he would probably be the first to do, as his route was the shortest, and there wait until he heard firing at the upper end of the town, when he was to attack at once. By thus assaulting the British simultaneously on both sides, Washington hoped, in conjunction with the surprise, to render them an easy prey.

The march had scarcely been renewed when the storm, which had been threatening all night, burst upon the army. The snow, at first coming in squalls, finally fell unintermittingly, accompanied occasionally with gusts of sleet and hail. The two divisions moved in company for nearly three miles before separating, and Sullivan, remarking that the wet might spoil the powder, asked his chief what was to be done in that emergency. "We must fight with the bayonet," was Washington's stern reply. The tempest now rapidly deepened. The thick-falling flakes nearly obscured the way; the cold became intense, and the wind, moaning across the landscape, seemed to wail over the approaching ruin of America. Many of the soldiers being scantily clothed, were soon wet through and almost frozen. Others had no shoes, and their feet, cut by the icy road, left at every step a mark of blood. History presents no parallel to that eventful march. When still some distance from Trenton, two of the Americans, exhausted and chilled, dropped from their ranks and died. Yet still the remainder toiled on. No martial life was there, no banner flouting on high, no squadrons of cavalry to guard their flanks with triple rows of steel; but in silence, like the Spartans bound to Thermopylae, the little band pursued its way. The inhabitants of

the farm-houses on the route, half waking from sleep, fancied for a moment there were strange sounds upon the breeze; but imagining that what they heard was but the intonation of the tempest, they turned undisturbed again, little thinking that the destinies of America quivered that hour in the balance.

The anxiety of Washington, during this protracted march, rose to the highest pitch. He was aware that if the attack failed, escape would be impossible, with the wintry Delaware behind him. In deciding on this bold move, he had staked not only his own life, but the existence of his army, and with it the question of submission and independence for his country, then and forever after. He had put every thing "at the hazard of a die." Yet the flight of a single deserter, the accidental discharge of a musket, or the occurrence of any one of a dozen possible contingencies might destroy success entirely. As the gray dawn approached, and the vicinity of Trenton became apparent, his heart, usually so calm, beat with terrible suspense. He rode forward to the head of his troops. Just at this instant the outpost of the enemy loomed up in front; a challenge was heard—a hostile answer was given, and a musket flashed across the breaking day. Fired by the scene, and by the mighty responsibilities of the hour, Washington rose in his stirrups, and pointing ahead with his sword, exclaimed, in a voice husky with emotion, but in words that will ever be immortal, "Soldiers, now or never—this is our last chance."

On the instant the men broke into a cheer, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and returning the volley of the retreating guard, dashed forward in pursuit. The British kept up a desultory fire as they fled, dodging from house to house. At their head was a young officer, who courageously exhorted them to stand their ground, until a ball mortally wounding him, he fell in the road, when they precipitately retired. The Americans now saw, a little in advance, the houses of the town; heard the alarm which was calling the British soldiery together, and immediately after beheld the enemy endeavoring to form a battery across King street, directly in front. Not a moment was to be lost. Six of Knox's pieces immediately galloped into position, and unlimbering, opened a destructive fire down the street. When this discharge was over, the advanced guard rushed forward, charged up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, sabered some of the artillerymen who were about firing, and drove the rest away, and capturing the pieces, turned two of them on the flying foe. This occurred near where the feeder crosses the street. Having thus destroyed the outworks of the enemy, the successful assailants advanced down Queen street, extending toward the left, across the fields, so as to cut off the Hessians from retreating toward Princeton.

Meantime, all was terror and confusion among the enemy. The night had been one of festivity in Trenton, the soldiers being in the beer-hops carousing, and the officers indulging in mirth. Col. Rahl had been occupied all night in playing cards at head-quarters, a house belonging to Mr. Stacy Potts, and still standing over the head of Greene street. When the firing at the picket occurred, he stopped and listened. The sheet driving against the window-pane, for a moment deceived him.

But when the rattle of the first volley came to his ears, flinging down his cards, he rushed to the door. Here, through the misty dawn, he beheld some Hessians running down the street toward him, with the cry that Washington, with his entire army, was upon them. At this Rahl shouted to arms. The drums beat. In an instant all Trenton was in a tumult. The privates rushed from their quarters, some with, some without arms; the officers were heard calling to the men, or seen endeavoring to form the ranks; and the inhabitants, roused from sleep, hurried to their windows, and looking out for an instant on the uproar, hastened to conceal themselves in the recesses of their dwellings.

The main division of the army had scarcely unlimbered its battery in King street, when the sound of firing from the lower extremity of the town, announced that Sullivan had reached his position. Not three minutes had elapsed between the time when the two divisions came into action. The knowledge that the enemy had been surprised in front and rear at once inspired the Americans with fresh ardor, and they charged down the two principal streets, King and Queen, with an impetuosity that broke through every attempt at resistance. In vain Rahl galloped to and fro rallying his men; in vain the subordinate officers exerted themselves; in vain the privates, ashamed to be conquered without a blow, endeavored to make a stand;—the enthusiasm of the assailants was irresistible, the Hessians everywhere gave way, and when Rahl soon after fell mortally wounded, his troops broke into ignominious flight. A few threw themselves into a stone mansion, where they were speedily forced to surrender. The remainder fled precipitately toward the Assinunk river, which flows along the lower end of the town. Here, some endeavoring to swim across were drowned or frozen to death; but the greater portion, hemmed in on one side by Washington, and on the other by Sullivan, and finding escape hopeless, laid down their arms.

The victory was complete. The whole force of the British at Trenton fell into the hands of Washington, except a body of 500 horse, which fled in the direction of Bordentown early in the action. Even these, however, would not have made good their escape, if Gen. Ewing, who was to have crossed below, had been able to effect his purpose. The number of prisoners actually captured was 909, of whom 23 were officers. About a thousand stand of arms fell into the hands of the victors. This glorious success was purchased without the loss of a man, except the two who died on the march; and but two officers, and a few privates were wounded. The Hessians lost 7 officers and nearly 30 men killed. As Washington rode over the field after the conflict, he found Rahl, lying in the snow, weltering in blood. The dying commander, supported by a file of sergeants, tendered his sword to the victor, and in broken accents seemed to implore clemency. The American chief, touched by the spectacle, ordered his own physician to attend the sufferer. But medical assistance was in vain. Rahl, on being carried back to his head-quarters, died soon after.

The entire British army, west of Princeton, would have fallen a prey to Washington, if Cadwalador had

Ewing had been able to cross at their respective places; but neither effecting this, the posts at Bordentown, Burlington, and Mount Holly, escaped. Meantime, aware that the royal generals might concentrate their forces and cut off his retreat, Washington decided to re-cross the Delaware that very day with his prisoners. Accordingly, before night, the captured Hessians were transferred to Pennsylvania. The news of this great victory spread with inconceivable swiftness; but such was the opinion of British invincibility, that, at first, few persons could be found to believe the tale. Aware of the general incredulity, Washington hastened to dispatch his prisoners to Philadelphia, where, on the day succeeding the battle, they were paraded through the streets, to the amazement, not less than to the delight of the inhabitants. The effect of the victory on the country was electric. The charm of British invincibility was broken forever. Men no longer regarded the cause of the Colonies as hopeless, but, encouraged by this decisive success, looked forward confidently to a glorious issue. In a word, the battle of Trenton changed the wavering into friends; made those who had been hostile, neutral; and convinced the Patriot that God was on his side, and that his country would yet be free.

The victory struck terror to the heart of the British army. Cornwallis, who was about to embark for Europe, abandoned his voyage in alarm, and hurried back from New York to assume command of the troops on the Delaware. His first step was to withdraw his forces from the exposed points, and concentrate them at Princeton and toward New Brunswick. Nor was this precaution idle. Washington, having recruited his troops, and being reinforced, crossed the Delaware again on the 30th of December, and took post at Trenton. To drive him from thence Cornwallis ad-

vanced from Princeton, and, on the 2nd of January, 1777, assaulted the American lines, established on the south side of the Assinpink. Three times he endeavored to carry the bridge which separated him from his foe, and three times he was repulsed. At last night put an end to the contest. In the darkness, Washington abandoning his position, marched on Princeton, intending to cut off the royal general from his communications. A battle ensued at this place, which was scarcely decided in favor of the Americans, when Cornwallis, hurrying up from Trenton, compelled the victors to draw off to the high grounds in the direction of Morristown. The British general, completely baffled, fell back to the Raritan, abandoning all his posts on the Delaware. The result of this splendid series of operations on the part of Washington was to deliver New Jersey from the enemy, in the short space of ten days. Thus, when supposed to be annihilated, the American general, like some fabled genius, had suddenly risen up, saved Philadelphia, recovered all he had lost in the preceding two months, and given an impetus to victory which never ceased until the red cross of Great Britain sunk into dust on the plains of Yorktown.

When hereafter the military genius of Washington is called in question, let the story of Trenton be remembered. Napoleon always spoke of this ten days' campaign as one of the most able on record. Butta, the Italian historian, said of it, "Achievements so astonishing gained for the American commander a very great reputation, and were regarded with wonder by all nations, as well as by the Americans; every one applauded the prudence, the firmness, and the daring of Washington; all declared him the saviour of his country; all proclaimed him *equal to the most renowned commanders of antiquity.*"

THE SEMINOLES' LAST LOOK.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

They left their country with great regret, and I do not think they will ever be satisfied elsewhere. The men seemed moody, but occasionally uttered sentences in their own tongue with great feeling. The lamentations of the women were pitiful to hear. (*Extract from a Letter to the Secretary of War, in Relation to the Removal of the Seminoles.*)

Moonlight plays on the waters and all silently they glide,
Though swiftly by a mighty ship that swingeth in their
tide,

And the gentle winds of summer are bearing from the land
In whispering tones a sad farewell to an exiled band.

The perfume of the jessamine and the magnolia flowers
Mingles with the odors borne from distant orange bowers,
The music of the mock-bird's song they hear across the
deep,

Whose glassy ripples murmuring a cadence with it keep.

They know that at the morning sun the ship will spread
its wing

And like a spirit hurry them from every cherished thing,
And therefore gaze they earnestly upon their native shore,
To write upon their memory scenes they will see no more.

They gaze upon the royal palm, around whose coronet,
Mingling with the moon-beams, the sunlight lingers yet, (1)

On the live-oak, with gnarled limbs all hidden by the moss,
Whose tresses in the summer wind like pennons twine
and toss.

They gaze upon the silver strand of Holy Spirit's Bay, (2)
They see the dolphins flinging up showers of starry spray,
They hear the Halcyon's (3) wailing voice far out upon the
sea,

Mournful as if it knew their grief and wailed for sympathy.

Oh! who can tell the agony that filled the bosoms then
Of mothers with their callow babes, the breasts of stal-
wort men,

As in the deep and mellow tones of the Muscogee tongue
A warrior o'er his nation's fate a lament thus begun:

(3) Spirits of the red man's heaven,
All my fathers e'er adored,
Your might is gone, and other powers
Are monarchs of our hills and lakes,

Long ago, when you old oaks
 Were but acorns on the ground,
 The Muscogee were mighty men,
 And by the distant Southern Sea
 Beat the island Carib back.
 Far away amid the hills
 Where wandered once the Cherokee
 They sung their song of victory.

Streamlets born amid the hills
 Roll like old San Juan,⁽⁵⁾ at last
 To lose them in the mighty sea.
 And thus it is with nations, too,
 Which hurry through their race and die.
 The Seminoles⁽⁶⁾ met their fate,
 Fought as gallant men should fight
 Whom God has made the lords of lands
 As fair as were our own. 'T was vain.

Suwannee is desert now,
 'Mid the murmur of its waves
 Naught but the scaly Albat⁽⁷⁾
 Is heard, and o'er Alachawa⁽⁸⁾
 Free and fearless bounds the deer;
 No fisher's boat skims o'er the sea
 Around the island's silver shore.
 We have lost our fathers' home,
 Silently around their hearths,
 More lonely now than are their graves,
 Dim shadows stalk, and ask the gods
 Whither have their children fled.
 Hither will the white man come
 To herd his cattle in the glades
 Where happy villages once stood,
 And strew the ground he rests upon
 With mighty trees, which all who breathe
 Remember ever to have been
 The giant stocks which now they are.

Warriors should brave and bear
 Grief a woman trembles at,
 But when they leave their native shore
 In fetters thus, the sternest hearts
 Will melt, and e'en a soldier's eye
 Weep tears of bitter agony.

He ceased, and scarcely had the winds his accents borne
 away,
 Then spoke out a young mother, on whose breast an in-
 fant lay;
 Her very voice was melody, and she sung her boy to sleep
 In tones whose earnest accent moved the listener to weep.

My boy! my boy! thy father
 Is gone to the spirit-land,
 Where the pale-face cannot come,
 To dwell with the kindred band
 Of all the stout old chieftains
 Who ruled our race of yore,
 And hunted 'neath the dark pines
 We shall gaze upon no more.

He sat within his wigwam,
 And thou wert on his knee,
 When first the rattle of the drum
 Rolled through our forests free;
 But he lies in the hammock
 With his face toward the stars,
 And wounds all red and gory
 In his breast, 'mid older scars.

He did not die a coward,
 For oft his rifle rang,
 And twice amid the foemen
 The loud scalp-song he sang.
 And when the death-shot struck him,
 'T was from no ignoble hand,
 But came from e'en the bravest
 Of all the hostile band.

I knew thou wert a chieftain,
 And amid my grief and pain
 I strove to train thee up to win
 Me vengeance for the slain.
 But now our might is broken,
 And we must leave his grave
 For a land lying far away
 Beyond the western wave.

There thou may'st be happy—
 A wife as firm and true
 As I was to thy father
 Thy hunter's bed may strew;
 But I will not see thee
 In thy father's place, my son,
 Proudly wearing at thy knee
 ♦ Trophies thou hast won.

There thou may'st be happy
 As here our people were,
 For it is a pleasant land,
 They call this scarce as fair.
 More blessed than thy father,
 Thou may'st see thy children men,
 March with them to battle-fields
 And lead them home again.

But I feel my heart is breaking,
 And in a little time
 I shall return where he is
 Beneath the shadowy pine;
 Yet if you wear the eagle plume
 I will see it, though unseen,
 And bless the new land in the west
 With its plains of living green.

Her woman wail was over, and silently they stood,
 Until the deepening shadows hid the forest and the
 flood,
 Then sank they sadly on the deck, their breasts bereft of
 hope,
 And the vessel bore them onward like an eagle in its
 scope.

NOTES.

(1) This is not an unusual sight in Florida, where there is no twilight, and the eastern portion of the horizon becomes dark immediately after sunset. I remember once at Boca-Sonesta seeing the sun and moon's light both distinctly marked on the crest of the huge palm which all who served at that post will recall.

(2) Tampa Bay was called by the Spanish discoverers *La Bahía del Espíritu Santo*.

(3) Huleyons—Louis (?)

(4) I may for aught I know violate in this Indian song all the regulations of metre and rhythm. I have however adopted the octosyllabic line with consonance, because it seemed to me not unlike the wild metres of the Indian chant.

(5) San Juan, the great outlet of Lake George, is pronounced San Juan.

(6) The Seminoles were of the Muscogee race, and sometimes called themselves by the latter name.

(7) Albat is the Muscogee name of the alligator.

(8) Alachica, a great prairie north of the Suwannee, and pronounced *Alachica*.

MR. MERRITT AND HIS FAMILY;

OR LENDING A NAME:

BY FRANK SUMMERS.

CHAPTER I.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

MR. MERRITT was seated by the centre-table in the back-parlor, as was his custom of an evening after the tea things had been cleared away, and around it were clustered his little family. His wife and daughter Emma, a blooming maiden of sixteen, were busy with their needles, and George, his only son, was diligently conning a lesson for the morrow, while a little cherub slept quietly in a willow cradle at the feet of the mother. Mr. Merritt was a home man, and he loved the quiet happiness which always dwelt there far better than the noisy revels of the club or the bar-room. Ah! were there more home husbands, how many firesides that have never known a smile would be lit up in brightness and sunshine! How many hearts now lone and desolate, would be made glad!

It was a winter evening, and the fire burned cheerily in the back parlor of the snug dwelling where lived Mr. Merritt. It was a New England home, and when we have said this, as much of comfort hath been conveyed as if a page had been devoted to the description.

Mr. Merritt was reading from the last Gazette one of those glowing paragraphs, in which the West was painted as a land flowing with milk and honey; the El Dorado where struggling poverty might riot in exhaustless riches; where broad acres of wealth could be purchased for a song; and, in short, where all the romantic visions of the most ardent adventurer would be eclipsed by the surpassing reality. Mr. Merritt had read articles of a similar tenor before; first, with indifference, but latterly with strong interest. He was becoming a little infected with the epidemic, which had already carried off several of his acquaintances, and being now suddenly involved in pecuniary difficulties, was almost persuaded to follow. As he laid down the newspaper he turned to his wife.

"Well, wife, what say you to going West in the spring? You know that my payments for Warden will oblige me to sell a part of my little property to meet them; would it not be better to dispose of the whole, and purchase a farm in Illinois, where, if the half that is told be true, we would be able to live comfortably and provide something handsome for our children."

Mrs. Merritt glanced around the little group, and a tear trembled in her eye as it rested on the cradle. She was thinking of the tales she had heard, how sickness and death had smitten the hopes of fond parents who had emigrated to new countries, and how, before they had accumulated with much toil and privation, wherewithal to satisfy their desires, the climate had left for their children no wants, save a coffin and a grave. But she brushed the tear secretly away.

"Are you really serious," said Mrs. Merritt, at length, "in wishing to give up New England forever?"

"Not exactly in wishing it, my dear," returned Mr. Merritt, "but what is now a matter of choice may, ere long, be necessity. True, it would cost a severe trial to separate from the friends whom we have so long known and loved, and to exchange the delights of their society for a wilderness, but we would be together still."

"And we are all the world to each other," exclaimed his wife, forgetting her sadness for a moment, in the devotion which, twenty years after marriage, was rather strengthened than subdued.

"You leave Emma and me out of the question altogether, mother," said little George, who, though apparently absorbed in his book, had been listening all the while.

"No, my love, you are both very dear to your parents;" and she bent over him and kissed his brow, the very image of his father's.

"Forgive me, mother, I was only jesting," returned George, quite grieved, yet wondering why his mother should have taken it so seriously.

"Are we surely going to live in Illinois, mother?" continued George, after a pause, "among the prairies and all? O how glad I shall be; I do want to see a prairie."

"Why, George, don't you care about leaving your schoolmates and playfellows?" asked his sister reproachfully.

"Oh, yes! I forgot, I shall be very sorry. I shall be sorer than poor William Warden. He will be so grieved when he hears that Emma is going away, and he will never see her any more."

"Hush! young chatterbox," retorted his sister, at the same time administering him a gentle admonition with her thimble finger, and blushing scarlet.

The infant sleeper happened to wake up at this juncture, and made sundry noisy intimations from the cradle; otherwise Mrs. Merritt might have noticed the sudden expression of pain that passed over her husband's features, at what George had said concerning William Warden.

As for Miss Emma, she hurried to the cradle on the first demonstration, and became completely wrapt in a lullaby, which she sung as earnestly as though George had made no revelation, and William Warden was all a fable.

Mr. Merritt resumed his newspaper, and George his lesson.

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Mr. Merritt was a mechanic. By industry and perseverance he had gained step by step, until he was the

possessor of a comfortable property. Mr. Warden, the merchant, had been his neighbor for several years, and was engaged in a flourishing business. Now Mr. Merritt being one of those amiable dispositions that could never say "No," when asked a favor; it consequently happened that when Mr. Warden wanted a small discount at bank, and requested Mr. Merritt to lend his name, merely for form's sake, as the laws of the institution required several signatures, (a very troublesome law, as Mr. Warden remarked, for it obliged him to tax the friendship of his neighbors, but he would be happy to reciprocate at any time that Mr. Merritt might wish an accommodation,) he, Mr. Merritt, signed it without hesitation—and not only one, but several.

The first note became due, and Mr. Warden paid it. The second matured, and in the mean time Mr. Warden's speculations having failed, he was not in funds, and Mr. Merritt received a notice of protest.

It was then that Mr. Merritt began to reflect upon the possible consequences of lending a name. He urged Mr. Warden to make some arrangement by which he would be released from the indorsements. The merchant apologized to Mr. Merritt for the accidental protest, which had happened entirely through an error of the clerk's in entering the note on his bill-book; that functionary having made it fall due about two weeks subsequent to its actual maturity; and therefore Mr. Warden had not prepared to meet it. He felt extremely pained, he said, that his valued and esteemed friend should doubt his solvency, or for an instant imagine him so base and devoid of honor as to involve *him* in loss, even though he should fail to meet other obligations. The mechanic was satisfied with this explanation, and regretted that he had spoken to Mr. Warden on the subject. But there came another protest, and others again in quick succession; and now Mr. Merritt felt real alarm. He saw the merchant once more, and begged of him security to the amount of his indorsements. Mr. Warden sincerely regretted that it was out of his power to do so, as he had just made a conveyance of all his effects to the bank!

The mechanic was thunderstruck. This was indeed a cruel blow. There was but one other indorser with Mr. Merritt, and they were on Warden's paper for ten thousand dollars; one half of his *all* gone at a single stroke. Yet there are hundreds who, not knowing what they do, are every day lending their names for no better consideration, and are reaping the same bitter repentance as did Mr. Merritt.

This, then, was the situation of the mechanic at the opening of this history.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANK ATTORNEY.

A month transpired, after the events narrated in the foregoing chapters, and all of Warden's notes had been protested. It was impossible for Mr. Merritt to pay these heavy and unexpected demands without sacrificing his property, should he be pressed for immediate payment, and he resolved to call upon the bank attorney, with the faint hope of obtaining an extension; or,

at least, prevailing upon that officer to save him the disastrous expenses of a suit.

Poor Mr. Merritt! He was entirely unacquainted with the tender mercies of banks and bank attorneys, or he would have prepared himself for the worst. Neither did he know that, of all bank attorneys, he could not have fallen into more evil hands than Isaac Rock, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law and Notary Public.

In person Esquire Rock was broad-shouldered, and rather short and clumsy than otherwise; his features hard and forbidding. His heart, if he had one, was steel, and he prided himself more upon his firmness than upon any other of his numerous high qualities. Tears, prayers and entreaties were alike wasted upon him. Indeed, were not that old saying, "hard as a rock," of greater antiquity than any date to which Esquire Rock could lay claim, it would undoubtedly have passed into a proverb from his day henceforth.

Whilst this attorney entertained a most unmitigated contempt for the victims of poverty and misfortune, he had a profound and exalted sense of his own individual consequence, and delighted to witness the cringing spirit and suppliant knee of the awe-stricken subjects of his power. Whosoever committed a sin against the dignity of Esquire Rock was straightway an outlaw beyond all hope of forgiveness; and who be to him thus sinning, who should fall into the gripe of the attorney. Besides all these qualifications, however, Esquire Rock had a careful eye upon his temporal interests, and could manage a case in a way to swell his legal perquisites, to an amount at once the envy and admiration of the whole brotherhood.

Esquire Rock was fumbling over a miscellaneous collection of manuscripts one morning, when a rap was heard at the office door.

"Come in," said the attorney, settling back in his chair.

The visitor opened the door at this invitation, and advanced.

"Is Esquire Rock within?" he inquired.

"I am Esquire Rock," answered that personage haughtily. "Be seated, sir. Business with me, sir?"

"My name is Merritt, sir. I am indorser with John Fields on Warden's notes, and have called—"

"Yes, I know it," interrupted the attorney, a scarcely perceptible, though dangerous smile playing upon his features—"and you will have them to pay."

"I am aware that Mr. Warden has failed, but it will be impossible for me to pay the amount at present, and I have called to beg a little indulgence. Five thousand dollars is a large sum to raise, especially by a humble mechanic."

"You have property, Mr. Merritt."

"I have some property, Esquire Rock, but were I forced to sell immediately, it would bring but a fraction of its real value."

"The law must take its course, sir," said the attorney, decidedly; and he looked at Mr. Merritt, then at the door.

The mechanic understood the hint, and when he met the attorney's glance, he saw no hope there.

"I had thought," said he, "that the manner in which I became involved in this misfortune would entitle me

to some slight favor at your hands—to a trifling delay by which I might avoid total ruin; but I perceive I am mistaken in looking for mercy here," he added, bitterly.

Esquire Rock was utterly confounded at the man's audacity. A poor mechanic to beard *him*—Isaac Rock, Esquire, counsellor at law, and notary public! The thing was unprecedented.

"You thought!" exclaimed he, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to reply. "Do you understand law, sir? You have no right to think, sir. The majesty of the law is trampled under foot when mechanics are permitted to think—"

"Or asses to practice at the bar," retorted Mr. Merritt, indignantly, turning to depart.

The fiery furnace of the attorney's rage threatened to consume him at this new and flagrant act of daring; and he was driven to disclose a secret, which he had intended to hold in suspension, like the sword of Democles, over his victim. He called to Mr. Merritt.

"Come back, Mr. Merritt; let me give you a little further light upon this case." Esquire Rock's manner had undergone a sudden change, which puzzled the mechanic exceedingly, as he obeyed the summons. All traces of wrath had vanished, and he received the mechanic with something of the air of complacency, with which an epicure might be supposed to contemplate the preparations for an extensive feast.

"Do you know John Fields, Mr. Merritt?" he inquired.

"I do not—but Mr. Warden told me that he was a wealthy cousin of his, living at Salem. Do you know him, sir?"

The attorney's face lighted up with the same curious smile that had before accompanied the mention of that indorser's name.

"Yes, Mr. Merritt, John Fields is a distant relative of the celebrated John Smith, an imaginary being, as I have ascertained, who lends his name for the accommodation of such of his friends as want a discount. The name is not worth one copper, Mr. Merritt, and therefore we shall make the money out of you. We will have an execution out shortly for ten thousand dollars and the costs, which will be a thousand more, or it shall be my fault. What think you of that, Mr. Merritt?" he continued, watching the effects of the development with intense pleasure.

Alas! it was too true. Mr. Warden had been in the habit of conforming to the rules of the bank, by furnishing fictitious indorsers to the requisite number; a harmless evasion, which the president readily winked at, in consideration of a trifling token of good will, provided always, that Warden obtained one genuine and responsible name in addition to his own.

Mr. Merritt was so utterly stupefied at this new intelligence of treachery, that he walked off mechanically, without answering a word. Esquire Rock gazed after him until he was gone; when he again returned to his papers, muttering aloud, "chew that awhile, Mr. Merritt—asses practice at the bar, do they?"

CHAPTER IV.

AFFLICTIONS.

Mr. Merritt had nearly reached his dwelling before

he recovered from the confusion into which his faculties had been thrown by the astounding intelligence conveyed by the attorney. As he now gazed upon his peaceful home, it seemed more beautiful than ever. Alas! it could be his no longer. The savings of long years—the earnings of days and nights of hard toil, so carefully husbanded—the little luxuries that had been done without—the self-denials that had been practiced—the privations undergone, to gather a substance which should soothe life's decline—all, all gone at a single blow, swept away forever! How could he impart the dreadful news to his wife! How could he endure to meet the companion of his bosom and his darling family, plunged, through his own imprudence, (he felt,) into hopeless want. "She shall be happy a little longer," thought he, and retraced his steps to his shop.

Mr. Merritt did not, as usual, go home to dinner on that day, but remained in his shop, hour after hour, absorbed in deep and bitter thought.

"Can there be no law to punish such monstrous corruption?" said he to himself, as he closed the shop for the night. Here again Mr. Merritt displayed his ignorance, in supposing that men in high places could be called to account for such trifles like this. In fact, he did not know how very seldom *law* means *justice*, when wealth and station are placed at the bar for trial, or he would have spared himself the question. He walked slowly homeward, endeavoring as much as possible to compose his agitated spirits for the scene which he knew awaited him.

The eye of love is keen of penetration, and Mrs. Merritt discovered as soon as the mechanic entered the cottage that all was not right. Knowing of his intended visit to the attorney, her imagination pictured a thousand causes of alarm, and overcome by contending emotions, she threw herself upon his neck, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Speak, my dear husband," she cried. "I see from your pallid face and bloodless lips, that some new and dreadful calamity has befallen us. O reveal it all to me, I can bear any thing save my fears."

"Concealment would be useless," said the mechanic, "for you must know it sooner or later. Endeavor to compose yourself, dearest, things are not as bad as you apprehend. To see you thus is a severer pang than I have encountered before. Wife, we are only—beggars!"

Mr. Merritt, with astonishing calmness, proceeded to relate his interview with Esquire Rock, and its results, nearly as we have narrated them in the last chapter.

With what keen delight would the bank attorney have looked upon that scene of anguish and despair.

The first paroxysms over, Mrs. Merritt became more calm, and listened attentively to the end. That day of gloom was closed by fervent supplication to the High Source of all hope and consolation, for strength and support against the tempest that awaited them.

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING.

In due time Mr. Merritt's effects were levied upon,

and advertised for sale. When it was known that he was ruined, envy and jealousy triumphed, and the vile tongue of slander was unloosed upon his reputation. People who had envied his prosperity heretofore, gloried in his ruin. It descended even to the children, and a stout, malicious boy, threatened to whip George the very next time he went to school. So certain is misfortune to meet with taunt and insult every where.

During this period, so fruitful of evil to the Merritt family, young Warden, though before a frequent visitor, did not cross their threshold. Emma could not help wondering where he had gone, or why he had not said good-bye, or whether he had really forgotten her.

Emma was returning from an afternoon visit, some half mile from her father's, and with a view to escape observation, she turned down a by-path, and walked slowly homeward. Soon she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and she felt a strange and unaccountable agitation, although she neither turned her head nor quickened her pace. They came near, and a voice called, "Emma?"

It was no stranger's voice that brought the blood rushing unbidden to that fair girl's cheek. William Warden was at her side.

Emma, a little piqued by his long absence, could not resist playing the woman, and she drew herself up rather coldly, "Good evening, Mr. Warden."

This was the first time she had called him Mr. Warden. It had always been William, before.

"Emma—Miss Merritt, I mean—I have no right to call you Emma, now; the man who has involved you in ruin, and wrecked the prospects of your dearest friends, is my father; and I feel that you hate and despise me. I cannot endure this disgrace, and am about to leave for another country, where the shame of my father will not be known, and where the dishonor attached to his name will not hang like a mill-stone around my neck, paralyzing all my efforts to rise to respectability and honor. But I could not leave you forever without seeing you once more, and for this opportunity I have watched long and anxiously. I dared not offend your father with my presence under his roof."

Emma's resolution about the little womanly display of temper suddenly vanished, her warm heart softened, and was throbbing in sympathy, ere the first tones of Warden's musical voice died away.

"O no, William, he does not blame you!" she exclaimed, with tearful eyes, "indeed he does not. He knows you for all that is generous and good."

"And have not you blamed me?"

"I, William—no, never! O, William, how could you accuse me thus?"

"Bliss you for these kind words, Emma, they inspire me with new hopes. And now, Emma, as we must soon part, perhaps forever, tell me, if these things had never happened, if my father had still continued in prosperity, and free from the crime which makes his name odious to your ear, could you have loved me, then, Emma—would you, Emma?"

Emma answered not loud, but the gentle whisper reached the ear of love, and William Warden sealed

it in a long, burning kiss upon her glowing lips. They were happy.

"Farewell, dearest Emma, we meet again," was all he said, and when she looked up William Warden was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIEF.

There are hearts among the rich and powerful—and would to God they were more numerous—whose pulses flow in kindly sympathy for the distresses of their fellow-creatures, and whose wealth ever ministers to the necessities of the children of sorrow. Such have their reward, more glorious than the laurels which deck the conqueror's brow—the blessings, prayers, and outpourings of the grateful spirit.

To the extent of their means, Mr. Merritt and his family had always aided the poor and needy; and they were not now deserted in their affliction.

Every nerve had been strained to avert the threatening storm; but all in vain. Stricken and depressed, the mechanic sunk down in despair. Not a ray of hope pierced the blackness of the future. His all would not pay the execution and costs of sale, and there followed, for himself, a prison—for his family, starvation. Wise counsellors had been consulted, and they decided that there was no proof of fraud which could invalidate the claim. No law could set it aside. The bank attorney already saw his victim wasting in the cold cell of a debtor's jail and exulted in his heart.

But as the darkest hour is that which ushers in the dawn, so, in this hour of trial, when the clouds lowered thick and heavily—a friendly helper came. One, who had been rescued years before, by Mr. Merritt's own bounty, from poverty and degradation, and by his aid had commenced a career which secured him fortune and prosperity, heard of the troubles of his benefactor, and hastened to his relief. With the delicacy of true benevolence, this gentleman set about his excellent mission, in a way to be of effectual benefit to Mr. Merritt, while it relieved him of the oppressive sense of obligation, which is often made to accompany good deeds, but which more surely crushes the proud spirit than would the miseries they seek to alleviate.

From this gentleman the mechanic received the following letter by post:

"G—, March 10, 183—.

"Mr. Merritt,—Dear Sir,—I have had it some time in view to purchase property in your village, whenever a favorable opportunity should occur. I learn by the newspapers, that your real estate will soon be sold on execution, and it being the most desirable situation with which I am acquainted, I am anxious to buy it. As it will be out of my power to attend the sale, (if you have not made other arrangements,) please write me by return mail, what will be the sum of execution and costs, and if not more than the fair value of the property, I will advance the amount, and close the bargain at once.

"Your obedient servant,

"G— S—."

The early and important services which he had rendered

ferred to the writer of this letter were dismissed from the memory of Mr. Merritt, with the ordinary events of the time at which they were conferred. The latter had, not long after, removed to another town, and they had not met since.

The letter was a business-like document, as we have seen—containing no allusions to the past—breathing no professions of gratitude—proffering no gifts of charity; yet it exerted a happier influence in cheering the mechanic, than though every line had been teeming with protestations of pity and regard. It came like a messenger of life, and bade him hope. First, he read it silently—then aloud—then to his wife—then Emma and George participated in the joyous news; and the infant, receiving an unusual number of kisses, no doubt understood it too.

An answer was forwarded by the ensuing mail, setting forth the circumstances of the case—the amount required to free the estate from incumbrance—and further, stating that this was five hundred dollars less than the assessed valuation of the property at the annual appraisement—that he considered it worth one thousand dollars more than that appraisement; but, in consequence of the forced sale, he expected to lose that much, or more; and therefore, as he was obliged to sell, would be glad to have him take the property and redeem the execution.

After this was dispatched, their fears regained the ascendancy. They had been, perhaps, too sanguine, the price might be considered too high—and all was anxiety, perplexity and dread, until the close of a week, when there came the following reply:

"G—, April 2, 183—.

"Mr. Merritt—Dear Sir,—Your favor, in answer to inquiries contained in my letter of 10th ult., came duly to hand. I think the property sufficiently reasonable at your valuation, and have no wish to take advantage of your pecuniary embarrassments to obtain a reduction of price. Therefore, if you please, you will consider me the purchaser. The enclosed check for eleven thousand dollars will release the estate from the execution, and the remainder I will pay as soon as the necessary titles are perfected. I have appointed Mr. — my agent in the matter, who will attend to their arrangement.

"Your obedient servant,
G— S—."

When Mr. Merritt took this last letter from the post-office, he determined to take it home and open it there. But his anxiety proved too great, and the seal was broken. The check came first in sight, and he panted for breath. He read on, quickening his pace more and more, until he arrived at home, almost on a full run.

"Thank God! we are free!" he exclaimed. "Wife, read this."

She did read it to the end. The day had dawned, and the bright sun of hope shone once more. What a happy family was Mr. Merritt's! Free from debt! They did not forget, in the fullness of their joy, to assemble around the family altar, and pour forth fervent thanksgiving to the Hand which had supported them through tribulation, and had brought them succor when there was none to help.

On the next morning, to the utter dismay of the bank attorney, Mr. Merritt walked into his office, and demanded the execution, at the same time presenting the money.

Choking with rage and surprise, the attorney gazed first at the money, and thence at the mechanic, and proceeded to an iron closet, which he opened, and brought out the notes. Mr. Merritt paid them every one, and with an air of mingled triumph and scorn, bade Esquire Rock a good morning, and left the office. That gentleman's wrath broke out afresh when he was again alone, and he occasionally muttered aloud, "The scoundrel! I could have killed him!" and no doubt he spoke truly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAREWELL.

After many consultations and long reflection, Mr. Merritt decided to emigrate to the West. Though repeatedly urged by the new purchaser to remain for a time at his old home, he refused, being determined, as he said, to try farming, and the new country.

About two months after the sale, Mr. Merritt received the last instalment of the purchase-money; and having parted with such of his household goods as would be unnecessary where he was going—save a few dear old pieces of furniture, which they could not bear to give up—he had nearly two thousand dollars to invest in lands.

With many tears they parted from one old friend and another, and lingered affectionately around every familiar object, until no more excuses could be framed for delay—and at length commenced their journey. Emma would have given the world to have seen William Warden once more; but he had left the village, and gone, no one knew whither. Little George, notwithstanding his curiosity to see a prairie, had his sorrows too, and wept as though his heart would break. The infant was the only one who had no regrets for their old home.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRAIRIE HOME.

Illinois—as every traveler in the Great West knows—abounds in prairies, many of them of great extent. Among them all, however, there are none so large and varied as *La Prairie*, so called, which stretches from the Mississippi River more than a hundred miles into the interior. Now, it spreads to the horizon's verge a vast level, carpeted, in the spring-time, with luxuriant verdure, amid which are scattered myriads of beautiful wild flowers—anon, the surface slopes in gentle undulations, rising higher as you proceed, until they become romantic and broken, dividing into hills and ridges, while clear and sparkling rivulets flow down the valleys between. Here and there the eye rests upon an oasis of timber, covering a few acres, and again the traveler scans the field of vision in vain for a single tree or shrub to relieve the wearisome monotony of space. Although the soil is rich, and easy of cultivation, the extreme scarcity of timber has deterred the emigrant from its occupation, and, save a few set-

lements in the neighborhood of these timber-groves, La Prairie is to this day the same solitude as when the buffalo fed in its green pastures, undisturbed by the rifle of the pale-faced hunter.

Having an opportunity of buying an improvement in one of these beautiful groves, at a trifling advance from the government price, Mr. Merritt selected it for his home. They named it Elmwood, and Selkirk, in the South American isle, was not more isolated from his race than were the mechanic and his little family in their new abode.

The limits of this history will not allow us to detail the many ingenious devices that were of necessity resorted to, or the ludicrous contrivances of Mr. Merritt in the way of carpentry, or the substitutes adopted for the thousand conveniences they had always been used to, and never knew the value of before; but suffice it to say, the mechanic labored earnestly in his new vocation, and succeeded in planting acres sufficient to insure a plentiful provision for his little flock.

CHAPTER IX.

SICKNESS.

The second summer had nearly passed away, when sickness visited Elmwood. Mr. Merritt was prostrated by a violent fever. Early and late his wife watched by his bed. Sleep was a stranger to her eyes. Agonizing prayers ascended in petition for his recovery. At last they were heard. Slowly the sick man improved, and after many weeks, was able to breathe the fresh air, and walk abroad.

Then, the dear little prattler, the youngest child, drooped. The petted one lay helpless in its willow cradle, and pale and anxious faces gathered around it. Eyes, red with weeping, witnessed its struggles. Several days it lingered after hope had fled the broken-hearted mourners, and then the little sufferer was called in its pure, unspotted innocence, to Heaven!

CHAPTER X.

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

A short time after Mr. Merritt settled at Elmwood, a small village sprung up about twenty miles distant, on the edge of the prairie; and, as the country filled up beyond, it was made the county-seat; and a store or two being established there, it became quite a market-place for the farmers on the prairie.

On a cold morning in January of the third winter of his residence at Elmwood, Mr. Merritt, having some business which called him to the village, Miss Emma improved the opportunity to accompany him, for the purpose of exercising her taste in the purchase of a few articles from the store. The snow was too thin for sleighing, and the wagon was therefore rigged with two chairs and a cloak, together with a buffalo robe for the feet; and, all things being ready, they set off in high spirits.

Emma succeeded to her utmost satisfaction in cheapening and securing the requisite bargains, and was ready to return long before her father had completed his share of the business of the day. It was nearly

night, and she was quite out of patience, when Mr. Merritt drove up with the one-horse wagon, to convey them homeward.

"I am afraid you will have a storm, sir," said the polite shopkeeper, bowing a farewell, and glancing at the clouds.

"I hope not before we reach Elmwood," replied Mr. Merritt, returning the salutation, and applying the whip. He cast an anxious eye overhead, and applied the whip more vigorously.

Dark clouds had gradually overspread the sky, and were thickening every moment, while an occasional gust sweeping along the prairie, gave evident manifestation of an approaching storm. They had not gone half the distance, when a feathery snow-flake floated slowly down, and then another, and another. Now they came thicker and faster, and the darkness increased so much, that Mr. Merritt could hardly discern the road.

"Emma, dearest, wrap your cloak closely, it will be very cold," said he, urging his horse to greater speed.

"I am very comfortable, now, father," returned Emma; "are we not nearly home?"

"I hope that we may be, for it will be a dreadful night."

As the night set in, the wind increased. The snow had hitherto fallen gently, but now it was driven into their faces by the gale, and almost blinded them. It grew colder, too, very rapidly, and the mechanic's fingers could hardly grasp the lines. Still he continued to ply the whip, and they rolled on at a gallop.

"Emma, can you see a light?—we should be near Elmwood."

"No, father, I can see nothing."

Again they hurried on.

"Look all around you, Emma," said her father, anxiously; "we must certainly be nearly home."

She strained her eyes in every direction, but no light was visible.

A dreadful thought flashed upon him then. He stopped his horse, leaped from the wagon, and bent his eyes close to the ground.

"O my God!" he exclaimed, in agony, "we have lost the road!"

The storm howled in fury—the track was entirely covered with snow—to go forward was uncertainty—to return would be folly—to remain, was to perish. What man, how stout-hearted soever he might be, would not have quailed at such a prospect.

"What shall we do, father? I am very cold," said Emma, faintly.

"Heaven only can preserve us, my dear Emma. Take this buffalo, I do not need it," said the kind father, carefully wrapping the fur robe to shield her tender frame from the storm, while an involuntary shivering through his system evinced the extent of his self-denial.

After an earnest invocation to Heaven, in silent petition, for their preservation, he resolved to go forward, and leave the result with Providence.

"Are you warm enough, Emma?" said her father, after a pause.

"I am not cold now, father, but I am *so* sleepy."

"My child, exert yourself—do not sleep!" said the mechanic, in alarm—"it is death!"

As he spoke, a dull, heavy sound was borne along the gale. Mr. Merritt listened. It was not the wind. Another report was heard.

"Tis a gun!" he exclaimed. "Heaven be praised! it is a gun from Elmwood!" He turned his horse's head in the direction of the sound. A third time the report was heard, evidently nearer. Soon a faint glare was visible, which continued to increase as they approached. There stood his dwelling, with every window brilliantly illuminated; and just as he reached the house, the door was opened, and George appeared with the gun, which he was about to fire again, when he saw them.

"Mother, they've come!" he shouted, "and this in honor of their return," he added, blazing away, and almost thrown on his back by the recoil a moment after.

The mother was at the door ere he had finished. Mr. Merritt was so stiffened and benumbed with cold that he descended from the wagon with difficulty to meet the warm embrace of his wife; but Emma sat still nor spoke. She was asleep. At this discovery, the excitement and alarm of the mechanic seemed to endow him with superhuman strength, and lifting her as if she had been an infant, he hurried into the house with his lifeless burden, and laid her upon a couch. With frantic energy they applied the restoratives at command—and they were blessed. Her eyes opened slowly, and she attempted to speak.

"The crisis is past, and our Emma is preserved!" exclaimed Mrs. Merritt, clasping her hands together in joyful thanksgiving.

Emma was soon entirely recovered, but the careful mother forbade exertion, and with her own hands prepared and brought a nice cordial to her daughter's bed, under the soothing influence of which she ere long sunk into pleasant and refreshing slumbers.

Mrs. Merritt, while supper progressed, was relating to the mechanic the anxiety she had felt for their safety when night came on, and he had not returned; and how George had suggested the thought of firing the gun, which had led to their preservation, when a loud knock was heard at the door. George opened it, and a stranger entered, muffled to the eyes in a capacious cloak, which was almost concealed by a covering of snow.

"Can a traveler find shelter with you to-night?" asked the new comer, who appeared to be a young man.

"God forbid that we should drive a human being from our roof on such a night as this," said Mr. Merritt. "Sir, you are quite welcome to the best we have to offer."

The traveler expressed his thanks, and divested of his cloak, exposed the features of a handsome young man, of apparently not more than two-and-twenty years.

A sudden exclamation burst simultaneously from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt.

"William Warden!" It was he.

"You recognize me, I see," said Warden, "although three years have changed me somewhat;" and he continued, "will you, Mr. Merritt, for the moment, forget that I am the son of my father, and accord to me the welcome of a stranger?"

The mechanic evidently struggled with bitter recollections, but subduing them, offered his hand calmly to Mr. Warden. "You are my guest, Mr. Warden," said he, "and as such, are not the less entitled to my hospitality that you are the son of one who has done cruel wrong to me and mine."

"But not irretrievable wrong, thank Heaven!" replied young Warden. "The son shall expiate the crimes of the father. To-morrow, Mr. Merritt—to-morrow shall be the dawn of a happier day."

Mr Merritt made no reply. Warden did not resume the subject, and they sat some time in silence. William had frequently glanced around the room since his entrance, and his countenance now assumed a perplexed and anxious expression. There was one missing, of whom he wished, yet feared to know. At length he mustered sufficient courage to inquire in an indifferent a tone as he could assume, "Where is Miss Emma?"

Mrs. Merritt then recounted the history of Emma's trip to the village, and her narrow escape from a dreadful death on the prairies, and how the firing had been the means of their rescue; to all of which he listened with intense interest. He, too, had heard the gun, and been saved by it from a similar fate.

On the next morning Emma was quite herself again. She had not heard of the traveler's arrival, and when she came into the breakfast-room and saw William Warden, she almost fainted. The tell-tale blood, which had at first retreated, now crimsoned her cheek—and William himself seemed to have caught the contagion, for his face was all on fire. They shook hands as composedly as possible under the circumstances, and succeeded in exchanging a few interrogatories without betraying the secret agitation of their hearts to the eye of the mechanic. If William had loved Emma at sixteen, how much more worthy of his love did she now appear. She had grown taller, and every childish grace had matured into beautiful womanhood. The climate had tinged her complexion with the slightest possible brown, and her plain western dress fitted her charming figure so well, that he would not have exchanged it for the richest robe that ever decked a haughty ball-room belle.

William, too, how vastly he was improved. Three years had transformed the slight stripling into the form of manly beauty; and his eyes beamed with the intelligence of superior intellect. Emma thought him even handsomer than ever.

After breakfast was over, Mr. Merritt and young Warden walked out together, and when the latter returned to the house, he found Emma alone. He approached the fair girl, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Emma," said William, "have you forgotten our last parting yet. O, Emma, the words you then whispered in my ear have sustained and encouraged me since that day; and the hope of one day being worthy

of you, and repairing the injury done to your father, has borne me onward and upward over difficulties of every kind, until at last I am here to remind you of your promise. 'I will be yours, and yours only, William,' you said; and now, dearest Emma, I have just explained all to your father, who will not withhold his blessing, and it needs but your confirmation to seal my happiness forever."

The happy girl did not withhold it.

CHAPTER XI.

A MORNING CALL IN NEW ENGLAND

"Have you heard the news about Mr. Merritt?" said a young lady, to an acquaintance, whom she was honoring with a morning call.

"No, I have not; what about him?"

"Why, you know that Mr. Warden ruined him, and his property was sold to a gentleman in —, and the mechanic and his family moved to the West. This was

about three years ago. Well, Mr. Warden's son is violently in love with Mr. Merritt's daughter, Emma, a fine looking fellow he was, too; and he felt so terribly about his father's failure, that he immediately left the village; and where should he go, accidentally, but the very man who purchased Mr. Merritt's property and who employed him as a clerk. He happened to see his employer exactly—for, as I said before, he is a fine looking fellow—and somehow or other he found out lately that young Warden was so much attached to Mr. Merritt's Emma; and what does he do but give William a deed in full of all the property, and resign his business in his favor, then sends him off to Illinois, to marry the daughter, and bring back the whole family to their old home. And, sure enough, last night they came, bag and baggage, and have commenced house-keeping already. Young Warden and his wife are the handsomest couple I ever saw. I hear that they are to give a party to their old friends as soon as they are settled."

TO MY SISTER E. . . . A.

BY ADALIZA CUTLER.

SWEET sister, at this twilight hour,
While sings the bird her evening lay,
And gentle dews refresh each flower
That drooped beneath the moonlight ray;
While cool, soft breezes play around,
And gently fan my burning brow,
Falling with sweet and soothing sound
Upon my ear like music now;
While trembling there in yonder sky
That little star looks down on me,
I'll wipe the tear-drops from my eye,
And trill a simple song for thee.

My heart is full, oh, sister dear,
Of tender thoughts of one whose love
No longer lights our pathway here,
But purer glows in worlds above;
And though a year has almost flown
Since we have laid her down to rest,
To-night her form sat by my own,
Her lips upon my brow were pressed;
Her low, sweet voice was in my ear,
Entranced I listened to each word,
So soft, so silvery, and so clear,
As ne'er from mortal lips was heard!

With glowing eye she talked with me
Of our own happy childhood's hours,
When hand in hand we sisters three
With chasteless footsteps sought the flowers;
Or sat beneath the forest trees,
Upon some green and mossy hed,
While, stirred by the low, murmuring breeze,
The leaves made music overhead;
While on the gentle summer air
The birds poured forth their thrilling song,
Till every green leaf waving there
Seemed the sweet echoes to prolong.

She spoke to me of girlhood's days,
When we had hopes unmix'd with fears,
Ere we had learned the world's cold ways,
And smiles were ours undimmed by tears;
When life seemed like a long, bright dream,
Our spirits buoyant as the air,
And looking o'er life's gentle stream,
Thought not that rocks lay hidden there;
While onward, onward lightly sped
Our little boats adown the river,
Trusting the sunbeams overhead
Would keep the waters bright forever.

She talked with me of riper years,
When time less lightly speeded by,
And, seen through nature's flowing tears,
The rainbow spanned a clouded sky;
Some of our brightest dreams had flown,
And that strange lyre, the human heart,
Awoke a deeper, sadder tone,
That things so lovely should depart;
And while we could not stay the tear,
To think those cloudless days were o'er,
A sad voice whispered in our ear,
They'll come no more—they'll come no more!

They'll come no more, oh, sister mine,
Those sunny hours that we have known,
But shall we murmur, or repine,
So many blessings still our own?
True, clouds have gathered on our way,
Deep shadows round about us lie,
But waiting for a brighter day,
Upward we'll look with steadfast eye;
And as we linger round the tomb
Of one whom our warm hearts held dear,
Sweet voices will dispel the gloom—
She is not here—she is not here!

THE LIFE INSURANCE.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"You look sober this morning," said I to my neighbor Lincoln one day. "What's the matter? Any thing wrong?"

"No; I can't exactly say that," he replied, with unusual gravity.

"You look as if you were under a mountain of trouble."

"Do I?" And he made an attempt to laugh; but it was not entirely successful.

"I'm only a little worried just now; but it will pass off," he added. "I get into these states sometimes—periodically, I might say."

"Ah, I understand. Imaginary troubles."

"Oh no," he quickly replied. "Not just that. There is something like real flesh and blood about the matter. The fact is, to come out plain, Mrs. Lincoln, in her over-kindness, has presented me with another baby."

"And you are so unreasonable as to grumble about it! You do n't deserve to have blessings."

"There is such a thing as being blessed to death, you know," said Mr. Lincoln, smiling; but the smile was still, as they say, on the wrong side of his mouth. "Five babies were enough, in all conscience, without adding a sixth. It was as much as I could do to get bread for what I had."

"He who sends the mouths will send the bread. Never fear for that."

"I know. This general trust in Providence is all well enough. But it takes more mental stamina than I possess to bring it down into particular applications. My faith is n't overly strong. If I were worth a hundred thousand dollars, the babies might come as fast as they liked. I would n't call a baker's dozen too many. No. I like babies; bless their hearts! but I like them properly cared for. If I live, I suppose all will be well enough. But life is held by the most uncertain tenure. Upon my daily exertions depend the sustenance of my family. If I were to die my wife and children would be in a sad way."

"Get your life insured," said I promptly.

Lincoln shook his head and looked grave.

"Why not?"

"Shouldn't like to do that." His face became still more serious.

"Any particular objection?"

"It looks like running in the face of Providence. I should feel as if I were signing my death warrant."

"That's a strange notion."

"It's just as I feel. I've thought about it a number of times. But it seems to me that life is too serious a thing to be placed on a common level with a house or a ship. In putting a money-value upon his earthly existence, it seems to me that the Divine Being would be outraged, and visit the mercenary offender with death as a judgment."

"You have a strange idea of the Divine Being," said

I, evincing surprise in turn. In getting your life insured, would you purpose evil to your neighbor?"

"No; but rather good. I would seek, in doing so, not only to keep my wife and children from becoming a burden upon others, but to secure to them those worldly advantages so necessary to the healthy development of mind and body."

"And do you think a merciful God would visit you, vindictively, for acting with such an unselfish purpose in your mind? How strange must be your notion of Him who is represented to us as being in his very nature love! Now, we know that love seeks to impart a blessing to all—not a curse."

"But there is such a thing as running in the face of Providence, and this life insurance has always struck me as being something of the kind."

"What do you mean by running in the face of Providence?"

"Doing something in order to counteract the Divine purpose."

"Do you know the Divine purpose in regard to yourself?"

"No; of course not."

"Then, how can you, knowingly, do any thing to counteract that purpose?"

"I can't, knowingly; but I may do so ignorantly."

"Then you think that the Lord sometimes punishes men for acts innocently done?"

"Such an idea has been in my mind. Man is responsible for his acts, and should, therefore, be very guarded about what he does. His ignorance will not always excuse him."

"Suppose your child were to do something wrong, yet you had the clearest evidence in your mind that his intentions were good, and not evil; would you punish him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I would regard his intentions."

"Because they made the quality of the act so far as he was concerned?"

"Yes."

"Will you make God less reasonable, considerate, and just than yourself? Does not He also regard the motives which influence his children?"

"Why—yes—I suppose He does. But—we ought to be very sure that our motives are right."

"I grant you that, with all my heart. We must take care that we are not consenting to the death of the saints, under the mad hallucination that we are doing God's service. But, with reason and revelation for our guide, we need not be in much fear of going wrong."

"No; I suppose not. Still, I can't get away from the idea suggested. I feel as if to insure my life would be trifling with a solemn matter."

"And that life might fail you in consequence?"

"Such is the impression, I must confess."

"You must, then, think that the providence in regard to the time of a man's death is arbitrary and capricious?"

"I do n't understand much about the matter; and my very ignorance makes me fearful," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"It must be plain to you, on reflection," said I, "that, in a matter so important as the fixing of a man's eternal state by death, the divine wisdom and mercy of the Lord must be exercised in a most perfect manner, so to speak. That, in fact, no one is called to pass from a natural into a spiritual state of existence, except at the time when such a change will be best for him. The mere circumstance of making an insurance upon the life, with a view to providing for those left behind, who would, perhaps, suffer great evils but for such a provision, could not precipitate this time; for the act could not foreclose a man's state and prevent his further regeneration."

Lincoln admitted that there was some force in this view, but said he could not see the subject clearly, and was afraid to act in the matter.

Six months afterward, on meeting my neighbor, his serious face induced me to ask after the cause of his trouble.

"Worried about my affairs, as usual," said he. "The fact is, I have but little peace of mind. Every thing is so uncertain. By this time I ought to have had a neat little property laid up, but am not worth a copper. My family has increased so rapidly, that it has taken every thing I could make to feed and clothe them. If I were certain of living, I would not feel troubled; for I can earn a comfortable support. But no man has a lease of his life. It makes me heart-sick to think of the consequences if I were to die. What would become of my wife and children! I have not a cent to leave them."

"Why do n't you get your life insured? Take out a policy of five thousand dollars, for, say seven years. It will cost you only about ninety dollars a year; and you can easily save that much from your income by a little extra economy. Your mind would then be comparatively easy."

"Five thousand dollars would be a nice little sum to leave," said Mr. Lincoln, "and would help a great deal."

"You could pay the premium easily enough?"

"Oh yes."

"Then make the insurance by all means."

"I have thought of it several times since we conversed on the subject; but some how or other have put it off from time to time. I must do so no longer. My doubts as to the propriety of life insurance, which I expressed some time ago, I do not feel as strongly as then. I thought a good deal of what you said, and came to the conclusion that your views were pretty nearly correct."

"Life is uncertain. We can only call the present our own. Be wise, then, and make this provision for your family."

"I must do it," said Lincoln, as he left me.

"Have you effected that insurance yet?" said I to him a few months afterward.

"No, I have not," he replied, "but I must do. The fact is, when it comes to the pinch, the amount of premium is something. A man has n't always ninety dollars to spare."

"True. But didn't I see a new sofa and a set of mahogany chairs going into your house a week or two ago?"

"Yes."

"And they cost, no doubt, a hundred dollars."

"Just that."

"Would it not have been wiser—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Lincoln.

"Yes, it would have been wiser. The possession of a policy for five thousand dollars would give me a far greater pleasure than I have yet derived from looking at or sitting upon my new chairs and sofa. These ones were comfortable enough."

"Don't put it off any longer. Better take out a policy for two thousand five hundred now, if the amount of premium is an object, and another policy for a like sum in two or three months."

"I'll do that," said he, speaking earnestly.

We parted. A month or two afterward, I alluded to the matter again. The insurance had not been made, and Lincoln seemed a little annoyed at my reference to the subject. After that I avoided any further remark touching the advantages of life insurance when in company with Lincoln. But I never met his wife, a fragile looking creature, that I did not feel an emotion of pain at the thought of her being left desolate, with six children clinging to her for support.

Nearly a year elapsed from the time of my last reference to the subject of life insurance, when news came to the city that, while bathing on the sea-shore, Lincoln had been drowned. The sad event was much sadder in my mind, as my thoughts turned, involuntarily, to his wife and children, left without a protector and provider. What were they to do? Lincoln had been engaged in the business of a real estate broker. At his death, there was no estate to settle up—no stock to sell out—few if any debts to collect. The office would be closed, and the income cease.

"Poor woman! what is she to do?" said I to myself a dozen times in the first hour that elapsed after I had heard the afflictive news. "Without fifty dollars in the world, probably, besides furniture and clothing, how is she to maintain, by her own unaided exertions, a family of six children?"

So much was I afflicted by the occurrence, that I could not sleep for some hours after retiring to bed in the evening.

On the next morning the newspapers contained a notice of the accident, with this announcement:

"We are happy to state, that a few days before leaving for the sea-shore, Mr. Lincoln had his life insured in the Girard Life Insurance and Trust Company, for five thousand dollars."

I was so much affected in reading this, that my hands trembled, and the paper dropped from them to the floor.

Some years have elapsed since the occurrence of this sad event. Almost daily I pass a small store in a well frequented street, behind the counter of which

sometimes seen the widow of Mr. Lincoln, or a daughter who has attained the age of fourteen years. The face of the former has a sober, quiet look, but bears no evidence of distressing care. Under the advice and assistance of friends, four thousand dollars of the money received at the death of her husband, were safely invested in six per cent. securities, and with the

balance, a small store was stocked with goods. The interest on four thousand dollars paid her rent, and the profits on her little business enabled her to meet the real wants of her family.

How different would all have been but for this life insurance.

BUNKER-HILL AT MIDNIGHT.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

I STAND upon the sacred hill
Where LIBERTY hath made her home.
'T is midnight, all is hushed and still
Where'er my footsteps roam;
While towering through the air of night
You stately pile doth rear its head,
A granite flower, of giant height,
Sprung from the dust of PATRIOTS dead!

Methinks I hear the rustling sound
Of myriad angels' hovering wings,
Who guard this famed, enchanted ground,
Around which Romance clings!
Like those that o'er gray Marathon
Are hovering in the night's still noon,
Spirits descend and stand upon
This hill when clouds obscure the moon!

Beneath me sleeps the city dim,
Whose dusky spires tower on high,
And white-winged vessels slowly skim
Yon river winding by.

The wandering night-winds round me moan,
And for that day of glory sigh,
When Freedom's star in splendor shone
Through the torn clouds in WAR's dark sky!

Where now the men that nobly dealt
A nation's wrath upon the foe,
And for their injured country felt
Their cheeks indignant glow?
Alas! they all have passed away,
Like stars that leave the sky at morn,
When in the east the king of day
On couch of gilded clouds is born!

And silence reigns where'er I tread,
Like that which greets the passer-by
In that lone city of the dead
'Neath Egypt's brazen sky!
Brave men are sleeping everywhere,
Their ashes hallow every strand,
And this lone hill-top has its share,
On which in musing mood I stand!

LINES.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

"The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings on my spirit like a knell."

DOEST thou remember that September day
When by the Beekonk's lonely wave we stood,
And marked the languor of repose that lay,
Softer than sleep, on valley, wave and wood?

A trance of solemn rapture seemed to lull
The charmed earth and circumambient air,
And the low murmur of the leaves seemed full
Of a resigned and passionless despair.

Though the warm breath of summer lingered still
In the lone paths where late her footsteps passed,
The pulsed star-bowers on the purple hill
Sighed dreamily "we are the last! the last!"

I stood beside thee, and a dream of heaven
Around me like a golden halo fell!
Then the bright veil of phantasy was riven,
And my lips murmured "fare thee well!—farewell!"

I dared not listen to thy words, nor turn
To meet the pleading language of thine eyes,
I only felt their power, and in the urn
Of memory treasured their sweet rhapsodies.

We parted then forever—and the hours
Of that bright day were gathered to the past—
But through long wintry nights I heard the flowers
Sigh dreamily, we are the last!—the last!

THE BALIZE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS is the name of one of the mouths of the Mississippi River. At the distance of 105 miles below New Orleans by the course of the river, and 90 miles in a direct line, this majestic stream enters the Gulf of Mexico by several mouths, the principal of which are the Balize, or North East Pass, in latitude $29^{\circ} 7'$ and longitude $89^{\circ} 10'$ West, and the South West Pass, in latitude $29^{\circ} 8'$ North and longitude $89^{\circ} 25'$ West. The depth of water on the bar at each of these passes is 12 to 16 feet, but much greater without and a little

within the bar. Most vessels enter and leave by the Balize, and hence the frequency with which we hear this remarkable place referred to.

The tall erections in the engraved view are look-outs constructed for observing the approach of vessels, and hoisting signals. The country about the Balize is an continued swamp, destitute of trees, and covered with a species of coarse reeds, from four to five feet high. Nothing can be more dreary than a prospect from a ship's mast while passing this immense waste.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

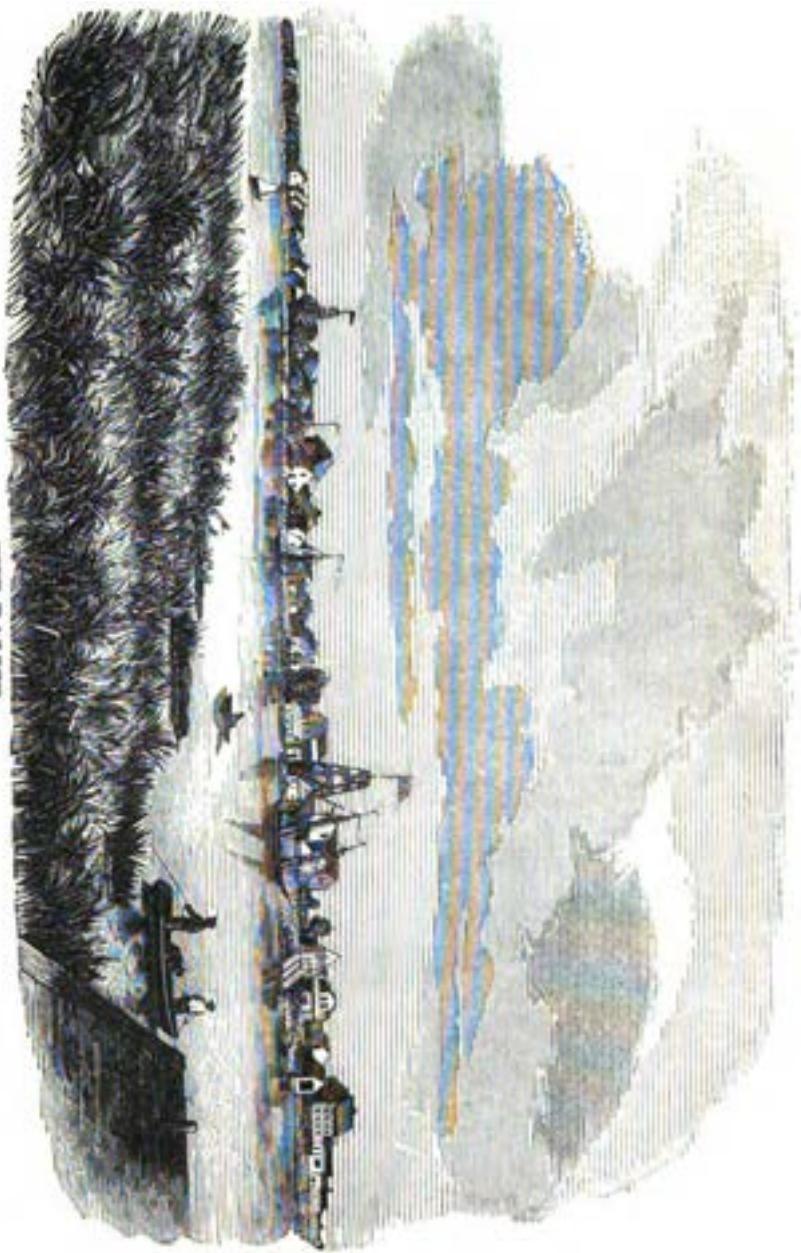
BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE GREAT AUK. (*Alca Impennis*.)

AUK is the vernacular name for certain sea-birds of the family *Alcaea*, known scientifically as species of the subgenera, *Alca*, *Fratercula*, *Mergulus* and *Pha-* *leris*. The true Auks, though properly oceanic birds, scarcely ever leaving the water except for the purposes of reproduction, can run, though awkwardly,

THE BATTLE



on foot, when pursued on land. They breed in caverns or lofty cliffs, laying but one large egg. They feed on fish and other marine animals.

The first of the genus *Alca* is the Great Auk, remarkable for the imperfect development of its wings. It seldom leaves the regions bordering on the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. The wings, perfectly useless for flight, are very serviceable as oars. Mr. Bullock relates that during his tour to Northern Isles, one of them, with his four oars, left a six-oared boat of pursuers far behind. Newfoundland is one of their breeding places, and the Esquimaux make clothing of

their skins. They are never seen beyond soundings; and seamen direct their measures according to their appearance.

The length of the bird is less than three feet. The winter plumage, which begins to appear in autumn, leaves the cheeks, throat, fore part and sides of the neck white. In spring the summer change begins to take place, and confines the white on the head to a large patch, which extends in front and around the eyes; the rest of the head, the neck and upper plumage is of a deep black.



[*Alca torda.*]

RAZOR-BILL. (*Alca Torda.*)

In the second species of *Alca*, the Black-billed Auk, Razor-bill, or Murre, the development of the wings is carried to the usual extent necessary for flight, though the bird uses them with great effect as oars, when swimming under water. They are diffused over the northern hemisphere on both continents; but they are particularly abundant in the higher latitudes. In England their eggs are esteemed a great delicacy, for salads especially, and on the coast of that country the "dreadful trade" of taking their eggs is actively carried on. In Ray's *Willoughby*, the habits of the Razor-bill are thus described:

"It lays, sits and breeds up its young on the ledges of the craggy cliffs and steep rocks by the sea-shore, that are broken and divided into many, as it were, stairs or shelves, together with the *Couderbeds* and *Gaillermots*. The Manks-men are wont to compare these rocks, with the birds sitting upon them in breeding time, to an apothecary's shop—the ledges of the rocks resembling the shelves, and the birds the pots. About the Isle of Man are very high cliffs, broken in this manner into many ledges one above another, from top to bottom. They are wont to let down men by

ropes from the tops of the cliffs, to take away the eggs and the young ones. They take also the birds themselves, when they are sitting upon their eggs, with snares fastened at the top of long poles, and so put about their necks. They build no nests, but lay their eggs upon the bare rocks.

"On the coasts of Labrador they abound, and thousands of birds are there killed for the sake of the breast feathers, which are very warm and elastic, and the quantities of eggs there collected amount to almost incredible numbers.

"The summer and winter dresses of the Razor-bill, though different, do not vary so remarkably as the plumage of many other birds. In the summer dress, the white streak which goes to the bill from the eyes becomes very pure; and the cheeks, throat and upper part of the front of the neck are of a deep black, shaded with reddish. In winter the throat and fore part of the neck are white."

"The Razor-bill is fifteen inches long. The egg is disproportionately large, being about the size of that of the turkey, but longer, white or yellowish and streaked with dark brown.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

When the still and solemn night
Broodeth o'er with wing of love,
And the stars with eyes of light
Look like spirits from above;

When the flowers their petals close
Softly in the slumbering air,
Bending meekly in repose
As a contrite soul at prayer;

And the waters sweep the shore
With a low and sullen chime,
Like Life's current falling o'er
Into the abyss of Time;

Sometimes feel ye not a breath
As of pinions rushing by,
Viewless as the touch of Death?
'T is an angel passing nigh.

Evermore 'neath rock or tree,
In the forest or the street,
'Mid the desert, on the sea,
We a seraph form may meet.

Human hearts! with vision clear
Look ye to each deed and thought;
Arm the spirit, turn in fear
From the act in evil wrought;

We do walk forever nigh
Waking ghost of eavied dead,
And unmarked by mortal eye
With angelic hosts do tread.

While in chorus winds rejoice,
Though we see no guiding form,
Speaks there not a "still small voice"
God is riding on the storm.

Tireless roll the worlds of light,
God is marking out their way;
Joyous beams the morning light,
God is smiling in the ray.

Soul! though gaunt and weary care
Haunt thine upward soaring free,
Let each pulse count out a prayer,
The Eternal walks with thee.

FLOWER FANCIES.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

Angel tokens—flower fancies—
Wrought with bright imaginings—
Evermore the vision glances
On your rainbow-tinted wings!
Underneath the wild-wood dreaming,
Type of all that's pure in heart,
Or upon the hill-top gleaming,
Gems of beauty still thou art!

Angel tokens—ever filling
Nature's book with flowing rhyme,
Bearing in your silent trilling
Records quaint of olden time;
Or in strange devices wreathing
Wisdom in your swift decay,
While your last faint sigh is breathing
"Man 's the creature of a day."

Angel tokens—flower fancies—
Sea and sky have gone to sleep!
Why, when slumber all entrances,
Do ye wake and sadly weep?

Are ye spirits watching o'er us,
And the tears upon your leaves,
Do they fall for cares before us—
Is't for *this* your bosom grieves?

Angel tokens—flower fancies—
Winter's breath is on ye now
And your perfumed leaves are falling
Crisped and shriveled from the bough—
Yet when spring, with winter striving,
O'er the earth asserts her reign,
With her smile your buds reviving,
Ye will blossom bright again!

Angel tokens—springing lightly
Through the glorious summer day,
Oh! could we but bloom as brightly,
And as brightly pass away—
Could our winter, death, victorious
O'er the cold and cheerless sod
Bear us on in bloom, thus glorious,
To the garden of our God!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PERILS OF THE IMAGINATION.



MY DEAR JEREMY,—I place before you the perils of a passage to a Turkish Paradise, because you have shown a passion for turbans, meerschaums and pretty women, and I wish to warn you. The narrow path of Christian theology is still further reduced, you see, in the Moham-medan, so that, sinner as you are, you will find it advisable to stick to the true faith, and to practice it with more diligence.

You should not let your imagination run riot—it will be the ruin of you; but take the substantials, with thankfulness, which are yours by possession, and enjoy them to the uttermost. We all—the poorest of us—have enough and to spare of the gifts of Providence to make somebody envious—the veriest slave of money, who boasts of his millions, I'll warrant me, looks with discomfort upon

your superior intellect, or your better appetite, and would part with a good slice of gold, for a taste for a fine poem, or a relish for roast-beef—and I doubt much whether you would bargain them off at his valuation. I would not give a good temper and a cheerful disposition for all the gold that any arabbed old miser may have in his bank vault; nor my troop of true friends for the hungry faces of his poor relations. Would you? Your shilling or mine will buy us more pleasure, with a friend, than he can impart, with a one per cent. discount. This is true—and yet the world does not look upon things thus philosophically. We strain our imaginations to catch at some supposed good, something we fancy would make us blessed, discarding the real good that God has imparted to us.

"You wish to travel, do you?" said an old friend of mine. "You are very silly! there is no pleasure in that. I once went all the way to Saratoga, with my family, but I saw it all in half an hour, and left in the return train. The young folks imagined, that by staying two or three weeks, something else might be discovered, and I left them to experiment; but I was done with it, and was off."

You say this never happened. By Jove, it did though! and a sensible old codger he was in his way too—though I found that, in the end, was rather eccentric and uncertain. But he adhered to his opinion, and traveled no more. "As for traveling for pleasure," said he, "it is absurd. I am ten times more comfortable and happy at home, where I can call for what I want, and get it, and instead of sweating in a stage-coach, on a hot and dusty day, with my knees squeezed into a perfect jelly, I throw up the back window that opens on the garden—wheel up a recumbent chair—place another for my feet—call for a bottle of champagne and a cigar, and with ice at my elbow, take mine own ease, at *mine own inn*. Then, as for traveling to see fine prospects, if I tire of the garden and the champagne, I can shut my eyes here—he never did in his counting-room—and can call up more splendid scenery than the Rhine can boast—can crown the hills with finer palaces than ever shone in Greece—and people them with prettier women than Mahomet will find in his Paradise, I'll warrant him: And all this while your night-seeing traveler is perhaps toiling and pulling up the sides of Vesuvius, over incensed lava, or is blowing his fingers on the sides of Mont Blanc, which, I dare say, are flattered in the engravings, while I can add in imagination unnumbered beauties the artists never dreamed of."

There is good philosophy in this, Jeremy, and as it suits my pocket just now, if you will send over the champagne, I'll try it. There is a home doctrine about it that I like, for my experience is, that a man gets into very little mischief while he stays there. How does it tally with yours?

The farther we wander in chase of forbidden pleasures, the more impressive is the conviction that we are in pursuit of bubbles, which go dancing and dazzling on, and when grasped, are empty.

And yet the world is but a vast army of bubble chasers, with here and there a sage smiling at, or rebuking, the folly. Each has his fatuity—each his blind passion, his bubble of the imagination. Fortune, Fame, Pleasure, how many do they beckon away from comfort, peace and happiness. Amid the press upon each crowded avenue, how few are allowed to turn back! How many fall and are trodden down forever! and yet the sanguine multitude, rushing over the bodies of the slain, heed not the fall of their companions, but press on as eagerly as before after vanishing shadows. Why is it, that when happiness itself is basking at our feet, imploring acceptance, that with a blind fatuity we rush at any coat on misery? Is it because the mind is ever, in this world, after the unattainable, that we see fortune, fame, domestic comfort, personal ease, all shipwrecked, on all sides of us in life, to attain the unobtainable? That the merchant with his bank-roll of tens of thousands, squanders all in one wild effort to grasp a bubble upon an unknown sea. That the man of letters, to whom God has given an intellect but a little lower than that of angels, and who might model and mould the mind of a nation to good, and shine as a star in the intellectual firmament, to be worshipped in all time by the students of genius, who follow her flashing torch along every path to knowledge—knowing his high gifts for good, and feeling their power, across the possession, and scatters the hale-fires of a mighty intellect, as a volcano showers down lava and ashes, upon mankind—light-

ing, as with a destroying angel's touch, the fair world a which he lives.

That the domestic hearth, with children merry-voiced over which meek-eyed Peace hovered like a dove, and around which Heaven's own smile seemed to light a treacherously invaded by the demon of jealousy, green-eyed and furious, until Crime, with swarthy countenance and bloody locks, broods with Death's Angel over the sick spot.

The Perils of the Imagination, how they invest the unsatisfied! Are these the penalties which God imposes for unthankfulness? or is it that the devil, ever working at the heart, urges man to ingratitude, and excites him to folly? What thank you, Jeremy?

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And we are of them." C. S. O.

JOTTINGS ABROAD.

BY J. R. CHANDLER.

It is undoubtedly pleasant in the midst of the weakening influences of an August day, to sit, *sub tegumina facti*, and read of the sports of the watering places—the wonders of Niagara, or the discoveries of those summer travelers who, turning aside from the beaten paths, or common haunts of fashion, explore the hidden, and develop the unknown. Most agreeable is it to mingle the mental sherbet of our summer's retirement with such timely ingredients. Hence our brethren of the daily press seem to have an advantage over us of the monthly issues, as, day by day, they prepare their ever welcome table, and are never compelled to speak of an elevated thermometer, while

Milk comes frozen in the pails,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nails.

Waiving this advantage, or to speak more correctly, yielding to this disadvantage, we purpose laying upon our table, and for our readers who dine later than the common clam, a single dish, composed of gleanings from the flower-gardens and the stubble-fields, in a late visitation among the "wise men of the East."

We say nothing of a rest which we set up for a short time in New York, because the continual clatter in that Babel of this land would prevent ordinary ears (and ours are of no extraordinary length) from hearing any thing worth presenting here, and the dust, which seemed to be moving in solid masses from corner to corner, rendered quite necessary to comfort and to future speculation isometrically closed eyes.

The next stage was Springfield, Mass., where we saw and conversed with GRACE GREENWOOD—a Grace for which we were appropriately grateful. She was cultivating ideas for future use, and gathering thoughts to sustain her fame and secure the admiration of others. She was successful, undoubtedly.

But Springfield has of itself, as well as in itself, attractions of no ordinary character. The regular tourist will, of course, visit and describe the Armory, in which are stored about one hundred thousand stand of arms, all rendered nearly useless, by the introduction, since they were manufactured, of percussion caps, instead of the old flint and steel process of igniting the charge. In these days every thing must be done quickly. A rail-road of a hundred miles in length, and five millions cost, was constructed between two cities, because it would carry passengers in one hour's time less than one already in use. And here the ignition of the powder by the spark from the flint, which seemed to measure the shortest imaginable space, we had almost said point of time, was deemed, and undoubtedly is, too slow a process for destroying human life;

and so another agent is applied, whose operation is electric, and makes the intention and the act instantaneous. These guns thus put into coventry, must have cost nearly twelve hundred thousand dollars—a sum, the interest of which we wish we had to pay contributors, literary and artistic, to Graham's Magazine.

Because the genius of our people is connected with the fact, we will just add, that at this place, as at other of the armories of the General Government, all the parts of the muskets are so constructed as to suit any one musket of the million that may be made. No single part is particular; no screw has a special gun; no spring, clamp, or brace, is intended to suit one, or two, or twenty, but each part of any musket will answer for the same part of any others without alteration of any kind. This looks like the perfection of mechanism, and the machinery used looks as if it were made by and for such perfection.

No one who visits the Springfield will neglect the large public cemetery; it is worth a visit of miles—and it requires the travel of miles, for it is large. Good taste and ingenuity are manifested in all its parts; and the buried, if they have a consciousness of their whereabouts, must be satisfied to await, in that beautiful retreat, the summons which shall call together the separated bones, and clothe them anew with the incorruptible, in which they are to stand and be judged.

And the living will learn in this beautiful city of the dead, to contemplate the only certainty of their lives, and to see the slow approach of their dissolution, without that shock which the Golgothas and Aedlams of other times were sure to impart to the delicate and sensitive.

I know that the cynic loves to point to the ornamented grave-yard, or the magnificent cemetery, as the exhibition of the pride of the living—the vanity of the survivors. And I dare not say, that even with the chastened, holy feelings which grief ensures, some particle of human vanity may not mingle, and that the monument which professes to record the virtues of the dead, may not, indeed, betoken the pride of the living.

But suppose it does—admit the charge, and what then? The pride of the living is shown where no future error of the lauded will belie or disgrace the memorial, and where the self-esteem which is gratified in the erection of the cenotaph, will never be wounded by the ingratitude of the one that sleeps beneath. Let vanity have its hour if it uses the time to praise the virtuous, and make death less repulsive; and pride which beautifies where dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness once were found, commends itself to forgiveness, if it may not command our approval.

Has any one ever thought of this? All know and applaud the movement which develops and displays the virtues and beauties of our nature. But who has thought it worth while to commend the undertaking that makes the errors and deformities of our character minister to taste and refinement? The polished marble scarcely requires genius to give it a slightly and ornamental position; it is beautiful wherever found, but true taste and true skill are requisite to give symmetry and collective beauty to rough shafts in an ornamental tenement.

When such a cemetery is established, it is natural that the private and partitioned burying-places should yield up the dead, and be devoted to the more active business of life; and hence we see in various departments of this ground, old moss-grown stones that have followed the dust whose history they record, and who stand among the newly-carved pillars and slabs now become representatives not less of the taste than of the people of other times.

Wandering in the lower part of the town, near the railroad depot, I saw on the main street, a lot newly broken

up for building. It had been the burying-ground of some church or family. One old stone was laid aside. It recorded the name of a virtuous woman, who died more than two hundred years ago. This is the antiquity of our country, and the existence of a grave-stone of that date is a part of the marvel of the present time. I was about to copy the record, but I saw some one watching me, and as I shrunk from being gazed at, I ceased from the labor. I might have brought away a part of the words, though nothing but an artist could have caught and conveyed the form of the letters, if that could be called *form* which was almost formless. Surely every age has its literatures; and perhaps every location claims its peculiar style. Certainly the literature of the early part of the seventeenth century in Springfield had some striking peculiarities. I do not remember seeing previously the word *pietously*, which, if I mistake not, was on that stone—and that, too, without the necessity of rhythm. Yet most beautifully did the uncouth rhyme and shapeless sculpture of that stone, convey to the readers, the merits of a woman who lived in Springfield when that town was a wilderness, and whose virtues made that "wilderness blossom like the rose."

From Springfield to Brattleboro', Vt., is only three hours' ride; but he who enters the smallest inn of an interior village in a drenching storm at night, and leaves it the next morning before the mists that night and the storm engendered have climbed up the mountain sides, and gone to mingle with the world of misty fogs above, can have but little to say of persons or places, excepting, indeed, that he may acknowledge that a clean bed and a well-supplied and well attended table exceeded the promise of the house; and that the quiet, orderly, self-respecting department of mechanics employed in the neighborhood, illustrate the fact elsewhere derivable, that idleness, champagne, and white gloves, are not necessary to the character of a good republican citizen.

Here in the celebrated water cure establishment of Dr. Woeselhoefer—and it is stated that cures are really by water effected. Some oblong wicker vessels, which were visible in the baggage car of the train, seemed to intimate that entire dependence is not placed on *water* by every one in this village, though we have seldom seen a place more liberally supplied with the pure element.

In looking along the sea-shore of Massachusetts, one is struck with the spirit of these times as contrasted with those of other years. Jutting out upon the bold, rocky promontories, are seen the beautiful summer residences of the wealthy, while each stream, formerly kept open and clear by law for the ascent and descent of migratory fish, is now dammed and swollen, to augment water power. Whole towns, cities indeed, are spread out upon the inclined surfaces, that only a few years back were deemed unfit for cultivation, and consequently unworthy of consideration, while at the entrance to each port and harbor is seen some old fort, which, fifty years ago, would, in the midst of profound peace, bristle with the glittering bayonet of men-at-arms; and each morning and evening pour out the formal thunder that bespeaks the character of the fortress and the rank of its commander. Now the façade is trodden by the horse and cow that are seeking fresh pasture, and the ramparts are broken by the *borrowing* of the material for some neighboring cottage or factory; and within, where the stately trend of the sentinel showed order and produced propriety, the absence of all munitions of war, and the dilapidation of all barracks and tenements show that men have come to think of peace as the proper state of society, and to regard war as such a remote contingency that the expenditures necessary for defense may be postponed to the time when defense may be suggested by aggression. We do not profess to be members of the peace party, but

we should strangely mistake the signs of the times if we did not understand that they indicated a settled confidence of peace at home, not unsustained by the belief that no nation of the earth has the least desire to run their heads against the people of this country. It is the agreement of the people of the United States as to the value and importance of republican institutions, which gives invincibility to our arms; and foreign powers are wise enough to inquire not how many forts stand in front of seaboard towns, but how many hearts in town and country beat for the land and its institutions. Forts may be demolished by force, or betrayed by treason, but no combination of foreign power could tread out the institutions of this country, no considerable number of citizens be found faithless to the nation. Other people know this and do not ask for ramparts and armaments. Our own people know, and feel secure in the patriotic vigor of each and of all.

Massachusetts is a great country of villages, if, indeed, it would not be more correct to say, that nearly all of New England is a suburb of Boston. There are no *townships* of unoccupied lands in Massachusetts, and where, a few years prior, a stream gushed out of a swamp, turgid with the colors of the leaves and roots steeped in its waters, new villages take the place of the swamp, and the stream is seen busy with the people grinding at the mill, while from each steepie another is visible; each school-house is within sight of its like, and the well-leaved trees scarcely conceal from the inhabitants of one village the white and green of the cottages of the next town. Where such a population is found one scarcely looks for large farms or extensive homesteads; each rood of ground serves to contain and maintain its man, and the intellect of each is kept bright by the constant collision of mind with mind, and the constant necessity of vigilance to prevent encroachments or to secure the advantages of a bargain.

No one goes to the south-eastern part of Massachusetts without inquiring at least for the "farm" of Daniel Webster. It was my better lot to visit the place, and to see much of what others have of late read of. Mr. Webster purchased a large farm, which, having been in the same family almost ever since the landing of the Pilgrims, had not been disturbed by those divisions which augmented population and factory privileges effect in other parts of the state, and as the Anglo-Saxon race is remarkable for the desire to add land to land, Mr. W. has yielded to that propensity of his blood, and augmented his domains, by the annexation of two other overgrown or rather undivided farms, so that the public road seems made to divide his land for miles, and to open up for general admiration the beautiful improvements which his taste supports, and his liberality exercises.

I am not going to give any account of Mr. Webster's place for the benefit of the agricultural society, else would I speak of his gigantic oxen, and his conquest over fell and rocks; else would I describe his swine, that seem, like the ox of the Bible, to know their owner, and to feel the consequence of such domination; else would I tell of the hundred bushels of corn which were brought forth by an acre, which ten years ago seemed to share in the common attributes of the soil of the state, viz., to present in summer the contest between a stratum of paving pebbles and some stunted grass for visibility; a contest which ceased at the approach of cold weather, when, of course, the stone became most prominent, and continued so until the snow for five months buried both parties out of sight.

Mr. Webster is as fond of the ocean as of the land, and he gathers the riches of the deep for his pleasure as well as the fatness of the earth—that is, the wild fowl and the sea fish are as successfully pursued by Mr. W. as are his agricultural objects, so that with his broad land around him,

and the deep blue of the sea beyond, he sits, monarch of all he surveys.

There is in the firm of Mr. W. something like himself—it is the result of industry—it is immense—it has open no finical decoration, no tawdry ornaments, no pretty little hiding-places, but its wide avenues lead to immeasurable oaks and elms, and far and wide useful habitations, luxuriant fields, and lordly herds of cattle speak the great proprietor; and with all Mr. Webster's intellectual greatness he feels that even in that nook of New England he is among men who can measure his intellect and attainments, and whose respectful salutations and deferential bearing are not due to any indefinable awe for some mysterious power, attainment, or possession, but the result of a just perception of his worth, and a correct appreciation of his mental greatness and political sagacity. Mr. Webster has, of course, a magnificent library—the treasures which great minds have yielded, and a great mind gathered—a library worthy each a man—a library appropriate to such a princely residence. But it is not the only one. Within a short distance, I saw on many shelves, in the extreme building of a frame rope-walk, not four miles from Mr. Webster, a collection of books in seven or eight languages, which would make the mouth of a literary epicure water; beautiful editions of valuable works, curious collections also, and desirable copies, every one of which was familiar to its modest owner, who seemed to know every vein in his rich mine, and to be able to give the exact value of the product of each inch of its contents.

We have said that Massachusetts was the extension of Boston; it is in more ways than in the beauty of residences and the uses of wealth; not the least worthy of notice is the conformity of country with the city in the delicacy of the female mind, and the extent of refined female education, among classes which might in other parts of the country, have escaped the meliorating influences of early discipline in manners, morals, and graces; and the visitor to the villages of Massachusetts, who finds his way into the parlor in all seasons, will be delighted with the enlarged influences of correct education, and the evidences of entire compatibility of the most extensive literary attainment and feminine polish with the discharge or direct supervision of domestic duties.

A New Volume of this Magazine will be commenced in January, in a style commensurate with the liberal and still increasing patronage bestowed upon it. We know that our patrons are fully satisfied with our past exertions to gratify their tastes, and we are equally confident that they will take our word when we assure them that excellent as the present volume has been, the forthcoming one will eclipse it in splendor.

The season is now close at hand for subscribing to literary periodicals, and the formation of new clubs. Let us urge upon those who design patronizing this Magazine, to send in their orders for the new volume at an early day. Although we shall print a large edition of the first numbers, it may, and doubtless will happen—as it did last year—that the supply will be totally exhausted, and disappointments occur in consequence of our inability to furnish complete sets of the numbers. This can be effectually guarded against by an early subscription for the new volume, and we hope our friends and the public generally will bear this suggestion in mind.

We have in course of preparation some exquisite large engravings, suitable for framing, designed as premium gifts to new subscribers, and from which a selection can be made. The particulars will be given in our Prospectus for the new volume, which will shortly appear.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography. By Washington Irving. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

From no living person could we have expected a more delightful biography of Goldsmith than from Washington Irving, and, accordingly, we have one, written closer to the heart and brain of its subject, than any other in English literature. There are two biographies of Goldsmith with which it will naturally be compared, Prior's and John Forster's, both of them works of merit, but neither equal to Irving's in respect to felicity in conveying to the reader a living impression of Goldsmith's character and life; and of depositing his image softly in the mind, as an object of good-natured affection. Prior is invaluable for materials, not only in regard to facts but epistolary correspondence, and displays in his style of composition no sign of being word-forsaken; but he has little juice in him, is hard and dry of mind, and exhibits no vision into the soul of Goldsmith, no capacity to clutch the living lineaments of his character. Forster's biography is a work of more intellectual pretensions; and the narrative of Goldsmith's life, the criticism on his various works, and the numerous anecdotes relating to the politics and literature of the time, are done with an ability we could not but expect from a man of Forster's mental powers and accomplishments: but unfortunately the subject was one in which his mind had little real sympathy, and, accordingly, the whole book, as far as it refers to Goldsmith, is pervaded by affectation and sentimentality. The style is made up of Carlylians and Micaulayisms, and further depraved by a sickly cant of sympathy with the poor—which cant bears evidence of being written by a man in extremely comfortable circumstances. But Irving is, in intellectual constitution, sufficiently like Goldsmith to comprehend him thoroughly, and his biography, therefore, has the truth and consistency of dramatic delineation, without any parade of knowledge or sentiment. With exquisite refinement of thought, and simplicity of narrative, it exhibits the gradual growth of Goldsmith's mind and disposition under the tutorage of experience, and so clear is the representation, that the dullest eye cannot miss seeing the essential features of the character, and the dullest heart admiring them.

It is almost needless to say that the style is lucid, graceful and pure, with that "polished want of polish" in the selection of the words, which indicates a master in diction. The spirit breathed over the work is genial and sympathetic, and while it throws a charm around Goldsmith, makes the reader in love with Irving. The selections from Goldsmith's letters and writings, introduced as illustrations of events in his life, and qualities of his character, do not stand apart from the biographer's text, but rather seem to melt into it, and form a vital portion of the work. Irving has avoided the fault of the other biographers, in not admitting extraneous matter, and rejecting every thing which does not strictly relate to Goldsmith. The sketches of men, and descriptions of English life and manners, which he introduces, are all illustrative of the circumstances and position of his author. Among these, the remarks on Johnson, Langton and Topham Beauclerc, and the account of the Literary Club, are the most felicitous.

In the last chapter of the volume, Irving sums up, with great delicacy and discrimination, the various qualities of Goldsmith, and presents, with a loving pen, his claims

upon the reader's esteem. We cannot refrain from quoting the concluding remarks, both for their beauty and justice. "From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly toward the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of 'poor Goldsmith,' speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson, 'for he was a very great man.' But, for our part, we rather say, 'let them be remembered,' since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and so familiarly ejaculated, of POOR GOLDSMITH."

Bulwer and Forbes on the Water Treatment. Edited, with Additional Matter, by Roland S. Houghton, M. D. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume is published especially for the benefit of literary and professional men, to whom the editor dedicates it. As it is addressed "to those who think," there is a natural disposition on the part of the reader to think with the editor. The most entertaining piece in the volume is Bulwer's letter, in which the author of *Peigham*, after describing the melancholy condition of his health under the regular practice, gives his experience as a Water Patient. The other articles are more elaborate and learned disquisitions on Hydropathy, written by physicians; and whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to the merits of the water cure as a medical science, he cannot fail to obtain much valuable information about bathing, and many strong inducements to look after the health of his skin.

Story of a Genius, or Cola Monti. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a little story somewhat after the manner of Miss Sedgwick's delicious juvenile tales, evidencing not merely a laudable purpose in the moral, but no mean powers of characterization, and a considerable knowledge of practical life. Cola, the slight dark-eyed Italian boy, the genius of the story, and Archibald McKaye, the youth marked out for a mercantile profession, are both well delineated; and the idea of bringing them together as natural friends is an anticipation of that union between artist and merchant which we trust will soon be more common in real life.

The Child's First History of Rome. By E. M. Sewell, Author of *Amy Herbert*, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 18mo.

Miss Sewall has performed, in this little volume, a difficult task, showing throughout that she understands what few authors of children's books seem to comprehend—a child's mind. A series of histories, composed on similar principles, would be a positive and permanent addition to the literature of youth. The authoress, not being "above her business," but having her audience constantly in her mind, has succeeded in avoiding every thing which would make her narrative obscure to children, and her style mirrors events in the light they ever appear to boys and girls. The account of the death of Cleopatra is one out of many examples of this felicity. In the following extract the very tone of a child's mind is caught and expressed. "Shortly afterward an officer arrived from Octavius. The first thing he saw when he entered the room was Cleopatra, dressed in her royal robes, stretched lifeless upon a golden couch. She had killed herself by means of an asp, a kind of serpent, which was brought to her in a basket of figs, and the sting of which was deadly. Iras was lying dead at the feet of her mistress; and Charmian, scarcely alive, was placing a crown upon her head. 'Was this well done, Charmian?' inquired the messenger of Octavius. 'Yes,' replied Charmian, 'it is well done, for such a death befits a glorious queen.'"

The volume, in addition to the simplicity of its narrative, bears evidence of having been compiled from good authorities; and if extensively read by the juvenile public, will be likely to make most children more informed in regard to Roman history, at least, than the majority of parents.

A Lift for the Lazy. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Few readers will have modesty enough to acknowledge publicly that this brilliant volume is addressed to them, but doubtless a great many, convicted by conscience, will take a step into it to see if it really meets their wants. In truth, the author has contrived to embody in it much curious information, which the most industrious scholars have either forgotten or never acquired. It contains about five hundred scraps of knowledge, collected from a wide field of miscellaneous reading, some of which are valuable, some quaint, some sparkling, and all entertaining. We have only space to extract one specimen of the author's style, and that illustrative of his way of relating an anecdote. Under the head of "Congreve Rockets," he remarks, "These destructive implements of war were invented in 1803, by Sir William Congreve. On a certain occasion, when visiting Westminster Abby, in company with some ladies, his attention was directed by one of the party to the inscription on the great composer, Purcell's monument: 'He has gone to that place where only his music can be excelled.' 'There, Sir William,' said the young lady, 'substitute fire-works for music, and that epitaph will answer for yourself.'"

Scenes where the Templar has Triumphed. By the Author of "The Jail Chaplain." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 18mo.

Here is a book, teplete with morality and religion, in which a view of human nature is taken as it appears to an observer peered in a jail or on the gallows. There are nineteen chapters, each devoted to the narrative of a different person and a different crime, and each as interesting as one of *Annals*'s novels, and as moral as one of

Baxter's Sermons. A book which thus addresses two large classes of readers can hardly fail to succeed. We should think it an admirable text book for Sunday-Schools in Texas. It places before every criminal's eye a near or less distant view of the jail and gallows, and is decidedly "an awful warning to the youth of America," as differs essentially from the "Pirate's Own Book," "The Lives of Celebrated Highwaymen," and other prison books of the rascal department of letters.

The Stars and the Earth; or Thoughts upon Space, Time and Eternity. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This is a small volume of eighty-seven pages crammed with thought. It appears to have excited much attention abroad, and to have passed rapidly through three editions. The speculations of the author are grand and original; having a solid basis on undoubted facts, and conducting the mind to results of "great pitch and moment." We have no space to make an abstract of what is in itself a epitome, but advise all our readers, who have thought on the subject of space and time, to obtain the work. Its style is a transparent medium for the thought, and its meaning stupidity itself can hardly miss. It requires neither a knowledge of mental or physical science to be comprehended, though it is an addition to both; and it removes some difficulties which have troubled all reflecting minds.

Retribution; or the Vale of Shadows. A Tale of Passion. By Emma D. E. Nevil Southworth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Judged by its own pretensions as a tale of passion, the work has considerable merit, and is worthy of a more permanent form than the pamphlet in which it is published. The mode which the Harpers have adopted of issuing all novels in this uncouth shape, in order to reduce their price to twenty-five cents, is an unfortunate one for the success of a new novelist like the accomplished authoress of the present story. No man of taste, who has regard for his eyesight, is likely to read pamphlet novels, unless the author be celebrated; and the circulation of a book like the present, is therefore likely to be confined to persons who are not in the habit of discriminating very closely between one novelist and another, provided both be readable, and consume a certain portion of leisure time. Whenever an American author produces a work of fiction as meritorious in respect to literary execution as "Retribution," it ought to be issued in a form which will enable it to take its appropriate place in American literature.

History of the United States of America. By Richard Hildreth. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. 2. 8vo.

This volume ends at about the commencement of the Revolution. It is written in the same style, and on similar principles, as the first volume, which we noticed a short time ago. The work is, at least, worthy the praise of condensation, there being included in the present volume, a narrative of the events occurring in all "the Coldest during the period of a hundred years."

Letters from the Allegheny Mountains. By Charles Lumsden. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this agreeable volume is well known as an essayist and tourist. The present work is mostly made up of letters originally contributed to the *National Intelligencer*, and, as a record of first impressions of scenery and manners, has a raciness and truth which a more elaborate treatment of the subject might have wanted.



LIBERTY AND JUSTICE.



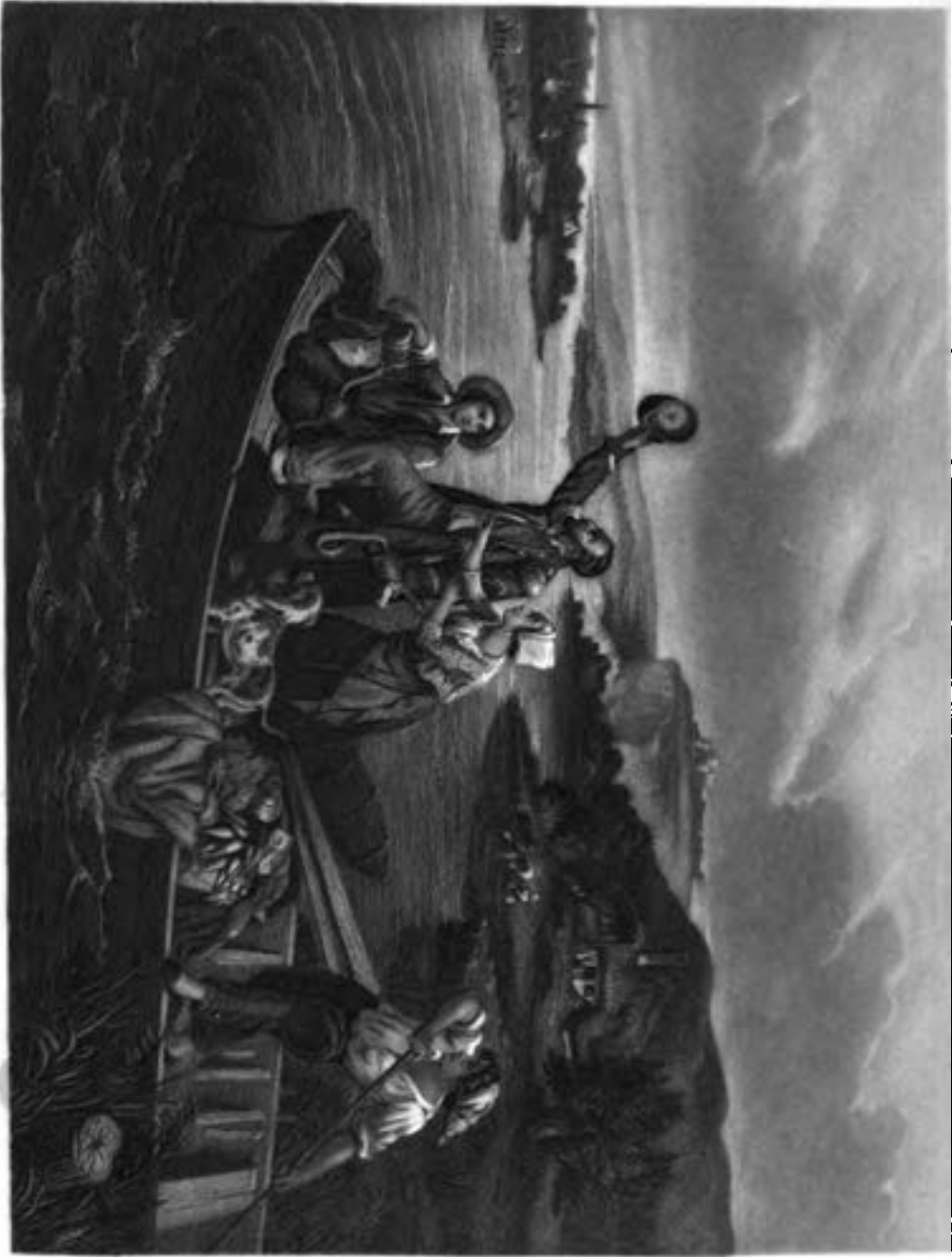
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THE GREAT BRITAIN



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

THE CONSCRIPT; OR THE FOUNDATION OF MORALS.

BY JOSEPH E. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE family of the Widow Berien had risen from their evening devotions, and were preparing to hasten to bed that they might rest from the toils of the day past, and to prepare for the fatigues of that which was to come. One by one they had taken leave of the mistress of the house, and had withdrawn, and Louise advanced to give her mother the evening kiss and receive the evening benediction—when the mother pointed to a chair and requested her daughter to sit down. The movements of the girl evinced an understanding of the object of her mother, and her countenance showed that she had drawn herself up to sustain the rebuke which had been prepared for her, for when both were seated Louise turned her face to her mother to discover, if possible, by the appearance of severity there, how the storm was to commence.

"You have seen Adolph again, to-day," said Madam Berien, in a mild tone, and with a glance which conveyed nothing like anger.

"I met him returning from the field."

"And what did he say?"

"It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat what he said or what I replied—it was probably not much different from what others in similar circumstances say. Not greatly different from what passed between you and my father at our ages, and in our situation."

"And that, Louise, shows me that you still persist in the resolution to marry Adolph."

"I have changed neither my inclinations nor my wishes so far as I may resolve on such matters."

"And my opinions are to go for nothing?"

"Can you say that, dear mother? Can you say that your opinion, your command, and your wishes go for nothing, when for two years I have postponed our union solely in deference to your wishes, and here renew my promise, that while I will marry no one but Adolph, in my present state of feeling, I will assuredly

not marry him until you shall have given your consent, or at least, withdrawn your opposition."

"My consent will not easily be obtained under existing circumstances. I do not object to the condition, appearance, or general conduct—"

"On what then, dear mother, have you founded your hostility to Adolph?"

"On nothing. I have no hostility to Adolph—I wish him well—I love him as the son of my cousin, on his father's side, and his mother was the friend and companion of my childhood, and both of them were my long continued neighbors—but—"

"But what, mother? Tell me, is there any secret reason for your dislike to the connection with the family? Has he or have his parents committed crimes which would bring disgrace upon us if known? Tell me; I would not do aught that might be construed into discredit; nor would I have my happiness destroyed by vague insinuations—speak to me, mother, plainly. I can bear the truth. I have too much of your own character to shrink from what I ought to know or ought to do, and I have also too much of your firmness to relinquish a settled object on account of imaginary or only great difficulties. I can bear disappointment if it is in the way of duty, or I can meet and conquer obstacles. Let me know on what ground I stand. If Adolph has committed aught against the laws, or if there is aught against his condition which should operate with the most delicate and fastidious, I can and will relinquish all association with him. I know how necessary his presence is to my happiness, but I know also how cherished is the good name of the family."

"Louise, you know how amid all the tumults of the revolutions with which the country has been visited; revolutions that shook the throne and altar—revolutions that in attempting to purify the political condition

of the nation destroyed its religion; you know, how amid all these tumults and disorganizations, when religion had been driven by the sword from her temples, and by ridicule from our dwellings, I have sought to cherish her in our domestic circle. Morning and evening have I gathered you around our family altar, and sought to keep alive in you the faith which has been the salvation of man, and which must be the guardian of woman's position and woman's purity."

"I know, dear mother," said Louise, as she recalled all the cares and labor which had been used to keep her feet in the ways of truth. "I know, dear mother, how great has been your devotion; how constant your vigilance in our behalf, and how your service has been that of the priest as well as the mother."

"And thus, my dear child, while the wickedness and folly of our people have done more against religion than heresy itself would attempt, while the services of the altar have been performed to such a meagre audience, that the voice of the priest has been echoed along the vacant aisles of the church, and no impressions of religion on the Sabbath have sanctified a thought on the other days of the week; nay, when as in some of the neighboring cities and villages, the priest himself has poured ridicule on his office, and made the mysteries of religion a theme for mirth and laughter, till children have done mockery to their God and his service, by mimicking in their plays the solemnities of the sanctuary, and have been encouraged and rewarded by the laughter and applause of men and women; have I not sought to save you from the contamination, and to keep alive in your heart the love of God and a conformity to the will of his Church?"

"You have, you have, dear mother, and I sometimes have thought when I have knelt with you in morning and evening devotion, that you had gathered up the fragments of the consecrated yet broken altar, to erect a place of sacrifice in your own heart, and I have loved religion more that you have pleaded its cause, strengthened its sentiment in my bosom, and stood forward for all the duties and services which may be performed by one of our sex. And I know, dear mother, that the will for the sacraments, the pure intentions which you execute are better, more profitable to us than the sacraments themselves without such intentions. But why, dear mother, do you now with such solemnity recall these things; why, when alluding to my relations with Adolph, do you refer to your religious zeal and effective exertions. Poor as have been the fruits from your cultivation of my religious sentiments, have I ever denied or derided what you taught? has my conduct ever done injustice to the lessons of love and purity you have imparted? or have I ever said ought that intimated a doubt of, or disrelish for, the doctrine and service of our holy church? I ask not in anger; I ask not, indeed, in unsanctified confidence, but I ask in sincerity—if I have offended against God and the church, let me know my errors; nay, while sensible of my want of zeal and efforts toward perfection, I avow myself ready and willing to improve by any advice or corrective which you may impart."

"I have not, my dear child, had reason to doubt of

the exactness and purity of your faith—no obstacles which I have been able to make, and I have carefully watched—oh! how vigilant must a widowed mother be over the purity of faith and conduct of her only daughter—I have, I repeat to you, found nothing in your faith to reprove, nothing in your religious stated exercises unworthy of a Christian. But—"

"But, mother—but—what can you mean. You talk to me earnestly of my association with, and my affection for Adolph—you allude to my faith and my conduct, and say that you find nothing in my faith to censure, and nothing in my religious exercises unworthy of a Christian, but you omit to approve of my conduct. You avoid reference to that, unless you were approaching it with the terrible—'But.'"

"I was approaching it—and—"

"Does my mother mean that there is ought in my conduct, my conduct with Adolph, because it is evaded that the remarks all tend thitherward—does my mother suspect impropriety of conduct in me—mother, mother, for Heaven's sake, spare me that imputation. For me and my thoughts, my inmost thoughts, your chamber has been as much the seat of the confessional as the place of the altar, and not a feeling of my heart, not an impulse of passion, not a motive or a wish has been withheld from you that would have been uttered in explanation or confession to the priest. I know there is wrong, dear mother, in the world. I am human, with human passions and human weaknesses; but not a thought of impurity has ever been uttered to me by Adolph, or been suggested by our relations with each other. Blessed queen of purity! in this thing I am innocent, in word and thought. Dear mother, let me not suffer—let not Adolph suffer in your estimation upon such a suspicion, he is above such weakness and wickedness, and I should need no further mention from Heaven to avoid his society, than the discovery that his words, nay, that our meeting suggested thoughts un-unctioned by my religion, unworthy of your approval."

"Louise paused in her vehement appeal. She had gone to the very verge of propriety in her assertions, and she saw nothing in her mother's countenance which indicated any change of sentiment. The girl felt for a moment indignant. The language of her mother implied a charge of the most painful character, and though it might not reach to the extent which, at first, she seemed to suppose, yet she felt that maidenly propriety is scarcely less outraged by an imputation of habitual association with the dangerous and the impure, than by a charge of crime committed—and she started at the bare hint of the wrong, and was stung to the soul when her vehement disclaimer seemed to work no change in the mind of her accusing mother.

The warmth of Louise's feelings betrayed no disrespect to her mother, and perhaps the good woman felt pleased at the sensibility of her daughter on such a subject. Still there was no removal of the objection which was felt against Adolph, and she replied:

"Your justification of your conduct, and your sensitiveness on the subject to which you supposed I referred, show how important you and all deem the fate of a young woman; how essential to her is not only a

pure mind, but an unsuspected character; and that to which I have referred is so intimately connected with what you suspect, that I shall take your virtuous indignation at what you imagined my allusion, as almost as applicable to my meaning as to your suspicions."

"What is it you mean, mother?"

"I mean, that with all the kindness of Adolph's manners—with all the respect he has shown for me, and his affection to you, he is tainted with the infidelity of the times, and not merely neglects the offices of the church, but ridicules the Christian religion."

"Never, mother, never; depend on it, some one has slandered Adolph to you."

"Does Adolph frequent, I will not say the sacraments of his church, but the church itself?"

"I see him frequently there."

"You see him there, my daughter, when he expects you are ready to return—but never does he assist in the services of the church?"

"I am not able to assert how often he attends the church, mother; but I think as frequently as most of the young men of this department, at least, of our village."

"That may be, my child, but it is of the general prevalence of irreligion in which it seems that Adolph shares, that I complain—and you know, my daughter, that following your father's advice, on his death-bed, I have said in the language of the King of Israel, 'as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"And God forbid, my dear mother, that I should hinder the fulfillment of your pious resolution, or be an exception in your religious family."

"And yet you will be, if you yoke yourself unequally with one who, if not a heretic, is only not *that* from his indifference to any religion."

"I will not, of course, assume that yoke without your approval."

"That is in a spirit of obedience; but, my daughter, it would be better if instead of limiting yourself not to marry any one without my approval, you would consent to advise with me as to some proper person among your acquaintance whom you *would* marry."

"My dear mother, the only equality in such a yoke of convenience would be the perfect indifference with which each would regard the other."

Louise was not a little shocked at the remarks made by her mother. She loved Adolph, and she knew well enough that he did not frequent the church, though she had never heard him ridicule religion, his respect for her and her religious habits would have prevented that outrage. But she could not shut her eyes to the fact that Adolph lived *out* of the influences of her church, and she knew well that her mother would never consent to her union with such a man. She mingled the subject in her prayers before she sought her bed, and gave the whole night to the anxiety which it caused.

Next day Louise opened her heart to Adolph, by expressing her fears that he had neglected the duties of his religion.

Adolph sought to evade the matter by some playful remarks, but he discovered that Louise was more than usually in earnest.

"Your mother is in this," said he.

"She is—and she adds, that I shall never marry a man who neglects the requirements of religion."

"Why, is she going to make a priest of me?"

"I hope not," said Louise; "for in that case we should be further from our marriage than we now are."

"What does she require?"

"She requires that you forbear, in the first place, any remarks against religion; and secondly, that you frequent the church, at least."

"I will do that to please her and you, at any rate," said he.

"You will do it from a higher motive, I hope," said she.

The result of the conference between Louise and Adolph was the promise on his part to be constant at church on all holidays, and to forbear any remarks which could be construed into a disrespect for religion and its ministers.

Louise retired gratified at what she had gained, but not without some sense of the unworthiness of the motives of her lover, and with many doubts whether she ought to depend on such a shallow change.

Adolph loved Louise—he promised readily—but he smiled in his heart at her seeming confidence. The truth was Adolph had ridiculed religion; not so much from any doubts of its truth, or any conclusions to which he had been led by argument, as by the necessity of improper association, the power of that state of mind that builds up skepticism as a sort of retreat from the stings of conscience. The moral principal of Adolph had suffered much from his associations.

It was a source of much gratification to Louise that Adolph kept his word—and Madam Berien could not deny that he was punctual in his attendance at the church, if not exceedingly edifying in his deportment. This brought Adolph more within the influence of Madam Berien's family, and that influence could not fail of being beneficial; he certainly was saved from much wrong if he was not influenced to do a great deal of what was right.

Such however was the force of example, that Adolph's habit of going to church seemed to be growing into a principle. And influenced by the delicate persuasion of Louise he even commenced a preparation for the sacraments. The progress in the work of piety was most gratifying to his betrothed, and even received some applause from her mother. The good woman was at length persuaded to give her consent to the union of her daughter with him, and the marriage was to take place immediately after Easter.

We need not speak of the happiness, and the bustle which such a consent produced in the family. With Louise it was a calm joy. It was to be the fulfillment of her heart's dearest wish. She had as she believed prepared herself for it by humble prayer and careful watching, and she had aided in fitting her lover to be her husband, by a gentle forbearance with his peculiarities, and delicate suggestions as it regarded his errors. He was a better man, more worthy of being the son-in-law of her mother.

Adolph felt that he had enough in Louise to make him forget the follies of his previous life, and though he had

not the most entire confidence in himself, yet he knew that with her vigilance and her delicacy he should be in little danger of being less worthy of her than he then was.

It is due to truth to say, that while Louise put confidence in the resolution of her lover, she did not feel that he was out of danger when out of her influence—danger not yet of open vice and profligacy, but of a neglect of religious duties and a resumption of those habits which had so nearly made shipwreck of him before. But he was not to be out of her influence—he was not to be removed from beneath her watchful eye. The marriage which was to take place in a few weeks would make him an inmate of her mother's house, where, indeed, already the sweetness of his disposition and his manly bearing had made him a favorite. So that Madam Berien, while she thanked God for the earnestness with which she had dealt with her daughter and his regard, confessed that his conduct now was irreproachable, and that even the religious sentiment seemed to be fully re-established in him.

It was near the close of a day early in April, that the family of Madam Berien was gathered around a table which seemed supplied with almost every thing but eatables. It was the finishing up of the wedding-dresses, and they had been about so long that there was no more pretence at concealing their uses, or hesitancy in referring to the ceremony and the time when they were to be used.

Madam Berien had just finished, for the twentieth time, a detail of the arrangements, when the curé arrived. He was always a welcome visitor at the house. His labors were lightened by the beautiful example of the family, and his wants in some measure supplied by their charitable piety. He was at home, for he felt that he might indulge there in any little sallies of wit and pleasantry, without the danger of having his language quoted to sustain irreverence; and he could speak of religion and its offices, with a certainty that those with whom he conversed sympathized with all his feelings.

In the midst of the appropriate merriment, in which real happiness rather than boisterous mirth seemed to predominate, a knocking at the door announced the approach of a stranger. He was ushered into the humble apartment, and presented the appearance of a veteran soldier of some consideration in the service.

"I have been directed," said the military visitor, "by persons in the village, to call at this house for citizen Adolph Lefevre. As my business is of an important kind, madam will, I hope, excuse my intrusion upon her domestic privacy."

Adolph rose, and announced himself as the person inquired for.

"In that case," said the visitor, "I have reason to be gratified with my call; the nation cannot fail to derive service from so finely proportioned a soldier. I bear, sir, to you a notice that you have been honored with a call to be mustered immediately into the service—as a conscript."

"A conscript! I am, sir, a conscript for 15—, but not of the present, nor even of the next year."

"I am aware, citizen conscript," said the military

gentleman, growing more and more civil as he meant to be more and more imperative, "I am aware of the year of your conscription, but the necessities of the grand army have compelled the emperor to anticipate a year or two; and you, who would otherwise have been a candidate for the cross of the legion of honor for two years at least, are now presented with the opportunity, which, of course, every Frenchman desires, of serving your country, without any such delay."

The officer presented Adolph with a paper which contained the order for his departure, fixed the day, and named the place of rendezvous; and then, with military grace, took leave of the family.

It is not possible to describe the misery which this order had brought into the family. Six months before, Adolph would have thought less of the dangers of the camp, and Madam Berien would have felt relieved by his departure; now, the thought of separation was terrible. The certainty seemed for a time to have paralyzed the family. The marriage was, of course, to be postponed.

"I could," said Louise, to the curé, "I could have sustained the blow better, had I perfect confidence in the strength of Adolph's power of resistance. It is not my disappointment that makes me weep; if I know my heart, dear father, it is the apprehension for Adolph's moral safety. He must be exposed to all the debasing influences of a great army, and to all the dangers of association with men who make a mockery of all that is holy in religion, and all that is decent in morals; and he must stand the taunts and jibes of some of those from whom he has recently been attracted. He will fail, assuredly.

"Let us pray for his endurance of the trial," said the curé.

"Let us find some one," said Louise, "that will assist to sustain his resolution of good, that will watch over him, and admonish him of his dangers."

"Who shall do that," said Father Rudolph, "but who e'er it may be, he turneth a sinner from his ways, and hideth a multitude of sins. It is a blessed office."

"Father," said Madam Berien, "are there now no chaplains in the army?"

"Alas, my child!" said the venerable curé, "war is not carried on now with that formality and parade which once distinguished it. The rapid movements of the troops give but little chance for religious impressions, and the morals of a camp seem to preclude the hope of any demand for clerical aid."

"How few of our army escape death or incurable wounds," said madam.

"Alas!" said Louise, "it is the camp more than the field that I dread; death or wounds are less injurious than the decayed morals."

There was trouble in the family of Madam Berien, trouble in the heart of Adolph. He was too young, too much a Frenchman of the time, to express an open regret at joining the army, and so he mourned his separation from Louise, and the disappointment of his marriage hopes, secretly. He dreaded the dangers of the association. He had really improved; he had begun to love virtue as he loved Louise; and he feared the

consequence of the want of her influence in the cause of his improvement.

The night before the departure of the few conscripts which were to leave the village, was spent by Adolph at Madam Berien's; the curé was present most of the time.

In the morning the busy movement in the place denoted that all were ready.

Louise had only one word of farewell, one kiss to give, and her part was accomplished—and her heart sunk within her as she placed upon Adolph's neck a little medal, which she carefully hid beneath his dress.

The ferry-boat that crosses the river some distance above the village, received the conscripts, and many of their friends, who would accompany them to the rendezvous beyond the river.

The neat uniform of the regiment sat well upon Adolph's manly form; and as he stood on the boat and took his parting glass with one of the principal dignitaries of the village, he looked as if he deserved golden instead of worsted epaulets. One friend only accompanied the youth—it was his faithful dog, Ponto, who shared in

THE CONSCRIPT'S DEPARTURE.

The regiment was mustered—it joined others—and in a few days was on its march to be united with an attachment of the grand army.

The army of the French, in those days to which we refer, was not of a kind to be overlooked, wherever it encamped, or whithersoever it marched; but just in proportion to the obtrusiveness of the whole was the indistinctness of its parts; and though each man in the ranks was made to feel something of personal identity, yet few out of the ranks looked upon the marshaled host as any thing less than one vast machine which a master-mind had formed, and a master-hand was directing; and to have supposed that a single soldier could have found distinction, or acquired note, unless by some excessive crime, or excessive courage, would be like identifying a drop in the ocean, or expecting some particle of matter to assert and confirm its indisputable right to distinction.

All heard of the progress and the victories of the army, but none knew exactly who were included in that little sentence, "one thousand killed and wounded;" and the heart of Louise sunk within her as occasional bulletins of battles reached the village, with statements of daring courage, of admirable conduct, and of numerous deaths. Letters were then not common from the army, at least from private soldiers.

Time passed, and Louise obtained permission of her mother to visit a relative at a distance; it was deemed a good opportunity to repair her health and spirits by a change of scenery and of company; and so she left her mother with more than usual evidence of grief at departure, for Louise, though affectionate, was not timid, and she rarely anticipated danger in any undertaking of her own; and such was her self-possession, that she never suffered from any of those incidents of travel which so often disturb the nerves of more delicate persons.

A battle had been fought, and a German city yielded

to the arms of the French. The wounded were disposed of in the hospitals, churches, and hotels of the conquered city.

Adolph lay stretched out upon a well prepared bed in a small chamber, quite apart from some of his wounded brethren. A musket-ball had passed through his body, escaping the vital parts, but producing a wound which it was feared would, from the lack of regular attendants, and the warmth of the weather, prove mortal. He had suffered much, and his system was not in a condition to aid nature; still he rather improved. One morning, while he lay ruminating on the change in his affairs, he saw the surgeon of the regiment entering the room, followed by a young, slightly-built person, who seemed to have very little of the military in his movements or his dress; his face, for a moment, sent back the thoughts of Adolph to the home of his boyhood and youth; he started, as if some sudden pain had seized him, but looking again, he heard the name of the stranger announced. It was Klemm; he was the secretary to the general commanding the city.

"I have come," said Klemm, sitting down beside the bed of Adolph, "to assist in taking care of some of our wounded."

"Of *our* wounded," said Adolph.

"Yes, *our* wounded; for, though my pronunciation is rather German than French, I am a native and a citizen of France, educated in Germany, and bearing in my speech pretty strong proofs of my master's powers of instruction, and my own of imitation. I have left some of the volunteer nurses with others, and have come to do my best by you. I have some acquaintance with the art. Is this your dog?"

"Yes, this is Ponto the second; his predecessor, whom I brought from the village with me, perished in the same action in which his master received his present wound; and long used to the company of a faithful dog, I procured this, the nearest resemblance to old Ponto that I could find, and have christened him after his predecessor.

"And transferred your affections from the old to the new companion?"

"Not entirely yet, but nearly, I think; he is likely to inherit the love as well as the name of the deceased."

"Love is a quality easily transferred, then?" said Klemm.

"Why, yes; we soldiers, who are quartered in favorable positions, do certainly find it a convertible commodity."

"I will dress your wound," said Klemm.

When the office had been performed, and Adolph was settled quietly down upon his well beaten pillow, Klemm said, "It is now time for me to repair to my duties at head-quarters, and you would better compose yourself to sleep. Do you need the assistance of a chaplain as well as a nurse?"

"To confess the truth," said Adolph, "I believe I could about as well dress my wound myself, as to go over some of those troublesome prayers with which my boyhood was unutterably bored. I think, however, that a little sleep would be about as refreshing as prayers."

Just as Klemm was withdrawing, Adolph called to him.

"Do I understand that you are to act as assistant surgeon or nurse in this building?"

"Yes."

"Then I think I shall recover, for I have felt no dressing like this since I was shot; and probably in a few weeks we may have a frolic together, for I perceived as they brought me hither that the place is not wholly destitute of females."

Considerable familiarity grew up between the wounded man and his nurse. The exceeding delicacy of the attentions of Klemm; his soothing cure; his skillful application of all the prescriptions of the surgeon, created in Adolph a spirit of gratitude which then found expression in words, but which he hoped would have other exponents at a future time.

"I see you wear a token," said Klemm, as he took hold of the medal which had been placed round the neck of the soldier. "I should think that one who wore this would not fail in his daily devotions. Or is this a love token?"

"Well, rather more of love than religion, I imagine."

"Oh, then your heart has suffered as much as your body?"

"Why that might be the token of another's love for me, rather than of mine for her."

"That is true, indeed; the medal itself might have been bestowed as a token of love for you; but surely, if worn by you, it was worn as a token of love for another."

"Why, to say the truth, it has been worn without much thought any way; but if you will look at it, you will see that it has saved my life by breaking the force of a ball."

"It has certainly suffered considerably," said Klemm, as he gazed at the crushed medal.

"It is strange," said Klemm, some days afterward, when dressing the wounds of Adolph, "that you should wear a religious medal on your neck, and appear to be inattentive to services for which such things are worn, and even indifferent to the motives for which this particular one was given."

"Do you know the motive?" said Adolph.

"You told me some days since, that it was rather a token of love than religion."

"In which I think it proper to say I was wrong."

"You awaken in me a curiosity by your remarks which I certainly have no right to expect will be gratified."

Adolph, whose fault of character it was to yield to immediate influences, professed himself willing to explain, desiring it to be understood, however, that the names he should use with regard to the absent, should be fictitious. "My own follies are justly visited on me, but I have no right to connect respectable names with mine in this situation."

Adolph, changing the name of the village and that of Madam Berien's family, related to Klemm the circumstances of his life—his love for Louise, his irreligious habits, his restoration to propriety, his call to the army, and added that the evil associations of the camp had obliterated not only the sense of respect which he

had begun to feel for religion, but it had really led him back to skepticism; and his life in the army had been in accordance with his want of belief.

"Of course," said Klemm, "you retain your affection for things and persons of this world, notwithstanding your loss of belief in the doctrines that relate to that which is to come?"

"Not entirely."

"Have you ceased to love Louise—do you love another?"

"Neither; but I confess to you that as I released myself from the trammels which the religious opinions of Louise placed upon my mind and conduct, I felt less respect, and consequently less love for her."

"Does your respect and love go together?"

My love for her was almost entirely dependent on respect. She was my superior in education, my teacher in religion."

"And so she put on airs, did she—played the school-mistress?"

"I should certainly do injustice to her were I to admit the force of your query. She led me back to religious observances less by any thing masculine in her character than by the evident disinterestedness of her conduct, and the conviction that however little I might respect the requirements of religion, I certainly found the results of the outward observances of the rules the best for myself."

"Do you still love Louise?"

"Can I love her, and live as I have lived for the last six months? I ask seriously."

"I will answer that when I can ascertain how intimately your self-respect is connected with that respect which you say was the fount of your love for Louise."

"It is certain that for some months after I entered the army, my resolutions for good were well maintained, and I thought that my affections for Louise were augmented by absence. But I fell into the habits of those with whom I associated, and I soon found that they shared the opinions which my earlier companions professed; and I confess to you that my old skepticism returned, and though my sufferings here have certainly prevented me from the indulgence of dissipation to which I had fallen, yet I do not find that my religious belief has returned with my change of conduct."

"Probably not, your change of conduct, as you call it, is only the necessity of your position, and you have perhaps sinned as heartily here, within sight of death, as when you wore in the full flush of health."

"And, by the way, Mr. Klemm, that is the unkindest remark you have made to me yet, and smacking the least of German accent of any sentence you have uttered. How much your voice resembles Louise's?"

"Do I resemble her much in other respects?"

"You are not as tall, and you are darker; besides, your shock of hair resembles her splendid head about as much as your guttural German does her pure French."

"Adolph," said Klemm, "in accents far more Germanic than those recently used, "would you seek to renew your relations with Louise if you were so?"

"The only weakness which I ever knew in Louise

was her love for me, and that, I have occasion to know, would not allow her to marry me with my present vices."

"Could you not conform to the customs of her family without a change of opinion?"

"Would you advise me to do it?"

"Would you do it?"

"Klemm, you have seen too much of my character for me to affect to conceal much from you. I repeat it, I do not find myself disposed to any sanctioning display of piety; I cannot and will not submit myself to the mortifying sacraments of the church. But if I could play the hypocrite, I would not deceive Louise if I could; and I suppose it is an evidence of my want of love for her now, that I will not do this to secure her as my wife. What say you?"

"I will answer you to-morrow," said Klemm, as he hastily left the room.

"All gone! all impressions of piety erased, all holy resolutions abandoned, all faith shipwrecked, all progress given up, all religion relinquished; yet what is that last sentiment he utters, 'I would not deceive her even to make her my wife.' Surely while the sentiments of religion are clouded, while their effect is denied, they are lying deep in the heart, buried, but not lost—silent, unseen, but surely not dead."

Adolph was recovering slowly, and his nurse sought to comfort him with the assurance that he would soon be allowed to return home upon a furlough.

"Why should I desire to return home," said Adolph, "a wreck of what I have been—a wreck in mind and body, my health ruined and my faith destroyed? I take back nothing which caused my departure to be regretted."

"You have heard, then, that Louise, apprised of your situation, has resolved to discard you?"

"No, I have not heard it, but I feel it; and, moreover, I cannot and will not impose upon her faith in me."

"I think if you could resolve to resume your religious duties there, notwithstanding all that has passed here, though she should know it all, she would receive you. But shall I invite a priest into your room?"

"To have me laughed at by the whole regiment. I have little to confess that I have not told you—nothing, indeed, that you may not fully understand by what I have said."

"But I have no functions to grant absolution, whatever you may confuse."

"Has any one more than you have? Is not the whole system one of priestcraft? What do priests know more than I do, and for what are they seeking to bring me under their care, unless to augment their power, and increase their comforts?"

"Perhaps you have an inclination to listen to teachers of another creed? They are in the next town."

"Oh no, they are all alike in one thing, however they may differ in other matters, to rule others and help themselves."

"Was Father Rudolph of that class?"

"No, apparently not—but how do you know Father

Rudolph? Or how did you know that I was acquainted with him?"

Klemm bit his lip—"It is not difficult to ascertain who have been your friends, as in your delirium you were very free with their names."

"Did I repeat her name?"

"Only as Louise. But you are apparently set against the clergy."

"Yes."

"Have you thought really of their influence on your life. Have you considered that much of all that you call morals is indeed the effect of their religious teaching?"

"That is religion not the priest."

"I speak for the instrument, I confess; but a clergyman is to religion what an army is to a war—and you might as well think of conducting a national contest without officer and soldier, as a moral, religious contest without a clergy. And I doubt whether you have any idea of religion, unless it be a sort of restraint upon certain actions and passions. You mean morals when you say religion, and as you have seen morals exist where there was no profession of religion or observance of prescribed devotion, you think that such a morality is an independent system. Let me correct that idea. I agree that we find morals without religion, but I do not agree that morals would exist without it, and thousands of our young officers (I heard some of them last evening) assert with philosophic gravity, that they are moral (they mean good) without religion. How vain—how short-sighted. They overlook the great fact that their morals are good habits founded on the religious teachings and practice of their mothers or priests, and that all the credit which they claim for their philosophy is due to Christianity, and that less settled in habits, or less reflective than they now are, they would fall with the first temptation that presented. What do you say to that Adolph?"

"I say nothing now—proceed."

"I will proceed to make a personal application. To whom was the virtue of your childhood and youth due? Certainly to your virtuous, religious mother."

"Did you know my mother?"

"What a question!"

"If not, how did you know that she was religious?"

"Because you said that in your childhood you were religious and had a mother. You gave me a knowledge of the cause when you stated the effect."

"But my mother was neither a priest nor a religious."

"No, but she frequented the sacrament of the church, and attended to the instruction of a priest, and thus became religious. But you admit that falling into bad company your morals became, if not depraved, at least vitiated, and that you began to despise religion when you neglected morals."

"But when I began to reform, certainly I did owe my change of purpose to a priest, and I only intended the reformation in my morals."

"To whom then were you indebted for moral improvement?"

"To Louise."

"And did not Louise owe her instruction to the same

priest whom you had neglected? Nay, is it not probable that she applied to Father Rudolph for advice in the very matter of your reformation, and that he prescribed the condition on which she was to indulge her affection—and encourage yours?"

"I cannot say that it was not so. But Louise was pretty independent in her manners, and would scarcely have asked the priest's advice with regard to a lover."

"Do you know any thing temporal of greater consequence than matrimonial engagements, or any relation more likely to have effect upon what you seem to think the priest has a legitimate right to meddle with?"

"I do not believe the priest interfered."

"I know he did."

"You know?"

"It is most natural that he should have done it. And now permit me to suggest still further, that while you owe the lessons which Louise gave you to the good father, you owe the reformation which you commenced to the remains of religious instruction in your heart. Undoubtedly it was your love to Louise that gave her influence over you, but it was religion that made her efforts successful."

"You confuse me—I do not assent, but I cannot now contend."

"I will leave you—leave you with this single remark, that not only did you owe your former reformation to religion, but there is religion now dealing with your heart, and your affection for Louise will return with the ready admission of religious instruction and the performance of religious duties."

"I think I love her now as well as ever,"

"Then I shall hear more to-morrow of your experience."

The night was one of nervous irritability, and poor Adolph presented to the surgeon the next morning, one of the worst cases of relapse in the hospital, and Klemm was early summoned to the room of his patient. The day was passed in painful aberration of mind, and short unrefreshing sleep.

The evening found the sufferer somewhat relieved."

"What can I do for you more?" said Klemm, as he smoothed down the pillow after assisting Adolph to acquire a comfortable position.

"That voice again!" said Adolph, "and no German."

"I have got clear of my German accent by conversing with you."

"Only at times," said Adolph.

"Can I do nothing more for you?"

"Nothing, I believe.—Did you prepare for the priesthood?"

"No. I had neither inclination nor vocation."

"I am sorry."

"Adolph you are very sick—sick, less from the pain of your wound than from the tumult of your mind. I am unable to assist you. Let me invite in a clergyman, who is in the hospital."

"Are there any here?"

"One. The terrible state of the wounded in some of the wards has compelled the officer to admit a priest."

"Is there contagious disease?"

"Yes."

"Do you not fear for yourself?"

"*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus.*"

"What's that?"

"Remember the words. I will call in the clergyman."

And before Adolph could either consent or refuse Klerum had left the room.

In a short time a priest entered the chamber of Adolph, and proceeded to make himself acquainted with the state of his penitent's mind, and then to attend to the duties of his sick call.

Adolph was calm and settled when Klerum returned, but not communicative.

Klemm then announced his departure a duty, and the fact that Adolph would, as soon as his strength would permit, be allowed to return home.

The parting of the friends that evening was truly affecting. Klemm was made to promise a visit to the village—"Though," said he, "I may make an impression on Louise unfavorably to you."

"I do not fear that," said Adolph.

"*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus,*" said Klemm. A German quotation which I will show you in the original, or at least explain to you when we meet in your village."

Klerum took leave of Adolph and Ponto, the faithful dog, and proceeded on his journey.

Men gather to see a regiment, a single company, or even a little squad depart for the camp—but few look out for the returning wounded—they come back singly and sorrowful. The wagon that was passing the ferry house nearly opposite the village in which resided Madam Berien, stopped for a moment, and a soldier, war-worn and wounded, stepped slowly from the vehicle, followed by his dog. He entered the house, and as he closed the door upon a small parlor, he found himself confronted by a female.

"Adolph!"

"Louise!"

"And your mother?"

"Well—all well."

"And Ponto," too, said Louise, as the affectionate dog, after reconnoitering round her, sprang up to receive his share of the carresses—"Ponto, too, come back."

"Yes. But this is not Ponto that left the village with me. How comes he to be so familiar with you?"

"Your wounds are better?"

"I am well nearly. I need only rest—only your kindness, and I shall be ready for another campaign," said he with a melancholy smile.

The boat awaited the passengers, and a few on the opposite shore were waiting for the

CONSBERT'S RETURN.

Adolph was received by the villagers on the shore with hearty welcome, and was conducted toward his former residence. As he entered the little hamlet, he turned slowly into the church, and at the foot of the humble altar poured out to Heaven the thanks which swelled up in his heart for his return. And near him one heart gushing with love and gratitude was breath-

ing out its thanksgiving that the wanderer had first sought the house of God.

The post-office the next day supplied a letter, without post-mark, giving Adolph an officer's commission for the gallantry that saved his colonel's life at the imminent risk of his own, and extending his furlough for a year.

"But Louise," said Adolph, "how your complexion has suffered since I saw you."

"I have been absent for some weeks."

"Yes, and these mountain relatives of yours always look of about the same color as one of their ripe grapes."

Adolph having now some position, and a source of reliance upon his good resolution, presented himself before Madam Berien to solicit formally the hand of her daughter.

The matter had evidently occupied the worthy lady's attention, as she consented at once, referred to an early day for the marriage, and desired that her own house might be the residence of her son-in-law and his wife.

"Surely, Providence is too good to me," said Adolph, when he announced to Louise the result of his negotiation.

"Has it ever failed you when you really relied upon it?"

"Did it not allow me to be sent to the army, and to suffer horribly. I do believe I should have died without Klemm."

"Has not your campaign resulted in the adoption of a sounder code of morals, a restoration to religious exercises, and the acquisition of rank, and in our almost immediate marriage. And will not Klemm be here at our wedding?"

"I hope so, but faith Klemm is such a well-made handsome little fellow, that I might wish him to tarry until after our marriage. I should not like to find him and you chatting German sentiment together in the German language."

"And why not, Adolph?"

"I might *fear* that the sleek little secretary would outshine the wounded lieutenant."

"Fear, Adolph! You would not *fear*."

"Why not?" asked he, with a smile.

"*Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus*," said Louise, with a strong German accent.

"Good Heaven, Louise! where did you find that quotation, and where that accent and look?"

"Why, the quotation is from the Bible, and the accent is as true German as my grape-raising relatives know how to give."

No Klemm arrived as Adolph hoped, and so the bridal party set forward to the church where Father Rudolph was awaiting their arrival. The simple but interesting ceremony was concluded, and as the party rose from their last genuflection toward the altar, Louise whispered into her husband's ear:

"Klemm has come!"

"Where—where is he? Oh! how I long to have him share in the happiness which I enjoy, and he *will* share in it, for it is of his own producing. Oh! Louise, could you but know—but I have told you all I can tell; yet I cannot express what I feel for that young man's beautiful devotion to my good—to him alone, next to God, am I indebted for this day's unspeakable delight."

"I thought you owed it to me," said Louise.

"To you—to you indeed, that you are mine—but to him that I was made worthy of your acceptance. Dear Louise, I am *afraid* you must share—"

"*Afraid*, Adolph! *Die vollige Liebe treibet die Furcht aus*."

"Louise, you confound me—whose is that tone of voice—whose that arch look? Surely you are not yourself now?"

"Not this moment, Adolph. Just *now* I am Klemm!"

"The sacrifices of Louise had been accepted in Heaven—of course they were appreciated on earth, and "perfect love which casteth out fear," had lured the wanderer back to religion, and had been rewarded in its good performed and the power of doing good.

TO MY STEED.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Come forth, my brave steed, for the dew 's on the flowers,
And we will away with the speed of the hours;
The breath of the summer-time rides on the gale,
And health is abroad on each mountain and dale.

Come forth, for the lark is alive with his song,
And the bound of my pulses is life-like and strong;
It is gladness to see the wild fire of thine eye,
And feel thy light tread as the breeze rushes by.

Come forth, my own Arab, the Sun is asleep,
And the tears of the morning thy dark mane shall steep;
Thou shalt drink from the gushes of Summer's cool streams,
E'er the flow of the fountain is tipped with morn's beams.

Come forth to the greenwood whilst perfume is there,
And we'll start the wild deer from his slumbering lair;
The leap of the cascade, and dash of the spray,
Shall echo more faint as we hurry away.

Come forth, my brave steed—far truer art thou
Than the smile on the lip, or the light on the brow;
More faithful than promises lovers may breathe,
Or the garlands of fame that a nation may wreath.

Come forth—I am ready—hurrah for the hills,
Whilst the harp-string of pleasure with ecstasy thrills;
No hour like the morning—no scene like to this
In all the wide world, for a moment of bliss.

JASPER ST. AUBYN;
OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Concluded from page 262.)

CHAPTER II.

The Sacrifice.

Ask any thing but that.

AN hour had not quite passed, when, as she sat alone in her little gayly-decorated study, with its walls hung with water-color drawings of her own execution, its tables strewn with poetry and music of her own composition, and her favorite books, and her own lute—her little study in which the happiest hours of her life had been spent, the first hours of her married life, while Jasper was all that her fancy painted him—his step came along the corridor, but with a slow and hesitating sound, most unlike to the quick, firm, decided tread, for which he was remarkable.

She noticed the diffidence, it is true, at the moment, but forgot it again instantly. It was enough! It was he! and he was coming once again to seek her in her own apartment; he had a boon to ask of her—he had promised to love her—he had called her “his dear Theresa.”

And now she sprung up, with her soul beaming from her eyes, and ran to meet him. The door was opened ere he reached it, and as he entered, she fell upon his neck, and wound her snowy arms about his waist, and kissed him fifty times, and wept silent tears in the fullness of her joy.

And did not his heart respond in the least to her innocent and girlish rapture; did he not bend at all from his bad purpose; was there no melting, no relenting in that callous, selfish nature; was, indeed, all within him hard as the nether millstone?

He clasped her, he caressed her, he spoke to her fondly, lovingly, he kissed, like Judas, to betray. He suffered her to lead him to his favorite seat of old, the deep, softly-cushioned, low arm-chair, and to place her footstool by his side, and nestle herself down upon it as she used to do, with her arms folded negligently across his knee, and her beautiful rounded chin propped upon them, with her great earnest eyes looking up in his face, like unfathomable wells of tenderness.

And he returned her gaze of fondness, unabashed, unembarrassed; and yet it was sometime before he spoke; and when he did speak at length, his voice was altered and almost husky. But it was from doubt how best he might play his part, not that he shrunk from the task he had imposed upon himself, either for shame or for pity.

“Well, my Theresa,” he said, at last, “have you thought whether you will make this sacrifice?”

“No, Jasper, I have not thought about it; but if you wish me to make it, I will make it, and it will be no sacrifice.”

“But I tell you, Theresa, that it is a sacrifice. a mighty and most painful sacrifice; a sacrifice so great and so terrible, that I almost fear, almost feel that it would be selfish in me to ask it of you.”

“Ask it, then; ask it quickly, that you may see how readily it shall be granted.”

“Can you conceive no sacrifice that you would not make to please me?”

“None, that you would ask of me.”

“Theresa, no one can say what another might ask of them. Husbands, lovers, brothers, have asked strange sacrifices—fearful sacrifices, at woman’s hands; and—they have been made.”

“Ask me, then, ask me,” she repeated, smiling, although her face had grown somewhat pale as she listened to his words, and marked his strangely excited manner. “I repeat, there is *no* sacrifice which you would ask of me, which I will not make. Nay more, there is none which I should think a sacrifice if it is to preserve your love to me, when I feared that I had lost it forever, though how, indeed, I knew not.”

“We shall see,” he said, affecting to muse with himself, and ponder deeply. “We shall see; you are a great historian—and have read of all the celebrated women of times past and present. You have heard of the beautiful Mademoiselle Desvieux, she who—”

“She who was the promised wife of the great, the immortal Bossuet; and who sacrificed her own happiness, freeing her lover from the claims she held on him, lest a wife should be a clog upon his pure yet soaring ambition, lest an earthly affection should weaken him from a higher love, and weaken the cords that were drawing him toward heaven! I have—I have heard of her! Who has not—who does not revere her name—who does not love her?”

“And what think you of her sacrifice, Theresa?”

“That it was her duty. A difficult duty to perform, you will say, but still her duty. Her praise is, that she performed it gloriously. And yet I doubt not that her sacrifice bore her its own exceeding great reward. Loving as she loved, all her sorrows must have been changed into exultation, when she saw him in after days the saint he became, the saint she helped to make him.”

“And could you have made such a sacrifice, Theresa?”

“I hope so, and I think so,” she replied, with a little hesitation. “But it avails not now to think of that, seeing that I cannot make such. She was a maiden, I am a wedded wife.”

“True, dearest, true. I only named her, to judge, by your opinion, of what I wish to learn, ere I will ask you. There was another sacrifice, Theresa, a very terrible sacrifice, made of late, and made to no pur-

pose, too, as it fell out—a sacrifice of far more doubtful nature; yet there be some who have not failed to praise it?"

"What was it—do you praise it?"

"At least I pity it, Theresa."

"What was it—tell me?"

"After the late rebellion at Sedgemoor. Have you not heard, Theresa?"

"No, I think not—go on, I want to hear it; go on, Jasper."

"There was a young man, a cavalier, very young, very brave, very nobly born, and, it is said, very handsome. He was taken after the route of that coward, Gray of Werk's horse—cast into prison, and, when his turn came, tried by the butcher, Kirke—you know what that means, Theresa?"

"Condemned," she said, sadly. "Of course he was condemned—what next?"

"To be hung by the neck upon the shameful gibbet, and then cut down, while yet alive, and subjected to all the barbarous tortures which are inflicted as the penalty of high treason."

"Horrible! horrible! and—what more, Jasper?"

"Have you not, indeed, heard the tale?"

"Indeed, no. I pray you tell me, for you have moved me very deeply."

"It is very moving. The boy had a sister—the loveliest creature, it is said, that trod the soil of England, scarce seventeen years of age, a very paragon of grace and purity and beauty. They two were alone in the world—parents, kinsfolk, friends, they had none. They had none to love but one another, even as we, my Theresa; and they did love—how, you may judge. The girl threw herself at the butcher's feet, and implored her brother's pardon."

"Go on, go on, Jasper!" cried the young wife, excited almost beyond the power of restraining her emotions by the dreadful interest of his tale, "and, for once, he granted it?"

"And, for once, as you say, he granted it. But upon one condition."

"And that was—?"

"And that was, that the young girl should make a sacrifice—an awful sacrifice—should submit, in a word, to be a martyr for her brother's sake."

"To die for him—and she died! Of course, she died to save him; that were no sacrifice, none, Jasper—I say none! Why *any* woman would have done that?"

"It was not to die for him—it was to sacrifice herself—herself—for she was lovely, as I told you—to the butcher."

"Ah!" sighed Theresa, with a terrible sensation at her heart, which she could not explain, even to herself; "and what—what did she?"

"She asked permission to consult her brother."

"And he told her that he had rather die ten thousand deaths than that she should lose one hair's breadth of her honor!" cried Theresa, enthusiastically clasping her hands together.

"And he told her that life was very sweet, and death on a guilow very shameful!"

"The curst! the miserable, loathsome slave! the

filthy dastard! I trust that Kirke drew him with wild horses! The gallows were too good for such a slave."

"Then you would not have made such a sacrifice?"

"I—I!" she exclaimed, her soft blue eyes actually flashing fire; "I sacrifice my honor! but lo!" she interrupted herself, smiling at her own vehemence, "am not I a little fool, to fancy that you are in earnest. No, dearest Jasper, I would no more make *that* sacrifice, than you would suffer me to do so. Did not I make that reservation, did I not say any sacrifice, which you would ask of me?"

"Ay, dearest!" he replied gently, laying his hand on her head, "you do me no more than justice there. I would die as many deaths as I have hairs on my head, before you should so save me." And for the first time that night Jasper St. Aubyn spoke in earnest.

"I know you would, Jasper. But go on, I pray you, with this fearful tale. I would you had not begun it; but now you have, I must hear it to the end. What did she?"

"She did, Theresa, as her brother bade her. She sacrificed herself to the butcher."

"Poor wretch! poor wretch! and so her brother lived with the world's scorn and curses on his head—and she—did she *die*, Jasper?"

"No, my Theresa. She is alive yet. It was the brother died."

"How so? how could that be? Did Kirke then relent?"

"Kirke never relented! When the girl awoke in the butcher's chamber, with fame and honor—all that she loved in life—lost to her for ever—he bade her look out of the window—what think you she saw there, Theresa?"

"What?"

"The thing, that an hour before was her brother, dangling in the accursed noose from the gibbet."

"And God did not speak in thunder."

"To the girl's mind, he spoke—for that went astray at once, jangled and jarred, and out of tune forever! *There was a sacrifice, Theresa.*"

"A wicked one, and so it ended, wickelky. We'll none of such sacrifices, Jasper. If we should ever have to die, which God avert in his mercy, any death of violence or horror, we will die tranquilly and together. Will we not, dearest?"

"As you said but now, may the good God guard us from such a fate, Theresa; and yet," he added, looking at her fixedly, and with a strange expression, "we may be nearer to it than we think for, even now."

"Nearer to what, Jasper? speak," she cried, eagerly, as if she had missed the meaning of the words he last uttered.

"Nearer to the perils of the law, for high treason," answered her husband, in a low, dejected voice. "It is of that I have been anxious to speak with you all the time."

"Then speak at once, for God's sake, dearest Jasper! speak at once, and fully, that we may know the worst!" and she showed more composure now, in what she naturally deemed the extremity of peril, than he had looked for, judging from the excitement she had manifested at the mere listening to the story of an-

other's perils. "Say on," she added, seeing that he hesitated, "let me know the worst."

"It must be so, though it is hard to tell, Theresa; we—myself, I mean, and a band of the first and noblest youths of England—have been engaged for these three months past in a conspiracy to banish from the throne of England this last and basest son of a weak, bigoted, unlucky race of kings—this cowardly, blood-thirsty, persecuting bigot—this Papist monarch of a Protestant land, this James the Second, as men call him; and to set in his place the brave, wise, virtuous William of Nassau, now Stadtholder of the United Provinces. It is this business which has obliged me to be absent so often of late, in London. It is the failure of this business which has rendered me morose, unkind, irritable—need I say more, you have pardoned me, Theresa."

"The failure of this business!" she exclaimed, gazing at him with a face from which dismay had banished every hue of color—"the failure!"

"Ay, Theresa, it is even so. Had we succeeded in liberating England from the cold tyrant's bloody yoke, we had been patriots, saviors, fathers of our country—Brutus, for what I know, and Timoleon! We have failed—therefore, we are rebels, traitors; and, I suppose, ere long shall be victims."

"The plot, then, is discovered?"

"Even so, Theresa."

"And how long, Jasper, have you known this dreadful termination?"

"I have foreseen it these six weeks or more. I knew it, for the first time, to-day."

"And is it absolutely known, divulged, proclaimed? Have arrests been made?" she asked, with a degree of coolness that amazed him, while he felt that it augured ill for the success of his iniquitous scheme; but he had, in some sort, fore-seen her questions, and his answers were prepared already. He answered, therefore, as unhesitatingly as if there had been one word of truth in all that he was uttering.

"It is *all* known to one of the leading ministers of the government; it is not divulged; and no arrests have been made yet. But the breathing space will be brief."

"All, then, is easy! Let us fly! Let us take horse at once—this very night! By noon to-morrow, we shall be in Plymouth, and thence we can gain France, and be safe there until this tyranny shall be o'erpast."

"Brave girl!" he replied, with the affectation of a melancholy smile. "Brave Theresa, you would bear exile, ruin, poverty with the outlawed traitor; and we might still be happy. But, alas, girl! it is too late to fly. The ports are all closed throughout England. It is too late to fly, and to fight is impossible."

"Then it remains only that we die!" she exclaimed, casting herself into his arms, "and that is not so difficult, now that I know you love me, Jasper." But, even as she uttered the words, his previous conversation recurred to her mind, and she started from his arms, crying out, "but you spoke of a sacrifice!—a sacrifice which I could make! Is it possible that I can save you?"

"Not me alone, Theresa, but all the band of brothers who are sworn to this enterprise; nor them alone, but England, which may, by your deed, still be liberated from the tyrant."

She turned her beautiful eyes upward, and her lips moved rapidly, although she spoke not. She was praying for aid from on high—for strength to do her duty.

He watched her with calm, expectant, unmoved eyes, and muttered to himself, "I have gained. She will yield."

"Now," she said, "now," as her prayer was ended, "I am strong now to bear. Tell me, Jasper, what must I do to save you?"

"I cannot tell you, dearest. I cannot—it is too much—you could not make it; nor if *you* would, could I. Let it pass. We will die—all die together."

"And England!" exclaimed the girl, with her face kindling gloriously; "and our mother England, must she perish by inches in the tyrant's clutch, because we are cowards? No, Jasper, no. Be of more constant mind. Tell me, what is it I must do? and, though it wring my heart and rack my brain, if I *can* save you and your gallant friends, and our dear native land, I will save them, though it kill me."

"Could you endure to part from me, Theresa—to part from me forever?"

"To part from you, Jasper!" no written phrase can express the agony, the anguish, the despair, which were made manifest in every sound of those few simple words. A breaking heart spoke out in every accent.

"Ay, to part from me, never to see me more—never to hear my voice; only to know that I exist, and that I love you—love you beyond my own soul! Could you do this, Theresa, in the hope of a meeting hereafter, where no tyranny should ever part us any more?"

"I know not—I know not!" she exclaimed, in a shrill, piercing tone, most unlike her usual soft, slow utterance. "Is this the sacrifice you spoke of? Would this be called for at my hands?"

"To part from me so utterly that it should not be known or suspected that we had ever met—ever been wedded?"

"Why, Jasper," she cried, starting, and gazing at him wildly, "that were impossible; all the world knows that we have met—that we have lived together here—that I *am* your wife. What do you mean? Are you jesting with me? No, no! God help me! that resolute, stern, dark expression! No, no, no, no! Do not frown on me, Jasper; but keep me not in this suspense—only tell me, Jasper."

"The whole world—that is to say, the whole world of villagers and peasants here, do know that we have met—that we have lived together; but they do not *know*—nay, more, they do not *believe*, that you *are* my wife, Theresa."

"Not your wife—not your wife! What, in God's name, then, do they believe me to be. But I *am*—I *am*—yes, before God and man, I *am* your wife, Jasper St. Aubyn! That shame will I never bear. The parish register will prove it."

"Before God, dearest, most assuredly you *are* my wife; but before man, I grieve to say, it is not so; nor will the register, to which you appeal—as I did, when I first heard the scandal—prove any thing, but against you. It seems the rascal sexton cut out the record of

our marriage from the register, so soon as the old rector died. He is gone, so that he can witness nothing. Alderly and the sexton will not speak, for to do so would implicate themselves in the guilt of having mutilated the church-register. Alderly's mother is an idiot. We can *prove* nothing."

"And when did you learn all this, Jasper?" she asked, calmly; for a light, a fearful yet most clear illumination began to dawn upon her mind.

"Last night. And I rode down this morning to the church, to inspect the register. It is as I was told; there is no trace of the record which we signed, and saw witnessed, on its pages."

"And to what end should Verity and Alderly have done this great crime needlessly?"

"Villains themselves, they fancied that I too was a villain; and that, if not then, at some after time, I should desire to profit by their villainy, and should then be in their power."

"Ha!" she said, still maintaining perfect self-possession. "It seems, at least, that their villainy was wise, was prophetic!"

"Theresa!" his voice was stern, and harsh, and threatening—his brow as black as midnight.

"Pardon me!" she said. "Pardon me, Jasper; but you should make allowance for some feeling in a woman. I am, then, looked upon as a lost, fallen wretch, as a disgrace to my name and my sex, a concubine, a harlot—is it not so, Jasper?"

"Alas! alas! Theresa!"

"And you would have me?—speak!"

"I would not have you do it; God knows! it goes right to break my heart to think of it—I only tell you what alone can save us—"

"I understand—it needs not to mince the matter; what is it, then, that can save us—save *you*, I should say rather, and *your* friends?"

"That you should leave me, Theresa, and go where you would, so it were not within a hundred miles of this place—but better to France or Italy; all that wealth could procure you, you should have; and my love would be yours above all things, even although we never meet, until we meet in heaven."

"Heaven, sir, is for the innocent and faithful, not for the liar and the traitor! But how shall this avail any thing to save you, if I consent to do it? I must know all; I must see all clearly, before I act."

"Are you strong enough to bear what I shall say to you, my poor Theresa?"

"Else had I not borne to hear what you *have* said to me."

"It is the secretary of state, then, who has discovered our plot. He is himself half inclined to join us; but he is a weak, interested, self-h being, although of vast wealth, great influence, and birth most noble. Now, he has a daughter—"

"Ah!" the wretched girl started as if an ice-bolt had shot to her very heart, "and you—you would wed her!"

"That is to say, he would have me wed her; and on that condition joins our party. And so our lives, and England's liberties, should be preserved by your glorious sacrifice."

"I must think, then—I must think," she answered, burying her head in her hands, in truth, to conceal the agony of her emotions, and to gain time, not for deliberation, but to compose her mind and clear her voice for speech.

And he stood gazing on her, with the cold, cutting eye, the calm, sarcastic sneer, of a very Mephistopheles, believing that she was about to yield, and inwardly mocking the very weakness, on which he had played, to his own base and cruel purposes.

But in a moment she arose and confronted him, pale, calm, majestic, most lovely in her extremity of sorrow, but firm as a hero or a martyr.

"And so," she said, in a clear, cold, ringing voice, "this is the sacrifice you ask of me?—to sever myself from you forever—to go forth into the great, cruel, cold world alone, with a bleeding, broken heart, a blighted reputation, and a blusted name? All this I might endure, perhaps I would—but you have asked *more* of me, Jasper. You have asked me to confess myself a thing infamous and vile—a polluted wretch—not a wife, but a wanton! You have asked *me*, your own wedded wife, to write myself down, with my own hand, a harlot, and to stand by and look on at your marriage with another—as if I were the filthy thing you would name me. Than be that thing, Jasper, I would rather die a hundred fold; than call myself that thing, being innocent of deed or thought of shame, I had rather *be it*? Now, sir, are you answered? What, blacken my dead father's stainless scutcheon! What—*die*, before my God, to brand myself, the first of an honest line, with the strumpet's stain of blackness! Never! never! though thou and I, and all the youth of England, were to die in tortures inconceivable; never! though England were to perish unredoemed! Now, sir, I ask you, are you answered?"

"I am," he replied, perfectly unmoved, "I am answered, Theresa, as I hoped, as I expected to be."

"What do you mean?—did you not ask me to do this thing?"

"I did *not*, Theresa. I told you what sacrifice might save us all. I did *not* ask you to make it. Nay, did I not tell you that I would not even suffer you to make it?"

"But you told me—you told me—God help me, for I think I shall go mad! Oh! tempt me no further, Jasper; try me no further. Is—*is* this true, that you have told me?"

Every word—every word of it, my own best love," answered the arch deceiver, "save only that I would not for my life, nay, for my soul, have suffered you to make the sacrifice I spoke of. Perish myself, my friends! perish England! nay, perish the whole earth, rather!"

"Then why so tempt me? Why so sorely, so cruelly try this poor heart, Jasper?"

"To learn if you were strong enough to share in my secrets—and you shall share them. We must fly, Theresa; not from Plymouth; not from any seaport, but from the wildest gorge in the wild coast of Devon. I have hired a fishing-boat to await us. We must ride forth alone, as if for a pleasure party, across the hills,

to-morrow, and so make our way to the place appointed. If we escape, all shall be well—come the worst, as you said, my own Theresa, at least we shall die together."

"Are you in earnest, Jasper?"

"On my soul! by the God who hears me!"

"And you *will* take me with you; you will not cast me from you; you will uphold me ever to be your own, your wedded wife?"

"I will—I will. Not for the universe! not for my own soul! would I lose you, my own, own Theresa!"

And he clasped her to his bosom, in the fondest, closest embrace, and kissed her beautiful lips eagerly, passionately. And she, half fainting in his arms, could only murmur, in the revulsion of her feelings, "Oh, happy! happy! too, too happy!"

Then he released her from his arms, and bade her go to bed, for it was waxing late, and she would need a good night's rest to strengthen her for the toils of to-morrow's journey.

And she smiled on him, and prayed him not to tarry long ere he joined her; and retired, still agitated and nervous from the long continuance of the dreadful mental conflict to which he had subjected her.

But he, when she had left the room, turned almost instantly as pale as ashes—brow, cheeks, nay, his very lips were white and cold. The actor was exhausted by his own exertions. The man shrank from the task which was before him.

"The worse for her!" he muttered, through his hard-set teeth, "the worse for her! the obstinate, vain, willful fool! I would, by heaven! I would have saved her!"

Then he clasped his burning brow with the fingers of his left hand, as if to compress its fierce, rapid beating, and strode to and fro, through the narrow room, working the muscles of his clinched right hand, as if he grasped the hilt of sword or dagger.

"There is no other way," he said at length; "there is no other way, and I *must* do it—must do it with my own hand. But—can I—can I—?" he paused a moment, and resumed his troubled walk. Then halted, and muttered in a deep voice, "By hell! there is naught that a man cannot do; and I—am I not a man, and a right resolute, and stout one? It shall be so—it is her fate! her fate! Did not her father speak of it that night, as I lay weak and wounded on the bed? did I not dream it thrice thereafter, in that same bed? though then I understood it not. It shall be there—even there—where I saw it happen; so shall it pass for accident. It is fate!—who can strive against their fate?"

Again he was silent, and during that momentary pause, a deep, low, muttering roar was heard in the far distance—a breathless hush—and again, that long, hollow, crashing roll, that tells of elemental warfare.

Jasper's eye flashed, and his whole face glared with a fearful and half frenzied illumination.

"It *is*," he cried, "it *is* thunder! From point to point it is true! It is her fate—her fate!"

And with the words, he rushed from the room; and within ten minutes, was folded in the rapturous embrace of the snowy arms of her, whose doom of

death he had decreed already in the secrets of his guilty soul.

CHAPTER III.

The Deed of Blood.

It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue. **BRAOS.**

Throughout that livelong night, the thunder raved and rolled incessantly, and from moment to moment the whole firmament seemed to yawn asunder, showing its inner vaults, sheeted with living and consuming fire, while ever and anon long, arrowy, forked tongues of incandescent brightness, darted down from the zenith, cleaving the massive storm-clouds with a crash that made the whole earth reel and shudder.

Never, within the memory of man, had such a storm been known at that season of the year. Huge branches, larger than trees of ordinary size, were rent from the gigantic oaks by the mere force of the hurricane, and whirled away like straws before its fury. The rain fell not in drops or showers, but in vast sheeted columns. The hills were swollen into rivers, the rivers covered the lowland meadows, expanded into very seas. Houses were unroofed, steeples and chimneys hurled in ruin to the earth, cattle were killed in the open fields, unscathed by lightning, by the mere weight of the storm.

Yet through that awful turmoil of the elements, which kept men waking, and bold hearts trembling from the Land's end to Cape Wrath, Jasper St. Aubyn slept as calmly as an infant, with his head pillowed on the soft bosom of his innocent and lovely wife. And she, though the tempest roared around, and the thunder crashed above her, so that she could not close an eye in sleep; though she believed that to-morrow she was about to fly from her native land, her home, never, perhaps, to see them more; though she looked forward to a life of toil and wandering, of hard-ship, and of peril as an exile's wife, perhaps to a death of horror, as a traitor's confederate, she blessed God with a grateful heart, that he had restored to her her husband's love, and watched that dear sleeper, dreaming a waking dream of perfect happiness.

But him no dreams, either sleeping or waking, disturbed from his heavy stupor, or diverted from his hellish purpose. So resolute, so iron-like in its unbending pertinacity was that young, boyish mind, that having once resolved upon his action, not all the terrors of heaven or of hell could have turned him from it.

There lay beneath one roof, on one marriage bed, ay, clasped in one embrace, the resolved murderer, and his unconscious victim. And he had tasted the honey of her lips, had fondled, had caressed her to the last, had sunk to sleep, lulled by the sweet, low voice of her who, if his power should mate his will, would never look upon a second morning.

And here, let no one say such things cannot be, save in the fancy of the rhapsodist or the roman-cer; such things are impossible—for not only is there nothing under the sun impossible to human power, or beyond the aim of human wickedness, but such things *are* and

have been, and will be again, so long as human passion exists uncontrolled by principle.

Such things have been among ourselves, and in our own day, as he who writes has seen, and many of those who read must needs remember—and such things were that night at Widecomb.

With the first dappling of the dawn, the rage of the elements sunk into rest, the winds sighed themselves to sleep, the pelting torrents melted into a soft, gray mist; only the roar of the distant waters, mellowed into a strange fitful murmur, was heard in the general tranquillity which followed the loud uproar.

Wearied with her involuntary watching, Theresa fell asleep also, still clasping in her fond arms the miserable, guilty thing which she had sworn so fatally, and kept her vow so faithfully, to love, honor, and obey.

When the sun rose, the wretched man awoke from his deep and dreamless sleep; and as his eye fell on that innocent, sweet face, calm as an infant's, and serene, though full of deep thoughts and pure affections, he *did* start, he *did* shudder, for one second's space—perhaps for that fleeting point of time, he doubted. But if it were so, he nerved himself again almost without an effort, disengaged himself gently from the embrace of her entwined arms, with something that sounded like a smothered curse, and stalked away in sullen gloom, leaving her buried in her last natural slumber.

Two hours had, perhaps, gone over, and the morning had come out bright and glorious after the midnight storm, the atmosphere was clear and breezy, the skies pure as crystal, and the glad sunshine glanced and twinkled with ten thousand gay reflections in the diamond rain-drops which still gemmed every blade of grass, and glistened in every flower's cup, when Theresa's light step was heard coming down the stairs, and her sweet voice inquiring where she should find Master St. Aubyn.

"I am here, answered his deep voice, which for the moment he made an effort to inflect graciously, and with the word he made his appearance from the door of his study, booted to the mid-thigh, and spurred; with a long, heavy rapier at his side, and a stout dagger counterbalancing it in the other side of his girdle. He was dressed in a full suit of plain black velvet, without any ornament or embroidery; and whether it was that the contrast made him look paler, or that the horror of what he was about to do, though insufficient to turn his hard heart, had sufficed to blanch his cheek and lips, I know not, but, as she saw his face, Theresa started as if she had seen a ghost.

"How pale you look, Jasper," she said earnestly; "are you ill at ease, dearest, or anxious about me? If it be the last, vex not yourself, I pray you; for I am not in the least afraid, either of the fatigue or of the voyage. For the rest," she added, with a bright smile, intended to reassure him, "I have long wished to see *la belle France*, as they call it; and to me the change of scene, so long as you are with me, dearest Jasper, will be but a change of pleasure. I hope I have not kept you waiting. But I could not sleep during the night for the thunder, and about daybreak I was overpowered by a heavy slumber. I did not even hear you leave me."

"I saw that you slept heavily, my own love," he made answer, "and was careful not to wake you, knowing what you would have to undergo to-day, and wishing to let you get all the rest you could before starting. But come, let us go to breakfast. We have little time to lose, the horses will be at the door in half an hour."

"Come, then," she answered, "I am ready;" and she took his arm as she spoke, and passed, leaning on him, through the long suit of rooms, which now, for above a year had been her home in mingled happiness and sorrow. "Hoigho!" she murmured, with a half sigh, "dear Widecomb! dear, dear Widecomb, many a happy hour have I spent within your walls, and it goes hard with me to leave you. I wonder, shall I ever see you more."

"Never," replied the deep voice of her husband, in so strange a tone, that it made her turn her head and look at him quickly. A strange, dark spasm had convulsed his face, and was not yet passed from it, when her eye met his. She thought it was the effect of natural grief at leaving his fine place—the place of his birth—as an outlaw and an exile; and half repenting that she had so spoken as to excite his feelings, she hastened to soothe them, as she thought, by a gay and more hopeful word.

"Never heed, dearest Jasper," she said, pressing his arm, on which she hung, "if we do love old Widecomb, there are as fair places elsewhere, on the world's green face, and if there were not, happy minds will aye find, or make happy places. And we, why spite of time and tide, wind and weather, we *will* be happy, Jasper. And I doubt not a moment, that we shall yet live to spend happy days once more in Widecomb."

"I fear, never," replied the young man, solemnly. It was a singular feeling—he did not repent, he did not falter or shrink in the least from his murderous purpose; but, for his life, he could not give her a hope, he could not say a word to cheer her, or deceive her, further than he was compelled to do in order to carry out his end.

The morning meal passed silently and sadly; for, in spite of all her efforts to be gay, and to make him lighter-hearted, his brow was clouded, and he would not converse; and she, fearing to vex him, or to trespass on what she believed to be his deep regret at leaving home, ceased to intrude upon his sorrow.

At length he asked her, "are you ready?" and as he spoke, arose from the table.

"Oh yes," she answered, "I am always ready when you want me. And see, Jasper," she added, "here are my jewels," handing him a small ebony casket. "I thought they might be of use to us, in case of our wanting money; and yet I should grieve to part with them, for they are the diamonds you gave me that night we were wedded."

He took it with a steady hand, and thrust it into the bosom of his dress, saying, with a forced smile, "You are ever careful, Theresa. But you have said nothing, I trust, to your maidens, of our going."

"Surely not, Jasper, they believe I am going but for a morning's ride. Do you not see that I have got on my new habit? You have not paid me one compli-

ment on it, sir. I think you might at least have told me that I looked pretty in it. I know the day when you would have done so, without my begging it."

"Is that meant for a reproach, Theresa?" he said, gloomily, "because—"

"A reproach, Jasper," she interrupted him quickly, "how little you understand poor me! I hoped, by my silly prattle, to win you from your sorrow at leaving all that you love so dearly. But I will be silent—"

"Do so, I pray you, for the moment."

And without further words, he led her down the steps of the terrace, and helped her to mount her palfrey, a beautiful, slight, high-bred thing, admirably fitted to carry a lady round the trim rides of a park, but so entirely deficient in bone, strength, and sinew, that no animal could have been conceived less capable of enduring any continuous fatigue, or even of making any one strong and sustained exertion. Then he sprang to the back of his own noble horse, a tall, powerful, thorough-bred hunter, of about sixteen hands in height, with bone and muscle to match, capable, as it would appear, of carrying a man-at-arms in full harness through a long march or a pitched battle.

Just as he was on the point of starting, he observed that one of his dogs, a favorite grayhound, was loose, and about to follow him, when he commanded him to be taken up instantly, rating the man who had held the horses very harshly, and cursing him soundly for disobeying his orders.

Then, when he saw that he was secure against the animal's following him, he turned his horse's head to the right hand, toward the great hills to the westward, saying aloud, so that all the bystanders could hear him,

"Well, lady fair, since we are only going for a pleasure ride, suppose we go upward the great deer-park in the forest. By the way," he added, turning in his saddle to the old steward, who was standing on the terrace, "I desired Haggerston, the horse-dealer, to meet me here at noon, about a hunter he wants to sell me. If I should not be back, give him some dinner, and detain him till I return. I shall not be late, for I fancy my lady will not care to ride very far."

"Do n't be too sure of that, Jasper," she replied, with an arch smile, thinking to aid him in his project. "It is so long since I have ridden out with you, that I may wish to make a day of it. Come, let us start."

And she gave her jennet its head, and cantered lightly away over the green, her husband following at a trot of his powerful hunter; and in a few minutes they were both hidden from the eyes of the servants, among the clumps of forest-trees and the dense thickets of the chase.

At something more than three miles' distance from Widecomb House, to the westward, there is a pass in the hills, where a bridle-road crosses the channel of the large brook, which I have named so often, and which, at a point far lower down, was the scene of Jasper's ill-omened introduction to Theresa Allan.

This bridle-road, leading from the sparse settlements on Dartmoor to the nearest point of the seacoast, was a rough, dangerous track, little frequented except by the smugglers and poachers of that region, and lay for the most part considerably below the level of the sur-

rounding country, between wooded hills, or walls of dark gray rock.

The point at which it crosses the stream is singularly wild and romantic, for the road and the river both are walled by sheer precipices of gray, shattered limestone rock, nearly two hundred feet in height, perfectly barren, bare, and treeless, except on the summits, which are covered with heather and low, scrubby shrubbery.

The river itself, immediately above the ford by which the road passes it, descends by a flight of rocky steps, or irregular shelvy rapids, above a hundred feet within three times as many yards, and then spreads out into a broad, open pool, where its waters, not ordinarily above three feet deep, glance rapidly, but not unbroken, over a level pavement of smooth stone almost as slippery as ice. Scarce twenty yards below this, there is an abrupt pitch of sixty feet in perpendicular height, over which the river rushes at all times in a loud foaming waterfall, but after storms among the hills, in a tremendous roaring cataract.

The ford is never a safe one, owing to the insecure foothold afforded by the slippery limestone, but when the river is in flood, no one in his senses would dream of crossing it.

Yet it was by this road that Jasper had persuaded his young wife that they could alone hope to escape with any chance of safety, and to this point he was leading her. And she, though she knew the pass, and all its perils, resolute to accompany him through life, and, if need should be, to death itself, rode onward with him, cheerful and apparently fearless.

They reached its brink, and the spectacle it afforded was, indeed, fearful. The river swollen by the rains of the past night, though, like all mountain torrents, rising and falling rapidly, it was already subsiding, came down from the moors with an arrowy rush, clear and transparent as glass, yet deep in color as the rich brown cairn-gorm. The shelvy rapids above the ford were one sheet of snow-white foam, and in the ford itself the foam-flakes wheeled round and round as in a huge boiling caldron, while below it the roar of the cataract was louder than the loudest thunder, and the spray rolled upward from the whirlpool beneath, clinging to the crags above in mist-wreaths so dense that their summits were invisible.

"Good God!" cried Theresa, turning deadly pale, as she looked on the fearful pool. "We are lost. It is impossible."

"By heaven!" he answered, impetuously, "I must pass it, or stay and be hanged. You can do as you will, Theresa."

"But is it possible?"

"Certainly it is. Do you think I would lead you into certain death. But see, I will ride across and return, that you may see how easy it is, to a brave heart and a cool hand."

And, confident in the strength of his horse and in his own splendid horsemanship, he plunged in dauntlessly, and keeping up stream near to the foot of the upper rapids, struggled through it, and returned to her without much difficulty, though the water rose above the belly of his horse.

He heard, however, that a fresh storm was rattling and roaring, even now, among the hills above, and he knew by that sign that a fresh torrent was even now speeding its way down the chasm.

There was no time to be lost—it was now or never. He cast an eager glance around—a glance that read and marked every thing—as he came to land; save only Theresa, there was not a human being within sight.

"You see," he said, with a smile, "there is no danger."

"I see," she answered, merrily. "Forgive me for being such a little coward. But you will lead *Rosabella*, won't you, Jasper?"

"Surely," he answered. "Come."

And catching the curb-rein of the pony with his left hand, and guiding his own horse with his right, holding his heavy loaded hunting-whip between his teeth, he led her down into the foaming waters, so that her palfrey was between himself and the cataract.

It was hard work, and a fearful struggle for that slender, light-limbed palfrey to stem that swollen river; and the long skirt of Theresa's dress, holding the water, dragged the struggling animal down toward the waterfall. Still, despite every disadvantage, it would have battled to the other side, had fair play been given it.

But when they reached the very deepest and most turbulent part of the pool, under pretence of aiding it, Jasper lifted the jennet's fore-legs, by dint of the strong, sharp curb, clear off the bottom. The swollen stream came down with a heavier swirl, its hind legs were swept from under it, in an instant, and with a piercing scream of agony and terror, the palfrey was whirled over the brink of the fall.

But, as it fell, unsuspecting of her husband's horrible intent, the wretched girl freed her foot from the stirrup, and throwing herself over to the right hand, with a wild cry, "Save me! save me, my God! save me, Jasper!" caught hold of his velvet doublet with both hands, and clung to him with the tenacious grasp of the death-struggle.

Even then—even then, had he relented, one touch of the spur would have carried his noble horse clear through the peril.

But no! the instant her horse fell, he shifted his reins to the left hand, and grasped his whip firmly in the right; and now, with a face of more than fiendish horror, pale, compressed, ghastly, yet grim and resolute as death, he reared his hand on high, and poised the deadly weapon.

Then, even then, her soft blue eyes met his, full, in that moment of unutterable terror, of hope and love, even then overpowering agony. She met his eyes, glaring with wolfish fury; she saw his lifted hand, and even then would have saved his soul that guilt.

"Oh no!" she cried, "oh no! I will let go—I will drown, if you wish it; I will—I will, indeed! Oh God! do not *you*—do not *you*—kill me, Jasper."

And even as she spoke, she relaxed her hold, and suffered herself to glide down into the torrent; but it was all too late—the furious blow was dealt—with

that appalling sound, that soft, dead, crushing plash, it smote her full between those lovely eyes.

"Oh God!—my God!—forgive—Jasper! Jasper!"—and she plunged deep into the pool; but as the waters swept her over the cataract's verge, they raised her corpse erect; and its dead face met his, with the eyes glaring on his own yet wide open, and the dread, gory spot between them, as he had seen it in his vision years before.

He stood, motionless, reigning his charger in the middle of the raging current, unmindful of his peril, gazing, horror-stricken, on the spot where he had seen her last—his brain reeled, he was sick at heart.

A wild, piercing shout, almost too shrill to be human, aroused him from his trance of terror. He looked upward almost unconsciously, and it seemed to him that the mist had been drawn up like a curtain, and that a man in dark garb stood gazing on him from the summit of the rocks.

If it were so, it was but for a second's space. The fog closed in thicker again than before, the torrent came roaring down in fiercer, madder flood, and wheeling his horse round, and spurring him furiously, it was all that Jasper St. Aubyn could do, by dint of hand and foot, and as iron a heart as ever man possessed, to avoid following his victim to her watery grave.

Once safe, he cast one last glance to the rocks, to the river, but he saw, heard nothing. He whirled the bloody whip over the fells, plunged his spurs, rowl-deep, into the horse's sides, and with hell in his heart, he galloped, like one pursued by the furies of the slain, back, alone, to Widecomb.

CHAPTER IV.

The Vengeance.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,
The wanderer was returned. BRON.

It was not yet high noon, when, wet from spur to shoulder with mud and spray, bloody with spurring, spotted from head to heel with gory foam-flakes from his jaded horse's wide-distended jaws, and quivering nostrils, bareheaded, pale as death, and hoarse with shouting, Jasper St. Aubyn galloped frantically up to the terrace-steps of Widecomb House; and springing to the ground, reeled, and would have fallen headlong had he not been caught in the arms of one of the serving men, who came running down the stone stairs to assist him.

As soon as he could collect breath to speak, "Call all!" he cried, "call all! Ring the great bell, call all—get ladders, ropes—run—ride—she is gone—she is lost—swept over the black falls at Hawkshurt! Oh God! oh God!" and he fell, as it seemed, senseless to the earth.

Acting—sheer acting, all!

They raised him and carried him up stairs, and laid him on the bed—on *her* bed—the bed whercon he had kissed her lips last night, and clasped her lovely form which was now happily entwined in the loathsome coils of the slimy mud-eels.

He shuddered. He could not endure it. He opened his eyes again, and feigning to recover his senses, chid

the men from his presence, and again commanded, so peremptorily, that none dare disobey him, that every servant—man, woman, maid or boy—should begone to the place he had named, nor return till they brought back his lost angel's body.

They believed that he was mad; but mad or sane, his anger was so terrible at all times, and now so fierce, so frantic and appalling, that none dared to gain-say him.

Within half an hour after his return, save himself, there was not a human being left within the walls of Widecomb Manor.

Then he arose and descended slowly, but with a firm foot and unchanged brow, into the great library of the Hall. It was a vast, gloomy, oblong chamber, nearly a hundred feet in length, wainscoted and shelved with old black-oak, and dimly lighted by a range of narrow windows, with dark-stained glass and heavily wrought stone mullions.

There was a dull wood-fire smouldering under the yawning arch of the chimney-piece, and in front of the fire stood an old oaken table, and a huge leathern arm-chair.

Into this Jasper cast himself, with his back to the door, which he had left open, in the absence of his mind. For nearly an hour he sat there without moving hand or foot, gazing gloomily at the fire. But, at the end of that time, he started, and seemed to re-collect himself, opened the drawer of the writing-table, and took out of it the record of his wretched victim's marriage.

He read it carefully, over and over again, and then thanked it in his hand, saying, "Well, all is safe now, THANK GOD!" Yes, he thanked God for the success of the murder he had done! "But here goes to make assurance doubly sure."

And with the word he was about to cast the paper which he held into the ashes, when the hand of a man, who had entered the room and walked up to him with no very silent or stealthy step, while he was engrossed too deeply by his own guilty thoughts to mark very certainly any thing that might occur without, was laid with a grip like that of an iron vice upon his shoulder.

He started and turned round; but as he did so, the other hand of the stranger seized his right hand which held the marriage record, grasping it right across the knuckles, and crushed it together by an action so powerful and irresistible, that the fingers involuntarily opened, and the fatal document fell to the ground.

Instantly the man cast Jasper off with a violent jerk which sent him to a distance of three or four yards, stooped, gathered up the paper, thrust it into his bosom, and then folding his arms across his stalwart breast, stood quietly confronting the murderer, but with the quietude of the expectant gladiator.

Jasper stared at the swarthy, sun-burned face, the coal-black hair clipped short upon the brow, the flashing eyes, that pierced him like a sword. He knew the face—he almost shuddered at the knowledge—yet, for his life, he could not call to mind where or when he met him.

But he stared only for an instant; insulted—outraged—he, in his own house! His ready sword was in his hand forthwith—the stranger was armed likewise with

a long broadsword and a two-edged dagger, and heavy pistols at his girdle; yet he moved not, nor made the slightest movement to put himself on the defensive.

"Draw, dog!" cried Jasper, furiously. "Draw and defend yourself, or I will slay you where you stand."

"Hold!" replied the other steadily. "There's time enough—I will not balk you. Look at me—do you not know me?"

"Know you?—not I; by heaven! some rascal smuggler, I trow—come to rob while the house is in confusion! but you have reckoned without your host the time. You leave not this room alive."

"That as it may be," said the other, coolly. "I have looked death in the face too often to dread much the meeting; but ere I die, I have some work to do. So do you not know me?"

"Not a whit I, I tell you."

"Then is the luck mine, for I know you right well, young, sir!"

"And for whom do you know me?"

"For a d—d villain always?" the man answered. "two hours since, for Theresa Allan's murderer! and now, thanks to this paper, which, please God, I shall keep, for Theresa Allan's—husband!"

He spoke the last words in a voice of thunder, and at the same time drew and cocked, at a single motion, a pistol with each hand.

"You know too much—you know too much!" cried Jasper, furious but undaunted. "One of us two must die, ere either leaves this room."

"It was for that end I came hither! Look at me now, and know Durzil Bras-de-fer—Theresa Allan's cousin! your wife's rejected lover once, and now—your wife's avenger!"

"Away! I will not fight you!"

"Then, coward, with my own hands will I bang you on the oak tree before your own door; and on your breast I will pin this paper, and under it will write, 'HIS MURDERER, taken in the fact, tried, condemned, executed by me,

DURZIL BRAS-DE-FER.'

"Never!"

"Take up your pistols, then—they lie there on the table. We will turn, back to back, and walk each to his own end of the room, then turn and fire—if that do not the work, let the sword finish it."

"Amen!" said St. Aubyn, "and the Lord have mercy on your soul, for I will send it to your cousin in five minutes."

"And may the Fiend of Hell have yours—as he will, if there be either Fiend or God. Are you ready?"

"Ay."

"Then off with you, and when you reach the wall, turn and fire."

And as he spoke, he turned away, and walked slowly and deliberately with measured strides toward the door by which he had entered.

Before he had taken six steps, however, a bullet whistled past his ear, cutting a lock off his hair in its passage, and rebounded from the wall, flattened at his feet. Jasper had turned at once, and fired at him with deliberate aim.

"Ha! double murderer! die in your treason!" and

the sailor leveled his pistol in turn, and pulled the trigger; had it gone off, Jasper St. Aubyn's days were ended then and there; but no flash followed the sparks from the flint—and he cast the useless weapon from him.

At once they both raised their second pistol, and again Jasper's was discharged with a quick, sharp report; and almost simultaneously with the crack, a dull sound, as of a blow, followed it; and he knew that his ball had taken effect on his enemy.

Again Durzil's pistol failed him; and then, for the first time, Jasper observed that the seaman's clothes were soaked with water. He had swam that rapid stream, and followed his beloved Theresa's murderer, almost with the speed of the stout horse that bore *him* home.

Not a muscle of Durzil's face moved, not a sinew of his frame quivered, yet he was shot through the body, mortally—and he knew it.

"Swords!" he cried, "swords!"

And bounding forward, he met the youth midway, and at the first collision, sparks flew from the well-tempered blades.

It was no even conflict, no trial of skill—three deadly passes of the sailor, as straight and almost as swift as lightning, with a blade so strong, and a wrist so adamant, that no slight of Jasper's could divert them, were sent home in tierce—one in his throat, "That for your lie!" shouted Durzil; a second in the sword arm, "That for your coward blow!" a third, which clove the very cavity of his heart asunder, "That for your life!"

Ten seconds did not pass, from the first crossing of their blades until Jasper lay dead upon the floor, flooding his own hearth-stone with his life-blood.

Durzil leaned on his avenging blade, and looked down upon the dead.

"It is done! it is done just in time! But just! for I am sped likewise. May the Great God have mercy on me, and pardon me my sins, as I did this thing not in hatred, but in justice and in honor! Ah—I am sick—sick!"

And he dropped down into the arm-chair in which Jasper was sitting as he entered; and though he could hardly hold his head up for the deadly faintness, and the reeling of his eyes and brain, by a great effort he drew out the marriage record from his breast—Jasper's ball had pierced it, and it was dappled with his own life-blood—and smoothed it out fairly, and spread it on the board before him.

Then he fell back, and closed his eyes, and lay for a long time motionless; but the slow, sick throbbing of his heart showed that he was yet alive, though passing rapidly away.

Once he raised his dim eyes, and murmured, "They tarry—they tarry very long. I fear me, they will come too late."

But within ten minutes after he had spoken, the sound of a multitude might be heard approaching, and a quick, strong, decided step of one man coming on before all the rest.

Within the last few minutes, Durzil had seemed to lose all consciousness and power. He was, indeed, all but dead.

But at these sounds he roused like a dying war-

horse to the trumpet; and as the quick step crossed the threshold, he staggered to his feet, drew his hand across his eyes, and cried, with his old sonorous voice, —it was his last effort—

"Is that you, lieutenant?"

"Ay, ay, captain."

"Have you found her?"

"She is here," said the young seaman, pointing with his hand to the corpse, which they were just bearing into the room.

"And he—ha! ha! ha! ha!—he is—there!" and he pointed, with a triumphant wafture of his gory sword, toward Jasper's carcass, and then, with the blood spouting from his mouth and nostrils, fell headlong.

His officer raised him instantly, and as the flow of blood ceased, he recovered his speech for a moment. He pointed to the gaping crowd,

"Have—have you—told them—lieu—lieutenant?"

"No, sir."

"Tell—tell them—let me hear you."

"You see that wound in her forehead—you saw it all, from the first," he said, to the crowd, who were gazing in mute horror at the scene. "I told you, when I took you to the body, that I saw her die, and would tell you how she died, when the time should come. The time has come. He—that man, whose body lies there bleeding, and whose soul is now burning in Tophet, murdered her in cold blood—beat her brains out with his loaded hunting-whip. I—I, Hubert Manvers, saw him do it."

There was a low, dull murmur in the crowd, not of dissent or disbelief, but of doubt.

"And who slew master?" exclaimed black Jem Alderly, coming doggedly forward; "this has got to be answered for."

"It is answered for, Alderly," said Durzil, in a faint but audible voice. "I did it—I slew him, as he has slain me. I am Durzil Olfant, whom men call Brasseur. Do any of you chance to know me?"

"Ay, ay, all on us! all on us!" shouted half the room; for the frank, gallant, bold young seaman had ever been a general favorite. "Huzza! for Master Durzil!"

And in spite of the horrors of the scene, in spite of the presence of the dead, a loud cheer followed.

"Hush!" he cried, "hush! this is no time for that, and no place. I am a dying man. There is not five minutes' life in me. Listen to me. Did any of you ever hear me tell a lie?"

"Never! never!"

"I should scarce, therefore, begin to do so now, with heaven and hell close before my eyes. Hubert Manvers spoke truly. I also saw him murder her—murder his own wife—for such she was; therefore I killed him!" He gasped for a moment, gathered his breath again, and pointing to the table, "that paper, Hubert—quick—that paper—read it—I—am going—quick!"

The young man understood his superior's meaning in an instant, caught the paper from the table, beckoned two or three of the older men about him, among others, Geoffrey, the old steward, and read aloud the record of the unhappy girl's marriage.

At this moment the young vicar of Widecomb entered the room, and his eyes falling on the paper, "That is my father's hand-writing," he cried; "this is the missing leaf of my church register!"

"Was she not—was she not—his—wife?" cried Bras-de-fer, raising himself feebly on his elbow, and gazing with his whole soul in his dying eyes at the youthful vicar, and at the horror-stricken circle.

"She was—she was assuredly, his lawful wife, and such I will uphold her," said the young man, solemnly. "Her fame shall suffer no wrong any longer—her soul, I trust, is with her God already—for she was innocent,

and good, and humble, as she was lovely and loving. Peace be with her."

"Poor, poor lady!" cried several of the girls who were present, heart-stricken, at the thought of their own past conduct, and of her unvarying sweetness. "Poor, poor lady!"

"Hubert—Hubert—I—I have cleared her—character, I have avenged her death; lay me beside her. In ten—ten minutes I shall be—God—bless—bless you, Hubert—with Theresa! A—amen!"

He was dead. He had died in his duty—which was justice—truth—vengeance!

SUMMER'S NIGHT.

BY SAM. C. REID, JR. AUTHOR OF "SCOUTING EXPEDITIONS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS," ETC.

THE busy hum of day has passed,
And countless millions with the sun
Have set, for wo or weal the cost—
What's said is said—what's done is done.

And with the purple and the gold
There sinks many a soul to rest;
Hopes are wrecked—all fates are told—
The rich made poor, the poor made blessed.

Twilight's beautiful mantle now
The earth enwraps, near and afar—
Casts her influence o'er each brow,
While peeps from heaven a single star!

That star to some is life and hope,
To others though, despair and gloom—
Each twinkle reads the horoscope
Of life, from cradle to the tomb!

Night now takes Twilight by the hand
And leads her to her own blue sphere,
Then calls forth her sentinel band—
At once ten thousand stars appear!

Hail, Queen Goddess! then shout the band
As, rising in her silvery car,
The Moon, with sceptre in her hand,
Bids Night her veil aside to draw!

Now blessed are they who can enjoy
An hour of such a summer's night—
Speak, ye dungeons, life's alloy,
Ye sick, diseased, ye barred of sight!

Oh! for a crevice in the wall,
To let one ray of moonlight in,
'T would ease their hearts, and hope recall,
While they repented of their sin.

And restless, turning on his bed
The wretched form cries out with pain,
As raising up his fevered head,
Oh, God! that I were well again.

And oh, the blind! none feel for ye,
Shut out from scenes so lovely bright,
Most painful thought—they cannot see—
Their night is day—their day is night!

The streets are crowded with the gay,
The voice and laugh of girls are heard,
Mellowed by the silver ray
Of happy thought or witty word.

Speak! ye millions, who joy and gaze
Upon the silvery charms of night,
Can ye a tear of sorrow raise
For those deprived of scenes so bright?

But why ask ye? no themes like these
Your thoughts make sad—of other things
Ye think, while onward wafts the breeze
And the night bird sweetly sings.

And yet, there is many a heart
To whom the moonbeams give no light,
Those strings with wo do almost part,
Swept rudely by the cold world's blight.

No soothing ray melts o'er their souls,
No breeze lulls sweetly o'er those chords,
That beat and sigh, like sea o'er shoals,
For sympathy's kind, loving words.

A blue spot in a stormy sky,
From which a star gleams purely bright,
Is like the smile or tearful eye
To those whose hearts are dark with night.

'Tben feel for th' pris'ner, sick and blind—
E'en the forest-rose, the desert-tree,
The sprig of grass, kissed by the wind,
Receive its kindest sympathy.

Oh, Summer's night—man's Eden hours!
All Nature thrills with thy delight,
Th' greenwood, rocky streams and flowers,
Th' murm'ring sea, th' beach, the mountain height.

Then give thy soul's gratitude to Him
Who made the orb "to rule the night,"
And with the prayer of Cherubim
Pour forth thy heart's inmost delight.

And learn to feel for another's wo,
While to Heaven thou breath'st thy prayer—
Foul prejudices from thy breast forego,
And let sympathy reign ever there.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It was a dreary night
In the latter years of time,
When a man, with shrunken limbs
And a forehead white with rime—
With the rime of weary hours
Whose paths were not of flowers—
And a beard of snowy white,
Walked slowly through the night.

Pale Heete, overhead,
Shone coldly on his brow ;
His eye was stunken and dim,
His cheek had lost its glow,
But his step, so full of pride,—
The manhood of his stride,—
Gave this antiquated thing
The appearance of a king.

The moon went sadly down
To a level with his way,
And the heavens became oppress
With vapors dark and gray
As Saturn, with his beard,
And glass, and scythe, appeared :
The old man journeyed on,
Growing weaker and more wan.

Like a shadow, on his path
With a silence, such as dwells
In the desolate dell of death
Where we hear not even our knells,
Did Saturn slowly pass
With his fatal scythe and glass :
The traveler looked not back,
But kept steadily on his track.

From the earth which lay below,
Until then so black and dumb,
Came the roar of many a gun,
With the roll of many a drum,
And the munging strains of lute,
Clarion, cymbal, life and flute ;
And among them, like a knell,
Rose the clamor of a bell !

The wanderer heard the sound,
And with patient, suffering eyes
Gazed reproachfully on high,
Through the dark, un pitying skies ;
But Saturn raised his steel
And the old man ceased to feel ;
And they laid along his bier
The cadaverous Old Year.

THE COTTAGE.

BY J. BUNT, JR.

How pleasing it is, in this world of digression,
To pause, and to ponder some period fled ;
The home of my infancy made an impression
Which only will perish when memory is dead.
That rough, rugged farm, how dear did I love it,—
The barn by the orchard, and spring by the mill ;
No spot upon earth which I so much covet,
As that where our Cottage once stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

Beside its broad hearth-stone, at evening, I've listened
The tale that my grandfather told of the wars ;
He 'd speak of his battles, while tears his eyes glistened,
And prove what he stated, by showing his scars !
'T was then that my young heart beat high for the glory
Of aiding some measure, Faine's purchase to fill,—
By giving in song, or relating in story,
My love for that Cottage, which stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The time-honored Cottage, that stood on the hill.

That time-honored Cottage—no dream or delusion—
For 'neath its old roof dwelt affection and friends ;
The seat of contentment and quiet seclusion,
Where goodness found favor, and evil amended.
What would I give could I once more regain it,
And have the same feelings my bosom to fill ?
Alas ! it is in ruins—love cannot retain it—
Tears gush for that Cottage which stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

Though parted by distance, those scenes of my childhood
Rise fresh in my mind, when to them I recur—
I fancy I visit the vale and the wildwood,
Where flowers yield perfume, like India's myrrh ;—
And then, in the warmth of the deepest emotion,
I stand as in youth on the banks of that rill,
And hear in its gurgle a song of devotion,
With mine, for the Cottage that stood on the hill.
The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,
The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

THREE PICTURES: SUNRISE—NOONDAY—NIGHT.

BY CAROLINE C.

"Like a clear fountain, his desire
Exults, and leaps toward the light,
In every drop it says 'Aspire!'
Striving for more ideal height."

"Looking within myself, I note how thin
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate,
Doth fence me from the clutching waves of sin;
In my own heart I find the worst man's mate!" J. R. LOWELL.

AN artist was passing slowly through the thoroughfare of a great city, where for a few days he was sojourning.

He was a young man, and the few years of his life, if they had proved heavy and sorrowful in experience, had at least left no dark impress on his forehead. His figure was strikingly elegant, and the face manly, and very beautiful; it might well have been taken to represent the Genius of Thought, so calm, elevated, and ennobled by spiritual excellence was it.

The artist was a poor man, you could guess that by the worn garments in which he was attired, for from the figure, bearing, and whole appearance of the youth, it was evident that he was not of that class of geniuses who affect shabbiness in personal appearance, in the name of eccentricity.

And he was an ambitious young man, too. A glance into his studio, where constantly and diligently he toiled in his vocation, had told you that. It would seem by the constant emendations he would make, and by the finished style he labored to impart to all he did, that nothing short of superior excellence or perfection in his art, would satisfy him.

He has come into the open air this morning, not because he is wearied with his work, for it is a source of continual delight to him—neither in search of amusement, but to ponder on a thought which has long harbored in his mind—three pictures should be his fame. From his quiet studio he would send into the world a moral lesson that should delight and instruct, and leave in the world an abiding moral influence. Not only did Martin Gray long to win for himself a proud name on the earth, but with the poets and the preachers he would fain lift up his voice and teach—he also would be a priest and a reformer, and by his works he would testify to the infinite beauty of holiness and virtue.

The artist's heart beat joyfully as he revolved this idea in his mind—his hope was high—his hand was skillful.

"If my name only ranks with the masters' some day—if I can do some real and substantial good in my generation! I cannot labor too hard to secure these ends," he said to himself as he passed, unconscious of the noise and confusion about him, along the street.

Mechanically turning at the first corner, Martin moved on to quarters of the city where the strife and confusion of life were more subdued.

At once he stood silent, as though changed suddenly to marble, then a heart-cheering cry of joy and surprise burst from him, and "I have found it! I have found it!" he cried—"here is sunrise at last!"

There were children playing in the street, poor little children, boys and girls, whose only play-ground was that hot and dusty place. But in the person of one, the quick eye of the artist detected extraordinary beauty, though decked in rags almost as extraordinary.

The unconscious child was a girl, six or seven years of age, faultless in form and feature, the very embodiment of one of Martin Gray's ideals.

It was not solely the exquisite loveliness of the child's face, though the shape and coloring were perfect—but beside the dark rich hair, which fell in such unheeded profusion on the shoulders of its little mistress—and beside the deep, sapphire-blue of the large languid eyes, and the classic regularity of every feature, there was an expression, a *soul look*, which intensified her natural beauty, and stamped her as the owner of an intellect whose range was far higher than that reached by any of her playmates.

"Tell me your name, little angel," said the artist, in the excitement of his delighted surprise.

"My name is Alice Flynn," was the prompt answer, accompanied by a smile and frank look of inquiry, which read very plainly "what is *your* name—and what do you want of me?"

"Have you a mother? Where does she live? Go with me to your home—I must speak with her."

The child answered these queries by at once leaving her playmates—the artist followed her quickly, and in a few moments they entered a narrow byway. Passing a short distance through it, little Alice paused before a shabby old frame house, which seemed every day on the point of bidding an eternal farewell to all things terrestrial.

"This is the place where we live, sir," she said, with the sweetest voice in the world; "will you come in?"

"The little girl is yours, ma'am, I believe," said Martin, as he stood in the presence of what seemed to him an ogress—a gigantic woman who certainly could lay but little claim to beauty, when compared with the "child-angel" who called her mother.

"Yes—he was n't lost was she? Or was she up to mischief in the street, just tell me that?"

"No, no—nothing of the kind," said the artist quickly—but not in the least daunted by the washer-woman's unamiable greeting—"I was struck with her appearance—and now that I have at last an opportunity of accomplishing an object I have long contemplated, I trust you will not object."

"Lord, sir, what is it ye want—speak it out quick can't ye—my work is waiting for me, don't ye see? Do you want the child's front teeth, or her hair? I've sold her hair twice to a barber, but her teeth—"

"You mistake me," exclaimed Martin Gray, sharply, for he was disgusted with the cruel words of the old beldam. "I am an artist—I would like to take her likeness—will you permit me to do so?"

"No! what would you do with it? The girl's about spoiled now with people's telling her how beautiful she is. To be sure the child is well enough"—this with a sort of brutish pride—"in looks, but beauty don't give us bread, and her good looks only spiles her—she's getting proud and hateful since people have told her so much about it, the little fool!"

"If that is so, I fear it is not the wisest course to let her play so much in the street with other little folks," said Martin.

This approach to advice aroused the woman's ire. "Where's she to be kept, I'd like to know that? A poor woman like me as *arns* her bread by the sweat of her face has little time to be looking about after the young ones. People like me can't keep their children to home like other folks, who have plenty of room in-door and out. So you see, young man, your advice ain't worth much any how."

"Of course, madam, you know your own business best; but, seriously, you cannot mean to refuse my earnest request. I assure you it will be the greatest favor to me if you will suffer me to take the child's picture. I am willing to pay you for the privilege."

"Then it shall be done," said the woman, brightening up. "How much will you offer?"

"Two dollars," answered the young man, "and I will pay you more at some future day—but I also am poor."

Poor fellow, he spoke the truth indeed, for the two dollars were just half the contents of his old faded purse at that moment.

"Well, she may go for that. Here Alice, you 're gwine to have your face painted—let me brush you up a little."

"No—no, I pray madam, leave her to me. I will take her to my studio as she is; I would not have her appearance changed in the least—the drapery of the child does not need any alteration, I will bring her to you again in an hour."

"Well, she 'll be safe enough, I 'spose, go on."

"Are you going to paint my face, sir? What for? Will it hurt me?" asked Alice Flynn as she, with Martin, passed along the streets hand in hand.

"Not your *face*, child," answered the artist, "I'm going to paint a face *like* yours—that is all."

"What for?"

"To hang up in my room, and then perhaps to sell it some day for a great deal of money."

"Sell me! sell my face!" and the little innocent

laughed, and wondered why any body should want to buy a face like hers!

Martin, too busy with his own thoughts, made no answer to her many exclamations of astonishment and wonder. Two steps at a time, with the girl in his arms, did the delighted youth ascend the three steep and narrow flights of stairs which led to the poor little attic room he dignified with the "name, style, and title" of studio.

A barren place it seemed to little Alice Flynn, for such a nice gentleman to live in—indeed scarce a whit better than her own poor home was it.

"Are you poor, too?" she asked, with childlike confidence—and a most unchildish and unnatural sadness was in her voice as she spoke.

"Yes, I am poor—I paint pictures for a living, Alice. I shall not grow rich in a day," said the artist, and his words were uttered with not quite the usual, light-hearted happy tone.

Probably my reader will not soon, if ever, see the original painting executed on that day which ever after remained a date so memorable in the recollections of Martin Gray. Let me, therefore, here state that the sunrise was a portrait quite dissimilar to those we usually see of young children.

"Now lie quietly, Alice, for a moment," said Martin. He had placed her on the ancient lounge, the only reasonable piece of furniture in the room. "Now close your eyes—ah! not *so* close, let them be half open, as though you were just waking up—now I will paint a picture the world shall wonder at! Yes, I also will make a sunrise!"

Quietly and motionless, as though bereft of life, the child lay and watched the artist's movements; in him she forgot herself, consequently had none of that intense consciousness of expression so often perceivable in the portraits of people who become immortalized, and perpetuated on—*canvas*!

What a sight to see! the lonely desolate places where the impoverished children of Genius, the painters, sculptors, and poets, have with patient but almost hopeless toil wrought out their wonder-works!

Oh! eyes whose range of vision was circumscribed by four contracted walls, have looked on scenes of rarer and richer beauty than travelers in many climes have seen; and voices, husky, tuneless with want and grief, have breathed, even when tortured with the death-agony, songs, that the world has hushed its mighty voice, and its tumultuous heart to hear; warriors have conquered on battle-fields, whose inspiration was the song that burst from the dying son of poverty, while pain and fever prostrated him, who kept back by force of mind the advance of death, until the strain of glory should be fully and perfectly conceived!

An hour passed, and not for one moment had the hand of the artist paused—it is enough to say that even he was satisfied with the progress he had made in those swift-winged sixty minutes.

Upon the easy couch Alice had fallen asleep, unperceived by the young painter—he awakened her with some regret, but the time he had promised to keep her with him was passed, and Martin had little inclination to brave the wrath of the mother's tongue. Thought-

fully he led the child to her home, and when he parted with her there, it was with a heart full of sorrow, for he knew that a life of hardship, and want, and temptation, was in store for the beautiful girl.

"Poor and handsome," thought he—"God protect her! To be sure it would be a sad sight were the innumerable host of poor people all hideously ugly—and as to the necessity of the thing, such folks would seem to require the simple pleasure of being admired, inasmuch as they are debarred from participating in all amusements and enjoyments that cost money, and beauty costs nothing. And yet Heaven have mercy on the poor family that boasts of a beauty! as surely as the sunshine, pride will creep in under the door-sill or by the window, and certainly in a covert manner. The pretty daughter must be prettily dressed, even at the expense, and by the self-denial of the more plainly gifted remainder of the family. Then come struggles, heart-bitterness and envy—God be thanked if hatred and malice do not also come! Now there's that little Alice Flynn—if she were only my sister, or one over whom I had the shadow of control! Oh! that I were only rich! She ought to be educated! Heavens! what a smile—and what a mind she has—he thinks! God defend her!"

Indulging in such thoughts as these Martin had passed again through the crowded streets, quite unmindful of all things save that one high project he had conceived, which now, he for the first time felt convinced might be really performed. Once more we find him before his easel, and how he labored there! Six days, morning and evening, he worked on his creation, and Saturday night saw him looking upon it with such intensity of satisfaction, as betokened a very happy heart—for it was finished, and his heart and his mind had declared it "very good!"

The following week there was to be an exhibition of the paintings of native artists in New York, and to the rooms prepared for this purpose Martin conveyed his work, and it was not perhaps without a thrill of pride that he placed it among the multitudinous proofs of genius there.

The sunrise was unframed, and having been among the last brought in, it occupied an obscure and unfavorable position. But Martin surveyed it with the eyes of a lover—he knew its superior merit, and he fancied that others would behold it in just such a light. But Martin was destined to be disappointed not a little; during the first days of the exhibition, while the rooms were filled to overflowing, but little attention was attracted toward his portrait. Sometimes it was so fortunate as to attract an exclamation of surprise, and a momentary glance of admiration—and once or twice a group of young people stopped a moment to honor it with examination, but there were works of well known artists which must be criticised and applauded—there were "first attempts" of rich and fashionable men which must be praised—and besides, it was on the whole taken for granted by universal consent, that the best pictures occupied the most prominent stations, and that those condemned to the back-ground must necessarily be only passably good or mediocre.

By degrees Martin began to take these facts into

consideration—and then it was only by great effort he managed to keep his hopes alive, that some good fate was yet in store for his darling.

An early hour on the morning of the fifth day found him once more attracted to the rooms, he would endeavor to secure for his child a position more prominent, for some of the paintings had been already removed by their masters.

But two persons were there when he entered. They were a lady and gentleman in deep mourning, and they were standing before *his* sunrise! Passing up the long hall slowly, with his eyes directed to the thickly covered wall, where he saw what only an artist could, the outworn, burning hopes of a multitude of men, he contrived to keep watch of the two who remained so long motionless and speechless before the pictured child.

"Do you know the author of this work, sir; and if it is for sale?" asked the stranger as Martin drew near.

"I have an acquaintance with the artist," answered he, "but the painting, I think, is not for sale."

"Why should it be placed here then?" asked the gentleman quickly, and with great evident disappointment.

"Because, sir, there is something dear to the heart of the author of a work, beside the money which the sale of it would bring. I feel at liberty to answer you frankly as you have asked—the artist hoped that by this work attention might be attracted to his child, for he is a young man necessitated to labor, and, as yet, altogether unknown in his profession."

"I admire the genius of the young man, he will succeed in making himself known beyond all doubt. But perhaps I might offer for this picture a sum great enough to satisfy even him."

There was a silence, and there was in the lady's eyes such a beseeching look as she glanced from the picture toward Martin, that his determination was almost vanquished, but he looked down and said:

"The painting is my work—I cannot part with it at any price."

"It is yours! and you will not sell it! Mr. Artist, you do not, cannot know how much you refuse us! We had a child, a darling little girl, she was an angel to us—she is lost to us, is dead, young man!—and this portrait! it is so like her, at any cost I would secure it. Name your price, high as you value your beautiful work, consider that to us it is infinitely more valuable! the hours of labor you have spent upon it have endeared it to you—it is more to us though than even that, it is life to us, for it bring *her* back again?"

The lady trembled as her companion pleaded with the artist so earnestly. It was not in Martin Gray to deny a plea so sad and so heartfelt. "It shall be yours," he exclaimed, "permit me to retain the work but a few days, and it shall then be returned to you."

A thankful glance of the tearful eyes of the bereaved mother was what Martin thought at that moment a full reward.

"God bless you, sir! you have made us happy! if five thousand dollars is any compensation, they are yours!"

That was another kind of reward! The young ar-

tist thought both invaluable; and it was with a light heart that with the picture in its case, he carried it once more to the attic studio.

CHAPTER II.

Martin Gray's fortune was made, and ever after was he a firm believer in presentments, for the Sunrise had in very truth been the making of him. In the midst of his good fortune, the generous heart did not forget the poor child whose beauty had so materially aided his genius. Previous to his departure for the old world, he placed a well-filled purse in the hands of the mother, saying, "Your child is an extraordinary girl. This money will be sufficient to secure her a good education—pray do not neglect it, for she will be an honor and a great help to you some day. Promise me that you will keep her out of the street as much as is possible, and that you will send her to school. I am going abroad, when I come home again she will be many years older than now, nearly a woman. Give me your promise she shall be sent to school."

"Yes, she shall go, and as to keeping her out of the street, I suppose I might as well undertake to—Well, yes, I'll try my best at it."

"Be kind to her!"

Martin traveled abroad; he studied in Italy—he studied in Germany—he journeyed through nearly all Europe. Among artists, and artist-patronizers, the success of his first exhibited picture was well-known, the Sunrise was every where commented upon, and the papers liked to talk of the young artist Martin Gray, of his skillful hand, and generous heart!

But during the years of labor and study spent abroad, his one great idea remained unaccomplished. The second picture which he had designed as a continuation of the Sunrise, was untouched. The imagination was not to be suffered to do the work in this instance either—but the second work, even as the first had been, should be a portrait.

Still his hands had not been idle. In Paris his studio (it was not there an attic!) became a point of interest and fashionable attraction, and in Hamburg the American artist dwelt neither in poverty nor obscurity. The walls of his rooms were adorned with evidences of his capabilities, and beside the honors heaped upon him, in a pecuniary point of view, his labors had made his fortune.

Years passed on, and Martin was at home again; at home and among a multitude of friends, though when seven years ago he sailed from the great city he might easily have counted the voices that came to bid adieu and God-speed. But fame and fortune wonderfully enhance the feeble interest felt in the once poor son of Genius—so Martin Gray proved it. His friendship was sought for as most honorable, his words were quoted, his dress and style imitated—fair ladies trilled his songs, (for he was something of a poet, too,) and as a "lion" the young exquisite was pronounced by fathers, mothers, and daughters, as perfect, charming, and altogether unexceptionable.

"Well, what in the way of amusements, Frank?" asked the artist, as arm-in-arm with a city gallant, he

strolled along Broadway a few days after his arrival in New York.

"What! not heard yet that Alice gives a musical entertainment to-night? My good fellow you 'argue yourself unknown' by such un-cemly ignorance," gayly said his companion, the Hon. Francis Dundas.

"Indeed, I must confess to ignorance; who is this great singer, Alice—some newly risen star, is she not?"

"Yes—but the few who have heard, say a star that bids fair to prove on closer examination of the first magnitude, and that even an artist's eyes can detect no defect in her matchless beauty."

"And which point of the compass does she hail from?"

"Oh! she is a native of our city. Her rare beauty some time since attracted the attention of old H——, the millionaire—he does something toward educating her; she turns out a woman, or girl of uncommon talents, and has determined to become a public singer. I am told her history is a complete romance, wanting nothing of tragedy or comedy to make it irresistibly interesting."

"A singer—a genius—and a beauty! we will hear her by all means!" exclaimed Martin enthusiastically.

And they did hear her.

It was not a "grand entertainment." The singer Alice was the sole performer. She had preferred that it should be so, that her merits and powers, whatever they were, might be estimated at their worth.

Small and select was the audience before which she appeared; it was composed of people of refined taste, who could fully appreciate all the excellencies of style and manner, and whose approbation a young debutante might rejoice to win. How young she was! how truly and perfectly beautiful! There was a slight flush on her cheek which was else pale as marble, that told how strongly the chords of her brave heart were struck. She sang—oh! the voice whose tones filled the high hall was like that we hear in dreams, when angels come to keep watch over us, chanting through the long hours of the night! During the whole first part of the concert there was intense silence, for there was an intense gratification felt by the audience that was deeper than could be uttered, and the smiles, and tears, and breathless interest evinced, were to the maiden tributes more acceptable than tumultuous applause had been.

"She is a wonder!" "a miracle!" "what a voice!" "what a style!" "and then to think she is only seventeen or eighteen!" Such and like exclamations escaped from every heart as "Alice" withdrew at the close of the first part from the saloon.

Frank Dundas turned to his companion—

"Well, Gray, what do you think of her? Your wits seem wandering."

"I am lost! it is divine! I have never seen or heard her equal. Tell me, what did you say is her name; the face haunts me; I could swear I have seen it before."

"Tut! swear not at all. It's not likely you have ever seen her before to-night. Perhaps she corresponds with some fairy-queen or lady-love born of your own

prolific fancy. Is it not so? I can well conceive such a thing possible, though I'm neither poet nor artist."

Martin bowed to save himself from the necessity of a reply, for he was deep in thought, and through the obscurity of the distant Past his memory was striving to grope her way.

After a few moments the singer appeared again in the saloon.

"Did you say her name is Alice?" asked Martin Gray, as his eyes for the second time rested upon her.

"Alice—Alice what?"

"I have never heard—she is only known by that name. She does not need so many cognomens as we less gifted individuals, and I suppose intends that the world shall know without being told further, who is meant when the singer *Alice* is spoken of."

"Dundas, I have seen that face before, you may depend upon it—will you believe it? during all my residence in Europe I have sought with desperate earnestness, but in vain, for a face just such as hers."

"Pray wherefore? Are you not the sworn foe of all lady-loves save the sweet goddess of painting?"

"Rush! love has had nothing to do with my search—pretty faces are to be found every where; and though an artist, I am free to say the man who marries a woman for her beauty is a poor fool. Did you ever see my picture called *Sunrise*, painted seven or eight years ago?"

"Remember it? Why, my dear fellow, to be sure I do, and what a grand hit it gave you before the 'darling public'; I would be stupid indeed to forget that picture or its author. A copy of it has been the best ornament of my room for years!"

"Well, perhaps you know—though of course you could not, for I never spoke of my intention to another—but ever since that picture was finished, I have determined to make it one of a series, by painting two others, one of such innocent loveliness arrived at womanly perfection, and the third was to be the image of crime, or beauty ruined; and the three I hoped to offer a moral lesson to the world. Never till to-night have I seen one worthy to take the second place in the series. I see her now, and I have an impression that amounts almost to a conviction, that this woman is that child."

"She lives on Tenth street. If it is your wish we will visit her to-night when the concert is finished, or to-morrow—perhaps, however, you would prefer calling upon her alone?" said Frank Dundas with a hearty co-operating look of voice and manner.

"By all means accompany me—we will go in the morning, and I will lay my life on it, that singer's name, when a child, was Alice Flynn!"

At eleven the following morning the lady was alone in her simply furnished apartment, in a boarding-house on Tenth street. The beauty which had dazzled all who beheld her on the previous night, did not owe any thing to dress or to lamp-light, it bore the inquisitive glance of the sunshine well.

Alice received her guests, the Hon. Frank Dundas, and the artist Martin Gray, with a grace and ease of

manner which delighted them. She spoke with the enthusiasm of youth of the art in which she was so great a proficient, and every word she uttered revealed a mind well cultivated, refined, and infinitely noble.

A half hour passed speedily by, but the Honorable gave no sign of an intention to depart. The artist, who had surveyed her as he would an exquisite production of art, first rising to take his leave, said—"I have a favor to urge, madam, it is a very great one; I am painting a series of portraits, will you permit me to take yours as a representation of Noonday?"

"It would be a very poor representative of the glory and majesty of the theme you have chosen. Pardon me, I must decline an honor so unmerited."

"Permit me to judge that," said Martin Gray earnestly. "It is an idea I have long desired to carry out; I wished to make the picture an exact likeness, and therefore sought a beauty that was perfect, so there should be no work left for my imagination—now that the object of my long search is found, do not deny me this great privilege. If you will only accompany some of your friends to my studio, by showing to you the *Sunrise*, I can better explain what it is I wish; or perhaps you will suffer me either now or to-morrow to escort you thither."

"To-morrow," she answered, "I will come. Ere then you may, I trust, find one elsewhere to represent your ideal."

"That is utterly impossible. To-morrow, then, before the rooms are filled with visitors, I shall look for you," said Martin, with a decidedly grateful accent and look, and the young men walked slowly away.

CHAPTER III.

The Noonday was nearly finished. The city was ringing with the surpassing beauty and the matchless voice of the young singer Alice. And Martin Gray's numerous and powerful friends every where declared that the picture on which he worked so diligently, would add the greenest leaf to his glory-wreath.

The artist loved his picture—loved he the original? No! he could have worshiped the canvas on which that matchless face was impressed, but when he looked on Alice, and listened to her beautiful words and the so musical, delicious pronunciation, though he saw and heard with the most enthusiastic admiration, it was still only that of the artist—the *man's* heart was untouched.

He had never shown to her the "child-angel." After his call upon "Alice," so strengthened was become Martin Gray's persuasion that it was *the* Alice of by-gone recollections, that he feared to hazard the display of the portrait to her.

Let us see if his precaution was a wise one.

It was the last sitting. On the following day the lady was to depart with a distinguished company of singers, on a long professional tour through the Western and Southern cities. She had risen, for the hour was passed, and stood looking for the last time on the beautiful works of the artist, which adorned the room.

"Do you remember," said Martin, approaching her, "I promised to show you the portrait which I called

the Sunrise, pardon me that I have not done so before, this is the one."

He raised his hand and turned to the light a small picture, which for the few past days had looked upon the wall.

A broken exclamation of surprise, rather than the usual tribute of warm praise, escaped the young creature.

"Did you paint this?" she asked. "Pray tell me when and how?" she added, recovering her self-possession immediately.

"I was a youth, very poor and needy, having some talent, and a great deal of taste for sketching and painting. Very unfortunately, as I thought, I was forced either to altogether resign this employment so delightful to me, or to pursue it in order to supply myself with food and clothes. To me it must not be a pastime—I could not hesitate long—it became my profession. But I had, what to you may seem an inconceivable dislike to painting faces merely as a workman paints letters on a sign. I imagined that it was just as easy to win the smiles of dame Fortune by picturing only the exceedingly beautiful, and giving them emblematic names, and I was not altogether wrong. Passing one day through the streets of this very city, I came upon a group of children playing—one of that little band struck me as being nothing short of perfection, I could think of nothing as I looked on her, but how beautiful a sunrise!—how splendid will be the day that ensues! At my request the child guided me to her home,—it was a poor one, and therein bore a great resemblance to my own. The mother consented that I should take the child's likeness, and—this is it, I never saw the little one again. Afterward, as I have told you, for many years I traveled in Europe, but though constantly on the look out, I never found a Noonday worthy to follow a Sunrise like this child's. I thank you, madam, that I have in you, and in my own city, at last found what Europe could not show me."

"May I ask," said the lady, with face slightly averted from the gaze of Martin Gray, "may I ask the name of the girl?"

It was the question which of all others the artist most wished her to propose, and he watched her closely, as in a careless tone that belied his glance, he said—

"I remember it very well—it was Alice Flynn!"

"Thank you—it is indeed a lovely picture! You have amply deserved, sir, all the honors that are, or can be awarded to you."

Martin Gray attended her to the carriage that stood in waiting, but Alice the songstress did not look upon him till she gave him her hand in parting, when he saw her face, then, the artist knew he had not been deceived; she was pale as death.

A few months afterward, came from a city far to the South, a letter to our hero, its contents were a five hundred dollar note, and these words:

"The child for whose education you so generously provided when both she and yourself were poor and unknown, would fain convince you that with increase of years, and fortune, and happiness, she has not forgotten—that she is not ungrateful. All the good that

has fallen to her in this life she is glad and proud to trace directly to you, to that one act of well-timed charity. May the God of Heaven for ever bless you. The 'Sunrise' and the 'Noonday' of your life you have made unspeakably glorious, may the night be without a cloud, and complete in its magnificence!"

It required no shrewd guesser to determine for Martin Gray the author of this brief note. The cities of the South were at that very moment vying with each other in lauding the Northern songsters, and the queen of beauty and of song, the lady "Alice"—and the artist rejoiced in her brilliant success, and waited with impatience till he should see and speak with her again.

In the years when honors thickly clustered around his brow, when Fortune had laid many of her choicest gifts at his feet, there was yet one thing wanting to complete his happiness.

There were few homes on earth so beautiful as his, and his wife and children (for Martin in course of time became an old man,) were all that the heart of man could desire. There were no lines betokening care, or a fierce strife with the world, on the artist's handsome face. He had labored, and that constantly, it is true, but his had not been a wearying toil, rather such as had been intensely satisfying. The visions of beauty with which he mentally surrounded himself, had never been frightened away by rough and harsh experience—to him even as in his youth, "all things beautiful were what they seemed!"

Many enchanting, perfect works had gone forth from the rooms of Martin Gray into the world, but there were two original ones for which he rejected every offer, however extravagant. Copies and engravings of them had been given to the public, but the canvas on which his fingers worked while his eyes were gazing on the loveliest and most perfect specimens of beauty to his mind conceivable, were precious beyond all price to him.

The series had not been completed, for Martin Gray had never seen a human being fearfully beautiful, and irrevocably fallen, whereby to represent the "Night." And as years passed on, his heart more earnestly and continually hoped that he never might.

The great artist is dead. The passing visions of a beautiful fancy have forever flitted away—"he sleeps the last sleep"—but his works live after him. They live to speak to us of their creator—to tell us of his goodness, of the deep unfathomed spring of human love within his heart. He sleeps, but he has left a name that is cherished by his country, and his genius is a source of national pride. How well is he remembered and loved by those who knew him! And the students in his own glorious art, with what enthusiasm and reverence do they cherish a memory of him!

During his widow's life his studio remained as he had left it—it was a Mecca to which for years pilgrims most devout resorted. To many that artist's rooms were sacred places; standing in them they breathed the air of inspiration, and held sweet communings with the spirit of the Beautiful.

Of the sublime lessons, and they were many, which spoke forth from those walls, there was one that made the gazer shudder and turn pale. No one gazing on

the three faces which were separated from all other paintings wrought by the same hand, could have resisted the conviction that the artist had meant, ay, and that he had succeeded in conveying to the mind of the gazer, a deep and awful moral lesson, for the "Night" was with the "Sunrise" and the "Noonday!"

It was marvellous, it was dreadful to trace the great resemblance between the likeness of the angelic little child, the incomparably beautiful maiden, and the splendid, but fallen woman!

The same bright curling hair, the same deep, expressive eyes, the fresh bloom on the fair cheek, the graceful form—they were unmistakable. But oh!

there was an expression on those features of the *fallen* woman, that the innocent child and the guileless maiden could not have interpreted—it was a bold, defiant look that told it was a sorrowful and an ever-to-be-lamented day that saw her come before the world to wrestle for its honors—a very siren, but ah! how weak to struggle against its sinful allurements, its awful temptations.

They are one and the same, said every heart that gazed upon them. Reader, *they were!* For the "Night" was also a *portrait*, and the last work of Martin Gray!

Alas! alas! sweet Alice! splendid and courted Alice! wretched and ruined Alice!

THE MISANTHROPE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SPEAK no more!

Thou canst not comfort me. I'd rather hear
The serpent's hiss than speech from a false heart.
There was a time thy voice had power to calm,
And lay the fiend within me: Let me rest
Lonely and cursed amid my wretchedness;
I have ventured all and lost—'t was Destiny!
There are dark spirits moving through the world,
Casting a saddening influence over all
Within their vortex: Such perchance is mine;
With its wild, sinful struggles, and its glens
Now good, now evil, stronger with my strength
The eclipse of Heaven's brightness. Who can read
The unknown language of the human heart,
Though writ in fiery characters? Where the power
To judge an erring creature, when the thoughts,
Hidden even to himself, cannot be fathomed
Save by Omnipotence? In thy hollow hand
Measure the waters of the depthless sea,
Or with far-seeing vision through the expanse
Of yonder firmament of Heaven, speak
Of that which is to be, though yet unseen
In its bright pages: Easier task for man
Than judge his brother justly. To myself
I am a mystery, why not to thee?
The waters of my heart are deeper far
Than plummet ever sounded. Oh, dark Future!
Thy veil once lifted, will the power be given
To note their secret depths. Why have I trusted
But to be deceived? and not by man alone!
Why have I ever loved, if but to love
Has been to bind myself upon the wheel
Of wretchedness? The punishment of gods!
Why should I ask for sunshine on my heart,
If with it, it must wither? ask thyself.
Reading thine own heart's secret, thou may'st learn
How much I needed sympathy. My path,
Now filled with rankest weeds, might have been pure
Under thy smile and teaching. Now, too late!
To wrestle with the world for an existence,
Bowed, but not crushed by Fate, is of itself
Enough to turn the heart to bitter gall,
And make it curse, where, in its sunnier hours,
It might have shed a blessing. Fortune's smile,
Unto the favored, clothes the earth with flowers;
Its frown, alas! will make the brightest spot

Black as a demon's glance—its fruit as bitter
As the Dead Sea's—and like it nought but ashes!

The meanest thing,

Infuriated in the hunter's toils,
Turns at the last with fierce and vengeful cry
To battle with its foe; and some there are,
Lost to all hope, in their own quiv'ring flesh
Implant their poisonous venom, choosing thus
To be themselves their executioners,
Than fall upon the spear of might and wrong.
Such do I fear myself: That I have been,
In happier days, a lover of my kind—
Heart as capacious, hand as firm and true,
As ever graced the proudest in the land.
I have been thus—Answer! what am I now!
I have found coldness where I looked for love—
Ingrates 'mid friends—the half averted head,
With the neglectful glance, that seemed to say,
Thou art not of us now! Half-way to meet
And pay back scorn by scorn, keener than that
The eye of man e'er threw upon me—thus
Was I ever—thus will ever be:
Though it heap coals of fire upon my head,
And writhes me with its tortures, still my soul,
Strong in its desperate fury, asks no boon
But hate, to be repaid by darker hate—
Failing in that, to die unwept, unsung.
Madness is not my portion—I shall live!
And from the chapel round the brow of Fame
Yet seize, perchance, a leaf. Love in my heart
Is not yet all extinct: what it has been,
Brighter and purer than the present hour,
Has fled forever! Yet I cannot live
Unloving and unloved. Hot hand in hand
With my ambition, upward must it rise,
Subordinate, yet true unto the truthful.
Into the channels where deceit has crept—
Into the hearts unfaithful—o'er the paths
Of those who have repaid my love with guilt,
The blast of my siren's hate shall sweep,
Sudden to rise and swift to overthrow.

Such are my thoughts.

Would they were written on my brow, that all
Might read the tale unrolled. My story's brief.
'T is the twin passions—they have mastery,
And away my pulse of life.

There are brief moments

When passion lieth sleeping, and my mind
Reveling in its dominion, far removed
From petty cares and struggles, soars aloft
(Smiling amid its tortures, then forgotten.)
Through the dark Future; with untriting wing,
Restless as the young eagle, seeks the sun
Of light, and truth, and wisdom; or retiring
Back to the brilliant, unforgotten past,
Where every foot of earth contains a portion
Of immortality, seeks out its mate,
That may have wrestled with the storms of Time
And won the victor's crown: or, from the page
Of mighty spirits, who have left a deep
And never-fading well of giant thought,
Feeding my flickering lamp of life, nor dream
There is a world elsewhere, but in the visions
The arch-enchanters have raised up for Time!
God's blessings on ye, noble-hearted men!
How often to this saddened soul of mine
Have ye brought strength and hope! Earth has not
Jewels so rare, as those ye thickly scatter
Upon the wind for your posterity.

To me your voices,
In the still midnight, in the garish day,
Have ever gently come: I trust in you—
And ye are faithful: Rest forever with me.
The prophet lore of Israel—the sound
Of swelling harps by Grecian wizards strung—
Promethean echoes!—the ever-burning page
Of England's brighter days—the undying song
Of richest Shakespeare—and the noble strains
Of master-minds drinking their aspiration
From his pure fountain—all the mighty line—
Sweeps by this distant shallow generation,
The monody of Time!

Sweet friends!

My heart henceforth must nestle in your loves,
Or be forever lost. When forgotten,
For a brief period, 'mid the worldly strife
And emptiness of things, how sinks my spirit,
Imprisoned 'mid the iron bars of forms.
I have no hope of happiness in life,
That is not bound up with the mighty past.
The present is a Hell—the future, dark.
Earth's comforters are for the happy few.
No denizen am I. I stand alone.

Alone, for judgment?

Stormy and wild my passions—full of sin,
Grievous and bitter. Who shall succor me?
I looked to love—I found it hollowness.
I looked to hate—I found it bitterness.
Unto ambition—and it smiled upon me
But to elude my grasp:—unto a future,
My stubborn heart refuses its belief.
I have not learned deceit, nor schooled myself
To be a hypocrite. What I am, I am!
The secret sin of man—Hypocrisy—
Can never mate with me: Would that it could.
Wer't so, I would not suffer as I must.
Could I but veil myself thus from men's eyes,
And seem the thing I am not, I might live
Happier in this world's love. But let that pass.
I will not bend my knee, or lose one spark
Of Heaven's heritage—my manhood's truth—
But trample on the vamps of the world,
Who fatten on the blood of noble things.
What though the strife's unequal? Let me fall,
Strong in my ruined hopes; the shrine profaned
Within the inner temple, is to me

Dearer than all now opened to my soul;
So let me die with prayer upon my lips,
And like old Israel's stricken one, pull down
A glorious desolation in my fall!

Wild are my thoughts, oh God!

And wilder still the passionate heart that bends
With a fallen angel's power. There liveth not
Among earth's myriads, a more restless spirit,
So formed for good or ill!

I have been gentle,
Loving and kind to all. My curse has been
To feel the unkind thought—to doubt all truth—
Of woman and of man. Naught's left me now
But shaken confidence and cheated hopes,
A long and drear account to be repaid
With interest manifold. The restless fire
That has preyed upon my brain, and blasted life—
Destroyed my peace, and made me stern and strong
As the avenging fury, must recoil
Upon the heads of those whose path has been
In triumph o'er my heart.

Shall I then spare?

Who spared me where I trusted most? Whose hand
Clasped firmly mine? Speak! whose kind word,
When sorrow was upon me, came unto me,
As it should come, in peace, and bid me hope?
The butterflies that thronged around my steps,
But to fly from me when the sun went down?
I think of them, not to give blow for blow,
But to tramp out their inside hearts 'neath my heel.
They left a sting behind—but yet I live!
Ay: they shall feel I live.

Their loss was naught.

The serpent's tooth was nearer to my heart
That tortured me to madness. I had loved;
Thou knowest it. Call it love—idoltry!
For it was my religion. All but that—
Power, wealth and friends—I could have lost,
Hadst thou but trustfully still kept thy vow,
Calming the raging fever of my brain!
Well! when these painted lizards crawled aside,
And I clung, like the wretched mariner,
Unto a straw, I deemed a plank for life.
Whose voice came o'er the deep and angry sea,
Bidding me be of faith and hope? Speak, now!
What! art thou voiceless? Nearer, bend thine ear!
Nay, shudder not—there's "method in my madness!"
I would not shriek it out aloud, for fear
The sound might create revelry in Hell!

Not the one I loved.

Not hers, whose every thought was mine—not hers,
Who should have searched my deep and angry sea,
And soothed it in its agony. Oh no!
Too hard a task to ask this boon of her,
Whose dearest thought seemed but to learn the way
To help to crush—not save.

Oh God! forgive me!

How much of sorrow, sin and shame, my life
Would have been guiltless of, had but the one—
The only one of earth—reached forth her hand,
And with that hand, her heart, to lift me up
And keep my manhood pure.

It was a dream!

I only deemed it but her duty here;
I may have asked too much! 'Tis over now.
The sharpest strife is o'er, and I must be
Sufficient to myself. The past can ne'er
Recall itself to me, but with my tears,
That have been tears of blood. Would that the fate
Of the Olympus-stricken Niobe

Had been mine also—that I had been marble.
 Oh charity! oh love! how much we need
 Thy softening power. Ye, whose hearts are bowed
 Before a great Creator; ye, whose thoughts
 Should be all purity—cannot ye feel
 The power given you to soothe and calm
 The troubled souls of weary-hearted men,
 Who wrestle, like the Titan, 'gainst the power
 Of the Omnipotent! Hurling ever back
 Against the thunderer's bolts, an avalanche,
 Cleft from the cloud-topped hills of human pride,
 The settlements of a world of hate and scorn.

So fades my life,
 And with it, all the poetry of youth,
 The summer of existence—lost forever.
 As fleeting as the bubble, Reputation—

As false as social ties—delusive all—
 The mirage of the world.
 In this, my deep communing with myself,
 New strength has come upon me. Oh, my soul!
 Gird on thy armor of Indifference,
 And forth into the world to toil and strive,
 Bearing thy secret ever present to thee,
 Lest weak Humanity should tamely yield
 Unto its earlier promptings: Up and work!
 There is a pathway left for Lucifer;
 All portals are not closed. Up, up, the time
 Is present now; fearless and bold press on;
 Stay not for counsel or impediment,
 But, like the Roman matron's chariot,
 Pass recklessly upon thy destined course.
 Though Nature's holiest rain stops the way.

ALICE VERNON.

BY H. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

There is many a bright star gleaming,
 In memory's distant sky,
 And their soft light is streaming
 On days long, long gone by.
 And often hover round me
 The loved and lost of yore,
 Ere cumbering care had found me,
 Or life's young dream was o'er!

We see at early morning
 Soft hues steal o'er the sky,
 Its eastern arch adorning,
 To glad the raptured eye,
 But deem not their complexion,
 Like flowers in joyous spring,
 Is caused by the reflection
 From passing angel's wing!

E'en thus, our thoughts concealing,
 We watch o'er woman's cheek
 The hues of beauty stealing,
 With hearts too full to speak,
 And little think those blushes,
 Like June's young roses fair,
 Come when some angel brushes
 His loving pinions there!

O, fair young ALICE VERNON,
 To thee fond memory turns,
 As loving sun-flowers turn on
 Their stems when noon-day burns!

We roamed the woods together
 In life's young break of day,
 Ere clouds and wintry weather
 Had shadowed o'er our way!

Bright were thy braided tresses,
 As braided sunbeams are,
 And like a glimpse of Heaven
 The smile that thou didst wear.
 That smile still haunts my memory
 Like tale of fairy land,
 And oft in dreamy mood I see
 Thy form before me stand!

Sweet, laughing ALICE VERNON,
 It seemeth strange to me,
 And yet they tell me Time hath laid
 His heavy hand on thee!
 I cannot deem thee faded,
 Though weary suns have set
 On weary, weary, weary days
 And years since last we met!

I feel it now—the fairest things
 Are doomed to pass away,
 And yet my heart the firmest clings
 To those that first decay!
 And so, sweet ALICE VERNON,
 I turn to thee always,
 As flowers their stems will turn on
 To drink the sun's bright rays!

SONG.

ON THE WIDE WORLD I AM SAILING.

On the wide world I am sailing,
 My bark is on the tide;
 The lead and the line are trailing,
 And the spread sail reaches wide.

With the ebb and flow I'm gliding,
 Adown the stream of Time;
 'Mong breakers oft I am riding,
 And o'er the wrecks of crime.

'Mid troubled waves wild dashing,
 When storms and tempests come;
 'Mid heaven and earth's wild crashing,
 My life-boat is my home.

Then out on the wild world roaming,
 In troubles or in sport;
 On the stream of Time wild foaming,
 My cold grave is my port!

ACQUA.

MAJOR ANSPACH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARC FOURNIER.

(Concluded from page 286.)



CHAPTER IV.

We should be seriously grieved if the expression *sage* of which we made use at the end of the preceding chapter should lead the too credulous reader into a dangerous error.

The tendency of this edifying history is to prove, on the contrary, in the most simple and incontrovertible manner, that however man may subdue his passions and limit his enjoyments to the rigorous circle traced by fortune, it is sufficient that these passions exist, and that he is their slave, to disturb the most philosophical mind, and to excite tempests that are the more violent because concentrated in a narrow space. Of what import are the dimensions of the scene? A perturbation in a glass of water is a tempest full of horror to the fly who ventures to brave its dangers. Well, the worthy Major Anspach was this imprudent insect.

One fine day in April, when the air was soft and balmy, the descendant by the female line of the last Dukes of Lorraine, having brushed with the greatest care his long brown overcoat and his black plush pantaloons, sought, at his usual stately pace, his favorite

resting-place, and its perfumes. The frequenters of "Provence in Miniature," as that end of the garden is called. Children, nurses, young men and girls, were so well acquainted with the "man of the bench," that no one was permitted to usurp the seat which so long possession had consecrated to his use; what, then, was the painful surprise of the major on approaching his domain to find it occupied!

His first impulse was to take the affair in the simplest form of view, to go up and explain to the audacious invader of his privileges by what a continuous occupation he, Major Anspach, Baron of Phalsbourg, descended in the female line from the last Dukes of Lorraine, had acquired the exclusive right to sit in that angle of the wall, between the jasmine and the flowering roses.

But the necessity he would be under of divulging his birth was repugnant to his pride; and as the individual occupying the bench—*his* bench—was an old man like himself, long like himself, thin and unhappy like himself, and who appeared, like himself, not to enjoy many of the luxuries of life, and whose face,

like his own, bore traces of long suffering, and painful struggles with adversity; our worthy major contented himself by throwing upon the unknown the glance of an old lion—who on returning to his den and finding it occupied by another old lion dying, passes on—so our major. "It assuredly is only a temporary occupant," said he mentally—"a walk to the end of the avenue and he will have departed."

But he deceived himself—he wandered from walk to walk, from avenue to avenue, passing and re-passing his "Paradise Lost," shooting fiery glances from his eyes upon the indiscreet possessor of the coveted seat; but this last, took no notice of the menacing looks of our unhappy and irritated old friend, and continued peacefully to sun himself whilst gazing with melancholy eye upon the joyous circle of young girls who danced up almost to his feet.

The sun neared the horizon—the shadows began to lengthen—and, at last, twilight overspread the landscape; then the unknown arose, and making a turn or two to relieve his limbs, slowly disappeared by the Rue St. Honore.

M. Anspach returned home in feverish exasperation.

On the following morning the sun again shone out beautifully, and our friend the major proceeded to finish elaborately his toilet. He had grown calm, and reason suggested that yesterday's intruder could have no motive, for two days in succession, to make him miserable; nevertheless the old gentleman was unhappy—for at his age a day lost is something!"

On arriving at the Tuileries, the first object to which he directed his longing eyes was his bench, and there again was seated his perverse old substitute. The major was astounded! He made a move as if to go and tear the invader from a place of happiness of which he was so unjustly deprived; but old age controls impulse, and the major felt that he could not depart from those rules of politeness which belonged to his rank and former position in society. It was a flagrant imposition it was true: there was even a kind of impertinence in the conduct of the intruder, who must have observed how much the major was chagrined by his adverse possession the day before.

All this was plausible, but it would not justify a quarrel: and, whatever the right of the major to the estate shaded with roses and jasmine, its assertion at first view offered something so absurd, and even ridiculous, that it hardly conformed with the dignity of the descendant by the female side of the last Dukes of Lorraine.

These reflections, which presented themselves confusedly to the mind of the major, as he wended his tedious way among the walks, did not however calm his irritation. He wandered without object among the cross-alleys of the garden, running against passengers, and even the trees and benches, and chairs, like a dismayed ship at the mercy of winds and waves.

It was really painful to see that long overcoat trotting about, going, turning, and returning, its owner given up to a thousand diverse emotions, in which were intermixed chagrin, unhappiness and regret.

As often as this changeful temper brought the old man opposite to his lost Eden—that is to say, the bench

and tower of roses where imperturbably sat his rival the major raised his eyes upward and heaved a lamentable sigh that the passers by, not knowing its cause, were struck with wonder.

The next day Major Anspach returned, tired, nervous, breathless, and filled with inquietude—there again was the executioner of his happiness!

Once again in the morning M. Anspach dragged himself to the spot, without strength and without hope—he could scarcely raise his longing eyes from afar toward his terrestrial paradise, where, as usual, sat his tormentor, like the implacable angel of destruction: that impressive face, that form, as long, as thin, as venerable as the major's own, but infinitely more enduring in its cruelty—than the patience of its victim!

This excitement could not last without seriously affecting the major's health; he took to his bed; a burning fever raged in his blood; weeks of unconsciousness passed by, and a long convalescence only permitted him to walk slowly along the Boulevard, with cane, and umbrella to shade him from the influence of the raging Dog Star; he sighed deeply and constantly. When his thoughts rested upon his past happiness, the wounds opened afresh, and he would stand for a long time plunged in melancholy reverie, interrupted only by nervous tremblings and audible groans.

When, at last, he was entirely able to resume his walks, instead of revisiting the Tuileries, he studiously avoided them, and turning his course by the Rue de la Bue, passed on to the Luxembourg; he wished to cheer his heart. But the effort was unsuccessful notwithstanding his heroism—the habits of old age are tenacious because they are egotistic. The Luxembourg presented no object that he loved, neither the people he was accustomed to see, nor the palace of his kings, which at times he had worshiped with stolen glances; neither the kindly memories of the past, suggested by the sight of objects on the other side of the river.

At the end of some days, the major felt that he would infallibly return to his bed if he continued to quarrel with his inclinations; but in the apprehension of again meeting his adversary—whom he had come to regard with a mixture of hatred and fear—he conceived a most extravagant project. It is necessary, in order to admit for a moment that such an idea could enter the mind of one with head as gray as that of the major, to reflect that the infatuation of the old man, instead of relaxing during the paroxysms of fever, and passing away with its weakness, only became concentrated and fixed as an incurable mania.

Whatever it was, he resolved to put it in execution the very day of its conception, if necessity forced him.

CHAPTER V.

"Palsambleu!" the old major exclaimed to himself, as he crossed the Pont Royal; "I have an idea that things have changed a little in three months in 'Little Provence,' and that my gentleman, tired of waiting to see my chagrin, has vacated his place—or at least some now rascal has taken it into his head to finish the other's work; that is, to disgust me with existence.

Bah! that's all nonsense, I shall find my little bench smaller than ever—if however Fortune is still against me—then, mille diables, I will show him that I am a Phalsbourg—morbleu!—a descendant of the Lorraines, corbleu!—a gray musqueteer!—bombs and cannon!—and we will see whether this fellow will keep his ground. It is indifferent to me whether I die by the stroke of a sabre, or of a little bench usurped. By the bye! how long is it since my last duel? Let me see! forty two years! Humph! that's rather a long interval for the honor of Phalsbourg. But that duel had great results, and cost me dear—one hundred thousand crowns! I would like to know whether my money went to the bottom of the sea with that Palissandre—whom may Heaven confound! When I think that we endeavored to cut each other's throats for that little sinner Guimard!—a little fool! who had no other merit, on my conscience, but that she was her mother's daughter—another adventurer who so completely turned inside out the pockets of the infatuated and unfortunate Soubise."

Major Anspach hummed a tune as he lounged along with a most gallant air in the long brown *scabbard* which he called his overcoat, and which gave something so extravagant to his appearance, that the gate-keeper at the Tuileries had some remorse for letting him pass: nevertheless, the major, when he had entered the orangery, resumed his gravity and dignified deportment; besides, he stretched out his neck and held his head so proudly, that his length was increased beyond all conception, giving one an idea of the sword of a Swiss guard perambulating the garden.

The promenade offered that day every imaginable splendor—the sunlight danced upon the liquid surface of the fountains, and its red rays piercing the interstices of the foliage, bathed the atmosphere in glittering vapor—the rays of warm light striking upon the marble statues, started them as it were into being, while *Reverie*, with bended head, seemed to throw its somniferous influence over flowery meads and shaded walks—and *Zephyr*, escorted by voluptuous *Idleness*, sought each wooded recess like a nymph of *Delos* under the sacred laurel.

We dare not affirm that our ex-musqueteer sensibly enjoyed the delights of the garden, thus illumined by the morning sun as we have described them, for it is the opinion of philosophers that a less pleasure is swallowed up in a greater one—the little bench, its roses and jasmine, alone entered his thoughts, and at that moment for it alone he lived. His eyes on approaching it were directed timidly toward the little seat, and who can describe the bounding pulsation of his heart on perceiving it vacant! And besides, how much was it embellished since he last beheld it! the roses had climbed up and mingled with the jasmine, and formed a delicious bower of perfume and beauty, almost concealing the little bench in its deep recesses.

A hundred thousand pounds weight, and something more, slid from the heart of the dear old major, and enabled him for the first time in three months to breathe freely. His emotion was so great that his limbs tottered, and he was obliged to cling to an orange tree for support—tears sprang to his eyes—he tried to utter

some words to himself that he might hear his own voice, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses—but he could only bring forth inarticulate sounds whilst his chest heaved convulsively. He fell into a reverie. "The storm that lowered on his house" was about to be dissipated, and he had now only to combat the unhappy daughter of *Memory*—talon-fingered *Regret*!

In celebrating thus in thought his returning happiness Major Anspach resumed his march, and walked along with eyes cast down, as if overcome with his own pleasant thoughts, when he raised them he was within two feet of his *Mecca*. He suddenly bounded backward as if an adder had stung him, and then stood breathing wildly and with glassy stare—his rival was there!

The reader would be wrong to conclude that the ill opinion formed in the mind of Major Anspach regarding the unknown was a just one. The face of the old man was wrinkled like that of an old soldier of Italy, as painted by M. Charlet, giving evidence of years of hardships spent in the service of his country—and if his countenance was somewhat austere, that severity in his looks was softened by something of amiability and sweetness.

It was easy to perceive that he had suffered much and long. His person partook of the military rigidity of his countenance, the blue coat he wore over a white waistcoat buttoning to the throat, with nankeen pantaloons, and buckled shoes, indicated a fashion long gone by, and its well-brushed surface, though worn, presented to the eye a tout ensemble which claimed the respect of the stranger. In a word, there existed between the unknown and the major so many points of resemblance, that it required the blind aversion which had taken possession of the latter to prevent a feeling of the warmest sympathy springing up between him and his antagonist: but far from perceiving these symptoms of a poverty noble and proud in his rival, and which should have inclined him to stretch out the arms of a brother rather than those of an enemy, the descendant of the Phalsbourgs, blinded with rage, could scarce recover himself sufficiently to salute the stranger with a touch of his beaver of very sinister augury.

The unknown returned the salutation with much urbanity and self-possession.

M. Anspach, this duty to politeness performed, mechanically as it were, drew his hat down over his eyes and made a step forward.

At this gesture his rival smiled, and looked around him as if to make his visitor comprehend that it was impossible from the narrowness of his quarters to offer him hospitality.

M. Anspach observing this pantomime, smiled also, but it was a bitter smile. He made incredible efforts to recover his voice.

"I believe I see in you a lover of the Tuileries," observed he of the blue coat, bowing gracefully, "and that you have come, like myself, to enjoy here the fine weather?"

"It is three months since I have enjoyed it, sir," the choking major answered, rolling his eyes.

"True—I have remarked your absence."

"Ah!" growled M. Anspach de Phalsbourg.

That "*ah!*" was a little scendish.

"You appear to suffer," rejoined he of the blue coat, "and are fatigued," he added, without offering, however, to yield his seat.

"You are right," replied the major, all at once recovering the use of his epiglottis. "Yes, sir! I *am* fatigued—no one was ever more fatigued."

The major made a pause as if gathering himself up for an encounter—then stepping up boldly under the very nose of his adversary, continued:

"Hear me, my very *dear* sir. I have not the honor to know you, but I take you to be an honorable man; besides, your exterior pleases me; you suit me well, and I should be pleased if you will permit me the honor of cutting your throat."

The blue coat drew back in astonishment, mingled with fright; he began to think he had to deal with an insane person, but the major, interpreting the movement, continued—

"Do not judge the horse by his harness"—assuming at the same time a port full of dignity and well-bred self-possession; "You will have in me an antagonist not unworthy of the sword of a man of honor—and if reasons altogether personal did not at present oblige me to ask as a favor the permission to conceal my name, you would learn that I was of a blood which has never dishonored the veins through which it ran."

"Then, sir," replied the unknown, in a tone almost serious, "I am delighted by the accident, whatsoever it may be, that brings us together; for the name I bear, though I boast not of it, is one of the most esteemed in Angoumois."

"This meeting is delightful!" chimed in the major.

"Nevertheless," resumed our blue coat, rising as he spoke—"perhaps you will do me the pleasure to explain to me to what unexpected cause I owe the honor of your challenge?"

"You shall have it in few words. You have not formally insulted me, I acknowledge, but you have nearly killed me—and I plainly perceive from the course you have taken that you will eventually accomplish it. I prefer to anticipate my end."

The unknown repeated himself; for the idea returned that he was conversing with a lunatic. But this time the major, appearing to comprehend most perfectly the suspicions of his enemy, shrugged his shoulders and smiled in disdain, as he said—

"I hoped that your age, sir, would have prevented any precipitate judgment concerning my motives; but I see that I was mistaken, for you appear to partake of that vulgar prejudice which puts beyond the pale of a just opinion all that apparently outrages the conventionalities of social life. Be pleased, then, to excuse the strangeness of my address, and I dare hope that you will reconsider your opinion, when you know the just grounds I have to seek the honor of a meeting with you."

The composed and self-possessed manner with which these last words were spoken, struck the unknown, and he again stood up, while the major, throwing a rapid glance over the blue coat, continued—

"I believe, sir, you are in a condition to feel some sympathy for those whom fortune has not deigned to

favor. I can, then, without a blush acknowledge to you that I am one of her victims. Happily, I have not received in the New World, where I passed many years, severe lessons of wisdom and moderation without profiting somewhat by them. I have been twice entirely ruined, and yet am consoled by my philosophy. Returning from America, I saw myself neglected—even repulsed—by my royal masters, to whom I had consecrated the best years of my life—a king—princes who have not deigned to extend the hand of friendship to an old and faithful servant, and who let him grow old in indigence and want. Well, I am still resigned, and for more than ten years have lived without complaint, in a state bordering on the extremest misery. But you know, sir, that man's strength is not inexhaustible—there is a point beyond endurance—it is to that point you, sir, have brought me—"

"I, sir? I?"

"You will see, sir. The necessity I was under to contract my desires has conducted me, little by little, to a modesty of enjoyment which will astonish you. Our desires increase with fortune; but a wise man has strength of mind enough to diminish them in inverse ratio to his misfortunes. Mine, sir, are concentrated upon an object so humble that I might well believe it beyond the caprice of destiny. The object of which I speak is the little bench where you are seated—where, since the 17th of April, you, sir, have come to seat yourself each day, a little earlier than it was my custom to come out to rest myself. For two years I have taken a fancy to this spot in the garden. I love that bench—that shade—those flowers. In summer I come here in the sweet morning hour, peacefully to enjoy the perfume of these honeysuckles. In autumn—in winter—the smallest ray of sunshine upon the corner of the garden wall reflects its heat upon that narrow bench, making it a delightful resting-place for the worn out frame of an old man. What shall I say? This sweet resort obtained soon such an empire over me, that I had but one end—but one desire to gratify—the least sunshine upon the roofs which my garret overlooks—the least smile of heaven had for me a poor old man, more intoxicating charms than ever glance of a mistress to the most devoted lover. It was a real passion—a love with all its joys and delicious griefs—a cloudy or a rainy day threw me in despair, and I felt all the torments of absence from the thing I loved—but was the morrow beautiful, I made the most brilliant toilet I could imagine, and ran to my little bench, convinced that I should find its pleasures increased.

"Is it necessary to tell you now, sir, that since the 17th of April you have driven me from my paradise, and that you have become my executioner?"

"I have but little more to say but that when I was a gray musqueteer I would have killed any one who raised his eyes toward my mistress; you, sir, have done more than raise your eyes toward her—you have robbed me of her—you have taken my little bench. It is more than an insult. It is, believe me, a murder—an assassination. Then, sir, give me again that seat; assure me on your honor that you will respect my right in future, or name your place and weapons.

The unknown listened to the major with increasing interest; the impress of a thousand contrary feelings flitted by turns across his countenance, and an observer might have remarked at times that lively combats were going on within.

When M. Anspach ceased to speak, waiting the answer of our blue coat, the latter walked backward and forward for some time in silence, a prey to a visible sorrow, which the major could not but respect.

At length he stopped, and fixing upon the major a grave and melancholy look, replied—

"I am an old soldier, and the alternative you offer is not repugnant to me. I, too, for three months have had the habit of resorting to this sweet spot, and to it I have consecrated the last enjoyments of a life without happiness.

"You speak of your misfortunes," added he, with a serious smile; "mine do not cede to them in number or severity: I was noble and wealthy before the Revolution, but on my return, after a long absence, I found France republican, and I too became a republican from love to her. My nobility was opposed to public opinion—I renounced it. My wealth appeared to insult the public poverty—I offered my entire fortune upon the altar of my country. The enemy menaced our frontiers—I hastened to join the phalanx under Moreau. I gave my all to France—my name, my blood, my fortune. But Bonaparte appeared, and nothing remained for me to offer to the expiring Republic but my tears and my despair. Advances were made to me—I rejected them. They would have restored my fortune and my rank—I preferred my honor and my misery—and it was only in 1815, when France made a last effort, that I prepared to die at Waterloo. Alas! much better would it have been to have died there! Prisoner, and designedly overlooked in the exchanges, (for you are aware that it could not be forgiven to a count to have fought for France,) I was banished to the end of Russia, dragged to Tobolsk, and abandoned there without resources to all the horrors of nakedness and hunger.

"How I escaped from those deserts would not interest you. Heaven has permitted me to revisit France, and here I am a mark for the resentments of the throne; regarded as a traitor to the monarchy, and contemned by those who to-day might aid me."

The old man on concluding these words slowly crossed his arms upon his breast, his head drooped, as if memory renounced the lapse of years of misfortune, and without apparent consciousness of the presence of his interlocutor.

The major, let us say it to his praise, had equally lost sight of the subject of their quarrel. Touched by this recital, which awakened in his heart sensibilities somewhat moss-grown by age, he approached the unknown, and placing his hand upon his arm, said in a voice filled with emotion—

"Providence has had its secret designs, my dear count, (for I perceive you bear that title,) in permitting two unfortunates such as we are to cross each other's path; and if I experience something soothing to my pain in listening to the recital of your sorrows, it is in thinking that you have met the only person in the

world capable of sympathizing with you as you deserve."

"You forget, my dear sir," replied the blue coat, smiling blandly, "that we have to cut each other's throats to-morrow."

The major hung his head in confusion.

"Hear me," said the old soldier of the Republic. "I do not really think that this affair is important enough to fight about. Confess, besides, that such pastime does not become our age. Ah! there was a time I did not say so! In coming from the theatre, I as willingly went to fight at the Porte Maillot as to laugh at the Café Procope. Sir, would you believe it, he who speaks to you has fought and been wounded, and afterward voyaged six thousand miles to seek his antagonist, and all because one evening Mademoiselle Guimard, the younger, let her handkerchief fall!"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Major Anspach, making a start of surprise, "you said—you—ah! mon Dieu!"

"What do I see! you tremble—you become pale—do you know any thing of that unhappy affair? Ah! sir, if it is true that you do, render me a service that I will never forget—tell me what has become of Major Anspach?—but now I think of it, you said you had been a gray musqueteer under the Comte D'Artois—perhaps you have known the major—you certainly must have been acquainted with him—ah! speak. I only possess six hundred francs of revenue, but I would give it all only to see the major once more before I die."

"You are then the Chevalier De Palissandre?" murmured the grand-nephew of the Guises by the female line, who had fallen upon the little bench from a faintness he in vain endeavored to overcome.

"I inherited the title of count on the death of my two brothers, but you, sir—may I believe—my eyes do not deceive me!—those features! Oh, speak once more—you are—"

"Yes, count. I am—I am your ancient rival—"

"Oh, joy! Heaven is just—it would not let me perish without seeing him once more. Oh! if you knew, my dear baron, how often since your departure from France—your flight I may call it—I have cursed the ill-fortune which did not allow me to arrive in London in time to join you—I was acquainted with the rascality of your banker, and not wishing to entrust to his hands the fortune which you had left in your carriage, I hastened after you to inform you of it—to advise you of your danger of loss through him in time to remedy it. Missing you there, I did not feel myself relieved of the obligation to seek you. I followed you to the Havana—I pursued your traces, but meeting contrary winds and tempests, the vessel in which I embarked failed to overtake you, and I was obliged to renounce the dearest object of my life."

"Well, chevalier—that is to say, sir count—pardon me the neglect. Take the hand I offer you, and let us bless the good fortune which permits us to meet in our unhappy circumstances, in which we both have need of the friendly offices of the other."

"What the devil do you say, D'Anspach," cried the count, crushing in his own the offered hand of the

major. "What do you say about unhappy circumstances. There are none hereafter for you, my friend—you are rich, devilish rich—I believe, devil take me! that you are a monstrous millionaire!"

The old major fixed his eye on De Palissandre in stupid astonishment.

"Notwithstanding your surprise, it is nevertheless true," continued the count, "for despairing of ever seeing you again, I took the only course which remained, which was to wait until you should yourself return to seek your 300,000 francs. But not wishing to resemble the bad servant in the parable who buried his talent in the earth, and not believing your money safe in France, I returned to London, placed your little fortune in the hands of one of my friends connected with the East Company—and remember, major, that forty years have passed away since that! May I go to the devil, if I can pretend to tell you what the honorable baronet has done to multiply your francs; but his son, who succeeded him in business fifteen years ago, and with whom I have corresponded since my return from Russia, wrote me the other day that the funds invested in the house of Ashburton & Co. amounted to nearly eight hundred thousand pounds sterling—twenty millions of francs! It seems like a fairy tale!"

We will not attempt to paint the expression upon the face of Major Anspach. He remained for a long time without speech or color—his eyes shut—like a man half-killed by some overwhelming blow, and who seems bewildered in his mind—at length his features regained their natural appearance, his cheeks their color; he drew a long sigh, opened his eyes, and saw before him M. de Palissandre anxiously watching the effect of the crisis—stretched out his arms and threw them around the neck of his old friend, shedding torrents of tears.

When the first effervescence of feeling was a little

subdued, the major seized the hand of the count and said: "Hear me, Palissandre—if you do not promise me to submit yourself without the slightest remark to my wishes, I take to witness my great grand-aunt, who was cousin in the eighth degree removed of Monsieur de Guise le Balafré, that I will go to London, receive my millions, and on my return will throw them on the sea. Ma foi! it will only be the second fortune old ocean owes to me."

"Sarpeju! speak then!"

"Well, then, we will live together—be happy—be rich together—and both shall have new suits of clothes!—and when we have lived long enough I hope Heaven will put an end to us both at the same time. I shall give immediate orders for the purchase, at whatever cost, of the lands of De Phalbourg and our Castle de Palissandre. Then we shall have two fine estates, and you will see what lots of nephews and nieces, who do not know us to-day, will spring out of the earth as it were, expressly to continue the rank and blood of the two noble houses. We shall not want for heirs, depend upon it!"

The two friends again embraced each other—the treaty was concluded.

Then the count and baron, with arms interlaced, marched from the Tuileries with a step which would have done honor to two voltigeurs of Louis Quinze—
And the little seat?

We feel ashamed to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Yes, dear lady reader, Major Anspach in departing forgot to salute even with a parting glance that little embowered seat, perfumed with jasmine and rose—the object of so much tender regard, and for which a single hour ago he was willing to risk cutting throats with a stranger. Alas! Mademoiselle, love will not last forever even at sixty years! Nevertheless, it must be confessed the little lord—like your sex, soon obtained consolation.

THE BROKEN REED.

BY G. S. MORRIS.

MAY a maiden, if she knew
The sorrows of an injured wife,
Would robe herself in sable hue
When entering on married life.

Oh, man! be careful how you deal
With one so tender and so pure;
Remember that a wife can feel
A wound for which there is no cure.

Like to the fond, confiding dove,
Howe'er so gny and blithe before,
Repel the promptings of her love,
Her spirits sink to rise no more.

Teach her but that she loves in vain
And life becomes a worthless part;
The streams of love rush back again
And choke the fountains of the heart.

Though she may flourish for awhile,
The counterfeit of what she 's been,
The secret anguish of her smile
Tells, but too plainly, death 's within.

'T were better she were never born
Than feel the shaft of anger dealt;
The deep contempt, the bitter scorn,
That many a suffering wife has felt.

Remember you're her only stay;
And every slight and insult shown
Will fester unto deep decay,
Until the grave shall claim its own.

Then, with affection trifle not,
Nor smite the breast you should protect,
Lest men's eye and should haunt the spot,
Where lies the victim of neglect.

SELF-DEVOTION.

BY GIBBIE.

Upon the margin of a blue stream that ran singing through a lonely valley among the green hills of New England, there stood in the olden time, a low cottage, built of logs, and half covered with woodbine and wild honey-suckle. The small patch of Indian corn near it hardly deserved the name of a garden, and the dense forests that surrounded it, showed that as yet civilization had penetrated but little way into the wilds of the new world. Yet the variety of wild flowers which, transplanted from their native glades, blossomed around the low doorway, and the air of neatness that pervaded the rude establishment, proved a degree of refinement greater than was usual among the Indian tribes.

It was now the hour of twilight, and not a sound was heard save the low murmuring of the wind as it swept through the dark recesses, and swayed the tangled branches of the mighty forest-trees. In one of the two small rooms into which the cottage was divided, an aged Indian and his squaw were seated beside a rude couch, where lay the form of a dying woman. Her delicate complexion and light hair betrayed her English origin, and she was still young, and had once been beautiful, though her face bore the traces of a wo more heavy than the weight of years. Yet peace was there, and the smile of calm resignation which rested upon her features, told that not in vain had been the sorrow which had bowed her to the grave. At the foot of the couch stood a missionary—one of those holy men whose lives of toil and suffering were passed in the vain endeavor to counteract the effects of the vices introduced among the Indians by their foreign oppressors.

The chieftain lifted his head from his breast and said, in a low tone, "She is passing away. The fair flower we would have cherished upon our hearts is withered."

At these words the dying woman opened her eyes, and a smile broke over her pale face as she said, "Mourn not for me, kind father; and thou, tender mother, weep no more. Ye would not keep a bird from its native sky, that its song might cheer you. Even like a bird my spirit would spread its wings that it may fly away and be at rest."

The Indian mother raised her eyes wildly and wrung her hands as she gazed on her adopted child. Then swaying her body to and fro, she murmured in the half-singing half-wailing tones of an Indian lament, "Will not our hut be very desolate, my bird, when thy song is hushed; and who will bring us light like the light of thy starry eyes. Shall we not miss thy voice at eventide when we kneel to the God thou hast taught us to worship. Leave us not—leave us not, for our life goes with thee to the grave!"

The missionary raised his hands to heaven, and a

lofty faith spoke in his voice, as he said, "Mourn ye not, nor weep. The exile departeth for her native land, the wanderer for her father's house. A light is fading from your path, but another star shall soon be added to the Redeemer's crown. The flower ye would have cherished hath drooped amid these alien skies, but it shall bloom in fresher beauty in the Paradise above."

As he finished speaking, the dying lady placed in his hands a manuscript, bidding him read it when she was dead; and then, with one farewell look of love on the kind faces that surrounded her, she closed her eyes wearily, and crossing her small white hands upon her breast, she composed herself as if to sleep. There was a long silence, broken only by the low wailing of the Indian woman, as she murmured in an under tone, "The way is long, the way is dark; oh, bird of the bright eye, thou soarest out of sight! who shall tell us the path to the spirit-land when thy singing voice is hushed. Wo for us! wo, wo—for the way is dark!" gradually these low moans seemed to reach the ear that was fast closing to earthly sounds. The lips of the dying moved, as if in a vain effort to speak, and at length, in faint tones, she whispered, "They shall be gathered out of every kindred and tribe and nation, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. I know—I know that my Redeemer liveth." A brilliant smile lighted her whole face with an expression of triumph, as she uttered these words of hope, and even in speaking them, the spirit fled.

That evening the missionary opened the manuscript. It read as follows:

"You have been kind to me, and have respected the sacred silence of the sorrow which has worn out my life. There are moments when every heart yearns for sympathy, and the long closed fountains of the soul flow again. Such a mood is on me now, and therefore I open to you this long-eried heart.

"Of my childhood I will say little, save that it passed like a fairy revel. Heiress of unbounded wealth, and last of a long-descended and honorable family, I was loved with a lavish and glowing fondness, until a sudden and terrible disease, that cut down my parents in the pride and glory of their days, left me an orphan. From that grief, which, for a time, was so violent as to threaten the destruction of life and reason, I never fully recovered. Even when change of scene, the progress of time, and the natural elasticity of youth had so far changed me, that I appeared to have forgotten my sorrow, there lay ever upon my heart the shadow of the tomb. After a time I was sent to reside with my aunt, at the north of England. She was waiting in the castle gate to receive me when I arrived there, and beside her rode her only son—my Cousin Gerald.

"How slight a thing may seal the whole future of our lives. We greet with a careless word and a momentary glance those whose fate is to color our own forever, and then pass on unthinking that henceforth our destiny is fixed. And yet the first time I saw him his image was stamped on my heart. Sorrow, change, wroth, despair have passed over it—but that image is there still. As I write, the curtain of the past seems drawn back, and again I greet thee, Gerald Bellamont. Again I meet the gaze of those flashing eyes—I hear the low, rich music of thy voice, and I feel the floods of deep, unquenchable love, rising in my soul for thee—thou loved so vainly.

"Days, weeks and months passed on, and we spoke not of love, perchance knew not that the fatal spell was upon us. But at last the dream was broken—the hours of peaceful affliction passed away. Gerald left us for a tour on the Continent, and with the struggle of that first parting came the knowledge of all that we were to each other—came the tumult, the trembling, the fearfulness of love.

"At first the tedious hours were relieved by frequent letters from him, so full of tender affection, and whitherso overflowing with youthful enjoyment of the new scenes around him, that even my fond heart was content to have him absent. Then letters came more seldom—then ceased altogether—and then, in the midst of our wonder and anxiety, he appeared suddenly in his old home; but so changed from the merry-hearted boy to the reserved, thought-stricken man, that my timid nature was abashed, and I dared not question him concerning the change which I felt had come over his inmost being.

"We were wedded; and if I detected, even amid the bridal festivities, a shade of sadness on my husband's brow, I strove to console myself with the hope that now he was mine—mine forever; the love so deep, so self-sacrificing, which I would every moment lavish upon him, could not but chase away the bitter memories which oppressed him. Residing on my own estate near London, our house was the resort of the noble and the gay; and amid the exciting whirl of this new life, little time was left for anxious thought. I entered into the pleasures which surrounded me with the zest of a young and joyous heart; and for a few months life was filled with sunshine—and the hours flew swiftly away; ah! why came so soon that night of agony on which there dawned no morrow.

"I was dressed at last—ready for the fancy ball. My costume, which had been selected by Lord Bellamont, had been pronounced perfect by my maids, and even my fastidious taste could suggest no improvement. After one parting glance of satisfaction at the mirror which reflected my brilliant figure, I descended to the library, where I knew Gerald waited for me, expecting to be welcomed with that smile of admiration which woman so highly prizes from the lips of love. To my surprise, Gerald did not turn at my entrance; and as I approached the window where he sat, I found him gazing at a small picture, with which he was so intently occupied as to be unconscious of my presence. It was a full-length female figure. She stood with one

arm thrown across a lyre, and one raised to heaven. A long, dark curl had strayed from her bandeau of pearls and rested on her neck, and the hair was parted back smoothly from her high brow. The face was passing beautiful, with a fire in the dark eyes, and on the small mouth, an air of lofty determination which might have become a priestess at the altar of sacrifice. Beneath was written—Leonore St. Clair.

"As I stood behind him, hesitating how to break his reverie, Gerald started up suddenly, and tearing the picture to pieces, threw the fragments out of the window, where the night wind scattered them far and wide. He watched them with a look made up of scorn and grief, and was turning away with a sigh, when he first saw me standing near him. A deep flush passed over his face, and he looked earnestly, almost sternly at me for a few moments. I was as much confused as myself, though I scarce knew why, but I had sufficient command of myself to ask some question about the picture—I know not what. Folding me in his arms, he kissed me again and again before he answered. 'I will tell you about it some time—do not ask me now. I thought it destroyed long ago, until by accident I found it to-night. It is a relic of something I must forget—I would gladly forget;' and he pressed me passionately to his heart, with words of deep tenderness. Was I mad, was I blind, that even then no foreboding whisper told my heart its doom. Yet at that moment I thought only that he was unhappy; and when I saw him smile again, the suspicion fled, that for a moment had disturbed me, and, gayest of the gay, proudest of the proud, I mingled with the throng which filled the saloons of Lady Gordon.

"Late in the evening, as leaning on the arm of Lord —, I wandered from room to room, seeking refuge from the crowd and the oppressive heat, we found our way into the library, where but few had collected. As we entered, we were greeted by a strain of music so sweet and thrilling, that I involuntarily pressed forward to listen. On a sofa near us the musician was seated. One arm, exquisitely moulded, and white as snow, was thrown across a harp, as she drew from the strings a few simple notes. She was dressed in white satin, which was not more purely beautiful than her complexion, and was without ornament, save a few pearls that gleamed among the braids of her raven hair, and on her bosom she wore a single white rose—its leaves were withered. The instant I saw her, I had a dim recollection of having seen that face before, and while I was striving to recall the time and place, she commenced singing. Never heard I music like the melody she uttered. It might have been thought the voice of an angel chanting the songs of heaven; but, alas! though the voice was of heaven, the song was earthly. She sang of love—not the happy love of that better land, but sad, broken-hearted, such as woman's hath too often been—utterly vain and hopeless.

'I love thee not—and yet thy name,
A word, a thought of thee,
Can flush my cheek and thrill my frame,
Almost to agony.'

'And rarely do I think of thee,
Save at some lonely hour,
When memories of the buried past
Come o'er me with power.

'Or when upon the moonlit air,
I hear the sound of song,
Or a low music, like thy voice,
Borne on the wind along,

'Touches some fragment of the chord
That lies all shattered now,
Surring its thrilling tones to tell,
Of thy forgotten vow.'

"At this moment I was startled by a deep sigh near me, and looking up, saw Gerald standing in the deep shadow of the window recess. He was gazing on the singer, who sat directly before him. The lady heard the sigh—their eyes met, and the glance which flashed from them, spoke volumes. For a moment she seemed confused and agitated, then with a look of proud anguish, and a voice that faltered not in its clear, low tones, she finished the song.

'Farewell—farewell! My dearest hope
Is that we never may meet;
That passing years may teach my heart
To scorn thee, and forget.'

"Her lips quivered, and her pale cheek became crimson as she concluded, and I fancied tears trembled in the depths of her dark, radiant eyes. She turned her face toward Gerald, and for a moment they continued gazing on each other with a look full of sorrowful love, of agony and despair. It was not till she had left the room that I found strength to speak. 'Who is she?' I asked. The answer told me the whole story. It was Leonore St. Clair.

"When and how he had met her I knew and thought not. It was enough to know that she loved him—that his whole soul was given to her, and that I—oh God! I was unloved. My brain seemed to burn, and my heart ceased to beat—and yet I did not faint. There is a fearful strength in woman's heart, of which she is unconscious till the hour of her uttermost agony. Turning from the brilliant scene, I passed through the window into the garden. There was one walk which had been left unlighted, and thither my steps were bent. It led to a small temple, which had been erected to Cupid, and a lamp that hung over the altar, showed the figure of the sleeping boy; but the recesses of the temple were in deep shadow. I entered, and threw myself on a seat in the darkest corner. Was it chance, or was it ordered by the mysterious Providence which revealed to me the fearful secret that was to blight my happiness forever.

"As I lay there striving to still the tumult of my thoughts, footsteps approached, and Leonore St. Clair entered, followed by my husband. She cast a hurried glance around, but saw me not, and then turning to him, said, haughtily, 'Leave me, rash man. Is it not enough that you once cold and cruelly deceived me, but must you thus force yourself into my presence, and revive the memory of feeling—I deemed long since dead. Leave me—I command you!' and she motioned him

away with an impatient gesture. I leaned forward to hear the reply. 'Say not so, Leonore. Hear me—nay, turn not away, for you must hear me. Long ere I knew you I was betrothed to another. She was gentle and beautiful; oh, dearest, can you blame me that I shrunk from breaking her kind and faithful heart. Would you have taken my hand if it were stained with her tears? Would you have accepted a dishonored name? Too well I knew you, too deeply had I read your noble nature to dream of doing aught but to bow in silence to my sad destiny. Nay, more, deeply, wildly as I loved you, until that last day we spent together on the Rhine, I knew not that I was beloved in return; I had been told you were the promised bride of another. Then, when I first knew that you were free, and I—I bound to another; I cannot speak of this—I cannot think of it; sometimes I fear I am going mad.'

"I did not hear her answer, for as he spoke he drew her to the steps of the altar, and they sat down together. They conversed some time in a low tone, and I heard the sound of weeping. At last they rose, and as the light fell full on their faces, I saw they were both fearfully agitated. She drew her hands from his with a look of passionate despair. 'Go, now,' she said, 'go, while I have power to bid you leave me. God knows I shall never forget you; but from this moment we must never, never meet again.'

"'I go,' he replied, sadly; 'yet ere we part, Leonore, I ask one kiss—the first, the last. Let me press you once to this heart, and it will be nerve to endure all things.'

"She fell into his arms—he clasped her to his bosom, and I saw their lips meet. Another moment and he had turned from her. 'Farewell!' he said, in a low, hoarse tone. 'Farewell, forever!' was the response.

"She remained standing until the sound of his steps had died away, and then flung herself down heavily on the marble floor. Even in that first hour of misery I felt no hatred of her. I longed to creep to her bosom, and mingle my tears with hers, and echo the sobs that came thick and gaspingly from her lips. After a while she rose slowly, and leaned against the altar, while words came from her lips, faint at first, and broken, but growing louder, till I could distinguish them. 'To die—to die! It would be but a moment of agony, and then all is peace. Why should I tremble. What can the world be to me henceforth but a living tomb. And he—the vainly loved; ah! Gerald, were I gone forever—couldst thou not soon learn to forget me? For thy sake, beloved, I dare die.' As she spoke she took from her bosom a small phial, and as it passed before the light, I saw it was full of a red liquid. Almost involuntarily I sprang forward and dashed it to the ground as she raised it to her lips. 'Do not—do not commit murder!' I whispered breathlessly. She gazed at me wildly for a few moments, pressed her hands to her brow, and sunk fainting to the floor.

"I supported her till she revived, and with her first breath of consciousness she asked my name. I did not reply. Just then we heard voices calling her. She sprang up hastily, and I was astonished at her self-possession—for I was new in the school of misery;

she, poor thing, knew what it was to smile, while her heart was breaking. For a while she buried her face in her hands, and when she looked up, save a slight trace of tears round her eyes, all trace of emotion had vanished from her features. Seizing my arm as I stood leaning for support against a pillar, she drew me forward to the light, saying, in a tone too proudly bitter ever to be forgotten, 'You have seen and heard much—more than could have been wrung by years of torture from the proud heart of Leonore St. Clair. Yet when you see me, you shall know how bravely a strong soul can sustain itself when all its hopes are crushed, and life is a burden. You shall see how my calm, haughty mien shall fling defiance at you if you choose to publish my secret. Tell me, girl—who are you?'

"I am the wife of Gerald Bellamont."

"With a start of horror and a faint cry, she dropped my arm and fled from the spot.

"Do you wonder that I can think and write of this with calmness. I tell you there have been moments when, as the flood-gates of memory were opened, and the buried past came rushing back over my soul, I have cried out in my agony, and prayed to drink of the blessed fountain of Lethe, and forget forever. But this is past now. A higher faith hath taught me the meaning of this fearful lesson, a higher hope sustains me than was ever born of human love. Truly earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

"The night was far spent ere I reached my home. My husband came soon after. I heard him enter his chamber, and for a long time I listened to the sound of his heavy steps as he paced the floor. At last he threw himself on the bed, and then all was still. Nature could endure no more, and I fell asleep. Wild and terrible were the visions that flitted around my couch. I was in a vast banqueting-hall, and with me the companions of the last night's revel. Again I saw the flowers, the light, the bright, happy faces, and again the dancers whirled by me. The night waned, the stars went out one by one, and daylight shone in on the dying lamps; yet still those wild revelers dew by me. The sun rose up, and shed his fervent beams upon us. The flowers faded, and the faces of the dancers grew wan, and one by one they dropped down and died. The twilight crept over the hills, and night came on—not radiant with stars, and redolent with the breath of flowers, but horribly dark—the realization of impenetrable gloom. And slowly from out of that blackness came forth the form of a woman, clothed in white, and grasping a lyre, from the strings of which she drew forth no sound. Over her head a veil was thrown, hiding her face, and descending in wavy folds to her feet. She moved not, breathed not—all was still as the silence of the tomb.

"Light rose no more upon me, but I saw all things in that deep darkness more distinctly than ever. Years passed over me. I saw the finger of Time smite the walls of my prison-house, and they crumbled to dust. The grass grew up from the decaying floor, and became longer and longer, till its dull rustling answered to the moaning wind. From the dust of those beings, once so full of life and loveliness, the ivy weed sprung and wound itself round the roof-

less pillars till the vast charnel-house was green and beautiful as a garden.

"Then there came around me, as I stood there in my awful solitude, faces and forms that looked fitfully from the darkness, and then disappeared. They wandered around, they stood beside me, some gazing on me with pale, spiritual faces, bright, yet mournful in their loveliness, and some with the countenances of fiends, that laughed horribly at my desolation. And there was one form that took its place beside that marble figure, and fixed upon me the glance of its dark eyes, reaching forth its hands as if in vain efforts to approach me. Amid a thousand phantoms I should have known him—it was Gerold.

"I had borne all things else in my dreadful destiny, but I could not bear the mournful expression of that dear face. Tears, blessed tears came to my relief. I sprung forward, the fetters that had bound me seemed broken, and I would have flung myself into his arms, when suddenly that long, motionless figure interposed itself between us, and as her hand swept the lyre-strings, there came from them a strain of unearthly melody. It was repeated from the distance, and on its pealing echoes there came the sound of voices mingled with the tramping of many feet, and forth from the darkness there came, two by two, a band, clothed in garments of sable blackness, and girdled each with a girdle of living fire; and on the girdle, and on the forehead of each were written, in letters of blood, these words, 'forever and forever.' They passed slowly by, and in passing each turned and looked at me. I shuddered at the sight, for it was like the faces of the damned.

"Suddenly I felt myself seized and borne onward by an invisible force. Then there rose on the air a low, wailing anthem, that might have been the dirge of a lost soul, and as it grew louder and nearer, directly before me there seemed as it were a great curtain rolled up, and I was in a vast cathedral. We stood before the altar; around me were ranged that band of fearful ones, with their burning girdles, and before me the priest, dressed in his pontifical robes, and wearing still that cincture of living fire. The marriage ceremony proceeded—it was finished, and I turned to receive the bridal kiss. The person at my side turned also, and I saw his face—it was Gerald. With a cry of joy I sprung forward to his embrace, when suddenly there came that marble form between me and my beloved. She fell into his arms, she was pressed to his heart, she received the kiss which should have been mine alone. Then rose again that strain of dirge-like music—then pealed the shouts of fiendish, mocking laughter; the whole scene vanished from my sight; I felt the ground pass from under my feet, and from the immense distance I heard a voice cry, 'Come, come, come—come to the judgment of the deceived and the deceiver.' With these words I felt myself borne swiftly through the air. A giant's strength would have been vain against the force which held me—I was powerless as an infant.

"We passed with the speed of a whirlwind through the region of clouds and storm, and left star after star behind us, till we reached the bounds of the visible universe. Still there appeared system after system of

worlds, each with its suns and stars, and still our flight was onward—onward, while ever and anon there came through the blue ether, the echo of that awful summons, ‘Come, come, come!’ At length we reached the bounds of inhabited space, and entered the lone fields of chaos. And now faintly there came upon my vision another star, which seemed flying on its way as if pursued by the spirit of wrath. We approached it rapidly—it was a world on fire. I saw forms that wavered to and fro, striving in vain to fly from their torments—‘hateful, miserable, and hating one another.’ They ran to and fro, they plunged into rivers that rolled in sullen billows through that world of despair, and shrunk back howling, for the waves were of liquid fire. They glared horribly on one another with their fiery eyes, and raised their hands with deep curses to where, in the lurid sky above them, burned in blood-red letters, the curse of their awful sentence, ‘forever and forever!’

“Upon the verge of this fiery world we paused, and for a few moments there was a deep and fearful silence. Then the band of dark spirits opened their ranks and led forth the form of a man. It was Gerald. I saw them hover with him over the fiery abyss. I saw his impotent struggles to escape; and breaking from the power that held me, I cried, ‘I am thine, beloved—take me with thee—in the midst of guilt and anguish, thine, still thine!’ An instant more and I should have reached him, when, with a wild laugh, *that form came again between us.* Slowly she raised from her features the shadowy veil—it was the face of Leonore. With a sharp cry, I started from her. The spell which had bound me was broken. In mercy I awoke.

“Trembling, scarcely daring to think it all a dream, I drew aside the curtains to look around, and beheld my husband standing before me. He was frightfully pale and haggard, his eyes were dim and blood-shot, and started at his appearance, and for a moment half forgetting the dreadful secret I had learned, I threw my arms around him, and drew his face down to mine. A deeper shade passed over his brow, and he sighed heavily as he pressed his lips to my cheek. I could not return the kiss. I could not speak. Perhaps he did not notice my silence, for in a few moments he told me that he had received letters requiring his immediate presence in France, and had made preparations to leave in a few hours. Some more words he spoke, but I knew not what they were, and then clasping me convulsively to his heart, he bade me try to sleep again, and left me.

“Sleep—oh mockery! What had I to do with sleep or rest, while I bore within me the blight of a sleepless wo. How may I tell of the weary days that succeeded. At first there were hours of frantic misery—tears of wild and passionate despair. Then came the silent sorrow—the dull heart-aching that so slowly and surely wears out the life. Had I loved Gerald less, I might have called pride to my aid—I should have felt resentment or jealousy, but judging him from the fullness of my forgiving heart, I had none of these emotions, which might have nerved me to forget my wrongs. Once after that fatal night I saw Leonore at the Opera, where I had been carried by the solicitations of my

friends. She was fearfully changed. The rich fullness of her form was gone, the bloom had faded from her cheek, and her eyes were dim, as if she too had wept tears of vain sorrow. She sat among her gay and splendid companions, silent, motionless, abstracted.

“That night I returned home to find a new affliction. Lights were flitting to and fro, and the servants avoided me as I entered—for none cared to tell me the sad tidings. Lord Bellamont had returned home violently ill, and when I entered his bed-chamber, I found the physician already there, striving to rouse him from the stupor into which he had fallen. Sorrow and sickness had written deep lines on that dear face, and even amid the weakness of delirium he seemed to battle with the strong heart’s agony. Seven days I sat beside his pillow. I fluttered not—I weariet not. Seven night—I saw the twilight steal over the hills, and the moon fade from the sky, and I slept not. Naught but a love like mine could have endured these torturing vigils. My whole being resolved itself into one intense thought of him—one fervent prayer that he might not go down in the noonday of his life and beauty to be a dweller with the dead. For myself—my resolution was taken. I would no longer be the living midlew on his brightest hopes—the fetter that bound him from all he loved best. Ah, woman’s heart is strong, and He who formed it for love and sorrow, alone knows how much it will endure ere it break.

“Religion forbade that I should for his sake give up this mortal life, else I would willingly have died, but I could give up the *life of life*—sacrifice all that made earth joyous or beautiful—break the tie that bound him to misery and to me. I could leave him. Poorly as he had requited my love, he was still the chief pleasure and glory of my existence. Even then to hear his voice, to watch the return of health to his enfeebled frame, to gaze upon his face in silence and unheeded, was the sole happiness left me, and that, even that I gave up for his sake. Ah, Gerald, could I know that when free thy heart turned back once, only once, after the lost one, I would not regret the sacrifice. Alas! it was vain—all in vain. Let me hasten on, lest my brain grow wild again with these fearful memories.

“My preparations were soon made. Fortunately for my purpose, one of the servants had some relatives who were to emigrate to America, and I had at his request, supplied them with the requisite means. I sent for him, and with a calmness at which I even then wondered, I told him I wished to send under his care a young friend, whom I requested him to treat with respect and attention, as grief for the loss of a friend had made him slightly in-une. He promised to take the charge, and appointed the place where I should meet him, suspecting nothing of my design. Why should he? Too well had that fatal secret been kept; my nearest friends knew nothing of what had passed.

“The parting hour came too quickly. I was calm, for there was neither hope nor fear in my heart. I only knew that I must leave Gerald, and what else remained to me in life. I staid my face till I was dark as a gipsy, and cut off the long, silken tresses of which I was once so proud. Then clothing myself in the

garments of my page, I secreted about my person a small amount of money, and taking a bundle of clothes in order to sustain my assumed character, I was ready to depart. At the threshold of the door I paused, and unable to go without seeing him once more, I stole softly to the room where my husband lay sleeping; I knelt by his couch, over which the moonlight fell brightly, and gazed into his face with that earnest look which a drowning man might give of earth and sky ere the blue waters closed over him forever. As I gazed, the sleeper stirred, a smile passed over his face, and he spoke my name. That one word unnerved me. Tears rose to my eyes, and hope, which I had deemed long since dead, sent her low, thrilling whisper through my heart. For a few moments I was swayed with conflicting emotions, as visions of past days rose before me. It was not long. Again came the thought of the last few months of sorrow, and I could no longer doubt. Rising with a new resolution, I went to the table that stood near and wrote a few lines—the transcript of my heart's despair.

"Farewell, Gerald—I know all; I can no longer endure to be the cause of woe to you, whom I love far more than life. Ere you read this I shall be gone from you forever. Be happy, for I shall never return from that last resting-place to cast a shadow over your soul. God knows I blame you not. It was sufficient of blessedness for me that I was worn a little while on your heart, though I be now cast aside like a withered weed to perish."

"Folding the letter, I laid it on the pillow. Still he slept, but the smile had faded from his face, and I bent over him and pressed on his lips one last kiss—the seal of my sacrifice. The touch disturbed him, and I paused to catch the words that he spoke, as he turned restlessly on his pillow—the last words I might hear from him. It came—the word was 'Leonore.'"

"Silently, as if that word had been a curse to cling to me through life, I turned and left him. Without a pause I tracked the mazes of the garden and the park—heedless, fearless, miserable. As I came near to the Park Lodge, lights were glancing in the cottage, and a carriage stood at the door. The children were already seated in it, and soon the parents came to the door, and as I leaned exhausted against a tree, I saw the parting, and heard the sound of low sobbings, of blessings, and of prayers. Alas! I had departed, unnoticed, unwept. I know not what spell was in the sound, but in a moment I was collected and firm, and entering the carriage I wrapped myself in my cloak, and as they asked me no questions, we rode in silence from the spot which contained all that was dear to me on earth. Morning was breaking before we reached the vessel, whose sails were spread, and her deck crowded with passengers. A short time sufficed to place us among them, and in a few moments the anchor was weighed, and the vessel dropped down the river.

"After this there is a long, long period of which I remember nothing. The various incidents of our voyage and our arrival in the new world, passed before me like the vague and changing scenes of a dream. The necessity for action taken away, my whole being sunk into a sort of apathy, and heart and mind seemed

palsied. From this state I was roused by finding the preparations were being made to send me back to England, and a vague horror seized me at the thought, though I had no recollection of the past. With the coming of insanity, I made no objection to the plan; but one day, unnoted, I rambled away from the village, and for many days wandered on through the woods without aim or motive, save the vague fear of something behind. I remember reaching at last the top of a high hill, amid a violent storm of thunder and lightning, and there night closed around me, dark and murky, and beneath the pouring rain I lay down on a bare rock and slept. There I was found next morning by the Indian chief whose wigwam has from that time been my home. A long sickness which ensued reduced me to the brink of the grave, and for many weeks I was insensible to the care of my kind nurses, but their simple skill and constant attention at last triumphed over the violence of disease, and I awoke to reason and—wo is me—to a recollection of the long hidden past.

"It was Gerald—it was my husband! Merciful heaven! after so many years of painful separation did we meet again!

"I had been sick and weak for some days, and my Indian father had led me forth one sunny morning into the green old woods, where I reclined, concealed by flowering shrubs, upon the mossy trunk of an old tree. Suddenly we heard the tramp of horses, and winding along the narrow path came a band of armed men, and their leader was Lord Bellamont. His face was stern and pale, and there lay the weight of years which were not his, in the thin, gray locks which floated over his brow; yet at the first glance I knew him, and rising almost unconsciously, I followed after him. Mile after mile I went on unheeding, and my kind protector accompanied me without a question, for he saw that a great purpose nerved my feeble frame. When the noon-day heat had passed, we reached the top of a small hill, and in an open level plain below, we saw hostile armies arrayed for battle. One long hour I watched the waving of that snow-white plume, hither and thither among the soldiers, till at last it was struck down. Horribly distinct even now is the agony of that moment, when my straining eye was fixed on that spot with an intensity which through the confused mizzle of the light never for one instant wavered. When the course of the conflict swept the armies further down the plain, I rose and went to the spot. I knew him—ghastly and bleeding as he was, and God gave me strength to know that he was dying, and yet to endure.

"A few hours after he opened his eyes, and the pain of his wounds seemed relieved. I had laid him on my own bed, and was kneeling beside him. 'Pity for me,' he said, faintly, 'for I must die, and there is guilt on my soul.' I bowed my head lower, and tears fell from my hot and aching eyes. As I listened to that well-remembered voice, all the wild joy of our first love came rushing back over my soul, and overpowered by the recollection, I fainted.

"When I recovered, they told me that the missionary

we had sent for had arrived and was with Gerald. I crept silently into the room, and stood concealed behind a screen, which had been arranged to protect the sufferer from the draught of air. He was speaking in a low, mournful tone, but I heard every word distinctly. "It was a wild, and sad, but not a guilty love," he said. "My own heart would have scorned me, had I brought shame on the young head I have bowed even to the grave with a weight of sorrow too heavy to be borne. I looked upon Ella in her young beauty, and strove to forget the dark, spiritual eyes of Leonore. We were wedded—Ella and I—and when I spoke the bridal vows, it was with a heart as pure as if she whose destiny had been so fatally linked with mine, was what she now is, an angel in heaven, I loved her; but that hopeless and ideal passion was only part of my remembrance of the beautiful scenes of sunny Italy; and while those sad thoughts chastened all present joy, they interfered not with the love I bore for Ella. Perhaps, had I understood better the deep, thoughtful nature of my gentle and joyous bride, I had after a while forgotten Leonore. But, wrapped in painful musings, I heeded not the manifestations of her sensitive nature, and regarded her only as the play-fellow of my thoughtless youth—too airy and brilliant to understand my saddened heart." He paused for a few moments, and then continued, in an agitated tone, "We met once more—Leonore and myself—oh, that I had died ere that evening. I knew not of her presence until I heard her singing a plaintive melody, and before it ended, she met my impassioned gaze. I saw the thrill of agony that shook her frame, and when she left the room, I followed; for the sight of her suffering maddened me. Then were wild words spoken—words which left lightning traces on more than one heart and brain. There were tears which seared as they fell—there was one long kiss, when our two souls rushed into one, and fell back, crushed and bleeding, from that fearful embrace. There was one wild, departing farewell, and we were parted forever. The next morning I left England, and for months wandered over the Continent like a spirit of unrest, till at length wearied and sick with that heart-sickness which no art can cure, I returned home to die. Ella was absent when I reached my home. I remember being seized with a sudden fainting as I entered the room, and then all is a vague dream, till I awoke one morning as from sleep, and found myself weak as an infant. Then, as I slowly recovered, I first became aware of the exceeding strength of woman's love. My wife, who, like an angel of mercy, had watched over my sick bed, whose gentle and patient tenderness had endured all things without a complaining word; oh, my father, spare me the recital of what followed—he knew all—she left me, that I might once more be free; she hoped I might be happy."

"For a long time he was silent, and when he spoke again, his voice was feeble and broken, and he wiped the large drops from his brow.

"There is but one scene more. I sat alone in my deserted home, and prayed to die, for my grief was too heavy to be borne. Suddenly a carriage drove to the door, and a letter was handed me. It contained

but few words, but those few I can never forget. 'The time is come when without guilt thou mayest look upon me. The love which men give the dead, even the living may forgive. Now, when past away from thee forever—now only may I say—*I love thee!*'"

"I descended to the carriage, and they drove me to the door of a large mansion, where I was met by General St. Clair. His face was sad but stern, as he seized my arm, and simply saying it had been the last request of Leonore, he led me to a darkened room, and left me. On a couch near the window lay a form covered with a heavy pall. I raised it, and saw Leonore reclining there in the perfect beauty of repose. I knelt beside her, and pressing her cold hand to my aching heart, spoke her name. But the dark lashes moved not on her cheek—never more might those glorious eyes flash forth their welcome at my coming—never more would those pale lips open with words of greeting. She was dead, and the guilt of a double murder lay upon my soul."

"Again there was a deep silence, and I heard the slow, labored breathing of the dying man. The priest bent over him, saying 'Son, there is mercy for the guiltiest—despair not.'

"'I do not despair,' replied he, fervently speaking with effort. 'The time for that passed away with the hour when calmed and humbled I knelt at the altar of my God, whose dealings with me even then I understood not, and consecrated my life to his service.'

"'Thine hour is come. Son, art thou ready to depart?'

"'There was one hope,' he replied, faintly, 'one last hope that my fatal life might end in peace. But God hath ordered otherwise, and it is well.'

"'What was that hope?' asked the priest.

"'I heard not long since that Ella was not dead. That she escaped to this new world. I hoped to find her, and solace her for years of suffering by my deep devotion. Oh, my God!' he added, suddenly clasping his hands together, 'why couldst thou not grant this last prayer of a broken heart. To see her, to hear her say that I am forgiven—to die upon her breast—'

"I could restrain myself no longer, and rushed forward, exclaiming, 'Gerald, my love, my husband! behold me here, loving thee, forgiving thee, even as when for thy sake, I left thy country and thy home!' I sunk, half kneeling, on the floor beside the bed. He gazed on me a moment in speechless wonder, and then, with the supernatural strength of life's last effort, lifted himself from the pillows, and clasping his arms around me, drew me close, close to his heart. Oh, the blissful repose, the unmingled ecstasy of that moment. Forgotten were my wrongs and my sorrow—the agony behind, and the desolation before—the coming and the bygone despair.

"Closer and closer grew his embrace, and his face touched mine. 'My wife, my bride—receive the last kiss of him who is now wholly thine!' I raised my head, and his cold lips pressed mine. I felt his form sink slowly beneath me, and the clinging arms relax their hold. I knew that the spirit had fled, and thanked God for that one hour of bliss which left me alone again on earth."

Here the manuscript ceased suddenly, and though the hand of the writer must have been weak indeed, some words had been added, apparently at a later date, for they were illegible.

A CASE OF GOLD FEVER.

BY JOHN JONES.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

MR. EDWARDS PERLEY was not a man of wealth, although, at different periods of his life, he had been the owner of property valued at from one hundred thousand dollars to half a million. But this property being either in Texas land scrip, South Carolina gold mines, Western town lots, Mulberry trees, Maine wild lands, or other people's promises to pay, Mr. Perley had never been able to realize what was so nearly a splendid fortune within his grasp. The revolution in Texas destroyed the value of Mexican grants, in which he had become largely interested, and the sale of square leagues of the "best cotton land in the world," not only ceased suddenly, but the bills received for previous sales came back upon him dishonored. This was a sad damper on the golden hopes of the enthusiastic Mr. Edwards Perley. For a couple of years he had been selling land scrip from Bangor to New Orleans; and had been out on the Red River twice, during the time, with a surveying company, whose business it was to locate the little league-square lots. On these expeditions, he had become rather intimately acquainted with alligators and ague, and, on his return, deemed it no more than prudent to keep himself quiet until he regained his complexion, and the healthy roundness of his limbs and features. Mr. Perley worked hard in this matter; but it suited his temperament. He was no plodding genius, content to count sixpences first, then shillings, and so on until dollars began to appear. Not he. In that slow way to wealth he could not walk.

Just as Mr. Perley, who valued his property at hundreds of thousands of dollars in the present, and looked upon it as possessing an annuity duplicating quantity—just as Mr. Perley had selected a beautiful site for building a palace in New York, and had decided upon the plans submitted by a distinguished architect, the troubles in Texas destroyed the value of his scrip, and down he went to ruin like a collapsed balloon; and dozens of his confiding friends went with him.

But Mr. Edwards Perley had too much native buoyancy of character, too much hope in life, to be put down by ill-natured fortune after this summary manner. In the wreck and ruin in which he was involved, he managed to get hold of a plank on which to float ashore. With a few hundred dollars, which he had contrived to save, under a self-enacted "homestead exemption" law, he opened an exchange office in Wall street, on a very small scale. Though his business operations scarcely reached, for a time, the aggregate of hundreds per day, there were not a few of his acquaintances who believed his transactions to be limited only by thousands; and they were indebted to him for their ideas on the subject. Give a man the reputation of doing a large business, and business will

be sure to come. So it was in the case of Edward Perley. Talking and boasting were of great use to him. In a few years he was getting along, as the saying is, "swimmingly." But, like the man who, after creeping along for a week in a stage-coach, grows impatient if the cars do not make thirty miles an hour instead of twenty, Mr. Perley, as soon as affairs became prosperous with him again, grew dissatisfied with what appeared a slow accumulation, and began to look around him for some good speculation. He was not long in finding what he sought.

But it is not our purpose to follow Mr. Perley through the various stages of his Carolina gold and Morus Mulcicola fevers; nor to minutely detail his operations in Western lands and town lots. As it had been in Texas land scrip, so it proved in all these. The visionary speculator, who sought wealth for its own sake, and was too eager for its possession to be willing to give back to society an equivalent of useful acts, after running a wild course for a few years, again tripped and fell. This time he found it much more difficult to recover himself. But with an elasticity of feeling that few possess, he went hopefully to work, and by dint of magnifying his own peculiar abilities, and his knowledge of business, induced a shrewd, calculating Yankee, who had a few thousand dollars, to join him in business.

For a year or two, Perley was content to move on slowly. After that, he grew ambitious and restless again. The fire had not burned out; it was only covered for a while. Of Jenkins, his partner, he had no very high opinion. He considered him a mere plodding genius, whose mind was in no way suggestive. He would do for a well beaten track, but for enterprise he was nobody. So he thought. But Jenkins had rather more shrewdness than his partner gave him credit for. He belonged to the class of men who think a great deal before they act, and who, therefore, rarely make mistakes in business matters. He understood Perley "like a book," and was, therefore, prepared to counteract, judiciously, all his efforts that were not wisely directed. Reactions of this kind becoming, as business grew into importance, more and more frequent, Mr. Perley felt restless under them, and often lamented that affairs were not entirely under his own control.

This was the aspect of things when the golden news from California startled the most sober-minded with its tale of wonder. Perley believed every word of the first account, while Jenkins coolly took the liberty of doubting the whole story.

"It's preposterous," said he

"But look at the official nature of the intelligence," urged Perley.

"Officials can lie as well as other people. It's all a speculation to get settlers out there. Don't tell me of gold scattered about as thick as jack-stones."

Perley maintained the other side of the question, and soon had the satisfaction of pushing most abundant confirmations into the face of his partner.

"Well," said Jenkins, "what of it? Suppose there is gold there? It does n't make me any better off."

"But it will make you better off, if you seize the advantage now offered to every energetic and truly enterprising man."

Mr. Jenkins opened his eyes rather wider than usual; then shrugging his shoulders, he answered:

"My business creed is—Let well enough alone."

"And mine," replied Perley, "is to seize upon every advantage that offers."

At this point the conversation was interrupted, and as neither party, for good reasons, thought it advisable to renew it, the subject did not come up between them for several days. During this time Perley could think of little else but California, and the golden harvest it presented; and the more he thought of it, the more fully satisfied was he that an immense fortune might speedily be realized by trading in that region. What was in the way, when blankets sold for ten dollars each, a pair of boots for double that sum, flour for sixty dollars a barrel, and every thing else in proportion?

"The fact is, Jenkins," said he, renewing the subject not many days after the first conversation, "we must make some of this hay while the sun is shining."

"The golden hay, you mean."

"I do."

"How are we to make it?"

"By going sickle in hand to the field, and reaping with the rest."

"Suppose the field should be reaped before we get there?"

"That cannot be. The gold region is a thousand miles in length and several hundreds in breadth. There is enough for all who will go for the next ten years."

"I must beg leave to doubt that," coolly replied Jenkins. "It's all a feverish imagination. Gold dazzles the eyes and keeps men from seeing in a clear light."

"But, my dear man," said Perley, "look at the facts and judge for yourself. Take Governor Mason's statement."

"Very well. Suppose we believe all the governor says, what then? Why, the man who finds an ounce of gold a day has to pay about sixteen prices for the necessaries of life, and, so is no better off than the man here who earns a dollar in the same time. The only way in which he can accumulate gold is to live like a savage."

"But, I would n't go to dig gold!"

"Go! Surely you do not think seriously of going?"

"I certainly do."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Perley. We are doing exceedingly well and our business is growing. Last year it doubled, and is in a fair way of doubling itself again this year."

"But what is such a rate of increase to the golden gains that are now offered? Nothing—nothing."

Mr. Jenkins could not talk as fluently as his partner, and was in this instance, as he had been once or twice before, silenced but not convinced.

Daily there came some fresh intelligence touching the gold deposits in our new possessions, and the note of preparation for a speedy flight was sounded in all directions. The newspapers teemed with exciting statements, and every man you met in the street, on 'change, or in the social circle, had something to say about California. Daily the fever increased, and particularly with Mr. Edwards Perley, until he began to be slightly delirious. But, though the epidemic raged all around him, Mr. Jenkins remained calm and cool. If any one talked to him about California, he shook his head with an emphasis that left no doubt as to the state of his mind.

"My California is here," he sometimes replied. "Wait for ten years, and see then who is best off. If gold is so abundant as they say it is, and obtained so easily, I shall benefit as well as those who dig for it. 'Come easy, go easy,' you know. The man who picks up a pound of gold won't value it as much as he who earns it by the sweat of his brow, and will part with it far more easily. So, after all, the gold will flow from the hands of those who gather it freely, through all the channels of trade, and we who continue in the pursuit of useful employments, will be likely to reap the most abundant harvest."

"All this," Perley said, "was little better than nonsense. 'Give me a bird in the hand, and you may have two in the bush.'"

"Just my own sentiment," returned Jenkins. "I have the bird in the hand here, I can't let it go for two in the bush away out on the Pacific."

Still the fever went on increasing.

"Mr. Jenkins," said Perley, as he was about leaving the store one afternoon, "I wish you would drop down to my house this evening, I want to have some talk with you."

"Very well," replied the partner. So about eight o'clock he called down.

"I want to see you in order to have a more serious talk about California," said Perley. "I am satisfied that the subject has not had in your mind the consideration it demands, and that if you saw it as I do, you would not be so insensible to the extraordinary advantages that are now offered."

Jenkins felt in no mood for argument or controversy, though his mind was as clear as a bell, and his purpose as immovable as ever. So he bent his head in a listening attitude, and looked up from under his drooping eyelashes, willing to listen, but firmly resolved not to be started from the rock upon which he had fixed himself.

The first proposition made by Perley, after eloquently setting forth the advantage of turning all their capital and energy into this new field, was to charter a vessel, put their whole stock of goods on board, and take a flight to San Francisco. But the wonderful profit to be made did not in the least tempt his phlegmatic, long-headed partner, who was beginning to calculate the amount of advantage he might gain in the approaching dissolution of co-partnership—for to that he saw it would come.

"You will not go," said Perley, on receiving a positive negative to this proposal.

"No, not for twice the inducement. I am not going to risk my life, nor abridge my comfort, in a wild enterprise like this, when I am doing well at home."

Perley leaned back, looked to the ceiling, and mused for some moments.

"Very well," said he, "if you are unwilling to assume so great a risk, let me go out with an adventure, and you remain at home."

But Jenkins was growing wider awake every moment. Having once entertained the idea of getting rid of his partner, and coming into the undivided advantage of his business, he had no notion of agreeing to any thing short of that. So he affirmed, in his quiet way, that he would have nothing to do with the gold bubble in any form.

"Then we must dissolve," said Perley, half fretfully. He was restive under the check-rein of his cool-tempered partner.

"As you like about that," was imperiously answered. It would have taken an eye well skilled in the signs of human emotions to have detected, in the immovable face of the calculating Yankee, the smallest indication of pleasure. Yet his pleasure was great.

The proposition thus made and agreed to, was forthwith carried out. As Perley was determined upon a dissolution at all hazards, and, as his partner affected entire indifference, the odds were altogether against him, and he was compelled to accept of any arrangement that suited the other. So excited was he about California, and so eager to get off, that he accepted, as his half of the business, a portion of old, and, to a great extent, unsaleable stock, and shipped it by the first vessel that sailed for Monterey and San Francisco. Its real value in the New York market was about five thousand dollars; its estimated value in the settlement ten thousand, and its prospective value as an adventure at the gold diggings fifty thousand. Above this, three thousand dollars in cash were paid to Mr. Perley. Two thousand were left for the support of his family, and one thousand he took with him.

Three weeks after the vessel in which he had shipped his goods sailed, the impatient Mr. Perley, who neither thought nor dreamed of any thing else but gold, and who already saw himself surrounded with heaps of the precious lumps and scales from Feather River, left New York in a steamer for Chagres. As to what Chagres was really like, and as to the real nature of the journey across the Isthmus, Mr. Perley had no correct notion. He had thought of a town with comfortable accommodations, and when those around him talked of canoes and mules as the means of transportation to Panama, something elegant, like a Venetian gondola, or a richly caparisoned animal, was present to his imagination. A few mud huts, with their naked inhabitants, was all he found, upon being disgorged, with some two hundred others, in the rain, to join a congregation of nearly a hundred others, who had arrived on the day before, and who were awaiting the return of canoes from Cruces.

Mr. Perley, like most men of his class, never gave as much attention to little things as prudence required.

The man who couldn't waste time and precious thought on so insignificant an article as a lunch, was about as wise as Mr. Perley in many of the affairs of life. His friends had nearly all asked him in regard to his outfit.

"Oh, that is all right!" or, "I've taken good care of that," he would unhesitatingly answer. Yet, on reaching Chagres, he had neither tea, coffee, sugar, bread nor meat in his possession. He had money, so this he knew to be all powerful in procuring supplies of any kind; at least, such had been his experience in life. But he was about coming into some new experiences. Neither food nor lodgings were to be had from the natives at Chagres, for "love or money." Such a sudden influx of Yankee gold diggers was a thing altogether unanticipated and unprovided for, and those who came had, therefore, to provide for themselves.

A week was spent at Chagres before Mr. Perley was lucky enough to procure passage up the river in a canoe, with one of the five trunks of merchandise he had brought with him in the steamer—the remaining four were left behind, with instructions to have them sent over to Panama as quickly as possible. He never saw or heard of them afterward! During this week the poor man nearly starved, for all he could get to eat was an occasional hard biscuit from some fellow passenger. It rained nearly the whole time, and night and day he was in the open air. Wet to the skin when affirmed of Mr. Perley, was about as literally true as ever the saying was or will be. In this predicament, with a fever of rather a more serious character than the gold fever, our adventurer embarked in a canoe, for the privilege of sitting in one end of which, or lying flat on the bottom, for three or four days, he paid the moderate price of fifty dollars, and then thought himself lucky. For a hundred dollars more he was to share the scanty food of his traveling companion, who, wiser than he, had more accurately counted the cost, and prepared himself for the contingencies of the journey.

On the day after leaving Chagres, the sun came out from beneath a veil of clouds, and poured its hot rays upon the head of Mr. Perley. Under this he wilted down like a leaf before the fire. On the second day he was so ill that he could not hold up his head; and by the time he reached Cruces, instead of being in a condition to take his place on a mule's back, he was utterly prostrate in body, and delirious with fever. Seeing this, and considering him as good as dead, his companion, after possessing himself of his money and trunk, gave the natives who had brought them up twenty dollars to take him back to Chagres in their canoe.

When distinctly conscious once more, Mr. Perley found himself on shipboard, with the rush of waters around him. He was as weak as an infant in body, and almost as weak as an infant in mind. Ideas came confusedly, and faded ere he was able to separate the tangled mass. In a few days he was enough recovered to connect his thoughts, and to call up events to the period of his embarking from Chagres. Beyond that his memory did not serve him. He soon after became

apprized of the fact that he was on his way to New York, and might expect to be there in less than a week.

On arriving at home, Mr. Perley was as one who had risen from the grave. News of his illness, with a prophecy of his certain death, had reached New York by a previous arrival. Slowly recovered the disappointed man, and as health came flowing once more along his veins, his thoughts were again turned toward *El Dorado*, whither he had sent an adventure, and from which he yet hoped to realize a splendid fortune. Of his five trunks and the money he had taken with him no traces remained. Even he had some pretty well grounded doubts of ever seeing them again; and in this matter his doubts only foreshadowed the truth.

A month after Mr. Perley's return to New York, he was preparing to start again, although thousands and thousands had gone before, and were choking up all the avenues of communication to the Pacific and along the coast. His friends urged him not to risk his life again; but his goods were on the way to San Francisco, and here was his only chance to realize a fortune. So he got himself ready for another flight. But just as he was on the point of starting, the vessel in which he had shipped his goods returned to port, so

much damaged by a storm as to be unfit to weather the Cape. When she put to sea she was scarcely equal to the voyage, and insurance could only be effected at very high rates. A heavy leak had damaged, more or less, a great portion of the cargo, among which were the goods of Mr. Perley. This damage, so far as Mr. Perley was concerned, was assessed at one thousand dollars, and paid. The balance of his goods were sold off at auction, in a spirit of recklessness engendered by a temporary despondency, for two thousand dollars more. And thus ended Mr. Perley's California expedition!

Disappointed, disheartened and almost beside himself, the unfortunate man wandered about the city in a state of irresolution for a month or two; while his old partner, the cool, shrewd Yankee, was rejoicing over the fine business which had come exclusively into his hands, and saying to himself—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." At last Mr. Perley's organ of Hope became again active; and, as intelligence from the gold region came with so many drawbacks, he concluded to try his fortune once more at home, and so, with the three thousand dollars that remained, started his old exchange business in Wall street, where he may now be seen counting his uncurrent money, and sighing over the smallness of his gains.

THE OLD WOODEN CHURCH ON THE GREEN.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

THEY are all laying hands on the things I loved best,
They are all closing up my dim past,
They are all heaping sods upon Memory's breast,
Till but little is left me at last;
But I sometimes look back to the things of old time,
And I think of the things that have been,
And the memory comes, like a nursery rhyme,
Of the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

It is little and old in this plentiful age,
It has neither a steeple nor bell,
It is bowing its roof to the pitiless rage
Of the storms it has battled so well;
It is guiltless of glass, and the paint's washed away
In the storm and the sunshine, I ween,
For no kind hand attends, for this many a day,
To the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

Beneath the mossed roof the small swallow-nests hang,
And the bees hive and swarm in the eaves,
And the loosed shutters swing with a sorrowful clang
When the wind through the old church-yard grieves;
Neglect and decay are around the old walls,
Dark ruin looks over the scene,
Oh, sad is the sound of the lone foot that falls,
Round the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

Yet I'd rather to-day they should crumble away,
Earth's proudest and loftiest pile,
Built up us a mock for neglect and decay,
To stand while the broad heavens smile—
Than tear off one shred from its moss-eaten roof,
Or call it the shabby and mean,
For we're all, when grown old and neglected enough,
Like the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

And I hear the sweet voices that chanted within,
Oh! many a summer ago,
Still chanting the hymn when the eve closes in,
Though they echo from heaven, I know;
And I sit in the pew where they sat by my side,
And as back in the shadows I lean,
I hear the low prayers that echoed mid died
In the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

I will weep when it falls, I will smile while it stands,
As winter on winter goes by,
Protected by night but invisible hands,
Till I sleep in its shade when I die;
Let them bury me there in a mound poor and low,
When the blast of the winter is keen,
That the winds that wait over me pass as they go
The Old Wooden Church on the Green.

MY FIRST LOVE;

OR THE NIGHT-KEY*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ALTHOUGH a stricken bachelor, I cannot speak without emotion of my first love. An eastern philosopher says—it is with first love as with a first cigar; one precipitates himself upon it, luxuriates to the utmost in the draught, and when it is over, is sensible of a melancholy unlike that induced by any other loss. I suppose I may consider myself particularly fortunate, having felt no reaction after my first cigar, and finding equally harmless consequences from my first love. I do not mean to say that I was so happy as to find the passion returned; ah, no! for then—I should have been a Benedict. I mean that I inhaled all of bliss which belongs to the feeling, without hazarding the loss of my peace; I enjoyed it while it was permitted to last, with but a few trifling drawbacks, and that without stirring a fountain of remorse or regret to sprinkle with bitterness my future years.

In the winter of 18— I chanced to lodge in — Place, in the establishment then kept by Mrs. —. My apartment was on the third floor, and overlooked the street; the room immediately back of it, which I used for my books and papers, looked into a small court, and commanded a view through the windows opposite, of the parlor on the second floor in the rear, which was occupied by the young lady to whom my attention was devoted. She and her mother had been inmates of the house but a short time, when the sight of her, seated at her embroidery-frame near the window, took my heart captive at once. She had long, fair ringlets, that seemed touched with gold when the light fell on them; her complexion was beautifully fair, with a rose-like tint in her cheeks; the bright line of her lips disclosed pearly teeth, and she had the finest turned neck and shoulders nature ever fashioned to put art to shame. But her hand—that small, white, dimpled hand, which she often held up in my view, while selecting a shade of worsted, threading her needle, counting the stitches, or practicing any of the little coquetries of her work! No sculptor could have rivaled the perfection of that hand. Those taper fingers drew the string which sped Cupid's arrow to my heart. I often tried to draw that hand, and as often gave up the task in despair, for it never was still long enough. Sometimes I saw it wandering over the strings of her guitar; for almost always, of an evening, she played and sang, and then, after having watched her tuning it, how I hated the envious curtains that were so closely drawn to shut out paradise from my longing eyes. For hours I would stand at my window, having no other occupation than feeding the pigeons that gathered about the frame, observing her by stealth as she worked or watered the flowers that lived under her care, or petted a delicate canary-bird, whose cage hung on the wall outside. I

* Herlotzohn, in his *Experiences*, relates a story similar to the following.

had no pleasure so great as that of gazing upon her; yet I could plainly see that my devotion was unnoticed for she was near-sighted, and could not, at even a short distance, perceive that she was so earnestly regarded. To that extent, in all probability, I owed the liberty I enjoyed.

I always retreated from the window when her mother approached, for she had eyes that rivalled those of a lynx. She was tall, moreover, with black eyes and hair; rather robust in person, and with an unmistakable air of hauteur, which proved quite as effective as she could have wished in keeping people at a distance. Her voice was naturally harsh and unmelodious, though usually subdued in its tones, except at occasions when sudden irritation caused the speaker to forget her dignity. Even in her gentlest moods there was a latent sharpness that twanged unceasingly on my ears, especially when I remembered how necessary it was to secure the favor of this haughty lady, in order to advance a step toward the accomplishment of my hopes with the lovely daughter.

Thus, then, stood the case; I was desperately, irremediably in love with this young girl; ready for any venture to win her, but uncertain how to commence an acquaintance, for I was not even among the privileged number of her visitors. We lodged under the same roof; we sat at the same table, though at different ends of it; but I knew no one of whom I could ask an introduction to her; and I felt, alas! that my position in life did not quite entitle me to enter the list of her suitors without such formalities as might surprise a surprise. I was a painter; rising in my profession, it is true, and numbering many friends, but as yet having fortune only in prospect. Mrs. Elwyn, for that was the name of the mother of my charmer, was independent, though not rich; and having in early life moved much in fashionable society, and been much admired, was very proud, and would scarcely have owned among her acquaintances one who depended on the labor of hands or head for a maintenance. Neither she nor her daughter ever entered the common drawing-room; and those of the lodgers who knew her slightly, spoke of her as distant and unsocial, except to the favored few whom she thought worth cultivating, on account of their possession of worldly advantages. She was precisely the sort of woman on whom I would never have wasted an act of courtesy, had she been the mother of any other daughter. But in the tall Gertrude there was such a bewitching unconsciousness of her own superiority, such an appealing eloquence in silence, to the sympathy of those around her—such an air of child-like humility, mingled with just enough of the graceful pride of woman, as completed the fascination her beauty had begun, and inspired me with a wish to please even her repulsive parent. I saw

her not only at meals, but occasionally out of the house, at concerts or the Opera. To me she was the soul of the music, and the finest symphony of Beethoven would have been lifeless without her. At church I met her now and then, and sometimes walking; but Mrs. Elwyn never vouchsafed me the most distant bow of recognition. She seemed by intuition to guess my bold wishes and frown upon them. Gertrude was always modestly looking down; but at intervals the fringe of her blue eyes would be suddenly lifted, disclosing a world of witchery beneath, to be quickly veiled again, as if she knew she was transgressing. It was the evidence of this consciousness on her part that fanned my love continually into a brighter flame, and caused me to revolve various expedients to secure to myself the enjoyment of her society.

I thought of painting her picture as she sat embroidering at the window, and sending it as a present to the mother; but I lacked as yet, sufficient confidence in my talent for the art, in which I was but a student, and the terror of her condemnation, both of the artist and the lover, was too formidable to be encountered. A dread of her cold penetration prevented me also from putting in execution a cherished project; that of offering my services to teach the beautiful Gertrude Italian, which I knew she wished to acquire. The very day I had mustered up courage to resolve on the experiment, I heard that Mrs. Elwyn had hired a teacher—a dark-visaged, whiskered fellow, whom, from that moment, I wished in the dungeons of Spielberg.

Was there ever a more hopeless case of love; yet I was not unhappy, for I had the privilege of seeing her, unawed by fear of interruption; and my passion was not yet so encrusted with selfishness that it demanded more. I lived in the present, and hope colored the future with rosy light; even the feeling of disappointment was but momentary. I almost dreaded a change, though I knew this could not satisfy me long, and that a wilder, more impetuous, and less amiable stage was to follow. Already the first sweet, sparkling foam of the cup had been quaffed; beneath was that which bewilders the brain and steals away the senses.

I had been reading one night till past midnight—for strangely enough, I had a taste for novels after the beginning of the romance of my life—when my attention was arrested by hearing a carriage stop in the street before the door. Presently the bell rang, not very gently. A short pause, and it was again rung; while I was conscious of a twinge of sympathy for the late comer; for the night was piercing cold, and the wind came in hoarse blasts, rattling the window-panes, and sending a chill through the bones. The contrast offered by my snug apartment, with its crimson curtains and chintz-covered sofa, and the dying glow of the embers thrown on the Venetian rug, was peculiarly suggestive of ideas of comfort. I thought how hard it must be for the porter to be summoned out of his warm bed in the little chamber at the back of the court, and judged the applicant for admission at such an hour justly punished by delay.

Again, and again, and yet again sounded the bell, each time with a more prolonged and angry pull, as if

the person at the door, with patience exhausted, was resolved to take the house by storm. A thought darted like lightning through my brain. I had seen Miss Elwyn that evening, in full dress, passing with her mother through the hall. They had gone to a party—they had returned late. I sprang to the window—threw it open; and sure enough, though it was too dark to distinguish any object, I heard with sufficient distinctness the shrill, complaining tones of the mother.

By good luck I was still dressed, and I lost not an instant. Snatching up the light, I hastened down two flights of stairs, to the front door. My heart beat; my breath came quickly; I felt as if the crisis of my life were at hand. I should meet her face to face; I should speak to her—should render a service that demanded acknowledgment, and might open for me a vista of happiness; I grasped the handle of the door, and with trembling hands unlocked and opened it; there was a rush of wind, and—my light was extinguished.

“You sleep like a night-watcher, sir!” screamed the angry voice of Mrs. Elwyn, as she pushed her way in. “To keep us standing half an hour in the cold! We might have caught our death! You deserve to lose your place; I shall make complaint of you in the morning, depend upon it.”

While she spoke, the daughter’s silken mantle brushed past me, and her gloved fingers pressed something into my hand. I had no time to explain; I could not have uttered a word; my breath seemed to forsake me, and my silly bashfulness held me motionless, as if chained to the spot. I stood there till the ladies had ascended the first flight of stairs—the mamma grumbling as she went—still grasping mechanically in my hand what the fair Gertrude had placed therein. Ere long, however, my self-possession returned; I ascended to my room, lighted the candle, and examined the gift. My beloved had presented me with half a dollar.

It was quite evident that both had mistaken me for the unlucky porter, at that time snoring in his dormitory; and that the gentle girl had bestowed the coin by way of consolation for her mother’s chiding. I kissed the piece of silver which had come from her hand, and was a token of the benevolence of her heart. A ray of hope gleamed from its polished face. The matter must necessarily be explained; the mistake must be rectified. This would lead to an interview; and I would trust fortune for the rest.

After due deliberation, I came to the conclusion that as the affair in some points wore a comical aspect, it would be best to present it in that light. I took my pencil and hammered out some poetry, which was to be sent with the half dollar to the fair donor. Under the veil of a sprightly and facetious effusion, I thought, more could be said, than in a grave note; and no offence could be taken at verses meant for a *jeu d’esprit*, describing the feeling experienced when the coin touched my palm, as “shocking”—which word terminated the line—imperative necessity called for a rhyme—it ran as follows:

“Oh, had the gift been but a glove—or stocking!
Such token from thy hand a joy had given,
I would not barter for the joy of heaven!”

I was not much used to writing poetry; but on reading over the missive, it struck me as combining humor and sentiment in a manner peculiarly felicitous. The lines could not fail to make an impression; she would, perhaps, reply; all would fall out as I wished, and I should look upon that night as the most fortunate of my life. I mended a crow-quill, and copied the verses neatly on rose-colored paper, resolving to send them the first thing in the morning. She would then see they had been written impromptu. It was late when I threw myself on the bed, and late when I awoke. No benevolent genius warned me in the visions of slumber.

The next day I folded the money and verses together, and dispatched the package to my charmer by the maid. I was frequently at my post of observation; but not once did I catch a glimpse of her at the window. The guitar was silent—the embroidery-frame untouched. Toward evening I waylaid the chambermaid, and having crossed her hand with a piece of silver, inquired particularly how my dispatch had been received.

"Why, sir," was the answer, "the young lady only laughed, and showed the paper to her mother; and Mrs. Elwyn threw it into the fire, and said as how she wondered how you could have had the impudence; but she expected you did not know any better."

A blight fell upon my hopes; I had evidently committed an error. That unlucky "sticking!" it was that which had played me false—which had offended the lady's sense of propriety—which had suddenly let down a partition-wall between me and the accomplishment of my hopes. But through the chinks of that now impassable barrier, Gertrude appeared lovelier than ever. A thousand wild projects floated through my brain. I would hire bandits to assail her; would rush in time to the rescue, and be wounded in her defense. I would play the incendiary, and bear her in triumph through the flames; I would get up a quarrel, and fight a duel for her sake. But these were only feverish fantasies—castles built in the air—which melted in the cold current of reality. I could perceive plainly that at table, when I stole a glance at her, Mrs. Elwyn had grown colder and stouter than ever. She never honored me by a look, and, worse than all, Gertrude did not appear. It was not till after two days I learned, by mere accident, that she had taken cold on that eventful night, and was indisposed.

But ill luck cannot last always. The beautiful girl soon reappeared at meals as blooming and radiant as usual; and, oh joy! again I was so happy as to behold her seated at the window, and watch the movements of her delicate fingers over the strings of her guitar. Here was a bliss of which no frowning mistress could deprive me. One day, too, as in my eagerness to drink in the tones of her music, I had softly opened my window, and was imprudently leaning forward, rapt in a trance of bliss, I saw an unmistakable smile on her lips. Yes, she smiled; and though at the same moment she drew back, and let the guitar slide from her lap, my heart was thrilled by the knowledge that she was at last aware of my secret. What woman could be insensible to homage so delicate and unob-

trusive. Hope once more stirred within me. The next morning I bribed the maid to leave on her table, as if by mistake, a just published number of the "Home Journal," in which was a poem of rare beauty, which aptly expressed my admiration and my love. I had ventured to draw a light pencil line around the verses, which I hoped she might perceive and understand. My little ruse succeeded. A servant brought me the paper in the evening, saying it had been left by mistake in Mrs. Elwyn's apartment; but it bore evidence of having been carefully read.

It was not safe to venture often on such expedients. But the fourteenth of February was at hand; and the most timid lover might avail himself of its privileges. Valentines of all descriptions, for all stages of the tender passion, were to be had at the fancy stores; and a little alteration made them original. On the morning of the festival, one, delicately painted on embossed paper, and glowing with sentiment, was dispatched to the fair Gertrude, and was followed by one for each day of the week succeeding. I received none in return—but I was not discouraged; it was enough that mine were read.

I was now at the height of my content; for there was a charm in the sort of mystery that enveloped our intercourse, the more delightful to me, because I had the authority of all the romances I had ever read, for believing that it was the best nourisher of affection. Fancy would invest with a thousand gifts and graces the lover whom she knew not, yet whose devotion was breathed into the air around her. Flowers would succeed verses as the messengers of the heart; I should grow bolder in time, till every obstacle was triumphed over. Such would have been the natural course of things; but for the awkward interruption which brings me to the conclusion of my story.

I had gone one evening to a supper given by a bachelor friend, and returned late from the scene of mirth and revelry. As I walked rapidly down—Place, for the night was chilly, and the street covered with snow, I saw two ladies alight from a carriage in front of Mrs. —'s house. I hastened my pace; a thrill of joy penetrated my breast; it was she—my beloved, with her mother; and both were, by a happy chance, destined to be obliged to me. I sprang up the steps, murmured a "good evening," and drew out my night-key. I was surprised to find how much courage, nay, even pride, I derived from the possession of this little instrument. Briefly apologizing to the ladies for thus venturing to save them the trouble of summoning a servant, I thrust the key in the lock, and turned it with all my force. It snapped violently; I drew out the fragment, and, to my horror, discovered that in my haste, I had not used the night-key, but the key of my chamber.

"I really—beg ten thousand pardons," I faltered—"it was the wrong key—"

"The key is broken!" cried the shrill voice of Mrs. Elwyn. It is dreadful to be kept standing here!" She pulled the bell furiously.

In affright I pulled it also; the porter's hurried steps were presently heard in the hall, and he was rattling at the lock.

"Open the door!" cried the lady, impatiently.

"I cannot unlock it!" said the man within; "there must be something in the key-hole."

"The broken key!" screamed Mrs. Elwyn, with an angry glance at me; "so officious, to insist—"

"Mother!" pleaded the soft, low voice of Gertrude; for she saw that the dame was forgetting herself.

"It must—it can—I will run for a locksmith!" I exclaimed. I saw that the carriage had driven off.

"And we are to stand here alone, perhaps to be insulted by any drunken vagabond!" cried Mrs. Elwyn.

"But go—nothing else can be done. Make haste—why do you wait?"

A locksmith lived in the next street; I flew thither; by chance he was still up, and as soon as his tools could be collected, he hastened to the spot. There stood the angry lady, her teeth chattering with cold, her mantle covered with the snow-flakes that had begun to fall, murmuring at the delay; her daughter was leaning in silence against the side of the door; and within could be heard the grumbling of the porter. I could not see Gertrude's face, even if I had been calm enough to read its expression.

The skillful locksmith, with the ready tact of his profession, soon comprehended the difficulty, and having tried to pick the lock, decided that it must be done from the inside. A ladder was in requisition, to enter by the window above. Mrs. Elwyn was in de-

spair at this intelligence, and broke out into complaints and reproaches, intended for me, which I heard but imperfectly, as I ran to borrow a ladder of some firemen in the neighborhood. It was brought by two of the company, who were followed by several others eager to learn what was going on. These were joined by some late idlers, while the windows of the adjoining and opposite houses, as well as those of our own, were thrown open, and a multitude of heads thrust out to see what was the matter. A pretty scene for the crowd-hating, aristocratic, haughty Mrs. Elwyn! For once, unmindful of her dignity, she stood giving voluble directions to the locksmith, already at the window, calling to him with hurried emphasis, to be careful not to throw down the flower-stand, or break the vase full of goldfish—which articles belonged to her. As for me, my only feeling was one of absolute despair, for I knew that my transgression, with its consequences, was unpardonable. We obtained entrance at last, and I heard the farewell of my love in the indignant rustle of Mrs. Elwyn's mantle, as she swept up stairs. A day or two after she and her daughter departed on a visit to Washington, and when they returned, took lodgings elsewhere. I heard in a few months of Gertrude's marriage, but felt no sorrow, for the spell was broken. That midnight scene, with the mortification it caused me, was a harmless termination to my First Love.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

BY W. SILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE TENNESSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," &c.

Guard. What work is here? Charmian, is this well done?
Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess,
Descended of so many royal kings. SHAKESPEARE.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR. DOLABELLA.

Augustus. Dead! say'st thou? Cleopatra?
Dolabella. She sleeps fast—

Will answer nothing more—hath no more lusts
For passion to persuade—nor art to breed
Any more combats. I have seen her laid—
As for a bridal—in a pomp of charms,
That mocked the flashing jewels in her crown
With beauty never theirs. Her bridegroom one
Who conquers more than Cæsar—a grim lord
Now in the fullest possession of his prize,
Who riots on her sweets; seals with close kiss
The precious caskets of her eyes, that late
Held—baiting fond desire with hope of spoil—
Most glorious gems of life; and, on her cheek,
Soft still with downy ripeness—not so pale,
As sudden gush of fancy in the heart
Might bring to virgin consciousness—he lays
His icy lip, that fails to cause her shrink
From the unknown soliciting. Her sleep
Dreams nothing of the embrace, the very last
Her eager and luxurious form may know,
Of that dread ravisher.

Augustus. If it be true,
She still hath baffled me. My conquest sure—
My triumph incomplete! I had borne her else,
The proudest trophy of a myriad spoil,

In royal state to Rome. Give me to know
The manner of her death.

Dolabella. By her own hands,
That conscious still, commended to her breast
The fatal kiss of Nile's envenomed asp;
That subtle adder, that from slime and heat
Receives a gift of poison, whose least touch
Is a sure stoppage of the living tides.

Augustus. Her death commends her more than all her life!
'T was like a queen—fit finish to a state,
That, in its worst excess, passionate and wild,
Had still a pomp of majesty, too proud
For mortal subjugation! She had lusts
Most profugate of harm—but with a will,
That, under laws of more restraint, had raised
Her passions into powers, which might have borne
Best fruits for the possessor. They have wrought
Much evil to her nature; but her heart
Cherished within a yearning sense of love
That did not always fail; and where she set
The eye of her affections, her fast faith
Kept the close bond of obligation sure.
This still should serve, when censure grows most free,
To sanctify her fault. In common things
Majestic, as in matters of more state,
She had besides the feminine arts to make
Her very lusts seem grateful; and with charms

That mocked all mortal rivalry, she knew
 To dress the profligate graces in her gift—
 Generous to very wantonness, and free
 Of bounty, where Desert might nothing claim—
 That Virtue's self might doubt of her own shape,
 So lovely grew her counterfeit. O'er all,
 Her splendor, and her soul's magnificence,
 The pomp that crowned her state—luxurious shows
 Where Beauty, grown subservient to a way
 That made Art her first vassal—these, so twinned
 With her voluptuous weakness, did become
 Her well, and took from her the hideous hues
 That else had made men loathe!

I would have seen
 This princess ere she died! How looks she now?
Dol. As one who lives but sleeps; no change to move
 The doubts of him who sees, yet nothing knows,
 Of that sly, subtle enemy, which still
 Keeps harbor round her heart. Charmion, her maid,
 Had, ere I entered, lidded up the eyes,
 That had no longer office; and she lay,
 With each sweet feature harmonizing still
 As truly with the nature as at first,
 When Beauty's wide-world wonder she went forth
 Spelling both art and worship! Never did sleep
 More slumberous, more infant-like, give forth
 Its delicate breathings. You might see the hair
 Wave in stry ringlets as the downy breath
 Lapsed through the parted lips, and dream the leaf
 Torn from the rose and laid upon her mouth
 Was lifted by that zephyr of the soul
 That still kept watch within—waiting on life
 In ever anxious ministry. Lips and brow—
 The one most sweetly parted as for song—
 The other smooth and bright, even as the pearls
 That, woven in fruit-like clusters, hung above,
 Starving the raven curtains of her hair—
 Declared such calm of happiness, as never
 Her passionate life had known. No show of pain—
 No writhed muscle—no distorted cheek,
 Deformed the beautiful picture of repose,
 Or spoke th' unequal struggle, when fond life
 Strives with its dread antipathy. Her limbs
 Lay pliant, with composure, on the couch,

Whose draperies loosely fell about her form,
 With gentle flow, and natural fold on fold,
 Proof of no difficult conflict. There had been,
 Perchance, one pang of terror, when she gave
 Free access to her terrible enemy;
 Or in the moment when the venomous chill
 Went sudden to her heart; for from her neck
 The silken robes had parted. The white breast
 Lay half revealed, save where the affluent hair
 Strained over it in thick disheveled folds,
 That asked no further care. Oh! to behold,
 With eye still piercing to the sweet recess,
 Where rose each gentle slope, that seemed to swell
 Beneath mine eye, as conscious of my gaze,
 And throbbing with emotion soft as strange,
 Of love akin to fear. Thus dwelling still,
 Like little billows on some happy sea,
 They sudden seemed to freeze, as if the life
 Grew cold when all was loveliest. One blue vein
 Skirted the white curl of each heaving wave,
 A tint from some sweet sunbow, such as life
 Flings ever on the cold domain of death;
 And, at their equal heights, two ruby crests—
 Two yet unopened buds from the same flower—
 Borne upward by the billows, rising yet,
 Grew into petrified gems, with each an eye
 Eloquent pleading to the passionate heart
 For all of love it knows! Alas! the mock!
 That Death should mask himself with loveliness,
 And Beauty have no voice, in such an hour,
 To warn its eager worshiper. I saw—
 And straight forgot, in joy of what I saw,
 What still I knew—that Death was in my sight,
 And what was seeming beautiful, was but
 The twilight—the brief interval—betwixt
 The glorious day and darkness. I had kissed
 The wooing bliss before me, but that then
 Crawled forth the venomous reptile from the folds
 Where still it harbored—crawled across that shrine
 Of Beauty's best perfections, which, maddened,
 To shrink and shudder 'neath its loathly march,
 Instinct with all the horrors of my heart.
Augustus. Thus Guilt and Shame deform the Beautiful!

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

BY HEINRICH.

Stars are twinkling bright above us,
 Music calls us on;
 Shades of eye that guard and love us,
 Veil the hallowed lawn;
 Hand in hand,
 All the band,
 Dance we till the breaking dawn!

Hark! the gently swelling measure!
 Twine the magic rings!
 Dance, while lasts our nightly pleasure,
 While the bluebells ring;
 And above,
 'Mid the grove,
 Nightingales in chorus sing.

Far away all human voices!
 Spirits far away!
 Naught but Fairy Elf rejoices
 Where the Fairies play;
 Piny and dance,
 'Neath the glance
 Of the moon's reflected ray!

Faster! Faster! Night is waning;
 All must end with night.
 Russet clouds of morn are staining
 Phæbe's silvery light;
 Sisters, hark!
 'T was the lark!
 Fairies! Fairies! Take to flight.

THE TWO COUSINS;

A MAS-SA-SANGA LEGEND OF WESTERN CANADA.

BY G. COPWAY, OR KAH-GE-GA-GAN-BOWE.

THERE lived among the hills of the North two most intimate friends, who appeared to have loved each other from the hour of their earliest childhood. In summer they lived by a beautiful lake, in autumn on the banks of a noble river. In appearance they were nearly similar, apparently of the same age as they were of the same size. In their early days a good old Indian woman attended to their wants, and cared for their wigwam. Together they strolled among the green woods and shared the results of their ramblings. Years passed by, and manhood came. They used larger bows and arrows. One day the old lady took them by her side and said—"The nation to which we belong fasts, and now I want you to fast, that you may become great hunters. So they fasted.

As spring advanced they killed a great many wild ducks, and kept the old woman of the wigwam busy. In the latter part of the year they killed large numbers of beavers, with the furs of which they clothed their grandmother and themselves. In their journey one day they made an agreement, to the effect, that if when they fasted the gods were kindly disposed toward one, he would inform the other.

In the fall they were far from the rivers, but yet moved toward the north, where, as they knew, the bears most resorted.

During that winter they killed a great many, as also during the month of March ensuing.

At the close of one of their hunting expeditions, they turned their feet toward their home, at which they arrived at a late hour. As they approached, they heard the sound of several voices besides that of their grandmother. They listened. They knew that strangers were in the wigwam, and entering beheld two young and beautiful damsels, seated in that part of the room in which they generally rested during the night. To the young hunters the young women appeared very strange and modest. At length the old lady said to the young men—

"Noseetook—my children—I have called these two young women from the south, that they may aid me in taking care of all the meat and venison you bring home, for I am getting old and weak, and cannot do as much as I used to. I have put them by your sides that they may be your companions."

When the last words were spoken they looked upon each other, and soon left to wander by themselves in the forest around. They consulted together as to whether they should comply with her request. One said he should leave the wigwam. The other said that if they left there would be no one to supply their aged grandmother. And they finally agreed to remain in the wigwam and pay no regard to the new-comers.

They slept side by side every night, and agreed that if either should begin to love one of the young strangers they would inform the other, and would then separate forever. In February they obtained a vast amount of game, as the bears having retired to their winter-quarters were easily found and captured.

It was observed one evening that one of the young men gazed very intently at one of the strangers, and the next morning as they went out he asked the other whether he did not begin to love the young damsel who sat on his side of the birchen fire. He replied negatively.

It was observed that one of the cousins appeared to be deeply absorbed in thought every evening, and that his manners were very reserved. After a fortunate hunting-day, as they were wending their way home with their heavy burden of bear and deer, one accused the other of loving the young woman. Tell me, said he, and if you do, I will leave you to yourselves. If you have a wife I cannot take the same delight with you as I did when we followed the chase.

His cousin sighed and said, I will tell you to-night as we lie side by side. At night they reasoned together and agreed to hunt. If they did not meet with success, they must separate.

The next morning they went to the woods. They were not far distant from each other. The one who was in love shot only five, while the other returned with the tongues of twenty bears. The former was all the time thinking of the damsel at home, while the latter sought out his game with nothing else to divert his mind.

On their return home the lucky man informed his grandmother that he should leave the next day, and that what he should kill on the morrow must be searched after, as he should not return to tell them where he had killed the game. His cousin was grieved to find that his mind was made up to leave, and began to expostulate with him to change his determination, but he would not be persuaded to do so.

The next day, the young man who was to leave bound a rabbit-skin about his neck, to keep it warm, and having painted himself with red and yellow paints he left; his cousin following just behind, entreating him not to go. "I will go," said he, "and live in the north, where I shall see but four persons, and when you look that way you will see me."

They walked side by side until he began to ascend, and as he did so, the other wept the more bitterly, and entreated him more perseveringly not to leave him. The cousin ascended to the skies, and is now seen in the north, Ke-wa-din Ah-ming (North Star,) still hunting the polar bear; while the other wept himself to

naught before he could arrive home, and now he answers and mocks everywhere everybody. He lives in craggy rocks, and his name is Bah-swa-nay (Echo.)

The young maidens lived for a long time in the south under ambrosial bowers, awaiting the return of their

lovers, until one fell in love with mankind, and the other yet lives in that country, awaiting the return of her lover, where

—————"she looks as clear
As morning roses, newly washed in dew."

UNFADING FLOWERS.

BY T. S. ASTOR.

THIRTY years ago, a small, barefooted boy, paused to admire the flowers in a well cultivated garden. The child was an orphan, and had already felt how hard the orphan's lot. The owner of the garden, who was trimming a border, noticed the lad, and spoke to him kindly.

"Do you love flowers?" said he.

The boy replied, "Oh yes. We used to have beautiful flowers in our garden."

The man laid down his knife, and gathering a few flowers, took them to the fence, through the panels of which the boy was looking, and handing them to him, said as he did so,

"Here 's a nice little bunch for you."

A flush went over the child's face as he took the flowers. He did not make any reply, but in his large eyes, as he lifted them to the face of the man, was an expression of thankfulness, to be read as plainly as words in a book.

The act, on the part of the man, was one of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely thought of again; but, by the child, it was never forgotten.

Years went by, and through toil, privation and suffering, both in body and mind, the boy grew up to manhood. From ordeals like this, come forth our most effective men. If kept free from vicious associations, the lad of feeling and mental activity becomes ambitious, and rises in society above the common level. So it proved in the case of this orphan boy. He had few advantages of education, but such as offered were well improved. It happened that his lot was cast in a printing office; and the young compositor soon became interested in his work. He did not set the types as a mere mechanic, but went beyond the duties of his calling, entering into the ideas to which he was giving verbal expression, and making them his own. At twenty-one he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and force of character. At thirty-five he was the conductor of a widely-circulated and profitable newspaper, and as a man, respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

During the earnest struggle that all men enter into who are ambitious to rise in the world, the thoughts do not often go back and rest, meditatively, upon the earlier time of life. But after success has crowned each well-directed effort, and the gaining of a desired position, no longer remains a subject of doubt, the mind often brings up from the far-off past most vivid recollections of incidents and impressions that were painful or pleasurable at the time, and which are now seen to have had an influence, more or less decided, upon the

whole after life. In this state of reflection sat one day the man we have here introduced. After musing for a long time, deeply abstracted, he took up his pen and wrote hastily—and these were the sentences he traced upon the paper that lay before him.

"How indelibly does a little act of kindness, performed at the right moment, impress itself upon the mind. We meet, as we pass through the world, so much of rude selfishness, that we guard ourselves against it, and scarcely feel its effects. But spontaneous kindness comes so rarely, that we are surprised when it appears, and delighted and refreshed as by the perfume of flowers in the dreary winter. When we were a small boy, an orphan, and with the memory of a home forever lost too vivid in our young heart, a man, into whose beautiful garden we stood looking, pulled a few flowers, and handed them through the fence, speaking a kind word as he did so. He did not know, and perhaps never will know, how deeply we were touched by his act. From a little boy we loved the flowers, and ere that heaviest affliction a child ever knows—the loss of parents—fell upon us, we almost lived among them. But death separated between us and all those tender associations and affections that, to the hearts of children, are like dew to the tender grass. We entered the dwelling of a stranger, and were treated thenceforth as if we had, or ought to have, no feelings, no hopes, no weaknesses. The harsh command came daily and almost hourly to our ears; and not even for work well done, or faithful service, were we cheered by words of commendation.

"One day—we were not more than eleven years old—something turned our thoughts back upon the earlier and happier time when we had a true home, and was loved and cared for. We were once more in the garden and among the sweet blossoms, as of old, and the mother, on whose bosom we had slept, sat under the grape arbor while we filled her lap with flowers. There was a smile of love on her dear face, and her lips were parting with some word of affection, when, to scatter into nothing these dear images of the lonely boy, came the sharp command of a master, and in obedience we started forth to perform some needful service. Our way was by the garden of which we have spoken; and it was on this occasion, and while the suddenly dissipated image of our mother among the flowers was re-forming itself in our young imagination, that the incident to which we have alluded occurred. We can never forget the grateful perfume of those flowers, nor the strength and comfort which the kind words and manner of the giver imparted to

our fainting spirit. We took them home, and kept them fresh as long as water would preserve their life and beauty; and when they faded, and the leaves fell, pale and withered, upon the ground, we grieved for their loss as if a real friend had been taken away.

"It is a long, long time since that incident occurred; but the flowers which there sprung up in our bosom, are fresh and beautiful still. They have neither faded nor withered—they cannot, for they are un fading flowers. We never looked upon the man who gave them to us that our heart did not grow warm toward him. We know not now whether he be living or dead. Twenty years ago we lost sight of him; but, if still among the dwellers of earth, and in need of a friend, we would divide with him our last morsel."

An old man, with hair whitened by the snows of many winters, was sitting in a room that was poorly supplied with furniture, his head bowed down, and gaze cast dreamily upon the floor. A pale young girl came in while he thus sat musing. Lifting his eyes to her face, he said, while he tried to look cheerful,

"Ellen, dear, you must not go out to-day."

"I feel a great deal better, grandpa," returned the girl, forcing a smile. "I am able to go to work again."

"No, child, you are not," said the old man, firmly; "and you must not think of such a thing."

"Do n't be so positive, grandpa." And as she uttered this little sentence, in a half playful voice, she laid her hand among the thin gray locks on the old man's head, and smoothed them caressingly. "You know that I must not be idle."

"Wait, child, until your strength returns."

"Our wants will not wait, grandpa." As the girl said this, her face became sober. The old man's eyes again fell to the floor, and a heavy sigh came forth from his bosom.

"I will be very careful and not overwork myself again," resumed Ellen, after a pause.

"You must not go to-day," said the old man, arousing himself. "It is murder. Wait at least until to-morrow. You will be stronger then."

"If I do not go back to-day, I may lose my place. You know I have been home for three days."

"You were sick."

"Work will not wait. The last time I was kept away by sickness, a customer was disappointed; and there was a good deal of trouble about it."

Another sigh came heavily from the old man's heart. "I will go," said the girl. "Perhaps they will let me off for a day longer. If so, I will come back. But I must not lose the place."

No further resistance was made by the old man. In a little while he was alone. Hours went by, but Ellen did not return. She had gone to work. Her employer would not let her go away, feeble as she was, without a forfeiture of her place.

About mid-day, finding that Ellen did not come back, the old man, after taking some food, went out. The pressure of seventy years was upon him, and his steps were slow and carefully taken.

"I must get something to do. I can work still," he muttered to himself, as he moved along the streets. "The dear child is killing herself, and all for me."

But what could he do? Who wanted the services of an old man like him, whose mind had lost its clearness, whose step faltered, and whose hand was no longer steady? In vain he made application for employment. Younger and more vigorous men filled all the places, and he was pushed aside. Discouraged and drooping in spirit, he went back to his home, and there awaited the fall of evening, which was to bring the return of the only being left on earth to love him. At night-fall Ellen came in. Her face, so pale in the morning, was now slightly flushed; and her eyes were brighter than when she went out. The grandfather was not deceived by this; he knew it as the sign of disease. He took her hand—it was hot; and when he bent to kiss her gentle lips, he found them burning with fever.

"Ellen, my child, why did you go to work to-day? I knew it would make you sick," the old man said, in a voice of anguish.

Ellen tried to smile and to appear not so very ill; but nature was too much oppressed.

"I brought home some work, and will not go out to-morrow," she remarked. "I think the walk fatigued me more than any thing else. I will feel better in the morning, after a good night's sleep."

But the girl's hope failed in this. The morning found her so weak that she could not rise from bed; and when her grandfather came into her room to learn how she had passed the night, he found her weeping on her pillow. She had endeavored to get up, but her head, which was aching terribly, grew dizzy, and she fell back under a despairing consciousness that her strength was gone.

The day passed, but Ellen did not grow better. The fever still kept her body prostrate. Once or twice, when her grandfather was out of the room, she took the work she had brought home, and tried to do some of it while sitting up in bed. But ere a minute had passed, she became faint, while all grew dark around her. She was no better when night came. If her mind could have rested—if she had been free from anxious and distressing thoughts, nature would have had some power to react, but as it was, the pressure upon her was too great. She could not forget that they had scarcely so much money as a dollar left, and that her old grandfather was too feeble to work. Upon her rested all the burden of their support, and she was now helpless.

On the next morning Ellen was better. She could sit up without feeling dizzy, though her head still ached, and the fever had only slightly abated. But the old man would not permit her to leave the bed, though she begged him earnestly to let her do so.

The bundle of work that Ellen had brought home, was wrapped in a newspaper, and this her grandfather took up to read some time during the day.

"This is Mr. T—'s newspaper," said he, as he opened it, and saw the title. "I knew T— when he was a poor little orphan boy. But, of course, he don't remember me. He's prospered wonderfully."

And then his eyes went along the columns of the paper, and he read aloud to Ellen such things as he thought would interest her. Among others was a re-

miniscopy by the editor—the same that we have just given. The old man's voice faltered as he read. The little incident, so feelingly described, had long since been hidden in his memory under the gathering dust of time. But now the dust was swept away, and he saw his own beautiful garden. He was in it and among the flowers; and wishfully looking through the fence stood the orphan boy. He remembered having felt pity for him, and he remembered now as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, though thirty years had intervened, the light that went over the child's face as he handed him a few flowers that were to fade and wither in a day.

Yes, the old man's voice faltered while he read; and when he came to the last sentence, the paper dropped upon the floor, and clasping his hands together, he lifted his dim eyes upward, while his lips moved in whispered words of thankfulness.

"What ails you, grandpa?" asked Ellen, in surprise.

But the old man did not seem to hear her voice.

"Dear grandpa," repeated the girl, "why do you look so strangely?" She had risen in bed, and was bending toward him.

"Ellen, child," said the old man, a light breaking over his countenance, as though a sunbeam had suddenly come into the room, "it was your old grandfather who gave the flowers to that poor little boy. Did you hear what he said?—he would divide his last morsel."

The old man moved about the room with his unsteady steps, talking in a wandering way, so overjoyed at the prospect of relief for his child, that he was nearly beside himself. But there yet lingered some embers of pride in his heart; and from these the ashes were blown away, and they became bright and glowing. The thought of asking a favor as a return for that little act, which was to him, at the time, a pleasure, came with a feeling of reluctance. But when he looked at the pale young girl who lay with her eyes closed and her face half buried in the pillow, he murmured to himself, "It is for you—for you!" And taking up his staff, he went tottering forth into the open air.

The editor was sitting in his office, writing, when he heard the door open, and turning, he saw before him an old man with bent form and snowy head. Something in the visitor's countenance struck him as familiar; but he did not recognize him as one whom he had seen before.

"Is Mr. T—— in?" inquired the old man.

"My name is T——," replied the editor.

"You?" There was a slight expression of surprise in the old man's voice.

"Yes, I am T——, my friend," was kindly said. "Can I do any thing for you? Take this chair."

The offered seat was accepted; and as the old man sunk into it, his countenance and manner betrayed his emotion.

"I have come," said he, and his voice was unsteady. "to do what I could not do for myself alone. But cannot see my poor, sick grandchild wear out and die under the weight of burdens that are too heavy to be borne. For her sake I have conquered my own pride."

There was a pause.

"Go on," said T——, who was looking at the old man earnestly, and endeavoring to fix his identity in his mind.

"You don't know me?"

"Your face is not entirely strange," said T——. "It must have been a long time since we met."

"Long? Oh yes! It is a long, long time. You were a boy, and I unbent by age."

"Markland!" exclaimed T——, with sudden energy springing to his feet as the truth flashed upon him. "Say—is it so?"

"My name is Markland."

"And do we meet again thus?" said T——, with emotion, as he grasped the old man's hand. "Ah, so I have never forgotten you. When a sad-hearted boy, you spoke to me kindly, and the words comforted me when I had no other comfort. The bunch of flowers you gave me—you remember it, no doubt—are still fresh in my heart. Not a leaf has faded. They are as bright and green, and full of perfume as when I first hid them there; and there they will bloom forever—the unfading flowers of gratitude. I am glad you have come, though grieved that your declining years are made heavier by misfortune. Heaven has smiled on my efforts in the world. I have enough, and to spare."

"I have not come for charity," returned Markland. "I have hands, and they would not be idle, though it is not much that they can accomplish."

"Be not troubled on that account, my friend," was kindly answered. "I will find something for you to do. But first tell me all about yourself."

Thus encouraged, the old man told his story. It was the common history of loss of property and friends, and the approach of want with declining years. T—— saw that pride and native independence were still strong in Markland's bosom, feeble as he was, and really unable to enter upon any serious employment; and his first impulse was to save his feelings at the same time that he extended to him entire and permanent relief. This he found no difficulty in doing, and the old man was soon after placed in a situation where but little application was necessary, while the income was sufficient for the comfortable support of himself and grandchild.

The flowers offered with a purely humane feeling, proved to be seedless flowers; and their beauty and perfume came back to the senses of the giver when all other flowers were dead or dying on his dark and dreary way.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



LABRADOR AUK, OR PUFFIN. (*Fratercula Arctica*.)

We have already remarked that there are but two species of the true Auk. The Puffin belongs to the sub-genus *Fratercula*. Of the singular figure of this bird our engraving gives a true representation; of its habits, Selby gives the following account, which is corroborated by other writers who have described it.

"Although the Puffin is found in very high latitudes, and its distribution through the Arctic Circle is extensive, it is only known to us as a summer visitant, and that from the south, making its first appearance in the vicinity of its breeding stations, about the middle of April, and regularly departing between the 10th and the 20th of August. Many resort to the islands, selecting such as are covered with a stratum of vegetable mould; and here they dig their own burrows, from there not being any rabbits to dispossess upon the particular islets they frequent. They commence this operation about the first week in May, and the hole is generally excavated to the depth of three feet, often in a curving direction, and occasionally with two entrances. When engaged in digging, which is principally performed by the males, they are sometimes so intent on their work as to admit of being taken by hand, and the same may also be done during incubation. At this period I have frequently obtained specimens, by thrusting my arm into the burrow, though at the risk of receiving a severe bite from the powerful and sharp edged bill of the old bird. At the farther end of this hole the single egg is deposited, which in

size nearly equals that of a pullet, and, as Pennant observes, varies in form; in some instances one end being acute, and in others equally obtuse. Its color when first laid is white, but it becomes soiled and dirty from its immediate contact with the earth: no materials being collected for a nest at the end of the burrow. The young are hatched after a month's incubation, and are then covered with a long blackish down above, which gradually gives place to the feathered plumage, so that at the end of a month or five weeks they are able to quit the burrow, and follow their parents to the open sea. Soon after this time, or about the second week in August, the whole leave our coasts, commencing their equatorial migration. At an early age the bill of this bird is small and narrow, scarcely exceeding that of the young Razor-bill at the same period of life; and not till after the second year does this member acquire its full development, both as to depth, color, and its transverse furrows.

"In rocky places, they deposit their single egg in the holes and crevices. The length of the bird is about twelve inches. The half of the bill nearest the head is bluish; the rest red. The corners of the mouth are puckered into a kind of star. The legs and feet are orange. The plumage is black and white, with the exception of the cheeks and chin, which are sometimes gray. The young, pickled with spices, are sometimes considered dainties."



THE LITTLE AUK. (*Mergulus Melano Leukos*.)

The Little Auk, or Sea Dove, is an example of the genus *Mergulus*. It braves the inclemency of very high latitudes, and is found in immense flocks on the inhospitable coasts of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Melville Island. Here they watch the motion of the ice, and when it is broken up by storms, "they come down in legions, crowding into every fissure, to banquet on the crustaceans and other marine animals which lie there at their mercy.

"The Little Auk is between nine and ten inches in

length; the bill is black and the legs inclining to brown; the plumage is black and white; and in winter the front of the neck, which is black in summer, becomes whitish. It lays but one egg, of a pale, bluish green, on the most inaccessible ledges of the precipices which overhang the ocean." Such are the accounts of the naturalists and voyagers who have visited the arctic regions. With its name of Sea Dove, its apparently delicate structure, and its daring and heroic habits of life, it affords a most inviting theme to the poet.

PLEASANT WORDS.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. PROV. XVI. 21.

MANY truths the Wise man gives
To his sons and daughters,
As pure and useful, strong and bright,
As streams of living waters;
But one I choose from all the rest,
And call it now the very best.

Pleasant words, he says, are like
A comb of fragrant honey;
The savings-bank of thriving bees,
Whose cells contain their money,
Where they, in little space, lay up
The gains of many a flowery cup.

"Sweet to the soul," they gently soothe
In days of bitter anguish;
"Health to the bones," they cheer the sick
And lift the heads that languish;
And with their care-dispelling chime,
They touch the heart at any time.

O! let us then ask God to plant
In us His flowers of beauty,
And teach us to watch over them
With humble, patient duty;
Sweet flowers that grace both age and youth,
Love, meekness, gentleness and truth.

For, as honey is not found
Where no flowers are blowing,
So, unless within our hearts
Love and truth are growing,
No one upon our lips will find
"Pleasant words," sincere and kind.

But, unlike the fragile flowers,
Who die—as soon as ever
They have given their honey up—
The more that we endeavor
To lavish kindness everywhere,
The more we still shall have to spare.

"Pleasant words!" O let us strive
To use them very often;
Other hearts they will delight,
And our own they'll soften;
While God himself will hear above,
"Pleasant words" of truth and love.

"Pleasant words!" The river's wave
That ripples every minute
On the shore we love so well,
Hath not such music in it;
Nor are the songs of breeze or birds,
Half so sweet as "pleasant words!"

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

MOURNFULLY toll the bell :
Gently bear earth to earth ;
Solemnly chant the knell ;
Death claims a mortal birth.

Virgins, strew early flowers,
Plucked from the snow in spring ;
Emblems of her sad hours—
Smiling while withering.

She was a gentle one :
Pure as a seraph's tear ;
Too soon her task was done ;
Born but to disappear !

Low chant her requiem ;
Close o'er her breast the sod ;
Angels, teach her your hymn,
While winging her way to God.

PASSING AWAY.

BY ANNIE GREY.

'T is written on the early flower,
By a single faded leaf ;

'T is written with terrific power
Upon the burning cheek.

'T is written with an iron pen
Upon that old man's brow ;
And mark its tyrant impress when
It touched thy darling now.

'T is written on the fleeting smile
And on the falling tear ;

'T is seen upon that old quaint dial,
And in the grave-yard near.

'T is written in thy mother's touch,
And in thy father's care ;
These may not—though they love thee much—
They may not linger here.

Here, too, we see on friendship's bond
Its shadowy impress laid ;
The love we deemed so true, so fond,
Its own dark grave hath made.

Yet surely there is one thing here
Which may not pass away—
'T is early love, so fond, so dear,
It cannot yield its sway ?

Oh ! mark the eye averted now,
And list to that scornful word,
And see the cherished broken vow—
E'en this hath the mandate heard.

'T is written, then, on all things here,
On smiles, on tears, on joy, on wo,
On that we prize, on that we fear,—
All teach alike that we must go.

THE UNDIVIDED HEART.

AFTER THE MANNER OF AN EARLY ENGLISH POET.

BY MYRNA.

WHEN the rich merchant sendeth out his store,
To multiply in foreign lands and seas,
He scattereth it to every friendly shore,
And spreads his suits to every favoring breeze.
Then, if one bark, more luckless than the rest,
Should chance make shipwreck on some fatal coast,
Seeing he is of many more possess,
He comforts him, although that one be lost.
But one rich argosy holds all my store—
If harm befall that one, what comes of me ?
Must I in beggary wander evermore,
Subsistence craving of cold charity ?

How should I bear to think upon the day
When Fortune's gifts were showered upon my head,
Would not my misery more heavy weigh,
In view of happiness remembered ?
Then let me rather trust my life also,
In that one ship where all my riches be,
That whereso'er she goeth I may go,
And toss with her upon the faithless sea.
Then, if the tempest bow the sturdy mast,
And horrid billows sweep the shuddering deck,
When every help and every hope is past,
Calmly I'll perish with my treasure's wreck.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PARTING YEAR.



"Why sitt'st thou by that rained hall,
Thou aged earl, no stern and gray!
Dost thou its former prais recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?"
"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried;
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused;
Alternate in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing fax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax;
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
Redeem mine hours, the space is brief.
While in my glass the sand grains shiver;
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thou shalt part forever.

WALTER SCOTT.

The waning year is, to most minds, a season of reflection. And it is good to pause and think, occasionally; to glance along the receding vista of months, and review our actions ere too great a distance makes their memory indistinct. Time seems to linger on his journey, to pause by the crumbling ruins of earthly things, and point us to the past, that we may gather therefrom lessons of wisdom for the future.

And now, as we stand on the verge of the parting year—as the last line in its record of events is about being written, it is but to obey the dictate of reason to let our thoughts run back. Time we cannot recall, nor change the past. What we have done is done forever. Then, why, it may be asked, turn our thoughts thitherward? Why not look in hope to the future? It is that we may look to the future with brighter hopes, made more certain through repentance and good resolutions.

What we are is of more, far more importance to us than what we seem to others, or what we have gained in worldly goods. Our thoughts, then, as we review the

days and weeks in the closing circle of months, should linger rather upon the purposes and acts of our mortal life, than upon the impression we have made upon others, or the amount of earthly treasure we have gathered in from the harvest-fields of the world. A good reputation may be lost through slander; riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; but of the heart's conscientious rectitude no event external to ourselves can rob us. It is true gold, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and of which not even death itself can rob us.

In turning back our thoughts upon the past, then, let us examine all our acts in the light of their prompting ends. There is no act without a purpose, and the purpose gives quality to the act. A selfish and bad end makes an act evil, which might be innocent if done with a good end. A man may pursue his worldly business with the same energy and success that marks the course of his neighbor, and be all the while laying up treasure above, while the latter gains nothing but the treasure on earth, which, in a few years, passes into the coffers of another, while he, naked and poor as he came into the world, recrosses the mortal bourne, and is seen no more among his fellows. The great difference lies in the end with which each prosecutes his daily calling. A good end keeps in view what is just to the neighbor, while a selfish end causes a man to disregard and even trample upon other's rights.

As time points his trembling finger to the past, let each one, then, carefully review the history of the year, so far as himself is concerned, and, in reviewing it, look earnestly at the purposes which have governed his various actions. These, in their accumulations, are to make the future happy or miserable. Gold gained in a total disregard of other's rights or feelings, never has nor never will bring happiness; for, in the acquisition, the mind takes

an evil form in accordance with its purpose, and such a form precludes the possibility of happiness. Honor and fame acquired in like manner, will as certainly bring pain and disappointment.

The great question then is—How far have I advanced in the year toward that true humanity which is built up into a beautiful form, through good purposes coming forth into good deeds? Just so far as this true humanity has been attained, and no further, has the waning year been a well spent and profitable year.

Is your mind not satisfied with the review measured by this standard? Let the fact be wisely improved by a better life in the future. Begin the next year with this higher standard in your mind, and resolve to live up to it as far as is in your power.

There is one reflection connected with this theme that should produce a strong impression. It is our present that makes our future. What we purpose and do to-day throws forward its effect upon our coming years. And this is the result of every day's life. What would not some of us give if we could change the rebuking past? But, alas! what is done is done forever. The present with its deeds flits by and becomes the unchangeable past. We may repent of our wrong doings, but repentance cannot extirpate the sting from memory. With this thought, which should alone prompt to right living in the future, we close our brief sermon; commending its teachings to the wise and simple, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned, with the hope that it may be like a nail in a sure place, or, like apples of gold on pictures of silver.

THE POLITICAL WORLD FOR 1849.

BY J. B. CHANDLER.

It seems meet that we should take some note of the times in which we live, and not allow a whole year to pass without a record of some of those startling incidents by which it has been distinguished. We do not pretend to publish "the news"—we do not mean to make commentaries upon the political changes which are constantly occurring. There are papers specially devoted to such matters, and they do their duty with fidelity and satisfaction. We, however, think it proper (useful we mean, and therefore proper,) to give a simple abstract of great political changes and convulsions that have occurred in 1849. It may instruct some; it will probably send many more to the records of the times to gain minute information of such startling affairs. Some it may lead to reflect upon the mutability of human productions, and the causes which have wrought out such remarkable effects. Others will probably be ready, while they mourn over the suffering and kill at the bold steps and courageous conduct of the uprising oppressed, abroad, to rejoice at the peace and happiness secured to our own beloved country by the institutions of republicanism which we enjoy, and to inquire whether such signal advantages are not worth a vigilance that shall detect the first movement, or the dangerous neglect that may jeopard the liberties of the people and the peace and prosperity of the country.

We desire to sit down and make a small diguerreotype view of the nations abroad, that our Magazine may close the year 1849 with such a picture as would make ordinary readers, even the ladies, who are only ordinary as they are the general readers of our book, understand the changes which are yet to take place. But we are compelled to write nearly a month before we nominally publish, so that much may transpire between the inkstand and the reading-desk; much that may change the whole complexion, the features even of European politics, and

cast either a shade or a light across the Atlantic. Again, while we sit down to adjust our instrument to catch the manners living as they rise, to receive and fix the forms of nations upon our plates, they, instead of awaiting their little moment, to give a perfect image, start into some revolution and thus mar the picture which we would have strong, clear and distinct. The troubles which beset the whole of Italy a year ago are, if not settled, at least becoming less. The affairs of the various independent governments seem to be so directed as to insure a return to something like the position they held more than two years since.

In Rome, whence the Pope had been driven by the revolutionary power, the French army in Italy established itself, after a free use of its heavy batteries. For a moment it seemed that nothing more was intended than the restoration of the Pope to his temporal power. But either the President of France had a concealed motive in sending Oudinot with an army into Italy, or the uplifted voice of the liberal portion of Europe caused him to declare that he wished to prevent Austria and Spain from gaining influence in Rome, and he desired with the return of the Pope, to see the government (under his holiness) secularized.

Meantime the Pope, at Gaeta, apparently enjoying all the distinction which his elevated position as spiritual and temporal chief could claim, has been far from happy. He has seen into the motives of France, and cannot be ignorant now of the spirit, the interested spirit, likely to influence other nations which may undertake to restore him to Rome with all his former power. Nay, it is evident that he is now weighing the consideration whether it is best for his spiritual mission, and his temporal comforts and honors to receive back such rule—he sees that the times have changed, and he is evidently pausing to see how he may charge with them without exposing himself to the outrages to which his former liberal movements exposed him.

VENICE that held out against the Austrian forces was compelled to capitulate. She loses the distinction which she had retained, and her condition as a free port is lost. Austria has even desired to build up Trieste at the expense of Venice. It should be remarked, however, that the political offences of the Venetians have been more leniently dealt with than had been anticipated. The leaders of the revolt were removed to Corfu by the French before the Austrians entered the city. Venice and Venetian Lombardy are again the appanages of the Austrian crown.

There was an attempt at a revolt in the IONIAN ISLANDS, a quasi republic under the protection of Great Britain. The disturbance took place in Cephalonia, and the political outbreak was the occasion for a band of ruffians to undertake to plunder and assassinate. A leading citizen of Argistile was, with his family, burnt to death. Vigorous measures were adopted by Mr. Ward, the high commissioner of the British government for the Ionian Islands, and finally order was restored.

FRANCE—The year 1849 opened upon France in the enjoyment of the *ferce* youth of Republicanism, with a President elected almost unanimously by the people, and with a National Assembly almost ready to expire by its own peculiar organization. A new Assembly was elected and was organized in May, and early in June the President, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, sent to that body his message, which, for the first time in European history, contained a statement of the situation of the country minutely set forth, and was thus far republican. Unfortunately the President took occasion to set forth his own views and determinations in a tone far more in accordance with those of his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, than like that of those

who should supply his model—the Presidents of the United States.

It may be noted that the revolutions of France have been very costly, and her debt has been fearfully augmented by the convulsion that drove Louis Philippe from the kingly throne and placed Louis Napoleon in the presidential chair.

The election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency did by no means secure the tranquillity of France; so many men leading various sections, that united only *against* one portion, were unprovided with power when the union was to be in *favor* of one man, that no sooner was the president installed than those who had done most to make a place for him were willing to do more to get him out of a place. And it cannot be denied that the movements of France, or rather of Louis Napoleon, for really he seems to be France, upon Rome, were not at first calculated to conciliate the Red Republicans, and are now as little likely to satisfy the opposite party; each will remember its peculiar cause of dislike, but neither will keep in mind its occasion for approval. The truth is, France is not yet essentially republican in its system. The people of France would, by a large majority, vote to fight for a republican form of government for their country, but they do not seem to comprehend the true policy of a republic, and it may be doubted whether the tendency of a single legislature, and the weight of Paris is not toward centralization—most *not* or at least *where* republican. France must look to the federation of her departments. The president of France has made various tours in his republic, and has been received with various degrees of respect and courtesy, as his principles were more or less approved, or, perhaps, as the people were more or less republican or monarchical in their views. And it may be remarked, that every where he has taken occasion to say that “order, system, and conservatism,” were necessary to the prosperity of France; an idea well enough in the abstract, but evidently, considering the speaker and the hearers, intended to intimate that France needed *less* revolution among the people, and more permanency in her executive. When he visited the neighborhood of Ham, where he had been for a long time a prisoner, on account of a rebellion against the established government, he was reminded by some obsequious citizens of his sufferings and his deliverance. But instead of launching out into a tirade against tyranny in general, and especially that which confined him there, he took occasion to preach a homily in favor of established power, and confessed his error in being one of those who rose against it. Feneion, when he ascended the pulpit to denounce his own book, did not assume a more self-condemnatory air, nor did he more regret his offences against ecclesiastical rule, than did Louis Napoleon his outrage upon the kingly government; and this, too, in presence of a people that had assisted within two years to put down a king, and had, by their votes, elected him to office, in the place of that king.

France has placed herself, or was placed by her president, in a very delicate position, with regard to other European powers, by her interference in the Italian contest. She now complains that the Pope does not acknowledge the services which she has rendered. (He certainly seems to be very ignorant of any advantage which France has wrought for him.) while the president declares that Rome must be secularized, and must grant a *full* amnesty to political offenders. France has her attention now drawn toward the peculiar situation of affairs between the Porte and the Emperor of Russia, in which England and France seem to understand each other.

While the continent of Europe has been embroiled for the last year in all kinds of contests, Great Britain seems to

have enjoyed unusual tranquillity at home. The imperial parliament repealed the old navigation laws which had been operative for two centuries. By the new enactments greater freedom is given to vessels of other countries to trade between the several ports of Great Britain; and in other countries where reciprocal commercial treaties are established, the ships of Great Britain will have similar advantages.

Peace is not productive of historical interest, and we have only to say, that Great Britain has settled her troubles in the East by defeating the Indian forces raised against her power; and she has commenced her troubles in the West, by sanctioning certain laws passed by the parliament of the Canadas to remunerate those who lost property in a former rebellion. The truth is, there has grown up a strong and violent hostility between the English residents in Canada and the French; and the latter, with some of their allies, having a majority, passed the law for indemnity, which the governor, Lord Elgin, signed; and this brought against him the English party. The Home Government sanctioned the action of his lordship, and she has led some of the English party to talk of throwing off the English yoke, and uniting Canada with the United States. It is probable that Great Britain has held Canada about as long as is possible—and perhaps quite as long as is profitable.

The Queen of Great Britain has, with her husband and children, attended by a numerous court, been visiting to Ireland and Scotland, and has been eminently successful in conciliating the people of these parts of her empire, and has done more to restore kind feelings and establish herself, than all the arms which she could have sent against the disaffected. She is at once popular and powerful, and sustains a bad system by her gentleness and her sterling worth.

It is to the glory of Great Britain that in all the disturbances in Europe of late, she has sought, by her intervention, to save the people from the consequences of a bloody war, and in all cases she has appeared as the friend of the weaker side, her mediation was not often accepted. In the case of the unhappy war between Prussia and Denmark, about the miserable affair of Schleswick Holstein, her offer was accepted, and peace was restored.

Denmark. We have little to say of this kingdom excepting that by her superior naval force she redeemed her credit, somewhat impaired by the success of the Prussians on the land; and the effective blockade induced her enemy to listen to the proposition of Great Britain to mediate. The result was the settlement of the difficulties about Schleswick Holstein.

Prussia. The attempt to create a federative government in Germany has not yet proved successful. Various plans have been proposed, and a constitution, not unlike that of the United States, was nearly adopted. But when the states which are to compose the federation have been so long entirely independent, and have exercised the privileges of complete sovereignty, they do not readily yield up their independence, and hence, after moving toward a union, they start off, alarmed at the chance of being lost sight of in the shadow of the larger states. The intention of forming a confederacy is still cherished, and may be realized. Prussia must, of course, have a leading voice in such a movement. But the power of the continental monarchs wanes, and must continue to rest upon the army, and consequently war, that weakens the nation, must, for a time, give strength to kings. But as the strength which is imparted to the human system by the use of opium, it will destroy in time what it was intended to support.

Austria has had a sort of triumph; her arms have been successful in Italy; and, with the aid of Russia, she has

put down the rebellion in Hungary. Yet Austria is weaker now than before her triumphs, and is regarded with less favor, more hatred, more contempt than formerly. The necessity of changes in her government; the necessity of destroying her own rebellious cities; the necessity of applying to Russia for help, have taught that power to feel that it is not only vulnerable, but that it is perishable. And a few more such convulsions, even though Russia interfere, will dismember the Germans, and set free her injured dependencies.

Hungary. The brilliant effort of Hungary to cast off the yoke of Austria promised for a time to be gloriously successful. The character of Kossuth was so beautiful, his manners so conciliatory, his plans so wise, and his power with the army so complete, that the world was prepared to hail and welcome the old kingdom back to independence. Austria was defeated. Her armies were beaten, and the rickety old tyranny appealed to Russia for help—to Russia, the last refuge of tyranny that exists. And Russia poured her *rables* down upon the plains of Hungary, and corrupted one of the generals that had been entrusted with power; and then she sent her herds of serfs and generals to receive the concessions which she had *purshased*. And so Hungary sinks back into a dependence upon Austria, liable at all times to be claimed and fleeced by Russia.

We had wished, we confess, that Hungary would have freed herself—but she must abide her time. Bem, Kossuth, and many other generals, with numerous companies of soldiery, crept into the Turkish dominions, under a pledge of safety from the Sultan. But Russia, true to her principle of pursuing her offenders, demanded these unfortunate fugitives. The Sultan became alarmed, and asked the Hungarians to renounce their faith, and adopt Mohammedism, and then they would become citizens, and might not be claimed. Some assumed the turban, others refused. But it is probable that Russia will find occasion in these and other matters to make war on Turkey; if so, France and England must look to what they have called the balance of power in Europe.

It is worthy of remark, that while Russia is settling the disturbance in Hungary, the western principalities of Turkey seem to be uniting with Greece to assert some of the rights of man. We know not what will result—but it appears as if there was going forth a voice which is crying “*scor—scor* to tyranny and oppression!” Its denunciation may indeed serve to make the hand of power clutch more closely the neck of its victim, but the grasp must be spasmodic—strong, perhaps stronger than formerly, at least, the neck is growing more sensitive—but the grasp will be loosed, and the people will be allowed to go and form their own government and enjoy their own rights.

There have been few changes on this side of the Atlantic. The most important movements have been in California, where the tide of immigration attracted by gold and retained by a new feeling of civicism, has swollen into the materials for a new government. The opinion entertained at one time that the attempt to form a territorial government for California would embarrass the National Administration by giving rise to the question of the extent of slavery, by the application of what is called the “*Willnot proviso*,” seems to have subsided by the project of inducing California to make application at once for admission into the Union as a *State*, of course the Willnot proviso would have no operation on such an appeal.

No changes of consequence have occurred in South America. Improvement in the sciences, peace, and order will strengthen republican institutions, and republican feelings, and we may hope that prosperity and happiness will ere long be the lot of those whom Providence has placed in a Heavenly climate and on a most productive

soil, but whose stimulated passions have made a hell of their country, and desired to the soil the produce which it might have brought forth.

Excepting the fearful prevalence of cholera in various parts of the country, the UNITED STATES have continued in the enjoyment of political, moral, and social blessings; and we may hope that Providence will continue to smile on the efforts of its patriots to sustain the institutions with which their country is blessed, and to make each citizen sensible of the vast advantages he enjoys over the subjects of foreign powers. And if God, who hitherto has poured out his choicest favors on our beloved land, should vouchsafe his blessings hereafter, we may see her wielding power for the good of mankind, and teaching other nations the true use of government. Not doubting but this will be the case, we think we see down the vista of time our country becoming the mild dictator to the world, and her peaceful government sheltering the injured from other lands and correcting the injurer. And while such a prospect is held out we may look, as the cause and consequence thereof, for peace and moral worth, and

From Darien to Davis one garden shall bloom

When war's wrented banners are furled,
And the far-scented zephyr that wafts its perfume
Shall silence the storms of the world.

PROSPECTIVE:—1850.

MY DEAR JEREMY,—Have you ever taken a long-bill on the wing of a July morning? Not a note at eight months, flying in the market at a heavy discount—but a genuine long-bill, an old woodcock, springing up at your feet with whistling and whirring wings, and doing his utmost to get out of the way, without waiting for the formality of invitation expended upon a certain Mr. Tucker? “*You have not.*” Well, I shall not attempt the task of teacher after HERBERT, but you can have no conception of the cool head and steady nerve required to do it well. To an old hand, with dog and gun, with a constitution inured by exercise, it is the glory of the world's excitements, and as far above the lust of money-getting, as poetry is above note-shaving.

I took my tramp this summer, of three months, among the hills and marshes where this bird—which is a bore in one way only—loves most to congregate, and saw our old friend, “*the iron pump*” of copper notoriety looking as dry as his purchasers and quite as rusty. I could not resist the impulse to take a crack at him, at forty yards, with my double-barrel, as at an imaginary copper-head. The excavations looked like the ready-made graves of speculators, who somehow or other had not come there to be buried. The very faces of the rocks had been twisted into grimaces, and seemed with their yellow eyes to be grinning at one; so shouldering my gun, and whistling to give strength to an imaginary band playing

“*Over the river to Charley,*”

I went down into the valley, and took vengeance for bills long dishonored, upon bills that I honor long.

But, Jeremy, we cannot submit to the “*vagabond propensity*,” as the old farmers call it, of roaming with dog and gun over mountain and meadow, though the morning dew has made the air redolent of sweets, and from every bush and blade of grass nature has hung her pearls unwillingly, and lit up, as with the blaze of a torch, the gum and maple trees; though the pure air and fresh water have given health to eye and cheek and vigor to the frame, we must away to the turbulent city, and within its pent up streets and among its crowded artisans and tradesmen wrestle for bread, and shutting out from the heart its

glimpses of heaven and repose in the country, grapple with toil, work on, and hope on! Yet with a sure and an abiding trust and faith.

With the opening of the New Year the periodical campaign brings thought and labor. What a world within itself is this business in Philadelphia alone—how stirring the competition—how diverse the interests—how various the success. The unparalleled rise in the business within one short year has been the result of diligent application. The publishers have most gloriously bought their own success, and have raised their works to such a point of beauty and excellence that money can go no further. The spirit of a just competition has urged each man to do his very uttermost to give his readers all that can by possibility be crowded, in the way of beauty and excellence, into his work. Every dollar received goes back in renewed outlay, in costly embellishments and articles. Nothing in Europe at twice their price can at all approach the illustrated American Monthlies in the beauty and costliness of their appointments. At the head of all stands

"GRAHAM"—Proud—Imperious—Supreme. He has a long line of broken promises to come up in judgment against him, but for ten long years has steadily gone on increasing in the face of all opposition, until he now stands unapproachable and alone, among the highest class of literary monthlies in the land. There are others of a lighter class—successful—highly successful—but his is the proud honor of having lifted the tone of his literature, and the quality of his engravings, up to the highest European standard of excellence in all respects. There is yet another class, who deal in promises—and promises only—whose best numbers come up to the meagre promise only of their printed circulars, but who go on crowding promise upon failure to redeem, until the virtues of their sea are lost in the fog they raise—fortunately their works also. More than a score of such have we seen entombed—some we have helped to bury—but they come again, like the locust, annually, and swindling a few dupes out of their money, annually die. This is the class which does business altogether by

THE SUCTION AND PUMPING PROCESS.



From this party, we shall no doubt be favored, with very extravagant-looking show-bills, and plenty of them—long bills drawn upon the credulity of people who fill an imaginary subscription list, and are very liberal in remittances, and whose wonderful assiduity in waiting until 1850, will be duly heralded, and in type announced. The existence of any periodical of the slightest pretension to elegance or ability, not having been heard of before, and only known among that benighted class, whose urgent literary tastes would not allow them to suffer and to wait.

Having seen our friends of "The Suction and Pumping Process" fairly in the field, let us survey the ground. On the whole, things look rather brilliant; a number of

"new volumes with superb inducements," are already announced, and with the usual cheering before starting, the entertainments for 1850 promise to be rich and various beyond parallel. Ingenuity, it seems, is not exhausted, nor are novelties entirely run out. What have we here?

One of the ladies' magazines actually promises to "suck up" all its cotemporaries! A novel sort of assertion, truly, for a genteel ladies magazine; yet a proceeding, one would think, that cannot be carried very far with any sort of propriety. The grace of modesty and the delicacy of its position alike forbid it. Such things, if really attempted, will drive the meeker and weaker brethren entirely from the contest. We may—but scarcely can—tolerate the pretty

large liberties which have been taken with the dresses of ladies elsewhere in engravings and fashion plates. Let it stop here. Give us models of art, even if they are a little racy; we can stand that—but this is touching on the province of the model artists; and as the *elder* magazine, we cannot allow it—positively. Jeremy, if you have any influence with these people, stop this thing, I pray you.

Phew!—but what is this?"

It appears that under cover of fire-works, with sky-rockets, blue-lights, shooting-stars, or something of that sort, we are to have a grand conflagration, perhaps immolation of fashionable and pretty women; for another ladies magazine, audaciously—in order to offset the other, we suppose—promises, "a blaze of beauty throughout the year."

Heavens! "can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

And this is actually put out in the bills, before a Christian country, in the nineteenth century, and the police look on, and are silent!

Ah! this comes home to "our hearts and our humors." What do we read? "All the distinguished writers and authors of this country and Europe are engaged." The deuce they are! Oh Lord!—Our office then may be closed, during business hours hereafter, we suppose.

Overlooked, by George!—News! news! "The acknowledged Blackwood of America, 1830" Now is that old vagabond coming back again, after having enjoyed our hospitalities for two seasons—'31 and '32?

If Blackwood were to come in spirit shape, this I think would be his story, Jeremy:

"You see I was coming along, when a tall fellow, our old friend, cries, 'How are you, Mr. Blackwood?'"

"Come in here," says he, seizing my elbow, and in an instant I found myself deceived, swindled, justified in among the wrong set. A parcel of puritanical looking dogs, sitting cheek by jowl, with long gowns, play actors, medical students, penny-a-liners, seedy old boys and silly school girls. I suppose they took me for a Mormon or a Shaker, or perhaps a clown, and dragged me in, to add to the novelty of the collection. But Scotch manners would n't allow me to be rude, so I said, very pointedly, to the tall gentleman, if that is whisky-ponch you have on the stove, I'll take a tumbler of it. Heavens! you should have heard the yell that went up, and seen the horrible faces; so seeing the way the wind cut, I gave one or two of them a knock over the skull with ebony—bestowed my parting benediction upon the whole company—ladies excepted—and came at once to head-quarters."

Now, Jeremy, I don't know what you may think of this business, but I say I have been silent long enough under various aggressions, and hereafter, I take the cudgel and trounce any son of a gun who pounces on my manor. Why do you know that people have the audacity to say that there is the *oldest* magazine, when the Casket, which we bought, and on which Graham was based, started in 1826, and had its colored fashions and wood engravings printed on tinted paper long before any of them opened their eyes. The mazzottinis I was the first to put to magazine use on a large scale; and Burton's Magazine, which was incorporated with this, gave the first that Sartain ever did for a magazine of large circulation; and yet these young fellows, with the down yet upon their chins, affect the experience of years, and learnedly talk about teaching their grandfathers how to snuff. I care nothing about this, but that it has gone far enough; and they will after a while begin to believe their own stories—a bit of self-deception that it is a pity they should be subjected to.

But, Jeremy, we live in a funny world, and even with

our criminal code, and prison discipline, I fear me, the moral reformer has a vast work to do. The shades of right and wrong, as worked up in the woof of practical life, are not of colors which contrast very strongly. They form rather the figures of a kaleidoscope. Is there not a little gambling done, in the way of "specimens" in literature, as well as in "specimens" in copper? Do the samples shown as "inducements" always honestly represent the real article afterward put upon the purchaser? Oh! very nice, rigid and self-complacent moralist, "with good fat capon lined," why are thy hands held up in such affected holy horror at thy brother, who has stumbled and fallen, "because he has done this thing;" when printed records of thy falsified pledges and assertions, fill the post-towns of the country, the Union over! The lie in type and upon record, is it less venal, because multiplied by thousands, than that by word, which points upon the unsuspecting a sinking fancy stock! Let the casting, praying hypocrite, of all trades, go down into his own heart, and clear it of its "dead men's bones, and all uncleanness," before, with bastard honesty, he casts a stone at his most desperate brother.

Ah, Jeremy, is there not a thriving business done, by men professing to be respectable, by "The Suction and Pumping Process," in most of the trades of life—even in the very honorable business of manufacturing and selling goods. Ay! in the thousand well dressed, painted living lies, that stare at you in the streets, and from behind counters, and impose upon the ignorant—is there no rascality? When goods are put upon the poor and ignorant hired girls at high prices—the remnants of shabby gentility—are the shopkeepers honest do you suppose? In the poisoned rum, that is sold for good (God defend us!) and which sends destitution, misery, and crime into the hovels of the poor—is there no weight of damnation, past finding out? Is every marble pulice, with steeds prancing at the door, the monument of a good man's well spent life; has every stone and carved niche been paid for by money honestly earned? Are the laces, and feathers, and gold and jewels, that dash upon us and glitter in the sun, all, always the well-earned rewards of honest and prize-worthy toil? Much of the money thus lavishly displayed, and on which an insolent pride fattens and corrupts, may it not be the legitimate reward of a sin that would wait the fingers of a thief? Hold up thy head, young brother, and keep thy heart pure; all is not lost! the courage to dare, the power and will to do are thine! Up! and against wrong and oppression of every shade, set thy face as a flint, and with conscious might and truth, press on! The world is before thee where to choose—it is thy battleground! Do nobly, and thou art man—meanly, a more creeping thing than a worm; upon whom every coward braggart will set his heel. Ay on! there is yet to come—thank God—a reckoning-day, of motives and of actions, when assumption shall be stripped—deceit exposed—the hollow heart laid bare, and when the secret sin of pride and self-complacency, dragged from its hiding-place, shall be thrust, blazing into its face.

My dear Jeremy, there is a consolation in this—we shall see one of these times, every man's motive for the acts he has committed revealed—whether it is only the poor devils cast down, forsaken, down-trodden and despised, that die in the ditch, who are damned; or whether he only is on his way to heaven—the sleek and lucky moralist who dozes over his wine—who thinks he can pave his way to heaven with ingots, however got, that shall be saved. That will be a sight worth seeing, Jeremy, for it will open the eyes of the Universe, and make all things even. We can afford to wait for even this, can we not? It will not be long.

a. z. c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo.

This edition of Browning is almost a fac-simile of the beautiful London edition, published by Chapman & Hall, the only real difference between the two being that the American reprint costs less than half as much as the London original.

Browning, for the last four or five years, has been steadily advancing to fame; and having overcome by the pure strength of his genius all outward and some inward obstacles, is now widely recognized as a new force in English letters. Next to Tennyson, we know of hardly another English poet of the day who can be compared with him. He possesses striking excellences both of thought and diction, but he is so indisputably an originality, that he is compelled to create the taste which appreciates him. Like almost all the poets of the new school, he is "high contemplative," scorns rather than courts the means of popularity, and is more pleased by conquering one reader than by enticing many. In his distaste for the stereotyped diction and ideas of English poetry, he is apt to go to the opposite extreme of obscurity. There is a beautiful willfulness, a delicious bit of the devil, in him; accordingly many of his verses seem thrown off in an imaginary boxing match with professors of square-cut rhetoric and critics of the old school. This independence and pugnacity are sometimes carried to that extreme of recklessness, which indicates self-conceit and supercilious arrogance, rather than a wrestling with the difficulties of expression. "Sordello," a poem which the author has now suppressed, was a tangled mass of half-formed thoughts and half-clutched sentiments, tottering dizzily on the vanishing points of meaning; and the publication of such a piece of elaborate worthlessness was an insult to public intelligence which would have consigned to deserved damnation, any poet who did not possess sufficient genius to retrieve his reputation.

In his best works, Browning appears as a poet gifted with a large reason and a wide-wandering imagination; but his reason and imagination do not seem to work generally together—are sometimes in each other's way—and in their operation they sometimes strangle each other. He thinks broadly and deeply, and he shapes finely; but the thought does not commonly seem born in music, but rather born with music; and he often gives the idea and the illustrative image, instead of the idea in the illustrative image. Sometimes, in reading him, we wish he would abandon poetry for metaphysics, so sure and clear is his analysis and statement of mental phenomena; and then again some magnificent comparison, metaphor or image, or some exquisite touch of characterization, makes us wish that he would abjure metaphysics, and cling to poetry. Compared with Tennyson, his nature would be called hard, and he said to lack mellowness and melody. That sensuous element in poetry, which proceeds from fusing thought, sensation, and imagination—the spiritual and physical—into one sweet product, "felt in the blood," and felt along the brain, he does not appear to have reached; but then the burning words, struck off like sparks from the conflict of flint and steel, which come from him in his periods of real excitement, seem to the reader sufficient compensations for his comparative absence of softness and harmony. He may not delight so much as Tennyson, but he gives the mind a wider field to range in, inspires a

manlier feeling, and indicates a greater capacity. The very fact that all his works are cast in a dramatic form, even though the dramatic element is often more formal than real, shows that his mind has a healthy affectus for objects, and steadily resists its own subjective tendencies.

The first poem in the collection is "Paracelsus." This is an attempt to exhibit the influence on character of knowledge disjoined from love, by a delineation of an aspiring and noble nature, smitten by a restless thirst to know, and ruined by "the lust of his brain." The poem is not poetically conceived; its central idea is not organic, not its germinating principle of the whole, but rather an abstract proposition logically developed; and, accordingly, its mechanical understanding not the vital imagination is predominant throughout. Besides, though it exercises us brain not unpleasurably, it hardly gives poetic pleasure, and so far from comfortable as the general impression it leaves, that the reader recurs to it only for deep or delicate thoughts and imaginations which are separately beautiful. As a whole, it is not philosophical enough for a treatise, nor beautiful enough for a poem.

"King Victor and King Charles" is a drama containing four characters moderately well conceived and discriminated, but evincing dramatic genius not much above Bulwer's, though profounder in sentiment, and richer in imagination. The most dramatic passage is where Polyxena seizes her husband's hand, when he is on the point of yielding to a weak amiability of nature, and compels him to sacrifice her happiness and his to duty. It is the passage commencing—

"King Charles! pause here upon this strip of time.
Allotted you out of eternity!"

"Colombe's Birth Day" is a sweet and beautiful dramatic poem, abounding in intellectual wealth. The characters of Colombe and Valence are vigorously drawn. The scene between them in the fourth act, where he confesses his love, is grand and exhilarating as an exhibition of character and passion. But the idea of the play, that of representing the triumph of love over wealth and rank in a woman fully susceptible of the charms of the latter, is the animating life of the piece. We hardly know, out of Fletcher and Shakspeare, a play where fidelity to a sentiment is represented with such ethereal grace.

In "Luria" and "The Return of the Druses," an intimate acquaintance is shown with the best and worst parts of human nature, and the development of the characters indicates that the author's dramatic skill grows with exercise. Luria is a noble character, original in conception, and finely developed from "within outwards." "A Soul's Tragedy" has many marked excellences of thought, and diction, and exhibits one of the most hateful qualities in human nature, with a blended dramatic coolness and individual abhorrence, singularly felicitous.

The "Dramatic Lyrics" are very striking, and are full of matter. "Count Gismond," "Porphyria's Lover," "The Confessional," "The Lost Leader," and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," we should select us, on the whole, the best. The latter, written for little William Macready, exhibits the peculiar vein of humor in which Browning excels, and of which we have indications all over his works. The commencement we will venture to extract:

"Rats!"

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles.
Split open the kags of the salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chate,
By drowning their speaking
And shrieking and squeaking,
In fifty different slurs and flats."

But the grandest pieces in the volume are "Pippa Passes," and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.'" The latter, in the opinion of Dickens, is the finest poem of the century. We think there can be detected in it that hardness of touch which characterizes the other dramas, but the depth and pathos of the matter, and the approach to something like impassioned action in the events, make it wonderfully impressive. Once read it must haunt the imagination forever, for its power strikes deep into the very substance and core of the soul. Thorold's adamant pride, and Guendolen's sweet woman's sympathy, and Mildred's awful sorrow, can never be forgotten. Mildred's repetition, in moments of agony or half-consciousness, of the lines—

"I was so young—I loved him so—I had
No mother—God forgot me—and I fell—"

exceeds in pathetic effect any thing in English dramatic literature since the Elizabethan era.

We hardly know how to express our admiration of "Pippa Passes," making as it does the "sense of satisfaction ache," with its abounding beauty. In this piece the author's nature seems for once to have become fluid, and gushes out in melodious thought and passion. Pippa herself is one of poetry's most exquisite creations, and, among her many "passes," those she makes into the hearts and imaginations of a thousand readers, ought not to be overlooked. The design of the play is new, and it would be difficult to state in an intellectual form the source of its charm. Its completeness is in its seeming incompleteness. The grandest scene is that between Ottima and Sebald, the fine audacity of which carries us back to the elder period of the English drama. The greatest instance of imagination in Browning's works is contained in this scene. We give it below:

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching telescope overhead,
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt through the pine-tree roof—here burst and there,
As if God's messenger through the clove wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me."

The dedication of "Pippa Passes" is beautifully ingenious:

"I DEDICATE
MY BEST INTENTIONS, IN THIS POEM, MOST ADMIRINGLY,
TO THE AUTHOR OF "ION,"—
MOST AFFECTIONATELY TO
MR. SERIKANT TALFOURD."

We trust that the elegant edition of Browning, which we have here noticed, will make him widely known in the United States. The volumes are in Ticknor & Co.'s best style, both as regards type and paper.

Physician and Patient, or a Practical View of the Mutual Duties, Relations and Interests of the Medical Profession and the Community. By *Washington Hooker, M. D.* New York: *Baker & Scribner.* 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a timely production, written by a man who appears to have sterling honesty as well as sterling sense, and devoted to a subject as interesting as any which can engage the attention of the community. We hope it will attract sufficient attention to insure its extensive circula-

tion, and bring it within the notice of all families. The author grapples with his subject thoroughly, and almost exhausts it. Owing to the various forms, genteel and vulgar, which quackery has assumed in our day, no person, intelligent or ignorant, is safe from some one mode of its operation, as it has contrivances for every age, disposition, grade of mental development, and social station. Dr. Hooker has gone elaborately over the whole matter, and has really given the philosophy as well as the facts of empiricism, both as it exists out of the profession and in it. He does not spare those physicians who follow medicine as a trade, instead of pursuing it as a profession, "and study the science of patient-getting to the neglect of the science of patient curing," while in showing the processes of the quack in experimenting on the credulity of his victims, he has done an essential service to the health of the community. We can but reiterate the hope that the volume, full as it is of practical wisdom, will be extensively circulated, and do its part toward enlightening the most quack-ridden people on the face of the earth.

History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James the Second. By *David Hume.* Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 12mo.

This edition of Hume is uniform with the same publishers' edition of Macaulay. It is neatly printed in good sized type, and is placed at a price sufficiently cheap to bring it within the reach of the humblest reader. It is reprinted from the last and best London edition, and is prefaced by Hume's delightful autobiography. It is needless to inform our readers that the work is a classic, and ranks with the greatest historical works ever written in this world. But though its fame is wide, we doubt if the generality of the reading public give it their attention. This is really abstinence from pleasure as well as instruction, for Hume is among the most fascinating of narrators. His style is simple, clear, easy, and flowing, beyond that of almost any English historian, and being but a translucent mirror of events and reflections, it attracts no attention to itself, and therefore never tires. The wonder of the book is its happy union of narration and reflections and the skill with which every thing is brought home to the humblest capacity. It belongs to that class of works in which power is not paraded, but unobtrusively insinuated in thoughts carelessly dropped, as it were, in the course of a familiar narration of interesting incidents. "Easy writing," said Sheridan, "is cured hard writing." The easy style of Hume is an illustration. The reader, at the end, feels that he has been keeping company with a great man, gifted with an extraordinary grasp and subtlety of mind, but during the journey he thought he was but chatting with an agreeable and intelligent familiar companion.

Success in Life. The Merchant. By *Mrs. L. C. Tutwill.* New York: *Geo. P. Putnam.* 1 vol. 12mo.

The present volume is the first of a series of six, in which the authoress intends to indicate the rationale of the successful merchant, lawyer, mechanic, artist, physician and farmer, illustrating each department by biographical anecdotes. We have here, as the leader of the series, a volume on *The Merchant.* The style is gossiping, without much pretension to beauty or correctness, but the matter indicates a shrewd mind and extensive miscellaneous reading. There is one chapter devoted almost wholly to Robert Morris, a man whose amplitude of mind comprehended both statesmanship and commerce, and whom Burke might have adduced in proof of his assertion, that he had known merchants with the large conceptions of statesmen, and statesmen with the little notions of

pedlars. Mrs. Tutill chats very agreeably of Morris, and among other anecdotes of him, gives a ludicrous letter he wrote to some French officers in the American army, on their insolently demanding an immediate settlement of their arrears of pay. Here it is, and it is a good example of cutting knots which cannot be untied: "Gentlemen,—I have received this morning your application. I make the earliest answer to it. You demand immediate payment, I have no money to pay you with." We extract this letter as a model to those of our readers who are often puzzled, under similar circumstances, to hit upon the right mode of announcing such uncomfortable demands to perform the impossible.

Sketches of Life and Character. By T. S. Arthur. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings, and a Portrait of the Author. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth Street, 1849.

Mr. Arthur's name, as a delineator of American character and manners, and an earnest and sincere advocate of sound, uncompromising morality, is already familiar to the reading public, not only in the United States but in Europe. His object, in every production of his able pen, is well understood to be utility—utility in the highest sense of the word, that which has reference to man's eternal well-being. In his lighter as well as in his graver effusions, the same exalted object is always kept steadily in view. He writes to improve the characters and exalt the aim of his readers. This is the secret of his wide-spread popularity. Men love and respect those who exhibit a steady, consistent, and persevering adherence to principle. In the princely mansions of the Atlantic merchants, and in the rude log-cabins of the backwoodsman, the name of Arthur is equally known and cherished as the friend of virtue, and the eloquent advocate of temperance.

The work before us is a judicious selection made by the author himself, from his most popular tales. His numerous admirers will rejoice in an opportunity to possess themselves of so considerable a number of his best performances, not in the fugitive shape of articles for the journals, but in an elegant volume of over four hundred octavo pages, richly illustrated with engravings, and handsomely got up in every respect. We predict for this volume a very extensive sale, and particularly recommend it as a highly appropriate gift-book in the present holiday season. As it is a subscription book, it will be sold only by agents. Mr. J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, is the publisher, and persons at a distance can order it from him.

History of the French Revolution of 1848. By A. De Lamartine. Translated by Francis A. Darivage and William S. Chase. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an admirable translation of a work requiring something more than a knowledge of French to be well translated. The spirit is rendered as well as the letter. The book itself, will outlive all of Lamartine's other productions, from its connection with a great historical event, even if it were not invaluable on a psychological curiosity. No reader who penetrates into its animating spirit, curious to discover in Lamartine's individual character the source of its miraculous self-content can resist the impression that the author considers himself so much a god, that he would not be in the least surprised if a band of fanatics should erect a temple for his worship. No man, whose nature was not in his own estimation raised above human nature, could possibly have the face to present such a work as the present to the public eye. It is a sentimental

apothecosis of the writer. The reader finds the narrative of the events of the revolution altogether inferior in interest to the exhibition of Lamartine, and he is lost in wonder as he thinks what must be the character of a nation in which such a man could be lifted into power. The author beyond any man we have ever known through history, fiction, or actual life, can fasten his gaze on himself as mirrored in his self-esteem, and exclaim, "thou art beautiful and good." Old John Bunyan, in descending the sky from the pulpit, where he had preached with tremendous power, was accosted by an old lady with the compliment, "Oh! what a refreshing sermon!" "Yes," replied Bunyan, "the Devil whispered in my ear to that effect as I came down." Now this devil is at Lamartine's ear all the time, but Lamartine mistakes him for an angel.

The Puritan and his Daughter. By J. K. Paulding. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Paulding back again to the land of romance, even though he enters it with a somewhat jaunty air, and a somewhat scornful toss of his head. There is a bitterness, if we may not call it acerbity, brilliancy about our author, which we think is rather a recommendation than otherwise, and in the present volumes he has exhibited it to his heart's and gall's content. The work is dedicated, in a humorously reckless and critic-defying preface, to the "most high and mighty sovereign of sovereigns, King People," and scattered through the novel are abundant pleasant impertinences, sufficiently marked by individual whim and crochet, to stimulate the reader to go on reading, even should the interest of the story flag. We have only had time to dip into the work, here and there, but have read enough to know that it "means mischief," and that it has more than Mr. Paulding's common raciness and plain speaking.

The approach of the holidays is, as usual, marked by the advent of new publications.

Among the most beautiful that have been laid upon our table are *The Life of Christ*, by the Rev. H. Hastings Wadd, and a new edition of Dr. Johnson's admirable *Rasselas*. These works are published by Messrs. Hoxar & Thompson, in the most finished and approved manner, conforming in style to *Paul and Virginia*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, issued by the same gentlemen last year. We cannot speak too highly of the typographical execution of the volumes before us, or the magnificent binding in which they are enclosed. Both are superb, and reflect credit alike on the publishers, and the artists who have invested with new charms, two volumes which deservedly merit a place in every library.

The Poet's Offering, is the title of a splendid volume of nearly six hundred pages, edited by Mrs. Hale, and published by Messrs. Griggs & Elliott. It is beautifully illustrated, and will, we think, prove one of the most popular gift books of the season—for it is a gift book—as the fair editor justly remarks, on a new plan, the contents of which are of more value than the cover, and she does not assume too much, when she declares that in this volume will be found the most perfect gems of genius the English language has preserved since the days of Spenser. More than four hundred authors are quoted, and to the arrangement of the book, great care has been taken to exhibit the peculiar excellencies of each writer. That Mrs. Hale has acquitted herself admirably in the execution of an arduous undertaking, is an unquestionable fact, and her efforts have been nobly seconded by the liberality of the publishers, in sparing neither labor nor expense to prepare for the public taste a most beautiful, valuable, and acceptable volume.



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